TWO DOZEN STEREO HEADPHONES COMPARED
EUGENE ORMANDY OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
WHO RUNS OUR ORCHESTRAS?
Fisher 500-TX:

- crystal FM filter
- monator ceramic AM filter
- gate MOSFETs in FM front end
- -derived center channel
- speaker selector switch
- te-control FM tuning (optional)
The new 190-watt fisher

- AM/FM mono/FM stereo
- 190 watts into 8 ohms
- 1.7μV FM sensitivity
- Tune-O-Matic push-button memory tuning
- Auto Scan touch tuning

www.americanradiohistory.com
Introducing the world's most powerful, most sensitive, most versatile stereo receiver.
In 1959, Fisher came out with the high fidelity industry's first complete AM-FM stereo receiver. Ever since, the breed has been improving, with Fisher traditionally in the lead and others in hot pursuit.

Today, stereo receiver design has reached such an advanced state that Fisher had to do something radical to assure continued leadership in the coming years. This radical something is called the 500-TX.

It not only puts out more clean watts, picks up more stations, features better controls and provides greater convenience than any other stereo receiver in history. It is also the biggest per-dollar value, with a list price of $449.95. (Walnut cabinet, $229.95.) The tremendous power of the 500-TX (did you know that 150 watts is more than 1/4 horsepower?) is rated at 8 ohms, as it should be, not at 4 ohms. Since today's loudspeakers are almost without exception 8-ohm systems, impressive power ratings at 4 ohms are rather academic. Often they hide a lower power output at the more meaningful 8-ohm impedance.

The dual-gate MOSFET RF and mixer stages in the FM tuner section can handle input signals varying in strength over a range of 600,000 to 1, without overload and without the need for a Local/Distant switch. The highly selective crystal filter in the IF strip is similar to those used in expensive communications receivers and makes possible the clean reception of a weak, distant station right between two strong, local stations on the dial. This is one of the main reasons why the 500-TX can add new stations to your accustomed FM fare.

As for tuning convenience, the 500-TX is without a rival. You can tune it four ways:

There is, of course, conventional manual tuning on AM and FM with Fisher's ultrasmooth flywheel drive. There is the Fisher Tune-O-Matic™ feature, which permits electronic push-button tuning of any four preselected FM stations. Then there is the unique Fisher AutoScan™. Touch one of two buttons and the next FM station up or down the dial is automatically tuned in. Hold down either button and every FM station up or down the dial comes in, one by one. And you can also have two similar buttons on a remote control accessory and activate the AutoScan from your easy chair.

In all of the automatic tuning modes, a small dial calibrated in MHz shows the frequency you have tuned to.

That's not all. Study the table of features and specifications below and learn what else is included in a stereo receiver that has everything.

Then decide whether you can live without one.

**Technical Features and Specifications**

**Tuner Section**

**Features**

AM tuning, manual. FM tuning, manual or AutoScan or Tune-O-Matic. Optional remote control for AutoScan.

Four-gang diode-tuned FM front end with high-performance dual-gate MOSFETs in RF and mixer stages.

Three-gang variable-tuned RF and mixer sections on AM, each with dual-transistor differential pair.

Stereo Beacon (U. S. Patent No. 3290443) indicates stereo or mono and automatically switches according to transmission received.

1/2" center channel tuning meter. FM-muting push-button selector. AM ferrite antenna with static shield.

**Specifications**

**FM Tuner Section**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Feature</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Usable Sensitivity (IHF)</td>
<td>1.7 μV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signal-to-Noise Ratio</td>
<td>65 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(100% Modulation)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selectivity (Alternate</td>
<td>70 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Channel)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spurious Response Rejection (at 100 MHz)</td>
<td>95 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IF Rejection (at 100 MHz)</td>
<td>80 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Image Rejection (at 100 MHz)</td>
<td>65 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FM Harmonic Distortion (400 Hz, 100% Modulation)</td>
<td>4.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FM Stereo Separation (at 1 kHz)</td>
<td>38 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture Ratio</td>
<td>1.5 db</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**AM Tuner Section**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Feature</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
<td>10 μV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selectivity</td>
<td>75 db</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Amplifier Section**

**Features**

Power-derived center channel for direct connection to speaker without auxiliary amplifier.

Transist-O-Gard™ overload protection circuit.
Among all those who listen to music from records, there is a select few who do it very, very seriously. They originally spent countless hours comparing one component against another. Then they tried their speakers here and there at home until they worked to perfection with the room.

And when people like this listen, they do nothing but listen. Just as though they had paid good money for dinner out, orchestra seats and a baby sitter.

They know what that record should sound like. From deep soul-satisfying bass to those delicate, sweet highs. They're never satisfied until they find themselves in that blissful state that tells them there's just nowhere else to go.

Euphoria.

If you don't know it, just leave everything as it is. Except your cartridge and favorite record. Take both to an audio dealer who has a particularly good listening room.

Listen first with your present cartridge. Then with the golden XV-15/750E. That's all.

You won't mind spending the sixty dollars. It's the least expensive passage to euphoria you'll ever find.

Pickering & Co., Plainview, L.I., N.Y.
HIGH FIDELITY

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January 1969

www.americanradiohistory.com
Fausts in the Studios

DEAR READER:

So Van Cliburn, who has made the best-selling piano recordings of our time, is finally permitted to record with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, whose discs have outsold those of any other symphonic team in history. I wonder if any of the multitude of their joint record-collecting fans ever felt deprived at being unable to get recorded collaborations of these two extraordinary musical institutions in the past. Not many, I would venture. For all their penchant for complaining—as our Letters column attests monthly—record collectors have more or less left the area of exclusivity alone. Perhaps it is too fundamental a part of the American business of music.

Exclusivity is the Faustian state whereby a musical artist sells his recorded destiny in exchange for certain considerations. To a record company it provides the financial advantage of being able to promote and market an artist like a patented product. To an artist the arrangement offers an anchor to his security and often a propellant to his career. Even the record-buying public nods in acquiescence, well enough satisfied by the incredible wealth of recordings already available. Only a few libertarians feel affronted by contractual shackles in restraint of art. Does it bother you, for instance, that you can no longer look forward to further recordings by Rudolf Serkin in which he will be accompanied by the incomparable Philadelphians? Do you regret that Cliburn still can’t get on the same disc as Bernstein? I do. Surely there must be a better way to make records.

I am reminded of a chat a few years back between Leopold Stokowski and Glenn Gould, two of today’s most independent and creative performers. Why, the maestro wondered, did a pianist of Mr. Gould’s caliber tie himself up with an exclusive contract. Because, replied the latter, Columbia Records was very good to him and let him record pretty much what he wanted. Some time later, Stokowski asked Gould if he would care to collaborate on a recording. Yes, the pianist replied, he’d be delighted to. (The result of the conversation was an Emperor Concerto for Columbia.) “You see,” Stokowski was quick to point out, “we could never do it if I were under contract to another company.” And we, the public, would have been denied not so much the recording—which while unique was hardly a complete success—but the possibility of the recording, a much more serious deprivation.

* * *

If you are planning to buy, replace, or add a second or third pickup (many audiophiles have several) to your stereo system, you might want to wait a month to read what we have to say about them. In February we will let you know “How We Judge Stereo Pickups” as well as give you a run-down on “The Latest in Stereo Pickups.” For those of you just starting your record collections, humorist/colllector Leo Haber will present some advice along with the chuckles in “The Perils in Collecting Records.” It shouldn’t really stop anybody.

Leonard Marcus
Editor
Customers and Salesmen: Were you there when we proved the need for unvariable speed?

We must have used the most boring record ever played at a hi-fi show... and one of the most instructive. No music on it—only a constant, 1,000 cycle note... held to within 1/10 of one percent accuracy!

It wasn't even meant to be listened to, but to be measured. And the people who visited Garrard's exhibits at the New York and San Francisco shows came not to listen, but to watch, as the record was played back on a Garrard SL 95, with a precision digital counter monitoring its output frequency.

Each day, throughout the 10 days of the shows, dealers and visitors watched the SL 95 playing the same record, hour after hour, for up to 10 hours a day. And, every 10 seconds, the line voltage to the turntable was varied deliberately with a Variac transformer, from a low of 65 to a high of 135 volts, and then back.

Meanwhile, a sophisticated digital readout counter—same type as used in space technology—faithfully monitored the actual frequency at which the pre-recorded, 1,000 cycle note was being reproduced. For the turntable to meet the critical standards of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), the output frequency would have to be held within plus or minus tolerance of 3/10 of one percent under normal operating conditions. In other words, the digital counter would have to display a readout of between 997 and 1,003 cycles.

Conditions were, of course, anything but normal: extreme voltage variations; long hours of play; high room and motor temperature; much tougher circumstances than in any home. Nevertheless, the Garrard SL 95 held its speed constant, and the digital counter displayed a readout of between 997 and 1,001 cycles... three times better than the rigorous NAB standard!

To keep the speed—and the record pitch this accurate—required the Garrard Synchro-Lab Motor. Within fractions of a second after it is turned on, it locks in to the precise speed of the record being played, and it stays locked in until turned off—because this motor operates in strict synchronization with the rigidly controlled 60-cycle frequency of the electric power line—reliable and accurate as an electric clock. However, unlike conventional "synchronous" motors, the Synchro-Lab Motor is powerful enough to bring the turntable up to its proper speed in an instant, as only "induction" motors (with far less accurate speed control) could do previously. This is because Garrard's exclusive Synchro-Lab design combines both synchronous and induction windings on a single rotor.

Incidentally, there are significant benefits from the Synchro-Lab Motor in addition to perfectly constant speed. The old-fashioned heavy turntable has now been eliminated, because its flywheel effect is no longer needed for speed accuracy. This, in turn, cuts rumble and preserves the life of the important center bearing. And, you will find no variable speed control on the Garrard SL 95, simply because no such control (even with a stroboscope and special viewing lamp) allows the turntable to be set to correct speed—and kept there—with the unattainable accuracy built into the Garrard Motor.

By the way, you may have wondered how that dull, 1,000 cycle record fared, with over 100 hours of playing time during the two shows. It fared quite well—it's still playable—after a wear test equivalent to years of play for the average record. That says nothing, of course, about the SL 95's motor, but it does say quite a bit for the tracking capabilities of its gyroscopically gimbaled, magnificently engineered tonearm system.

There are seven Garrard models from $37.50 to $129.50, less base and cartridge. Five of them incorporate the Synchro-Lab Motor.

The Producer and the Critic

John Culshaw’s rather petulant and, in its opening paragraphs, downright juvenile “attack” on Conrad L. Osborne’s review of London’s Electra [“The Record Producer Strikes Back,” October 1968] was highly unwarranted, and reveals that he could produce as a man possessed of a good idea but unwilling to admit to any of its possible faults. Mr. Culshaw’s efforts have been highly successful over the years, having unmeasured effect upon the recording industry. More’s the pity when one of his efforts is less than a total success (the verdict of more than one critic and listener in the case of Elektra) he feels compelled to lash out in all directions.

First, Mr. Culshaw is highly inaccurate. Conrad L. Osborne has hardly shown himself to be a lifelong enemy of Decca/London’s recording efforts. Yes, he has taken exception to several special effects over the years. Most notably to the bad use of the oververberant echoey effects used in recording Wotan and the Valkyries in the Elektra. And, it would be interesting to see Mr. Culshaw defend those effects. When they are compared with the excellent off-stage voices of Waltraute in Götterdämmerung or Jokanaan in Salome, one wonders why Culshaw chose to change his approach so radically on this occasion.

The fault with the Elektra recording lies in its balance. When Marie Collier sings her first words (mezza voce) louder than anything Birgit Nilsson has sung during her apostrophe to Agammemnon, somebody’s sense of proportion is missing (and it isn’t ours, Mr. Culshaw—we’ve heard both ladies in the opera house). When Miss Collier is permitted to rant, rave, and howl like some prehistoric monster; the effect is indeed disturbing, but hardly in the manner Strauss can have intended. The desired result is not to be achieved by simply letting everybody run rampant in the hopes of being “disturbing,” but by artistic direction. Miss Collier is merely funny in this passage, whereas the controlled fury of Gustav Neidinger’s rages in Das Rheingold, for example, terrify through careful planning of effect.

The problem with Miss Resnik’s grand exit is that it sounds faked. The effect carries little conviction due to the spreading of the character’s laughter through mechanical distortion. Miss Madeira (on DGG) may sound artificial to Mr. Culshaw, but her explosion of hysteria at least builds carefully to a climax along with the orchestra. The unamplified Resnik has been vastly more harrowing at the Met or in Carnegie Hall when left to her own histrionic abilities. At this point in the opera no one is interested in the acoustical properties of the Atreus family house. We want to know what has happened to thrill Mrs. Agamemnon so much.

The orchestral balance is entirely too isolated. Unlike the Salome recording, in which each instrument is distinguishable within its context, the Elektra musicians sound like a bunch of soloists playing without regard for their relationship as a group. Too many of Georg Solti’s marvelous fabrics are distorted by isolated “close-ups” on solo groups of instruments.

No, Mr. Culshaw, C.L.O. is not your enemy. Read some of his highly laudatory reviews of your past efforts (Siegfried, Gotterdammerung, and the whole of the Britten opera project; and do not ignore the October 1968 reappraisal of Das Rheingold) and you will find a critic who is very grateful to have such definitely produced versions of these masterpieces. Elektra upset him (and us) because the producers decided they could comment upon rather than interpret a vital drama better than its composer and author. For your past work, Mr. Culshaw, we thank you; for your ego-mania we cannot.

James Bodge
William A. Fregosi
Middlebury, Vt.

As a hard-core stereophile, I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed John Culshaw’s legitimate rebuke of Conrad L. Osborne’s absurd criticism of the recent London Elektra. I had been somewhat baffled to see so praiseworthy a recording maligned in print, and it warmed my heart to read Mr. Culshaw’s defense of his engineering.

Perhaps I can understand the objections of some tradition-oriented individuals to the stereo effects (I liked them all!), but I don’t see how anyone could have screamed as loudly as Mr. Osborne. Although I don’t always approve of what the record industry turns out, I do feel it has a right to attract a larger audience through superior modern engineering. If Mr. Osborne is so unhappy about the situation, why doesn’t he just stick to his old 78’s?

George C. Glass
Miami Beach, Fla.

When I received your October issue, I read John Culshaw’s article. “The Record Producer Strikes Back,” straight through twice without pausing and then sat back, relieved that someone had finally said very well what has long needed to be said.

The issue is a real and an important one. There are certain critics who feel the pressure of change in the arts and the
This is a photograph taken immediately after our final test of the prototype of the AR-5. The speaker system was measured while buried in a flat, open field, facing upward, its front baffle flush with the ground. This technique provides more accurate information than indoor tests, especially at low frequencies, where the precision of such measurements is adversely affected by the limited size of an anechoic chamber.

Our standard of accuracy when measuring the AR-5 prototype was the sound of live music, that is, absolute accuracy of reproduction. At AR, the best response curve for a speaker system, like that for a microphone or amplifier, is the one which most closely matches the input.

The specifications which AR advertises are obtained from production units, not prototypes. All AR-5 systems must match the performance of the prototype within close tolerances. To see that this is true, every AR-5 is tested numerous times in ways which permit it to be compared to the prototype. Only in this way can we be certain of what we have made, and consumers certain of what they are being offered.

AR speaker systems have uniformly received favorable reviews in publications which carry test reports. But even more accurate and comprehensive tests than most of these magazines perform are made on the AR production line, of every AR speaker system which will go into a listener's home.

The AR-5 is priced from $156 to $175, depending on cabinet finish.

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Overseas Inquiries: Write to AR International at above address

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HOW TO CLEAN, MAINTAIN AND PROTECT RECORDS by Cecil E. Watts — The basic book on record care, this has been a guideline for thousands on the essential care of every record collection. Subject matter includes a discussion of dust, static, static behavior, handling records, how to use record changers properly, and how to rejuvenate records. Excellent as a starter course in record care or, with the book above, an "insurance policy" for all the records you'll ever own. Price: 25c

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New Hyde Park, N. Y. 11040

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Please send the following book(s)

☐ Professional Methods for Record Care and Use. Price: 50c

☐ How to Clean, Maintain and Protect Records. Price: 25c

F-1

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

media and react with vertigo and panic, coming to see themselves as Keepers of the Sacred Flame. Preoccupied with the purity of their artistic memories and experiences, they must defend their citadel against the imagined encroachments of hustling, brash, young media like recordings. In other areas this Don Quixote syndrome has damaged countless windmills in its futile efforts to defend the theater against movies, to rescue the English language from the Random House Dictionary, and to protect literature from Marshall McLuhan and TV.

The psychological orientation is: "If I don't do this, no one will and God knows it can't defend itself." Paradoxically, their efforts to preserve old viewpoints and old standards against a presumed threat could inadvertently hasten the decline.

It should be clear from the healthy activity in the theater after its collision, first with movies and then TV, that new media do not replace old ones. Despite panic reactions, they live side by side and even augment each other.

Example: in generous terms perhaps 2,000,000 people have seen Horowitz perform on stage during his career, but even with an "artistic" Nielsen rating, five times as many watched his first TV concert, and probably as many again will watch when it is rerun. This is destroying music or the concert hall? Rubbish.

If opera is to be preserved as a public form of entertainment, it is more John Culshaw, Humphrey Burtons, and Zellirellis that we need and not more Metropolitan Operas. The stultifying lack of adventurousness and innovation in many established opera houses is precisely what is causing the operatic flame to flicker ever more dangerously.

We need the creativity and innovative enterprise of the Culshawts to rock the operatic boat, to combine it with new media such as records, films, and television if it is to spread beyond its parochial, limited audience into a larger public that can keep it alive.

In a recent article for the New York Times, Harold Schonberg seemed shocked that we record people were thinking of our medium in its own terms rather than as a painstaking photograph or newreel of "real life," i.e., what he hears in a concert hall. He accused us of being "Culshavitism," and if that means that we see recording as a legitimate medium in its own right and try to help it mature, as films have matured, then we all plead guilty to the charge.

John McClure
Director of Masterworks, CBS Records
New York, N. Y.

Bravo to John Culshaw, whose genius was responsible for London Records' superior production of the Wagner Ring cycle, and both Richard Strauss's works Salome and Elektra. His rejoinder to Conrad L. Osborne's review of Elektra
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4 24 HOUR SERVICE IN MOST CASES! Your orders mailed promptly...mostly within 24 hours of receipt of order. No faster service anywhere!

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5 "MONEY-BACK" MEMBERSHIP—JUST LIKE A FREE TRIAL! In order to introduce you to the tremendous advantages of membership in the Citadel Record Club, we invite you to accept a three month trial for just $1. And—we will even give you a Record Bonus Certificate worth $1 toward your first purchase when you become a lifetime member...just like a FREE trial Membership!—every Citadel Club membership is for the entire family. Your children can order and save. Any member of your family can order records and save. But—try us out! Mail the coupon today for the special three month trial for only $1.

TYPICAL CITADEL RECORD CLUB SUPER BARGAINS

<table>
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<th>Performer</th>
<th>Normal List Price</th>
<th>Citadel Special Price</th>
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<td>Stan Getz</td>
<td>$2.29</td>
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LETTERS

continued from page 8

was alone worth the price of your October issue.

Joe Kennedy
Tucson, Ariz.

I enjoyed Mr. Culsah's defense of the New Record Producer's League of which he is apparently founder and now President Emeritus. Much of what Mr. Culsah says is persuasive, but Conrad L. Osborne remains the finest opera critic we have.

Philip Evanston
Philadelphia, Penna.

Mea Culpa

For years I have known that Gene Lecs is an idiot, but he has finally surpassed himself. Everybody knows that it wasn't Muggsy Spanier but Wingy Manone who recorded Stop the War, the Cats Are Killing Themselves, as he stated in "Fifty Years of War Songs" [November 1968].

Gene Lecs
New York, N.Y.

Back Numbers

I have been a happy subscriber to High Fidelity since 1959, and have an almost complete file of over a hundred back issues. Now shelf space has become a problem and my wife insists that I dispose of them. I will be glad to give the magazines to any club or hi-fi fan in my area (Nassau County) who will come and get them. I hate to throw them away—particularly as I know from small space ads that they have some value.

Maidenhead A. Elder
91 Wolverine hollow Road
Glen Head, N.Y. 11545

Critical Lacuna

On the whole, your magazine helps me to discover which of the wealth of new recordings each month are worth investigating and perhaps buying. I find it very disconcerting, however, when a reviewer does not describe the music but merely tries to show how clever he is or how advanced his tastes are.

What I have in mind, specifically, is Alfred Frankenstein's review of Sennhammer's Serenade for orchestra [November 1968]. If he doesn't like the piece, let him say so; but in the meanwhile, he ought at least to give us some idea of what it's like. To say that it is a collection of the cliches of German romanticism entirely misses the point. Sennhammer's Serenade does not sound like Strauss, or Mahler, or Bruckner, or early Schoenberg, or any combination thereof. It is much lighter in texture, and its melodies are of a very different character from what one generally hears in German romantic music. Mr. Frankenstein not only misrepresents the music, but may prevent many people who might have enjoyed the recordings from even listening to it. Fortunately, on the strength of a very favorable review in one of the British publications, I listened to it, and bought it on my last trip to England. I think it is a beautiful and original piece, and deserves a wide hearing.

Perhaps if Mr. Frankenstein would just begin all of his reviews by saying "I am smarter than you clods, and know ten times as much about music," we could get this kind of stuff out of the way and then discuss the music. I have no degrees, and very little training in music, but I can at least describe pieces—even pieces I don't like, so that people who have not heard them can get a rough idea of what they sound like. This, it seems to me, is also the reviewer's duty.

John Holt
Boston, Mass.

Here to Stay

The "News and Views" section of your October 1968 issue may have left the impression that the abandonment by WFLN-FM of its remaining classical music programming leaves Philadelphia without good music on the FM band. I hasten to set the record straight.

WFLN-FM, which celebrates its twentieth anniversary in March 1969, has been the only commercial station in Philadelphia which has devoted a full broadcast schedule to classical music in that twenty-year period. In addition, an AM outlet which duplicates our FM service was added in 1958.

Let me conclude on a reassuring note: WFLN has no intention of altering its program policy.

James W. Keeler,
Program Director, WFLN-FM
Philadelphia, Penna.

Berlioz Tunes Out

As an avid admirer of Hector Berlioz, the man and composer, I would like to express strong disagreement with the statements printed about him in Columbia's advertisement for the new Boulez recording of the Symphonie fantastique and Lélia. Berlioz was definitely not a drug addict. If he was the first composer to experiment with stereophonic sound and other ways of combining huge masses of instruments, then his own creative mind deserves credit and not "psychedelic trips launched by opium."

The belief that he took the drug was fostered by the erroneous notion that the program of the Symphonie fantastique, the protagonist of which is a young opium eater, was intended to be autobiographical. In truth, Berlioz soon regretted the association that was being made between the symphony's program and the situation in his own life involving Harriet Smithson, and he ordered the program withdrawn after the first performance, stating that acquaintance with the program was not essential to the enjoyment of the symphony.

Nancy Benvenuto
Long Beach, N.Y.
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JANUARY 1969

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How does a good conductor turn into a great conductor? Is it a case of long experience slowly accumulating to a decisive turning point? Is it the result of a sudden psychological breakthrough? Or is it merely a matter of historical necessity—the times demanding new leaders to fill the vacuum created when old leaders die or retire? The questions are pertinent to the career of Rafael Kubelik, a good conductor who appears on the verge of becoming a great one.

He has been around for a long time. Thirty years ago, when he was younger than any of the young conductors creating such a stir today, Kubelik made his first recordings with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. During the war years he dropped out of international sight, then reappeared as a still-young hopeful shortly after V-E Day. Chicago got wind of his talents and put him in charge of the local symphony in 1950. To judge from the evidence of some excellent Mercury recordings made at the time, the appointment was a sound one. But Kubelik ran into heavy weather with the local press and in 1953 beat a retreat to the gentler atmosphere of London, where he served for several years as music director at Covent Garden. This job too eventually peters out. For some time he was adrift, filling engagements with various European orchestras as a short-term guest. When he settled in Munich seven years ago as chief conductor of the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, it seemed as if destiny had passed him by and left him stranded in a provincial dead end.

But something happened. In Munich the detoured Kubelik career somehow got back on the main road. Deutsche Grammophon signed him to an exclusive contract and began recording him in the romantic music he loves best. And as one release followed upon another, the quality of Kubelik’s music making grew ever more imposing. In his interpretations—particularly those of Mahler—one sensed a largeness and amplitude of spirit that rose far above the level of routine, provincial competence. Mysteriously and without forewarning, Rafael Kubelik had turned an important corner. Today, at fifty-four, he begins to seem like an old master.

I visited him last summer at his chalet on the shore of Lake Lucerne. It was a gloriously sunny day, and as I sped along his lakeside road past verdant lawns and elegantly trim villas, the Swiss countryside seemed more than ever to be an implausibly serene never-never land. Kubelik’s house dates back to the seventeenth century, though of course it is thoroughly modernized, and to it he has added a new two-story wing to house his books, scores, piano, and stereo installation. The latter was brought into play soon after my arrival. I had just been to Bayreuth, and the conversation led from the new production of Die Meistersinger there to Kubelik’s recent radio performance commemorating the centenary of the work’s premiere in Munich. Was there time to play a bit of the broadcast before lunch? Mrs. Kubelik, whom most of us know better as the soprano Elsie Morison, assured us that the roast would keep. So son Martin started the tape rolling and the large studio wing was filled with the glorious closing pages of Act III, Scene 1, leading up to the final quintet.

The Bavarian Broadcasting Service supports music with a lavish hand. For its gala Meistersinger a superlative cast was assembled—Thomas Stewart (Sachs), Gundula Janowitz (Eva), Sándor Kónya (Walthier), Franz Crass (Pogner), Thomas Helmsley (Becknesser)—and eight days were given over to rehearsing and recording the performance. The portion of it that I heard on tape sounded absolutely marvelous—everything bathed in the same vibrant glow that characterizes Kubelik’s recent Mahler—and I couldn’t help asking why Deutsche Grammophon wasn’t putting it all out on records. Well, it seems that another conductor and another baritone on the DGG roster have their hearts set on recording

Continued on page 20

MUSIC MAKERS

BY ROLAND GELATT

Kubelik, DGG’s Claus Petermann, and Roland Gelatt—on the occasion of the conductor’s first New York visit with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra.
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January 1969
MUSIC MAKERS

Continued from page 14

Die Meistersinger at a later date. But the stereo tapes from Munich are already in existence, and DGG might just possibly decide to publish them if enough prospective customers were to write. In case you're interested, the person to badger on this side of the Atlantic is Mr. Jim Frey, M-G-M Records, 1350 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

At lunch the conversation revolved mainly around opera, although Kubelik is now known primarily as an orchestral conductor, he keeps in close touch with the world of opera and entertains decided views on the subject. His attitude is that of a musician who believes impossibly in the value of repertory opera. Because of this basic orientation, he is not very hopeful about the future. "The star system is rampant today," he says, "and it may turn out to be the death of opera. At present there is only one first-rate repertory ensemble left in Europe. That's the Hamburg State Opera. All the others depend on the same traveling stars, and that kind of dependence leads to mediocrity. My great hope is that repertory opera will some day develop in your American cities. Of course, repertory performances should be given in translation. Opera must be understood by the community." I raised the question whether recordings of opera should also be done in translation. "No, that's an entirely different matter. If you can listen with the choices you've got, I'm all in favor of using the original language. There's clearly something to be gained by hearing the verbal sounds and rhythms which the composer had in mind. Some time ago the DGG people wanted me to record Smetana's Bartered Bride in German. I wouldn't do it. I told them that I must record it in the original Czech or not at all."

When it comes to his native country, Kubelik is not apt to make compromises. He left Czechoslovakia twenty years ago in protest over the erosion of liberty that followed the Communist take-over, and he has remained in exile ever since. When I visited him in mid-August, the Czech reform movement was still in high gear. Kubelik appeared, obviously encouraged by what was going on. He had recently received a petition from all ninety-eight members of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra asking him to return, and I believe he was sorely tempted. A week later the Russian army moved into Prague. It will probably be a long time before Czechoslovakia's most celebrated emigré conducts again in his homeland.

LAST MONTH'S REPORT on the Monteux International Record Award was written under severe space limitations, and as a result I was unable to deal with some questions that were repeatedly asked in the immediate aftermath of the awards. On what basis did the jury single out the thirtieth or among the hundreds of classical records published during the year? What kind of yardstick did we use? What criteria were brought to bear?

These problems went to the very heart of the Monteux Award, and they were thoroughly discussed by the jury to proceed to its final voting. Briefly, all of us felt that a recording had to be outstanding as a production in order to qualify, that the awards should not be based solely on the excellence of a performance or the excitement of a conductor. We were aware of the danger of giving undue emphasis to super-duper enterprises, and we did realize that small productions were as worthy of our consideration as big ones. But without exception the eleven Monteux jurors—specialist record critics all—were agreed that the prizes should serve to reward the art of recording as well as the art of performance. As John McClure so rightly observes in his letter elsewhere in this issue (see page 6), recordings have become "a legitimate medium" worthy of attention in its own right. A routine copy of what we can hear in the concert hall or opera house no longer suffices. Record listeners have come to expect a new kind of musical experience conceived specifically in terms of the recording medium.

The decision to give the gold prize to Decca/London's recording of Elektra came as no great surprise. Whatever one may think about individual details in John Cwilshaw's production, there can be no question that it presents the work through stereo loudspeakers with singular imagination and intensity. Perhaps the jury was additionally swayed by an awareness that this would be the last major Cwilshaw opera recording to be eligible for a Monteux award. As most readers must know, Mr. Cwilshaw has left the recording field to work as a television producer. The silver prize also went to an album conceived from the beginning as a recorded experience. Columbia's recording of Mahler's Sixth Symphony, interpreted by Leonard Bernstein and produced by John McClure, employs the full arsenal of stereo techniques to illuminate the music's mordant power. Again, the jury may have been somewhat swayed by an outside consideration—the fact that this release brought to completion the first integral recording of Mahler's nine symphonies. A third notable recorded production received the bronze prize—Busoni's monumental Piana Concerto, produced for EMI-Angel by Suvi Raj Grubb, with pianist John Ogdon and conductor Daniel Revenaugh. Not all of us considered the piece a masterpiece, but we could not help being impressed by the dedication of the artists in their musical and technical realization.

The time has come for the recording medium to gain the same independent status as a concert hall or opera house that the film medium has won vis-à-vis the legitimate. If the Monteux International Record Award can help to consolidate that status, it will have accomplished its purpose.

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PARIS

An Up-to-Date Werther
For Massenet Fans

Back in the March 1964 issue of this magazine Robert Lawrence wound up an impressively factual and closely reasoned article with a cry from the heart, or the stomach, which was certainly echoed by a sizable number of readers. "As an opera buff," he wrote, "who craves a change in menu, I plead the cause of a fragrant saffron dish: the music of Massenet."

The response from that mysteriously motivated kitchen in which our recorded operatic fare is prepared has not been very prompt. Massenet has continued to occupy twenty lines or so in Schwann, while a full page has been taken by Puccini, whom Mr. Lawrence rightly described as being in many ways a less attractive musician. And so those of us who admire the graceful and nobly sentimental Frenchman have had to continue being rather meanly defensive, letting it be supposed that we just have a sophisticated camp taste or proving our masculinity by recalling the old gag that the creator of such masterpieces as Manon, Werther, and Don Quichotte was la fille de Gounod.

The EMI empire has now begun to set things right. Acting through its Paris branch, Pathé Marconi, it has recorded for its Angel label a complete new Werther, with Nicolai Gedda in the title role, Victoria de los Angeles as Charlotte, Mady Mesplé of the Paris Opéra as Sophie, and Roger Sneyer, also of the Opéra, as Albert. Georges Prêtre conducted the brilliant new Orchestre de Paris, and the veteran producer Victor Olof, now a vigorous seventy, came out of retirement to take general charge of the operation—largely because of his conviction, he said, that "this is a great opera and a fine orchestra." EMI's head office indicated the importance it attached to the enterprise by sending over from London some special new equipment and a crew of technicians to man it.

On the afternoon I attended the sessions everything was going too smoothly to produce anecdotes, and the atmosphere was as romantic as one could have reasonably wished in the absence of moonlight for the moonlight scene and snow for the tragic Christmas. A pale yellow light, created by a mixture of September sunshine and assorted clusters of lamps, glinted on the dusty nineteenth-century woodwork of the Salle Wagram. The vast hall, which in the past has proved exactly right for the sound of Mussorgsky's crowds and Berlioz' warriors, was reduced to Massenet's domestic scale by a long row of black curtains hung from the balcony down to the main floor. Charlotte's light lavender suit and Spanish-black hair went pleasantly with the numbered blue checkboard that covered the stage. Werther was wearing a white turtle-neck sweater and a tan jacket draped over his shoulders. In fact, only Prêtre and the orchestra looked definitely like people of the twentieth century.

Some career statistics came out during the break. This was Gedda's eighty-third recording since his Stockholm debut in 1952. It was Victoria de los Angeles' first recording since the birth of her second son, Alejandro. It was also the first time she had sung the role of Charlotte—she will do so again on the stage of the Madrid Opera this spring. Charlotte is the sixth heroine of French opera she has brought to life on disc, the others being—in the order of their appearance—Massenet's Manon, Gounod's Marguerite, Debussy's Mélisande, Bizet's Carmen, and Offenbach's Antonia.

Incidentally, the new album, at least as of now, has some interesting competition within the EMI organization. Pathe's version with Georges Thill and Ninon Vallin is still in the French catalogue, under the label of Plaisir Musical series.

ROY MCMULLEN

LONDON

Schwarzkopf and Szell
In Strauss Again

When just over two years ago Elisabeth Schwarzkopf was recording Richard Strauss's Four Last Songs, Walter Legge—Schwarzkopf's husband and former EMI producer—had the brilliant idea of coupling them with five of Strauss's orchestral arrangements of his Lieder. Were there any more similarly luminous arrangements, the public kept asking EMI after its release of the album. If so, why not have Schwarzkopf do another set?

This is just what Schwarzkopf did, in September sessions at Kingsway Hall with the London Symphony Orchestra. As for the earlier recording (made in Berlin) George Szell was the conductor, and naturally Legge was in charge of the control room. The sessions were vintage occasions. Even Schwarzkopf, most positive and clear-headed of sopranos, deferred to Szell when it came to forming these rine songs into their proper mold. "I would rather prefer a slight frutato on the second phrase," Szell would say, not in any hectoring way but with calm authority—and his word was law. Again with the orchestra: "When you make that diminuendo, you slow down," he would tell the players, asking instead for diminuendo a tempo. In the interests of pinpoint discipline he would rehearse a passage with the voice, clarinets, and cellos alone, and he would suggest a "safe fingering" to a solo string player when a passage of chamber scoring made intonation specially critical. One example of Szell's tact with his forces. Legge spoke to him during a rehearsal of a low E flat on horns and basses: "It sounds like a snoring brontosaurus!" complained Legge. "He says it is terribly low and rumbling," interpreted Szell to the players.

Continued on page 26

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

At the Salle Wagram: producer Victor Olof (with hand near phone); tenor Gedda (in glasses); conductor Prêtre; soprano De Los Angeles.
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JANUARY 1969
Perhaps the most remarkable tribute to Szell's precise control came from the engineer, Bob Grooch. Almost every one of the seven Strauss songs recorded ends with a long pianissimo final chord fading into silence, and each time Grooch was open-mouthed at the way the sound of the instruments vanished into nothing with no help whatever from the technical crew. Later, Legge relayed to Szell Grooch's astonishment: "He suspects you have a private knack for getting those diminuendos!" The conductor seemed surprised that anyone should count the points remarkable—all in the day's work for him. It is now thirty-five years since Szell and Legge first worked together on a recording—a version with Benno Moser-wisch of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto. "Impertfect passages in it," remembered Szell.

Schwarzkopf, even after working for four hours on end, seemed to put as much effort into the playbacks as into the takes themselves, breathing in time to the phrases, feeling the notes again, and sharply circling in the score anything that displeased her. In a playback of Morger, otherwise flawless, she objected to one note that sounded flat to her, but Szell was adamant in insisting that to the outside listener, at least, it was no more than "covered" tone. I keenly await the finished record to discover whether a retake was conceded.

In addition to Morger, the Strauss songs are Der Rosenband, Winterweile, Das Buchlein, Ruhe meine Seele, Meinem Kind, and Wagner's Parsifal. The conductor will also be included on the record. The well-known artist Edith Peinemann plays the solo violin part in Morger, and the piano soloist in Mozart's Cello in mi scendi di te is the also celebrated Alfred Brendel. 

Legge put it: "It gives that deluxe look."

Entry of Plácido Domingo. If the juxtaposition of Mozart and Strauss on one disc makes for contrast enough, another recording just completed here goes even further in this direction. In making his first recital disc for RCA tenor Plácido Domingo could hardly have cast his net wider. In a single evening he recorded, with conductor Edward Downes of Covent Garden, arias by Wagner ("L'Enfer, L'Amour" from La Damnation de Faust), Halévy (La Juive), Massenet (Werther), and Mascagni (the serenade from Iris); and on the day I went down to Barking Town Hall (now increasingly used for recording) he was doing Lensky's aria (from Tchaikovsky's Eugene Onegin), quite unadulterated by the problems of Russian pronunciation. All in all, Domingo recorded eleven items (including a rarity from Donizetti's II Duca d'Alba).

Despite being a thoroughly established and highly successful artist—a luminary of the New York City Opera, he made his Met debut this season—Domingo continues to be eager to learn. He is especially conscious of the help a tape recorder can afford, even bringing one into the control room to record playbacks. In this way he feels he learns even from what recording men (and most singers) regard as waste material. He also uses a recorder continually, a simple portable model, in preparing a performance. Domingo's robust tenor attitude shows itself in other ways too. RCA producer Richard Mohr mentioned one incident. A spotlight was left shining in the singer's face after some photographers had been at work. Domingo enquired for it for some time, until last quietly asked for it to be put out. "I never had a tenor complain about being in a spotlight before," commented Mohr.

**Scrabin’s Noisy Second.** One unexpected CBS project has been the recording of Scriabin’s seldom heard Sonate No. 2, of 1901. The sessions at Walthamstow with the London Philharmonic Orchestra came on the two days following a concert performance at the Royal Festival Hall. And the conductor in charge was a Scriabin specialist, making his debut in London, Jerzy Semkow. Polish-born, Semkow had his first successes in Russia, first with the Leningrad Philharmonic and more recently with the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra. He is now principal conductor at the Copenhagen Opera. The Scriabin Second is so thickly scored that detail gets lost in a live performance, and the one recording I’ve

**Notes from Our Correspondents**

Continued from page 22

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CIRCLE 38 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Two days later, the identical program was presented to the public—and if the standing-room-only lines that twisted outside the Museum, down Madison Avenue, and around the block were any indication, this city's avant-garde with its have discovered a new hero.

On the evening after the latter concert, Columbia set up its microphones at the Whitney to capture the unique sounds of the eucal blossom, the mizda marimba, the crychord, and over a dozen other instruments of the composer's own invention. (The engineers had such trouble in committing these fanciful names to memory that ultimately they were all assigned a number.) Three Partchian creations were scheduled for tapping: Barstow, Daphne of the Dunes, and Castor and Pollux. Although the session was to begin at 9 p.m., there was a delay of over an hour while Partch and his aides adjusted the delicate forty-three-tones-to-the-octave tuning of the instruments. The composer hustled eagerly from one cumbersome microtonal apparatus to the next, stroking strings and beating bamboo with the delight of a little boy among his playthings. ("I am not an instrument builder," he once remarked, "but a philosophic music-man seduced into carpentry.")

When all was readied to Partch's satisfaction, producer John McClure announced the first take for Barstow. This early piece of Partchiana is on a comparatively small scale, written for boo (a huge bamboo marimba with sixty-four sections ranging from B flat below middle C to the second F above), surrogate kithara (strings stretched over resonators played with picks, fingers, mallets, and felted sticks), chromelodeon I (a reed organ with six keyboard octaves), and diamond marimba (thirty-six blocks of Brazilian rosewood and Pernambuco mounted on thin foam rubber). In addition there is a speaking voice and a singing voice which into eight third-octave inscriptions taken from a highway railing in Barstow, California. (Partch describes the work as a hobo concerto.) It's a quirky but gentle piece—the bitter whimsical text combined with organ and plucked kithara accompaniment gives the music an odd Weil/Brecht flavor.

With a microphone hovering over each musician, balances were quickly established and Barstow was taped in fairly short order. Partch was not entirely satisfied with his own recitation ("Harry's losing his high notes," quipped McClure), so a few extra takes were ordered. Momentary confusion arose as McClure kept announcing each take as "number one": "I have my own crazy system," he reassured everyone; "that's how I stay in power—no one understands it."

While a good deal of Partch's music has been recorded on his own Gate 5 label and for CRI, the Columbia disc marks the composer's debut with a major company and with up-to-date sound. McClure is wildly enthusiastic and hopes that this will just be the first in a series for Columbia. Tracking down the composer for future sessions may prove difficul.

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**NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS**

Continued from page 26

Ever heard—an old Russian-made version—did nothing to illuminate the work, it may well be true, as CBS's Ernest Fleischmann pointed out, that stereo is the answer. Certainly the technicians thought so—though even engineer Bob Auger was hard put to it to make one complicated timpani rhythm audible in the uproar that ends the second of the symphony's five movements. Semkow, however, is said to have conducted the work at least forty times, and would seem to be the ideal man to make Scriabin converts.

Edward Greenfield

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**NEW YORK**

**Composer Harry Partch—**

**With Boo**

**And Eucal Blossom**

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They all have three-way Auto-Reverse with Bell & Howell's exclusive reversing head design for positive track alignment. Three models have Autoload® completely automatic threading.

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150 watts into 8 ohms is a lot of power for a receiver that sells for under $350. But power is only part of the Fisher 400-T story. See the line of buttons and slots running down the right side of the 400-T? That's Fisher's Tune-O-Matic™ pushbutton memory tuning. It lets you tune in any of five preselected stations electronically, at the touch of a button. Of course, you can also tune across the dial in the conventional way.

The Fisher 400-T has AM in addition to sensitive FM-stereo. (FM sensitivity, 2 microvolts, IHF.) Special circuitry makes AM sound almost the same as FM-mono.

Baxandall tone controls let you vary the upper highs, and lower lows, without affecting the midrange.

And there are jacks and switches galore. You can even set up and control a second pair of speaker systems with your Fisher 400-T. The 400-T is part of a complete line of Fisher receivers, each with more power and more features for its price than anyone else offers.

To find out about any of them, go to your nearest Fisher dealer, point to the Fisher receiver of your choice, and ask: “What price power?”

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1969 edition, an authoritative reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on page 1.)
NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 30

cult, however: after the recording was completed, Parish, perhaps a bit unnerved by all the unaccustomed publicity and sudden commotion stirred up by the big city that had ignored him for half a century, was off to the seclusion of his California retreat—and presumably back at work.

PETE G. DAVIS

VIENNA

Schmidt-Isserstedt's
Beethoven Score
Nears Nine

Recording sessions for the Vienna Philharmonic started off last fall with the taping of a batch of Beethoven Symphonies for Decca/London. Presiding in the Sofiensaal was Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, whose earlier recordings with the orchestra of symphonies No. 3, 4, 6, and 9 now turn out to be the forerunners of an integral set. On the current docket were Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 8; the Seventh is scheduled to be done this year. Hence the whole project will be completed in good time for the celebration of the two-hundred anniversary of Beethoven's birthday in 1970. "Actually, in the beginning we did not intend to record all the symphonies," Schmidt-Isserstedt told me as we chatted after one of the last sessions, "but after the success of the first releases—especially the Eroica and the Ninth—the whole thing just escalated."

Schmidt-Isserstedt's own plans, it might be added, also seem to be escalating. Soon after finishing his Vienna chores, the sixty-eight-year-old conductor left for Chicago, and he will appear in Cleveland and San Francisco this spring.

The Beethoven recordings though made in installments, have an underlying unifying concept, which shows itself in the very orchestral setup. For the First and Second Symphonies only twelve first violins were employed, while in the Ninth the number was increased to sixteen (with a proportionate increase of the other strings, of course). Woodwinds were doubled in No. 3, 5, 7, and 9, but in No. 6, the Pastoral, they were strengthened only for the tempest in the fourth movement. Schmidt-Isserstedt is not keen on innovations with regard to what German musicologists call "Aufführungspraxis." "In the matter of performance practice," he says, "the best advice you can get on the Beethoven symphonies is still to be found in the writings of Wengertner."

In spite of some pretty arduous work, including among other things a prolonged testing of various kinds of timpani sticks during a ticklish passage in the

Continued on page 38
There's nothing unusual about paying $370, $400 or $450 for a Fisher compact stereo system. We've sold thousands at those prices. But the new Fisher 120 FM stereo radio/phono system costs much less than that. It sells for only $299.95.* It's the first compact Fisher stereo system ever priced under $300.

And it contains the same features that made more expensive Fisher compacts worth their price.

The receiver is solid-state and delivers 40 watts music power (IHF). It's virtually free of distortion.

The 4-speed automatic turntable comes with a magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus.

And the system includes a pair of Fisher's new XP-55B 2-way speaker systems, which reproduce the audio spectrum from 37 Hz to 20,000 Hz. (The speakers alone sell for $49.95 each.)

By now you may be wondering how we are able to manufacture this stereo compact for such a low price.

Manufacturers are also wondering.

(For more information, plus a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, 1969 edition, an authoritative 72-page reference guide to hi-fi and stereo, use coupon on magazine's front cover flap.)

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The first Fisher compact under $300.

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The Fisher 120

*ALSO AVAILABLE, THE FISHER 125, IDENTICAL TO ABOVE BUT ALSO INCLUDING AM, $329.95.

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CIRCLE 30 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1969
A sound example in point: Pioneer's SE-30 Stereo Headphones — perhaps the audiophile's ultimate buy in responsive, distortionless, headphone sound.

SE-30 test figures* prove it, with a response curve variation of only 13 dB from 50 Hz to 13 kHz with reference to an average sound pressure level of 70 dB! At 66.5 dB, the response curve "normalized" at ± 6.5 dB. Distortion was extremely low; at 400 Hz, the left and right phones showed under 0.3% measured separately; at 1 kHz, distortion measured only 0.5% and 0.6%, respectively!

As do all quality Pioneer products, Pioneer headphones set the standards in their respective categories. All are provided with permanent storage case.

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 36

finale of the Fifth, the orchestra maintained its zest throughout the sessions. "We musicians are not to be pitied," Schmidt-Issestitd insisted. "After all, we are actively making music that we love. You should, rather, pity the boys in there." Pointing to the control room, he added: "They're the ones who have to be on the alert every second without playing a single note — that's far more difficult. . . ."

Executive Move. Interestingly enough, the "boys" in the control room were led by Erik Smith, who is Schmidt-Issetitd's son (though you would never suspect the relationship from the older man's obviously German appearance and the younger's authentically British look). As it happens, the Beethoven sessions were the last Smith would supervise for Decca/London before taking up a new post as a & r manager (Classical Division) with Philips Phonographic Industries. Smith's career with Decca, which he joined soon after leaving Cambridge, involved a good deal of opera recording - including participation in John Culshaw's now historic Rheingold; Peter Grimes under the composer's direction; Serafin's Balloï., and; under "loan" arrangements, Leinsdorf's Figaro and Walkure for RCA and Barenstain's Vienna production of Falstaff for CBS.

Naturally there is speculation as to what he may do for Philips in the operatic field. As yet, he is reluctant to talk about specific plans he may have, but he does not hesitate to express his feeling that both preclassical and romantic music offer much still unexplored territory for an ambitious recording program. The fact that Philips is already devoting considerable attention to the lesser-known music of Berlioz seems to indicate that Erik Smith may well be the man to put a number of unfamiliar scores squarely on the recording map. KURT BLUKOFF


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Treat yourself to virtually distortion-free AM/FM stereo reception by choosing any one of these ultra-sensitive receivers by Pioneer.

**TOP BUY!**
The SX-300T
- Output: 40 watts (HIF) at 4 ohms; frequency response: 20-20,000 Hz.
- Inputs: magnetic and ceramic phono, tape head and tape monitor, panel city: 3 uW(HF).
- Channel separation: better than 55dB at 1 kHz.
- $179.95 (Wair. at cabinet optional)

**EXTRAORDINARY!**
The SX-700T
- Output: 60 watts at 8 ohms; distortion: less than 1% at rated output.
- FM sensitivity (HIF): 2.2uV, signal-to-noise ratio: 50 dB.
- Frequency response: ±1 dB from 25-50,000 Hz; channel separation: 35 dB at 1 kHz.
- $299.95 (Walnut cabinet optional)

**SUPER VALUE!**
The SX-1000TD with FET and IC's
- Output: 130 watts (HIF) at 4 ohms, 120 watts at 8 ohms; frequency response: 20-60,000 Hz.
- Inputs: magnetic and ceramic phono, tape head, two monaural, headphones, etc.; sensitivity: 1.7 uW(HF); channel separation: better than 36 dB at 1 kHz.
- $310.00 (Wair. at cabinet optional)

**THE ULTIMATE!**
The SX-1500T with FET and IC's
- Output: 170 watts (HIF); harmonic distortion: less than 0.1% at 2.0W, 30 watts 8 ohm load; power bandwidth: 15-10,000 Hz.
- Sensitivity: 1.7 uW (HIF); signal-to-noise ratio: 85 dB (HIF).
- Channel separation: 37 dB at 1 kHz.
- $360.00 (Walnut cabinet optional)

Pioneer makes believers out of skeptics. Visit your High Fidelity dealer for a demonstration of the complete Pioneer line. Listen and believe!

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1969
The First KLH Tape Recorder

In a recent demonstration, the $600$ KLH home tape recorder was compared to a professional machine that sells for some $3,500.

Both recorded from the same wide-range, noise-free source; in fact all conditions of comparison were equal, with one exception: The KLH recorder operated at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips, quarter track, the professional at $15$ ips, half track.

When the recordings were played back, listeners said the only difference they heard was $2,900.$

THE trouble with home tape recorders, the one that matters more than any more detail of performance, is this:

Thirty-two minutes of uninterrupted recording time — the amount you get with a standard 7-inch reel of standard 11½ mil tape at their standard speed of 7½ ips — just isn’t long enough for many recordings of music.

One of these "standards" has got to go.

To date, people have got around them in three expensive and not very satisfactory ways: 1) They buy thinner-based, more expensive "long-play" tape and then wonder whether to use it for what they are about to record. 2) They buy a machine that takes 10-inch reels, pay a whopping price for big tapes, and put up with cumbersome handling and storage. 3) They buy automatic reversing, put up with compromised performance in one or both directions of tape travel, and wonder where to fit the interruption in.

Any of these so-called solutions makes recording more expensive and more of a chore than it ought to be. Consequently many a machine is gathering dust.

THE NEW STANDARD

The KLH tape recorder is the first to make $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips the speed for critical musical recording.

With a standard reel of standard tape, it provides 64 minutes of uninterrupted music. Furthermore, its performance leapfrogs the old 7½ ips standard and compares directly with 15 ips tape. (See headline.)

It has been possible for some time to get excellent frequency and dynamic range at $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. The hooker has been back ground noise, and a lot of it. So much, in fact, that most manufacturers gave up and settled for cutting the high frequencies to get rid of it.

We never considered giving up, and we never considered a standard speed higher than $3\frac{3}{4}$ ips. We just waited, quite a few years, for a way to get rid of that noise:

The Dolby Audio Noise Reduction System.

How It Works:

Every tape recorder adds some noise of its own to the signals it records. The lower its speed and the narrower its tape track for a given frequency and dynamic range, the more noise it adds. You only hear this noise when the music is quiet enough to let you, however.

So: The point at which you would normally

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1Suggested price, walnut base extra. Slightly higher in the West.

2It provides 7½ ips primarily for compatibility with older tapes and for more editing room on the tape when needed.
Only one meter on a S600 stereo recorder? Yes. See "Recording," item 3, next page.

begin to hear noise is the point at which the Dolby system goes to work.

By means of a very elegant threshold-sensing device, it selects only the very quiet signals (the ones noise audibly competes with) and boosts them by as much as 10 db before they reach the recording head. When the recorded tape is played back, the signals go through an identical Dolby circuit, turned around. The result is that the system reduces exactly the same signals it boosted, and by exactly the same amount.

Noise, while cutting these signals back down to size, the Dolby circuit can't help but cut down any noise that has been added by the recorder.

If that noise is normally, say, 50 db below the loudest signal the recorder can record without distortion, it is now 60 db below.

© The Dolby system has many applications. Its use in professional recording studios has already produced what critics call a major breakthrough in recorded sound.

What we saw in it, however, was a way through the dilemma of recording at 3 3/4 ips.

We have been able to design for optimum frequency and dynamic range at that speed, and then use the system to get rid of the noise that used to be considered inevitable.

So much for the basics. Now for some of those details of performance we put off earlier.

(please turn page)
THE CONTROLS

The controls are laid out in the order you will probably want to do things in when making a tape, beginning with the input functions and power switch on the left.

There are quite a few controls, because there are quite a few things you can do with the machine. But we think you will find them easier and more logical to use than the controls on any other tape deck.

RECORDING

1) Threading is simple: You drop the tape in and wrap it around the take-up reel.

2) There are individual microphone and auxiliary inputs on each channel. You can mix fully, balance various sources, and precisely set the relative levels of both stereo channels. After balancing channels with the individual level controls, you then set and control recording level for both channels with one master control. This is the system used in professional machines, and is by far the most convenient and flexible.

3) You set the recording level with the help of a unique single VU meter that reads both stereo channels and indicates the louder of the two at any given moment. The primary job, after all, is to find the maximum permissible level setting for a recording. Using our one meter is far easier and more precise than trying to follow two indicators of any kind. (It also helps you avoid the mistaken assumption that the musical content on two stereo channels should be registering equally on two meters.)

The meter can also be switched to read either channel individually for initial stereo balancing or for monaural recording. It is a precisely calibrated and damped meter, by the way, not a toy.

4) To guard against accidental erasure, and to permit and encourage remote-controlled and timer-activated recording, the deck is put into the recording mode by a two-step "Ready-Record" sequence like that on recent studio machines.

5) Separate recording and playback heads permit source-tape monitoring, and a headphone output is provided for today's standard low-impedance headphones.

For cases when you can't listen during recording, the VU meter can be switched to read playback output. (The only disadvantage we know of in our single meter is: It won't tell you if one channel has dropped out unless you switch back and forth. But then if that happens there's not much you can do about it, on any tape recorder.)

PLAYBACK

1) You set the machine's output level control once (and probably for all) to produce the desired volume with your own amplifier. From then on you just hit the Play button.

2) When you are playing a tape that wasn't recorded with the Dolby system, you can switch the system out.

3) When you like, the machine will automatically rewind and shut off at the end of a recording. You just attach a foil strip (we provide it) to the end of the tape, and flick the Automatic Rewind switch on before you hit Play.

When you don't like, you don't flick that switch on.

THE TAPE TRANSPORT

The deck has three motors, and it provides satisfyingly fast rewind and fast-forward. All tape-transport controls are solenoid-operated, with built-in safeguards against breaking, stretching, or spilling any kind of tape.

The machine simply will not break, stretch or spill tape. If you want to do any of these things you will have to do it by hand.

Here are some basic (and invisible) attributes:

1) The capstan is closer to the playback head than that of any machine we know of. That, to us, is a basic requirement for lowest wow and flutter, since it provides the least room for a tape to wobble between head and drive sleeve.

This simple bit of design does more than all the flutter filters we know of. And it helps revive some tapes that have wrinkled in storage to the point where they won't play on other machines without very audible wow.

2) Fast-forward and Rewind may be pressed alternately without pressing Stop in-between. As fast as you please. The tape will simply rock back and forth.

3) Accidentally pressing the Play button does no harm. If the machine is in Fast-forward or Rewind, nothing will happen. If Stop has just been pressed, there is a 1/4 second delay before the Play button will operate.

4) If the tape breaks or the power goes off when the machine is running in any mode, both reels will stop automatically, fast enough to prevent spilling. The machine combines electrical and mechanical braking.

5) The transport shuts off automatically after any mode of operation.

EDITING

The head cover is easily removable and is flat on top so that a splicing block can be attached permanently. The Search control, to the left of the head cover, brings the tape as near as you like to the playback head, for listening during fast-forward or rewind. The Pause control, to the right, allows rocking the reels for close editing.

OTHER

1) The "line" inputs and outputs are duplicated on the top and bottom of the deck to allow either quick recording connections or invisible long-term connections.

2) A two-position switch on the bottom plate optimizes frequency response for general-purpose or premium low-noise tapes.

3) Bias is adjustable with the VU meter for different tape brands.

4) The Dolby system can be checked and recalibrated with the VU meter in less than five minutes.

THE END

It must be abundantly clear from these pages, and from its price, that we haven't stinted on our first tape recorder.

We won't say "Price was no object in the development of the KLH Model Forty." We will say that price was a bit less of an object in this case than it usually is with us.

Mostly, we wanted to make the machine do everything any serious user would want it to do, and do it right.

KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

CIRCLE 42 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
TOO HOT TO HANDLE

I realize that most manufacturers treat the AM section of tuners as the “poor relation,” but I am one of those cuckoos who still listens much of the time to AM-radio and I am especially interested in obtaining as sensitive an AM-only tuner as possible. Do such exist?—Robert L. Blefko, Kalamazoo, Mich.

To our knowledge, there is no AM-only tuner currently being made. AM sections are included in many of today's stereo receivers, however.

I feel that I am capable of constructing my own reflex housing. I have recently heard of a British product (a type of acoustic-mechanical port) which eliminates the need for complex baffles. Any information on this product would be of great help.—David A. L. Howick, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

We don't recommend constructing your own enclosure unless you are an expert (carpenter and acoustician) or can follow the letter the plans obtained for a particular speaker from its manufacturer. The only British product we know of that even vaguely fits your description is a system designed some years ago by Goodmans which employed blocking over the port of a reflex enclosure. For information, write to Goodmans Industries Limited, Axiom Works, Lancelot Road, Wembley, Middlesex, England.

I have been unable to locate a walnut case for my Dynaco PAT-4 preamp. Dynaco says several are available, but will not say where. Can you help?—David M. Barnett, Richmond, Va.

Try writing to Adler Mfg. Co., Riverside, Penna. 17063, or to Ruxton Electronics Co., 2040 N. Rosemead Blvd., South El Monte, Calif. 91733. Both these firms have announced cabinets that will fit your equipment.

I own a General Electric stereo phonograph and have lately been having some problems with the cartridge. In your October issue, I noticed an advertisement for the ADC cartridge, Model 220. My set carries a Sonotone 16TAF ceramic cartridge. Now, my question is, are the two compatible?—Randall Adams, Massillon, Ohio.

If your GE set came supplied with a ceramic cartridge, chances are that its electronic section lacks the equalized preamplifier circuitry required for a magnetic cartridge, such as the ADC.

If this is so, we would suggest you replace your old pickup with a type recommended by GE or by Sonotone.

For many months my tape recorder has been plagued with a disease that neither I nor local repairmen have been able to explain. I have made numerous tapes which, upon later listenings, have been 1/2 to 1/2 tone sharp. This has not happened in all cases, but where the tape has gone sharp, the change has been permanent. Since I am very careful about head cleaning, lubrication, etc., I doubt that uncleanliness is the source of the problem. I have been using 1-mil instrumentation tape (computer tape). Can you suggest a solution? Is there any device for varying tape speed that I could purchase and install? If not, do you have a 3-7/8 inch tape deck with variable speed?—Paul L. Allthouse, Jr., New Haven, Conn.

Do tapes made on other machines, including commercially recorded (“pre-recorded”) tapes, also sound tonally sharp when played on your deck? If so, then we’d guess that your deck is running too fast. Your best bet then would be to have it serviced by the factory or an authorized service station. We know of no device for varying tape speed, nor of any machine with variable speed. Help! I am trapped in a New York City apartment in which the only possible “radio” antenna is the 75-ohm TV socket, from the master antenna, built into the wall. (A wire FM dipole collects almost nothing but loud car ignition noises.)

A coaxial cable led from the socket to my 75-ohm radio tuner produces only a very few stations (from the popular available here)—which are not the ones I want, and moreover, have been cut in two at a time. Has anybody invented a last resort TV/FM master antenna splitter that will function at the receiving end? The specialist radio store, in which I have asked this question several times.—Daniel G. Clark, Staten Island, N.Y.

Either the dealers you queried were misinformed, or they misunderstood your question, or you misunderstood their replies. The fact is there are several TV/FM splitters available which can be hooked up to 75-ohm antenna cable lead-in for feeding more than one set at once. Two types that we have used on our own cable are the Jerrold FM-3 and the Vikoia 936, retailing for $3.00 and $4.75 respectively. You must use 75-ohm coaxial cable and the appropriate connectors. Of course, if your set (TV or FM) does not have a 75-ohm input, you can add a balun transformer (75-ohm input; 300-ohm output) to complete the hookup. Naturally, the splitter cannot bring in signals that are not present at the antenna to begin with. If anything, the splitter introduces a few dB of signal loss—however, if the antenna is indeed receiving reasonably strong signals from both TV and FM channels, you should enjoy good reception. Sometimes the FM portion of such a split arrangement can be perked up by adding an FM booster before the splitter. Go back to your dealer and show him this reply to your letter.

I have the following components: Lafayette 700T receiver, Fairchild 412-1A turntable, and Model 500 arm with a Pickering V-15/AME-2 cartridge.

The 700T is a recent purchase, and since I acquired it, I’ve encountered a very pronounced rumble problem. When I used a new SMH-2 stereo preamp and Dynaco 75-ohm power amp (with the same turntable, which is in brand-new condition, by the way) there was no noticeable rumble.

The mysterious part is that a Garrard SL95 changer played through the Lafayette receiver produces no rumble and also the Fairchild played through some other make transistor receivers produces no noticeable rumble. Can you suggest an answer?—Douglas G. Fabel, Orlando, Florida. According to your own reported tests, neither the Fairchild turntable nor the Lafayette receiver is itself inherently the source of the noise. Yet the two used together produce “rumble” (or is it a low-pitched hum?). All we can suggest is that perhaps the relative locations of the power transformer in the receiver and the pickup or motor of the turntable are causing noise pickup by induction. If repositioning these units with respect to each other doesn’t eliminate the noise, we admit we’re stumped.

Would it be safe to use the J. B. Lansing 8A600 amplifier to drive my pair of Quad electrostatic speakers?—Daniel J. Rael, San Francisco, Calif.

Yes it would. However, the matching transformers may cause overloading of the amplifier’s output transistors at subsonic frequencies, thereby limiting the power output. To avoid this, insert a simple network in each “hot” speaker line (between the amplifier output and the speaker input). The recommended network consists of a 4-ohm, 10-watt resistor connected across a pair of high-quality electrolytic capacitors. The capacitors, themselves hooked back-to-back (plus to plus), should each be rated for 10,000 to 15,000 ufd with a working DC voltage rating of at least 25 volts. One suitable capacitor would be the Sprague No. 36D123G040BC—12,000 ufd at 40 volts DC.
KENWOOD TK-88 • FET • solid state • FM/AM • 9C-watt stereo receiver

KENWOOD TK-66 • FET • solid state • FM/AM • 6C-watt stereo receiver

KENWOOD TK-55 • FET • solid state • FM only • 6C-watt stereo receiver
KENWOOD receivers offer you

THREE WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HEARING

...TK-88, TK-66 and TK-55

Because KENWOOD is one of the world's most superbly engineered receiver lines, even speech sounds crisp and clear.

The important difference, however, is how much better your music sounds. It sounds natural. It's a "live" sound. That's because each KENWOOD receiver is a magnificent instrument with the most advanced circuitry which provides...superior sensitivity and image rejection...better selectivity and freedom from noise and interference...greater bandwidth and frequency range...very low IM distortion for exceptionally clear, low level to high level listening.

But don't take our word for it. Compare KENWOOD receivers with others for specifications, performance and value. You'll discover why KENWOOD receivers are famous the world over for dependability, reliability and quality.

There never will be a better time than now to improve your hearing. Sound test these KENWOOD receivers at your nearest KENWOOD franchised dealer...and decide which one is best for you.

the sound approach to quality

KENWOOD

3700 S. Broadway Pl., Los Angeles, Calif. 90007
69-41 Calamus Avenue, Woodside, N. Y. 11377
Exclusive Canadian Distributor — Perfect Mfg. & Supplies Corp.
NEWS & VIEWS

RECORD INDUSTRY HONORS FOUNDERS

If it hadn't been for Thomas Alva Edison, the Beatles would never have sold a million records. With that in mind, the Record Industry Association of America recently dedicated a display of materials relating to the birth of the phonograph.

The display consists of an early Edison cylinder phonograph, a supply of cylinders, a framed original clipping from the March 30, 1878 issue of Harper's Weekly describing Edison's invention, and a bust of the inventor. A gift of David Kapp, president of Kapp Records and former president of RIAA, the collection of Edison memorabilia is the first step in a project to establish a museum devoted to sound recordings. Also in the planning stages is a Hall of Fame perpetuating the memory of many notables who have contributed much to the recording art.

SUPER TONE CONTROLLER FROM JAPAN

Just about every magnetic pickup on the market has a resonance peak somewhere between 10 and 15 kHz. And every listening room has its own peculiarities in regard to tonal balance. There's little or nothing you can do about either, so why shouldn't you be able to adjust your amplifier to compensate for these peaks or dips?

That's what the engineers at Victor Company of Japan (JVC-Nivico) asked themselves, and they came up with SEA—a control which is said to permit you to take the hump out of that cartridge response or to add exactly the right degree of bass to a sound-absorbent room. Adding just a touch of 10 kHz, or reducing 500 Hz by a smidgen, and so on is accomplished by means of five separate controls on three Nivico receivers—or, if you want to go all out, with seven controls on the Nivico 5011 preamplifier.

Receivers (all stereo FM/AM) incorporating the control include the Model 5001 unit with 50 watts of continuous power, the 100-watt Model 5003, and the Model 5040, a 150-watter. The first two offer five ten-position sliding switches for the SEA circuit; the 5040 breaks the spectrum up into twelve positions for each slide switch. Total range in all models is plus or minus 10 dB. All units are fully transistorized and feature the standard complement of inputs and outputs, plus control knobs and switches.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BAUER HEADS A.E.S.

HF takes pleasure in noting that Benjamin B. Bauer, vice-president of CBS Laboratories, has been elected president of the Audio Engineering Society. Mr. Bauer, whose contributions to audio and acoustics are legion, directs the equipment testing program for High Fidelity at CBS Labs.

Continued on page 48
A product is, in the long run, no better than the competence of the manufacturer; and a warranty simply reflects the manufacturer's confidence in his own product. Scott's philosophy is basic... we deliver not just equipment, but performance of the highest level. For this reason, Scott equipment is built with quality where it counts, not just where it shows. Scott equipment is built to last, not merely to sell at a price.

This is Scott's warranty. It reflects our belief that the best is the least expensive in the long run. Our warranty covers both parts and labor for two full years. Read it for yourself.

All H. H. Scott professional quality tuners, amplifiers, receivers, compact stereo music systems, and loudspeaker systems are warranted against defects in material and workmanship for two years from the date of sale to the consumer. The unit must be delivered to and picked up from either an authorized Scott warranty service station or the Customer Service Department, H. H. Scott, Inc., 117 Powdermill Road, Maynard, Massachusetts 01754.

This warranty covers repair and/or replacement of any part found by the manufacturer, or his agent, to be defective, including any associated labor cost.

The above warranty does not apply to (1) accessory parts explicitly covered by the field warranty of an original manufacturer; (2) units subjected to accidental damage or misuse in violation of instructions; (3) normal wear and tear; (4) units repaired or altered by other than authorized service agencies; and (5) units with removed or defaced serial number.

This applies to 1968 and later model year units.

© 1968, H. H. Scott, Inc.
MATTES STILL MATTERS

If you've been trying unsuccessfully to buy a Mattes component and had begun to wonder whether the company that got such favorable attention only a season or two ago was still in business, there's good news. Mattes products will continue to be manufactured; in fact, plans have been announced for the introduction of a 300-watt amplifier in the near future.

What caused the hiatus in the company's activities, according to founder Harold Mattes, was a matter of corporate financing. "Approximately a year ago," he explains, "two of our original investors died within one week of each other. Until then, all investors had been supplying capital as needed to finance the growing business—a practice which could not be expected of trust management. We tried many ways of resolving this difficult situation and concluded that the only solution was to dispose of all the company's assets."

Said assets were acquired by H. S. Martin & Son of Evanston, Ill., manufacturer of scientific glassware and laboratory supplies, who will operate Mattes as a separate division. Company president Howard Martin, a hi-fi buff, reports that franchised Mattes dealers soon should be receiving shipments of products already announced and that owners of Mattes equipment have been receiving warranty service guaranteed by Martin.

The Martin firm now is producing the Mattes SSD preamplifier, and plans to release details of the 300-watt powerhouse very soon.

EQUIPMENT in the NEWS

SCOTT OFFERS RECEIVER KIT

The latest kit from H. H. Scott is the Model LR-88 stereo FM/AM selling for $334.95. Sensitivity is given as 2.0 µV; amplifier output as 50 watts music power into 8 ohms, or 30 watts RMS power, both channels driven.

Scott explains that the kit can be assembled even by people with no prior kit-building experience because all of the difficult or critical circuitry is prewired and pretested at the factory. The front end uses field-effect transistors, while the IF section features integrated circuits. Kit packaging has been designed to facilitate the assembly, with parts for each stage of the work individually grouped.

H-K COMPACT FEATURES OMNI SPEAKERS

Harman-Kardon's SC 2350 stereo compact employs omnidirectional speakers. Slightly smaller than conventional bookshelf models, they're claimed to be independent of room placement and acoustics. It's said that the speakers can even be tucked out of sight behind furniture or draperies without affecting sound quality. The complete SC 2350 system ($399.50) includes a Garrard four-speed record player equipped with diamond-tipped phono pickup, and a stereo FM/AM receiver with an IHF power rating of 50 watts.

BOGEN BRINGS OUT NEW RECEIVER

From Bogen comes word of the new Model RX150 AM/ stereo FM receiver. Rated FM sensitivity is 2.5 microvolts; power output is 75 watts IHF music power into 8-ohm loads. A silicon solid-state design, the RX150 employs field-effect transistors in its front end, claimed to be highly sensitive but not subject to cross-modula-

CONCORD SHOWS BUDGET COMPONENTS

Concord Electronics, a name familiar in tape recorders, is now offering components designed to appeal to the stereophile on a budget. The STA-15 system, at $140, includes a stereo FM/AM receiver with 15 watts output and a pair of bookshelf speaker systems, and features separate volume, bass, treble, and stereo balance controls, a five-position program selector (AM, FM, FM stereo, phono, and tape), backlit tuning dial, inputs for stereo tape and phono, and outputs for off-the-air stereo recording. All three units come in matching teak cabinets.

Continued from page 46
What's behind the BOSE 901

DIRECT/REFLECTING ™
Speaker System?

If you have heard the BOSE 901 speaker system, or if you have read the reviews, you already know that the 901 is the longest step forward in speaker design in perhaps two decades. Since the superiority of the 901, covered by patents issued and pending, derives from an interrelated group of advances, each depending on the others for its full potential, we hope you will be interested in a fuller explanation than is possible in a single issue. This discussion is one of a series on the theoretical and technological basis of the performance of the BOSE 901.

In this issue, we'd like to tell you what our research revealed about the roles of direct and reflected sound in the reproduction of music. The direct sound is what you would hear if the walls and roof of the concert hall were removed. If you have ever listened to an orchestra outside, without a reflecting shell, you know that it is very soft and dull compared to what you experience in the hall. The difference is the reflected sound.

The reflected sound comes to your ears from the walls of the concert hall in almost equal quantities from all directions whereas the direct sound comes to you from the direction of the instruments. The direct sound is responsible for your sense of localization while the reflected sound contributes to the fullness, presence and warmth of the concert hall performance. As the research indicates, "this spatial property of the sound incident upon a listener is a parameter ranking in importance with the frequency spectrum of the incident energy for the subjective appreciation of music."

HOW THE 901 INCORPORATES THESE FINDINGS
The 901 has eight speakers on the back panels and one on the front. This accomplishes two objectives. First, it provides the desired ratio of about 89% reflected sound to 11% direct sound. Secondly, by proper choice of the angles of the rear panels (see fig.) the 901 projects the image of a musical performance spread across a stage that is located about two feet behind the speaker. This image is established to the extent that it is possible to hear the full stereo spread from a wide range of listening positions including directly in front of one speaker — a feat that is not possible with conventional speakers.

This concept of direct and reflected sound would result in an improved speaker by itself but it would fall far short of providing the realism offered by the 901. There are three other essential advances that must be used in combination with the direct and reflected sound to obtain the full benefits offered by the 901. These will be the subjects of other issues.

In the meantime, ask your franchised BOSE dealer for an A - B comparison of the 901 with the best conventional speakers he carries, regardless of size or price. You can hear the difference now.

*From 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', Dr. A. G. Bose, a paper presented at the 1968 convention of the Audio Engineering Society. Copies of the complete paper are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.
tion or distortion in strong signal areas. Among the set’s features is a four-speaker/headphone switch. Supplied in metal enclosure, the set costs $299.95: an optional walnut cabinet also is available at slight additional cost.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AMPEX CASSETTE OUTFIT

A new version of the Micro 12 portable cassette tape recorder/player, featuring a leatherette carrying case with built-in speaker, is available from AmpeX Corporation. The Micro 22 outfit consists of the Micro 12 mono recorder/player, plus the case, AC adapter, earphone, telephone pickup, and remote control dynamic microphone. It sells for $89.90, complete with three 60-minute blank cassettes. The complete outfit weighs approximately five pounds, measures 10 by 12½ inches, and has compartments for the accessories and cassettes.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH-POWERED KENWOOD

Kenwood’s TK-140X stereo FM/AM receiver boasts a blue-green luminous dial that glows when the set is turned on. When you turn the set off, all the numbers disappear, leaving an opaque panel. Other features include a larger than usual tuning meter, stereo indicator, and new styling. Sensitivity is rated at 1.7 microvolts. Harmonic distortion is specified at less than 0.5%. Amplifier output is rated for 170 watts IHF music power into 8-ohm loads, or 53 watts RMS per channel, both channels driven.

The $349.95 receiver includes output terminals for two sets of speakers, two-channel preamp outputs and main amplifier inputs, silicon power transistors, and muting circuit.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

FISHER GOES CASSETTE

Fisher’s latest stereo compact offers facilities for records (via a Garrard automatic turntable) and for stereo FM. The new Model 127 measures 23½ by 16 by 8 inches, and costs $449.95. The push button-operated cassette deck can record off the air or from records directly through the compact’s own amplifier. The user can also record live by means of the two dynamic microphones included with the set. Separate VU meters and a digital counter with push-button reset are featured. The system comes in walnut cabinetry. Each of the two bookshelf speaker systems has an eight-inch woofer and three-inch tweeter with a crossover at 1,800 Hz.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REVERB AMP FROM LAFAYETTE

Lafayette Radio Electronics Corporation has a new solid-state home reverberation amplifier, Model R-777 priced at $59.95 in a walnut enclosure measuring 19 by 8½ by 4½ inches. According to the manufacturer, the unit is designed to operate with a stereo receiver or amplifier that has a three-way speaker-selector switch—main, remote, and simultaneous. When connected to the remote speaker output terminals, the R-777 is said to compensate for faulty room acoustics, add “body” to tape recordings, etc. A control permits adjusting for the amount of reverb; there also are tone and volume controls and an on/off switch with pilot light. Output is rated at 10 watts RMS at 8 ohms.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ANTENNA ROTATOR

A new lightweight rotator for FM and television antennas is available from Jerrold Electronics Corporation. The complete Dyna-Rotor includes a solid-state control unit. Because it weighs only five pounds—about half the weight of most rotors—it puts a minimum amount of strain on the mast. Selling for $54.95, the rotator is said to go through a complete 360-degree turn in less than 40 seconds.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
A Marantz speaker system is the finest money can buy.

(Our competitors know about this ad.)

Marantz has always set the standards others follow. In preamplifiers. Amplifiers. Turntables. Tuners. And stereophonic receivers.

Today, Marantz once again expands its reputation for audiophonic excellence with the introduction of a new concept in speaker systems.

After years of experimentation, Marantz' first two Imperial Speaker Systems are now ready to be enjoyed by discriminating connoisseurs.

Technically, both feature a three-way design incorporating five speakers. There is a 12" Quad-linear woofer which crosses over at 700 Hz to two mid-range drivers, then crosses over again at 6,000 Hz to two high frequency reproducers.

The sleek, contemporary Imperial I has a smart, walnut cabinet with a hand-rubbed French lacquer finish and is priced at $299.00. The elegant Imperial II, hand-crafted from selected hardwoods and finished in distressed antique, features a stunning hand-carved wood grille. It's yours for $369.00. Both possess a beauty of cabinetry equalled only by the beauty of their sound.

When you hear, when you see these magnificent speakers, only then can you fully appreciate what goes into making a Marantz a Marantz. Your local franchised Marantz dealer will be pleased to furnish you with complete details and a demonstration. Then let your ears make up your mind.
BY EMILY COLEMAN

EUGENE ORMANDY OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Amid all the promotion heralding RCA Red Seal’s first releases under its new contract with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy, it is singularly satisfying to think back to a perfect August day last summer at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., when the Philadelphians and Van Cliburn recorded the Grieg Piano Concerto and Liszt’s Piano Concerto No. 1. It had been impossible to schedule Cliburn and the orchestra earlier in Philadelphia, so it was agreed to set up the session at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center.

While any recording session is subject to risks without notice, this one had them built in. Though no one doubted the superb acoustics of this paragon among outdoor music halls, there were still present the hazards of recording in a site half open to nature. The sky was bright blue, so the patter of rain on the roof was not among them. However, a brisk northwest wind was blowing—how to keep the music on the stands? (A cellist did lose his score to a sudden gust.) The air was transparently clear—but would the happy cheeps and chirps of the birds be heard? (This risk was lessened by keeping the orchestra well back on the stage, and not turning on any of the outside microphones.) One of the biggest problems was the noise of automobiles and trucks on the road just outside in the adjacent state park. The retired state policeman at the stage gate, who undertook the task of shooing vehicular travel away from the area, was so worried about his responsibility that he confessed later that he “would never do it again for $100. I had to take three pills. They even wanted me to shoot down the airplanes.”

In contrast, the two most unflappable men around were Jack Pfeiffer, RCA’s producer for the session, and Ormandy himself. Since maestro’s wife Gretel was taking their station wagon over to their home in the Berkshires, this reporter was pressed into service to pick him up at his hotel near the arts center. He was already standing on the steps waiting—ahead of time as usual. As the car approached, he gave it an elaborate hitchhiker’s thumb, which looked pretty comic there under the towering columns of the Gideon Putnam, amid all those posh limousines with their waiting chauffeurs. Which was just how Ormandy wanted it to look.

Cliburn, arriving a little late as usual, was nervous but in good spirits, and asked, half in jest: “Has he [Ormandy] lost his temper yet?” Assured that everyone was in a fine mood, Cliburn went out on the stage and the first exploratory take of the Grieg was made. At the playback which followed, all agreed that the low A of the piano was slightly muted, and someone was dispatched to the stage to do something about it—as Cliburn put it, to “perk up” the low A. (Normally a little used key, but vital in the opening cadenza of the Grieg.)

Ormandy was delighted with the sound characteristics as a whole, while Cliburn was a little afraid lest he not be coming through. He was reassured that he was in splendid form, and Pfeiffer told him that his piano was on a separate tape, and what more would he like on it—presence, perhaps? Cliburn agreed that more presence would be desirable. “I’m trying too hard,” he said, “you get what I mean?” Ormandy then explained to the few visitors that “Van and I both feel that, for recording, the temps must be a fraction of a second fast.”

As everyone was ready to go back on stage to begin again, one of the RCA technicians appeared and reported that the piano was ready and presumably perked up. A few minutes before, he added, when all its guts were strewn out on the floor, with wires loose and the instrument looking like a cyclone had struck it, one of the Philadelphia musicians

For many years music editor of Newsweek, Emily Coleman is now a free-lance writer on the musical scene.

An account of the man and the team who after thirty years are still co-starring in the longest box-office smash in American orchestral history

January 1969
strolled by and observed, en passant, "I didn't know Glenn Gould was here." This wry reference to Columbia's enfant terrible (not so enfant any more) drew a good laugh all around; what well-bred tension that might have existed evaporated for the time being, and the session continued.

Thereafter, it was the usual pattern: takes, playbacks, retakes, playbacks, takes—until the mind boggles and the fingers falter. As one of the RCA men commented: "You finally reach a point when things don't get any better; they just get different." That point was reached at about 6:30 p.m., after a day which had started at 10 a.m. That it still isn't going on was due principally to Ormandy's intuitive guidance. He was soothing and reassuring with Cliburn, who wanted to settle for nothing but the very, very best in this, his first recorded collaboration with Ormandy and the Philadelphia.

Most conductors nowadays at such a session would be thinking first of themselves—how they would show up in the album which would finally reach the public. Ormandy's instinctive reaction is based on an old-fashioned axiom: that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts. His first concern is to see to it that the Philadelphia Orchestra sounds good, like the Philadelphia Orchestra should. Making guest artists comfortable—as well as trying to inspire them to do their best—is not only common courtesy (or should the word be uncommon?); it almost always results in a performance that brings honor and glory to the Philadelphia Orchestra. By so doing, Ormandy cannot fail to bring the same to himself. They don't hardly make conductors like that any more.

Most of the top maestros of today have neither the patience, the time, nor the endurance to follow in the footsteps of an Ormandy. The name of the game in conducting these days is guestmanship—or how to succeed with an orchestra without really trying. Or, as one moderately young and provenly brilliant American fervently expressed: "Lord, please don't make me accept the musical directorship of either the Boston Symphony or the New York Philharmonic." Who needs it, they say. Who needs those fights with the union? The grinding boredom of program making? The pressure of raising money? Those gushing ladies on the committees and those arrogant bastards on the board? Those heart attacks and those breakdowns? Stay a guest and keep your health. With more and more orchestras going on year-round employment, somebody has got to be propped up on the podium fifty-two weeks out of the fifty-two.

Evidence of this trend is to be found almost everywhere, especially in the ranks of the major orchestras. Chicago has met the reluctance of most first-rate conductors to assume the crushing responsibilities of a top orchestra by dividing them—it is hoped that Georg Solti will assume the musical directorship, with Carlo Maria Giulini taking on the increasingly popular post of principal guest conductor. While Boston replaced Erich Leinsdorf with William Steinberg, it is well known that Britain's Colin Davis was offered the job but would (or could) not, because of his commitments to the BBC, give Boston the time it demanded. It is obvious that Steinberg will not give all of his attention to Boston, for he also remains in Pittsburgh with an unlimited contract as music director. (Ormandy holds a life contract with Philadelphia.)

Next season, the New York Philharmonic goes to a caretaker regime under George Szell as music advisor and senior guest conductor. Meantime, back in Cleveland, Pierre Boulez will be taking up some slack in an escalating five-year guest contract. The ubiquitous André Previn is the music director of the Houston Symphony, but has enough time off to be principal conductor of the London Symphony. Seiji Ozawa will become music director of the San Francisco Symphony in 1970, but it is assumed he will have ample opportunities to fulfill his other destinies, since Josef Krips will be backstopping him as conductor emeritus. True, Zubin Mehta shoulder the responsibilities of the Los Angeles Philharmonic but he too had guaranteed himself frequent respite, including a scheduled sabbatical year in 1969.

In such company, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra are unique. They still co-star in the longest box-office smash in American orchestral history. (While Frederick "Papa" Stock's reign in Chicago was in every way a memorable and enviable tenure, in no real sense can it be compared with Ormandy's record. At sixty-nine, Stock—and his orchestra—had been eclipsed; it was to take a Fritz Reiner to bring Chicago back again. At sixty-nine, Ormandy—and his orchestra—have never been better.)

Ormandy came to Philadelphia from Minneapolis in 1936, as an associate conductor with Leopold Stokowski. In 1938, he succeeded the glamorous Stokowski as music director, a post he has held ever since—sans sabbaticals, it should be noted, as well as sans all the rest of the lengthy guest- and globe-
trotting which is supposed to give a conductor a fresh point of view. It has been Ormandy's contention that the man who heads the Philadelphia Orchestra has a view roughly equivalent to that available to the gods on Mount Olympus. This pride is shared by the musicians in the orchestra, who have a strong esprit de corps and are quite snobbish about belonging to the Philadelphia Orchestra.

That this attitude also prevails in the environs of the Academy of Music, Rittenhouse Square, and the Main Line is to be expected. That it is also shared on a national and international scale never before achieved by a musical aggregation is due in largest measure, of course, to the superlative wash of sound with which it inundates its listeners. But in the beginning, how to make that sound heard round the world? The answer was provided one day in 1917, when Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra crossed the Delaware to the Victor Talking Machine Co.'s studios in Camden, N.J. There, under the excruciating conditions of acoustical recording, the Fifth and Sixth Hungarian Dances of Brahms were waxed, and the Philadelphia Orchestra became the second American symphony to make records under its own name and its own conductor (the Boston Symphony beat them by not quite three weeks).

It was a plain case of love at first take. The Philadelphia Orchestra's marriage to the recording industry has been historic, enduring, and profitable. The orchestra is the most recorded symphonic ensemble in the world, and is represented by the largest repertoire. Until Columbia tells RCA, or vice versa, there are no staggering statistics to prove this point for the orchestra recorded for Victor until 1943 and for Columbia until 1968. But a significant clue to both the quantity and the quality of its record output can be found in the orchestra's annual reports. In the 1966-67 season, for example, record royalties, television and commercial sponsorship produced $303,008 for the coffers: the year before, the figure was $367,453, and before that, $305,096.

With this kind of prestige and income at stake, it becomes readily apparent that any switch in record labels, such as occurred last spring when the orchestra went back to RCA, its old alma mater, is an event of major importance. Hence RCA Red Seal's decision to wait until now to issue its first releases, when it could celebrate with a spectacular package of six records.

Ormandy's first record with the Philadelphia in 1936 was also under the RCA label, a performance of Tchaikovsky's Pathétique, a work which, by no coincidence, is being included in the six first releases. But even in 1936, Ormandy was no stranger in the recording studio; indeed, he owed, in large measure, his appointment in Philadelphia to the national reputation he had earned through a series of records made in Minneapolis in 1934, two years earlier. How these recordings came about has become something of a legend in the industry. When Ormandy replaced the ailing Toscanini in a guest appearance with the Philadelphia in 1931—the appearance which won him his appointment as music director in Minneapolis—one of the numbers on the program was the Polka and Fugue from Weinberger's opera Schwanda the Bagpipe. An RCA Victor official who was in the audience wanted to record the work with Ormandy and the Philadelphia, an obvious impossibility because of Stokowski's exclusive contract. Ormandy countered with the suggestion that the records be made in Minneapolis, along with other unusual items in the repertoire. Too expensive, replied the official. Not at all, answered Ormandy, who had just signed his own contract with Minneapolis and was therefore well aware of its provisions—which held that the musicians and conductor were required to play for recordings and for radio at no increase in their regular salaries. And so it happened that for little more than the travel expenses of an RCA Victor crew, Ormandy and the Minneapolis recorded not only the excerpt from Schwanda, but also such phonographic premieres as the Suite from Kodály's opera Háry János, Schoenberg's Verklärte Nacht, and Bruckner's Seventh Symphony—another work with sentimental attachment scheduled for the first release by RCA Red Seal.

Over the years, the Minneapolis Symphony received nearly $200,000 in royalties for those records. While Ormandy and the musicians worked for free, so to speak, the acclaim accorded the albums helped to bring Ormandy more than money could buy—the bid to come to Philadelphia as co-conductor with Stokowski. To the former Hungarian-born concert violinist who had known what it was to be broke on the streets of New York and what it was like to play in the back row of the fiddlers in a movie house orchestra, this was reward enough.

The way up to Philadelphia's promised land had been neither easy nor conventional. Hard work can be forgiven, even applauded; nonconformity is something else again. How many of the world's great conductors can you name offhand who learned their trade by conducting in a motion picture palace (Ormandy was Erno Rapee's concertmaster at the Capitol Theater in New York), and then expanded their horizon by becoming accomplished maestros on radio? To the everlasting credit of the Philadelphia board, it accepted Ormandy for what he was, and would become: a superbly gifted, intuitive musician with an infallible ear and incredible memory, a matchless flair for producing ravishing sound based on brilliant technical virtuosity, an able administrator with a capacity for unlimited labor and, most important of all, a fierce and total dedication to the proposition that the Philadelphia Orchestra must never, ever be anything but the greatest orchestra in the world.

For the first ten years of Ormandy's tenure, it was generally assumed that his greatest contribution to the orchestra had been to keep it from falling to pieces after Stokowski's departure. As a major
symphonic organization, it was relatively young, having given its first concert in November 1900. (Ormandy often points to the fact that he is just one year older, for he was born on November 18, 1899.) Stokowski had taken over the fledgling ensemble in 1913; when he left it twenty-five years later he—and the orchestra—were the talk of the musical world.

What Ormandy actually accomplished was to take an orchestra which was on the threshold of greatness, fulfill its promise, and keep it there. Proof of this rests not only with the orchestra’s reputation with audiences at home and abroad, but with the music world itself. Soloists prefer to play with the Philadelphia, and to other conductors the perfection of the ensemble is both a joy and a despair: a joy to conduct such an instrument; despair that the same cannot be accomplished back home.

Since Ormandy is an extremely practical man not given to rebuilding Rome in a day, he went along in the beginning with the popular notion that the famous “Philadelphia Sound” which he had inherited continued to be the Stokowski sound. Anyone who has taken the trouble to listen closely over the years knows better; slowly and subtly Ormandy changed the sound of the orchestra into his own. Stokowski, after all, was an organist and was partial to great swellings of tone, frequently giving the effect of producing sound for sound’s sake (something he does not now do with the American Symphony, incidentally). Ormandy had been a violinist, and though he protests that he does not overbalance his orchestra to favor the strings, the over-all effect nevertheless brings to mind the satin smooth finish of mellow wood enhanced by glowing strings. Mason Jones, the Philadelphia’s first horn player, has perhaps pinpointed the real origin of the Ormandy/Philadelphia sound. “He has a phenomenal aural reflex,” Jones has stated, “a sixth sense for achieving balance among the four choirs. He knows where to stress and where to subdue. Some conductors merely note that something is wrong ‘somewhere,’ Ormandy always knows where and what is wrong.’

This instantaneous ability to diagnose musical symptoms saves enormous amounts of time in rehearsals, which are therefore nearly always rather businesslike, undramatic affairs. If Ormandy does not get what he asks for the first time around, he generally resorts to some little joke when he asks for it again. “A good sense of humor is very important to a conductor when it comes to work and a really important rehearsal,” he says. “You must know how to make them work, and make them feel that they want to do it. But with the Philadelphia after all these years, such problems seldom occur.”

Although Ormandy generally manages to keep his temper—especially when any outsiders are around—there are three things which can set him off in no time at all: deliberate misbehavior, stupidity (or someone goofing off and not doing his best), and waiting. His wife expresses it this way: “He never loses his temper when everything goes right, but he cannot wait on anything or anybody, even for a few minutes.”

Ormandy’s own estimate of his temper is rather objective. “I get really rough when I do lose my temper, but it takes a lot to provoke it. I always control myself to a certain extent, but when it goes—my tongue—you can see the sparks. To keep your temper is something you have got to learn if you are the head of an organization. And when you most want to lose it is the time to hold it if humanly possible.”

Another sensitive area with Ormandy is the oft-voiced criticism that he neglects new, or modern, or contemporary music. Since I have neither the space nor the inclination to discuss just exactly what is new, modern, or contemporary, or just how much of this music is actually being written with a nineteenth-century symphony orchestra in mind, let me simply note that Eugene Ormandy is an incurable romantic—and so is his audience. In Boston, the
wealthy ladies wear hats to the fashionable matinees. In Philadelphia, they wear hair nets and tweed suits. They expect the suits to last twenty-seven years, and they expect the repertory to wear just as well. To them, the Philadelphia is a house orchestra, which in their mind’s eye plays in their Main Line drawing rooms once a week. You wouldn’t want anything new there, would you?

Ormandy is, nonetheless, keenly aware of the obligation which any major conductor (and his orchestra) owe to the composers of our time; hence he has valiantly programmed for this season more contemporary scores than ever before. “But,” he adds somewhat ruefully, “I don’t know if they will like it.” Ormandy draws the line at electronic music, however, saying: “I don’t touch electronic music because I still don’t understand it.”

He was then asked how long he thought that the world’s nineteenth-century-style symphony orchestras could go on playing the same eighteen-, nineteenth-, and early twentieth-century repertory. “Indefinitely,” he answered quickly, “as long as the conductor finds something new in every well-known composition that he has never seen before. To my knowledge, every great conductor still discovers something fresh and inspiring in something he has done hundreds and hundreds of times before.”

By constantly stressing the basic orchestral repertory, Ormandy also has been accused of humming the conventional musical tastes of his board. Coupled with this contention is the allegation that he has always been a “yes-man” to his board, and sometimes even to his own musicians. His answer is both ethical—and practical. “I’m a fighter for my beliefs, but I don’t have to be fighting when the board says we are behind you. You don’t have to fight with your board then. I try to put myself in other’s shoes. One quality I have: I am able to put myself in another person’s place, and act and think as if I were he. You must always treat people as you want to be treated yourself. You are their leader, but you are one of them, no better than they are. One of the reasons I am still heading the Philadelphia Orchestra is my ability to maintain the support of the audience, the critics, my board, and my colleagues.

“But I can take a stand,” Ormandy continued, “when there is no agreement. Oh boy, I can take a stand or make a fight. But the difference with me is that I never do it in public. Never.”

Not so many years ago, Eugene Ormandy would never have openly discussed fights, his temper, or the Ormandy sound instead of the Philadelphia sound. Before inner security came, he had to outlast the New York critics, who never let him forget the Capitol Theater or the radio studios, and the New York subscription audiences (now so devoted) who pouted over the loss of the glamorous Stokowski and turned instead to the almost as glamorous Serge Koussievitzky and his Boston Symphony. “They nearly broke me for the first ten years,” he once admitted to this reporter in a rare moment of candor. “It was a hard road, but I wouldn’t have it otherwise. I just had to keep working harder than anyone else.”

Last summer, he was reminded of that “hard road.” He was in residence at Belvedere, his spacious home in the Massachusetts Berkshires, and was sitting beside a deep window overlooking his swimming pool and the mountains. “Yes,” he agreed, “it kept recognition away for a long time. But the trouble with young conductors today is that they get too much too soon. They get recognition on a silver platter; they don’t have to fight or suffer. It was not offered to me on a silver platter, I can assure you. But having worked for it in my twenties, I got the stamina which still keeps me going that young men half my age don’t have.”

Ormandy maintains that stamina with a religious fervor. Since long walks are impractical because of a hip condition he has had since childhood, he swims for fifteen or twenty minutes three times a day when he is in Massachusetts. He does not smoke or drink, and watches his waistline more zealously than does a teen-age beauty queen. He and his charming second wife Gretel, who is a Viennese, live as simply as possible, and entertain only when politeness requires it. It has been suggested that this rather secluded and solitary home life stems from a reaction to an earlier time when he and his first wife, Stephanie Goldner, a fellow Hungarian musician who played the harp with the New York Philharmonic, maintained a home in Gladwyne, a Philadelphia suburb. Aptly named “Journey’s End,” the house was nearly always overflowing with European refugees, mostly relatives. From its clamor and turmoil, Ormandy fled to a small apartment at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, which he has maintained ever since.

Wherever he is, Ormandy cannot sit still and do nothing. He is either studying scores, listening to the results of record sessions, dictating letters (and adding personal postscripts when he signs them), or talking endlessly on the telephone (there is a phone at poolside). Occasionally, he looks at a television show on off evenings (favorites not divulged), but he even likes to save time by looking at the TV news while having dinner. Unless table talk is about music or musicians, he listens with half an ear, which sometimes leaves Gretel talking to herself when she enthuses about her gardens and beautiful flowers.

In short, here is a man who is completely fulfilled by what he is doing and who can’t possibly imagine himself doing anything else. Hence, the idea of retirement is, to him, ludicrous. “I am not ready to retire,” he says decisively. “Of course, if the audiences or the board think so, that’s another story. Not every conductor is as strong physically as I am. At sixty-nine, I find myself still very youthful.”

As one who dog-trotted in pursuit of Ormandy for several days on end only last summer, this reporter is in no position to argue.
by Ernest Fleischmann

WHO RUNS OUR ORCHESTRAS.
AND WHO SHOULD?

The United States is justly proud of being a "now" country, a truly twentieth-century nation, yet many Americans are given to lamenting their country's lack of the European tradition of aristocratic patronage of the arts. True, the American musical scene may be wanting in dukes and princelings, but, to my mind, it has an ample supply of their equivalents. I refer, of course, to those formidably powerful institutions, the governing boards of U.S. musical organizations—and specifically of symphony orchestras.

For what are the Wanton Baleses, the Buff Chandalers, the Amyas Ameses of this world, if not the royal patrons of twentieth-century American musical life? With some notable exceptions, conductors pay homage to them, managers spend sleepless nights over them, and managers' wives run up prohibitively high couturier's bills because of them. The U.S.A. is the only country in the world today where the fortunes of most symphony orchestras depend on the generosity, the wisdom, the enthusiasm, indeed the musical tastes and policies of bankers, oilmen, meat packers, merchants, and housewives. Which immediately, and irreverently, makes one ask whether musicians should be entrusted with the running of banks, oil corporations, meat-packing companies, department stores, and even households.

A conductor needs to have the iron will and artistic authority of a Szell, the passionate musical involvement and force of personality of a Bernstein, to be music director of an American orchestra in the fullest sense of all that the title implies. And a manager requires the perspicacity, the musical knowledge, and the impresario's flair of a Carlos Moseley (New York Philharmonic), Tod Perry (Boston Symphony), Beverley Barksdale (Cleveland Orchestra), or John Edwards (Chicago Symphony) to be more than a mere slave of his board.

It is because of the powerful role played by orchestra boards and, particularly, by individual members of them that I see the course of America's orchestral life beset with dangers of stagnation, even self-strangulation. As orchestra musicians' contracts move inexorably towards the fifty-two-week goal, as orchestral salaries and all other running costs escalate, there is a more acute need than ever for the highest professional skill and imagination in the management of the orchestras' affairs. Can this professional skill be supplied by the present type of orchestral board, eminent people but most of them chiefly engaged in commercial and industrial pursuits?

The answer must regretfully, but certainly, be an unqualified "no." However appreciative one may be of the tremendous fund-raising activities and general financial know-how of orchestral boards, the dangers of lay control of such a highly specialized organization as a symphony orchestra are too obvious to require stressing in detail. One needs merely to recall the fact that incompatibility with a board president caused Stokowski to leave the Philadelphia Orchestra; that the San Francisco Symphony board's overprotectiveness kept an unsuitable music director in office there for at least five years too many; that the insistence of certain board members in Boston and Philadelphia on their music directors conducting an inhumanly, impractically large number of concerts per season has prevented such gifted conductors as Leinsdorf and Ormandy from realizing their true potential. (Leinsdorf has taken the only possible way out—out!) These are merely a few instances where lay control of orchestras has acted to the detriment of America's musical life—and I am sure that those acquainted with orchestral affairs throughout the length and breadth of the United States can cite many more.

Of course, one could argue that without the money contributed and collected by these boards and by ladies' committees there would be no symphony orchestras at all in the U.S.A. But surely this is merely another way of saying that the whole system of financing and subsidizing American orchestras is wrong. If instead of making contributions to orchestras (and other nonprofit institutions) tax-deductible, the U.S. government had years ago begun to give the equivalent funds to a body like Britain's Arts Council, American orchestras, opera, ballet, and theater companies would now be in a far healthier condition than they are. And orchestras today desperately need good health, to cope with problems which are tougher than ever: mounting costs; static, if not decreasing, audiences; accelerating changes in musical tastes; a decline in the recording of symphonic music (a most important source of revenue); a shortage of orchestral players, particularly strings; conductors often more closely acquainted with airline timetables than with scores;

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seasons which keep on stretching and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g. To reiterate... what is needed to deal with all this, as well as with the day-to-day running of the orchestras (scheduling, publicity, public relations, union negotiations, artists' contracts, and 101 other things), is a breed of professional supermanagers, provided with highly qualified staffs—and empowered both to make and to enforce decisions.

In Europe, the situation is, of course, different. There—at least in many parts of the Continent—the manager or intendant of an orchestra or opera house is largely entrusted with many of the responsibilities at present shouldered by board presidents of American orchestras. Together with the music director or principal conductor, the European manager decides on repertoire, artists to be engaged, general policy—both artistic and administrative. Within the limits allowed by available subventions and the particular requirements of the area and audience his orchestra has to serve, the manager is like a prime minister (with, usually, the music director as king).

There are, however, important exceptions to this general rule, mainly in London, the city which possesses more first-class orchestras than any other in the world. Four of them—the London Philharmonic, London Symphony, New Philharmonia, and the Royal Philharmonic—are, to a greater or lesser extent, controlled by the musicians themselves. The London Symphony has been controlled by a board elected by, and from among, its own players ever since it was founded in 1904 by a group of rebellious musicians from Mr. (later Sir) Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra. The London Philharmonic has been largely player-controlled since World War II. The Royal Philharmonic, conducted and administered by Sir Thomas Beecham from 1946 until his death in 1961, reconstituted itself as a player-run republic. The New Philharmonia is of course, by and large, the old Philharmonia, the lovingly nurtured and fiercely protected child of that most brilliant, superbly intolerant archetype of new-style orchestral entrepreneur managers, Walter Legge. Legge disbanded his Philharmonia in 1964 as a protest against the indifference and inadequate financial support of the government and other authorities (if only he had persevered a little longer—subsidies to London's orchestras are today nearly five times greater than when he threw in the towel). The musicians of the Philharmonia refused, however, to let their orchestra die and founded the New Philharmonia as a self-governing body, largely on the lines of London's other player-administered ensembles.

On the surface, the boards of London's self-governing orchestras are the exact opposite of the nonmusician boards of the orchestras of the U.S.A. But they have this in common: members of the directing boards in both countries spend the major part of their working lives in occupations other than managing orchestras. The president of the board of an American orchestra may be a busy lawyer or president of an industrial corporation, while the chairman of the board of a London orchestra may be a hard-working second violinist or an internationally known horn player. And so it is with the other board members, whether in London or in San Francisco. How can such people, whether musicians or businessmen, be expected to possess the professional expertise, or to devote the very considerable number of hours and amount of energy, required for the management of a highly specialized institution with an annual budget often running into millions of dollars?

Naturally, an authoritative music director has a pretty decisive influence in shaping an orchestra's artistic policy: programs, choice of soloists and guest conductors, style. Whether an orchestra's programming is conservative, middle-of-the-road, or progressive depends largely on the music director. But the music director, in the United States at least, owes his appointment to a lay board. And, unless he is a man of cast-iron will and uncompromising integrity, he may well find that he has soloists, guest conductors, and even program items wished on him by members of his board of directors. I am not trying to suggest that every misguided program choice or unfortunate performance heard in America's concert halls can be explained away by the fact that Hiram B. Oilwell's niece is an aspiring pianist or Mrs. Cyrus Automaker II's son-in-law is a "promising" composer, but such eventualities can arise.

The possibility is less likely with the leading orchestras in Europe. And while it may be thought that since these groups are government-subsidized they may be subject to pressure from government officials, this in fact seldom happens. (The latest case I know of involved the resignation of Bernard Lefort, artistic manager of the Marseilles Opera, because he refused to agree to official requests for a more "popular" repertoire.) The area in which a ministry of culture or an arts council may occasionally wish to call the tune—usually sotto voce—is in encouraging the performance of works by native composers. For example, the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Greater London Council, who jointly provide subsidies for London's major orchestras, ask the orchestras to include some British works in their subsidized concerts, and provide special funds for any necessary extra rehearsals. There is no question of a "British quota," no insistence on a minimum number of works, and certainly no pressure for the performance of specific pieces.
Actually, the problem in London is less one of outside interference than of too much control of artistic policy by the orchestral musicians, who tend to have somewhat one-sided views on conductors and who also do not as a rule take overly kindly to the music of avant-garde composers. All this is reflected in the musical menu dished up to London audiences.

So far, then, we have seen that in the U.S.A. (with certain notable exceptions) and in London orchestral policies are largely determined by non-experts, while in continental Europe the nonexpert influence is not nearly so predominant. But there is another powerful behind-the-scenes influence on our musical lives—according to many people, the most powerful: the record companies. To the extent that revenue from recording sessions forms an indispensable part of the incomes of a number of major orchestras, it is true that the record companies play an important part in those orchestras’ fortunes. But their influence in determining programs and general artistic policy is of a decidedly minor nature. Obviously, when an orchestra like the New York Philharmonic (Columbia) or the Boston Symphony (RCA) considers the appointment of a music director, its board consults the record company to whom the orchestra is under contract. Or conversely, Decca/London may make an LP with the Vienna Philharmonic with a view to interesting that orchestra’s management in the conductor engaged for the sessions. On the whole, however, a record company is more likely to plan its recording program according to the repertoire proposed by the orchestra than vice versa.

In any event, the number of orchestras still under exclusive contract to a recording company can be counted on the fingers of two hands. And relationships between these orchestras and their record companies are usually of a professionally constructive nature: the a & r heads of the companies, invariably being musicians of knowledge and some vision, are often able to make useful contributions to the orchestras’ program planning; and more than one astute music director or orchestra manager has been known to suggest repertoire or discover performing talent which has proved of considerable value to a record company’s a & r department. This kind of artistic cross-fertilization between record companies and orchestras under exclusive contract can thus bring worthwhile benefits to the record buyer. Strangely enough, record companies can often exercise a far stronger influence on orchestras with whom they do not have exclusive contracts. Such orchestras may well engage soloists, guest conductors, and even principal conductors under contract to a given recording company in the hope of persuading that company to engage the orchestra for recording sessions with the artist in question.

The economics of classical—and particularly symphonic and operatic—record production today are such that, in order to be able to afford to use one of the world’s top dozen orchestras, a record company needs to record works that have already been rehearsed and performed in public just prior to the recording sessions. The role of a record company in determining an orchestra’s programs is, however, by no means as one-sided as that of an orchestra’s board; the record company collaborates with, but does not dictate to, the orchestra’s management.

Now, where does all this leave the concertgoer and the record buyer? In London, the orchestral musicians largely determine what he hears; on the Continent, the music directors and orchestra managers have the upper hand; and in the United States the oilman-dukes, the housewife-duchesses, and the insurance tycoon-princelings are the dominating force. But for how long can matters continue like this? In continental Europe indefinitely; in London, if the orchestras are to survive in a highly competitive and complex situation, the musicians will have to entrust more and more of the administrative and artistic decisions to experts. And in the U.S.A.? Here the situation is more complicated still because not only does the present state of musical development suggest a need for the transfer of many of the powers of lay orchestra boards to manager impresarios, but the position of the music director is undergoing a fundamental, even revolutionary change.

The reasons for this are not only musical: technology and even taxation come into it too. Musical ones first: a great tradition of conducting is rapidly coming to an end. It was an era of long, thorough apprenticeships in provincial opera houses, followed by a gradual ascent from small-town posts to positions in places of increasing importance. This provided conductors with opportunities of gaining the most thorough possible grounding in their craft, at the same time enabling them to learn a very wide repertoire in all its practical and artistic implications. It was an era in which conductors had time to learn, to grow, to discover the direction in which their talents were likely to find their fullest expression. George Szell is probably the outstanding representative of that generation still actively guiding the destinies of a great orchestra. Eugene Ormandy, a few years younger than Szell and trained in a less orthodox manner, is, in his splendidly professional way, similarly indispensable. But when he and Szell decide that they will no longer shoulder the arduous burdens of their respective music directorships, who will take over? Not Bernstein, not Boulez—two of the most greatly gifted conductors of the middle generation, many of whose other representatives are of decidedly middle quality—because they both want to compose as well as conduct.

The obvious group from whom the successors to the important American musical directorships will be chosen are the brilliant young lions now making a considerable impact in concert halls, in opera houses, and on record labels. Many of them are quite unusually talented, imbued with consider-
able imagination, musicianship, personality, and sex appeal. And the fact that their names crop up every time a major musical directorship falls vacant, shows that the press and the public hold them in high esteem. Quite rightly, too. Probably never in the history of conducting have there been so many extraordinarily gifted, exciting talents between the ages of twenty-five and forty. However, the international concert circuit today is so competitive that orchestra managements go to all sorts of lengths to offer guest conducting engagements to these brilliant young men.

In the 1920s and the 1930s a conductor had to struggle in an indifferent opera house pit or with a third-rate orchestra for many years in order to learn his trade—and even then it was very much a matter of luck if a major engagement one day came his way. Today, the talented young conductor may well make his professional debut with the Vienna Philharmonic, and the invitations from London, Berlin, New York, and Milan will choke his letter box. Result: our young conductor just does not have the opportunity to get a thorough grounding in his trade. He is so busy trying not to disappoint orchestra managements all over the world that he has no time to learn a wide repertoire; in any case, in our age of advanced technology and jet travel, four or five programs will suffice for all the enticing guest engagements that he can possibly accept. With just these few programs he can spend a month in London, two weeks in Paris, six in Tokyo, four in New York, three in Los Angeles, etc., etc. Then, when the inevitable offer of a music directorship comes along, he finds he is just not ready for it; he does not have sufficient repertoire, nor indeed the toughness, wisdom, or artistic depth demanded of a maestro who must be in command of his orchestra for anything up to forty weeks a year. This is not the young conductor's fault—it is the fault of the present-day orchestra setup; instead of carefully nurturing an exceptional conducting talent, we force-feed it with largely artificial nutrients. We have created this problem—now we are beginning to have to face it.

And if all this is not enough, there is the tax man, who is providing more and more obstacles, which make it financially unwise for a top league conductor to spend more than a few months of the tax year in any one place. There are any number of distinguished musicians who would like to spend far more time in London, Chicago, Munich, and many other places, if it were not for the assaults made on their fees by the fiscal authorities. (I dare not mention names for fear that this article may catch a tax inspector's eye!)

American orchestra managements—and those elsewhere too—must therefore reconcile themselves to the fact that present-day conditions call for a radically new, even revolutionary, approach to the running of orchestras. Most of the young conducting lions are only too well aware of the perils involved in the musical directorships of the top five U.S. orchestras to consider putting their necks on chopping blocks seasoned in the blood, sweat, and tears of traditions established by Mahler, Toscanini, Koussevitzky, Walter, Stokowski, Reiner, Szell, Bernstein, Ormandy, and similar giants. Seiji Ozawa prefers to gain his experience in the comparatively isolated safety of Toronto and later San Francisco, Zubin Mehta in Los Angeles, Colin Davis with the BBC (where he has the guidance and support of William Glock, an exceptionally imaginative impresario/administrator), Lorin Maazel at the Deutsche Oper in Berlin (again, in tandem with a superb intendant, Gustav Rudolf Selmer), while Claudio Abbado and Daniel Barenboim refuse to tie themselves down to any one organization. Among the most outstanding older candidates for the succession, Boulez, and Giulini are just not interested in permanent posts, while Karajan is exceedingly happy with the Berlin Philharmonic. Georg Solti has accepted a three-week guest conducting stint with the Chicago Symphony for this season, but reports of a more permanent relationship remain, at this writing, unconfirmed.

It is obvious, therefore, that a far larger share of the artistic direction of American orchestras will have to be taken over by the orchestras' managements. By and large there just will not be a music director in residence for the larger part of the year, and in any case a music director of the younger generation will need, and should expect, all the help and advice that an inventive, experienced management can give him. All this means that many of the burdens and responsibilities of the music directorship will increasingly fall on the shoulders of the orchestra's manager (though not, as I hope I have made clear, of the orchestra's board).

Whether we like it or not, we are in the throes of a managerial revolution in the orchestral world. The orchestra manager is undergoing a metamorphosis. He is emerging from the cocoon in which he was the servant of his board and the amanuensis of his music director, to become the master, on whom depend not only his orchestra's administrative and financial fortunes but also its artistic future. The music director, as we know him today, will disappear. In his place there will be the principal conductor: he has existed in London and some other parts of Europe for some time, conducting a goodly proportion of an orchestra's concerts at home and abroad, regularly making records with his orchestra, and generally associating his name with it, influencing its policy, but not determining it. The manager will be the one to determine the orchestra's policy, in conjunction with his board, and if the board is an intelligent one, it will give the manager his head. This is the nature of the managerial revolution in the orchestral world—let us hope that there are sufficient managers of vision, skill, and determination to ensure the peace and progress that any successful revolution seeks to achieve.
Can headphones really be hi-fi? Don't laugh — not so many years ago it was hard to find anyone accustomed to fine sound who was willing to take them seriously. Yet a glance at the accompanying table of representative current models will show that there are now about two dozen companies asking us to consider their stereo headsets as bona fide high-fidelity products. And with good reason: their specifications read like those associated with quality loudspeakers, and their performance for the most part confirms the specs.

Headphones, of course, have always had a number of unique advantages. The most obvious is that of sonic isolation. The headphone wearer retreats into a private aural environment, virtually immune from distractions such as ambient noise and from the vagaries of room acoustics. At the same time, he can enjoy program material at fairly loud listening levels without disturbing anyone else. Moreover, headphones plus a receiver (or the control module of a stereo compact) comprise a playback system which
—minus the speakers that otherwise would be required—can be carried about relatively easily; many travelers or stereo fanciers living away from home—such as students in a dormitory—have found that headphones enable them to relish their favorite music at low cost and with little encumbrance.

There are more subtle advantages too, involving the special aural perspective provided by headphones. Sonic details that may be blurred in the acoustical environment of a normal room often become, thanks to the "direct channels" of headphones, much more clearly revealed. This feature applies both to the program material and to the equipment reproducing it. In the one instance, headphones permit the listener to explore the inner fabric of unfamiliar music or to hear stereo with maximum (some would say exaggerated) channel separation. In the other instance, headphones let you zero in more directly than would otherwise be possible on quirks of a pickup, or amplifier noise, and so on; in this sense, the modern stereo headset has become to the technically minded somewhat like a stethoscope to a physician.

These special advantages of headphones notwithstanding, the main impetus for the quality-minded listener's taking them seriously must be their actual performance—and on this score the available evidence adds up to a most favorable verdict. Recent laboratory and listening tests indicate definite improvements in frequency response, including bass response which, in the past, was acknowledged to be weak by comparison with loudspeakers. Even more dramatic are the very low distortion figures for head-phones. In tests of seven randomly chosen models, CBS Labs consistently found distortion to be negligible or unmeasurably low at most test frequencies.

Improved too is the wearing comfort of the latest models. Lighter in weight than their fore-runners, they achieve good coupling to the ears more through the use of soft, compliant ear cushions than from massive bulk and pressure against the head. The most compliant ear cushions are those filled with fluid to distribute pressure evenly over the surface they touch. Generally, though, the lightest (and most inexpensive) headsets dispense with this refinement without losing much in the way of comfort. In some cases, the seal that the stiffer ear cushions form against ambient noise may be less than ideal. But this factor—as well as comfort—will depend to some extent on the precise way in which a particular model happens to fit the shape of your head.

Some other relatively sophisticated design features are beginning to show up in headsets. Dual-element headphones—with separate small woofer and smaller tweeter—have been on the market for some time. The most recent development in transducers themselves is the use of electrostatic elements. Koss and Stanton both demonstrated new electrostatic headsets at last fall's hi-fi shows; neither model was available to us for testing at press time, but when we heard them at the show we were impressed by their clarity and wide range. Then there are special controls found on some models. Level controls are fairly common, and a few sets sport tone controls and a mono/stereo switch. While such features may solve specific problems in installations lacking really adequate control facilities, we found their operation generally less satisfactory than similar controls built into the electronics—largely because most are mounted on the earphones, out of sight once the set is on your head and somewhat inconvenient to use.

Their reduced distortion notwithstanding, all head-phones suffer to some degree from nonlinearity of response. So do loudspeakers, of course, but care in the design of crossover networks and enclosures can smooth out response curves in ways that are not available to the headphone designer. And—particularly if you are listening to an inexpensive headset—response curves for right and left phones may not correspond nearly as closely as would be expected from a matched pair of loudspeaker systems. Pronounced nonlinearity, or unevenness, of response—such as several marked dips or peaks (which occur characteristically in the mid-range and highs more than in the bass)—can lend distortion to the reproduced sound which does not show up in THD measurements. Yet the sensitive ear can detect it as harshness or tonal imbalance.

To evaluate the several factors involved in headphone performance (response, distortion, wearing comfort, and so on), HIGH FIDELITY relied on both laboratory and listening tests. To begin with, seven representative models were chosen for the "full treatment" at CBS Laboratories (four of these reports—on the Beyer DT-485, the Koss PRO-4A, the Pioneer SE-30, and the Supercor ST-PRO-B—already have been published; data from the other three reports is included in this survey). These models then were subjected to controlled listening tests, as were the other models listed in the accompanying table.

In addition, all models underwent listening tests with a tone generator. We adjusted the gain (of the generator and of the playback amplifier) to provide a comfortably loud signal level at the starting mid-frequency of 1 kHz. The frequency then was lowered gradually, while we noted the normal fall-off in loudness level. For example, in one test, at about 300 Hz the level began to drop noticeably; by the time we reached 70 Hz, response was significantly lower in level than it was at 1 kHz. For practical purposes, then, the lower limit of this headset's useful response range is said to extend to 70 Hz. Tones below 70 Hz could be heard, though at a bare whisper. Alternately, when we raised the gain to bring up the deeper bass, we heard evidences of "doubling"—a form of bass distortion in which the headphone no longer can reproduce the fundamental tone and renders, instead, harmonic multiples of that tone. The frequency at which this "dead-end" limit occurred for each headset is the number given in parentheses in the accompanying table.

For midrange and highs, we worked upward from 1 kHz. By the time we reached about 5 kHz we
began to encounter roughness, due to various degrees of response peaks and dips. In the extreme upper range, somewhere above 10 kHz, response rolled off again and dipped towards inaudibility. Tests were not carried beyond 15 kHz, which we consider a realistic upper limit for critical evaluation.

The frequency response listings, in sum, indicate our judgment of the headset’s working, or useful, response range. The low frequency is the lowest tone heard “comfortably”—that is, without the need to advance the gain so high that, by comparison, the midrange tones would sound uncomfortably loud. (The bass frequency cited in parentheses is the lowest frequency that could be heard by doing just that.) The top frequency is the highest audible tone encountered to the 15 kHz limit.

Test Results

The net results add up to encouraging news for headphone fanciers. For one thing, in six of the models tested in the lab THD measured below 1 per cent. In fact, most THD figures ran below 0.5 per cent. Obviously, harmonic distortion can be virtually eliminated as a factor in the response of today’s headphones; they are, actually, well ahead of loudspeakers in this regard.

As for frequency response, most of the headsets tested did span—at comfortable listening levels—the greatest portion of the musical spectrum; indeed, the bass response for many of them surprised us by its fullness and reach. Other factors, such as sensitivity (degree of gain needed to produce comfortable listening levels), varied somewhat, but the differences were not pronounced, as a study of the table indicates. As a rule, the costlier models ranked better in such characteristics as wearing comfort and degree of isolation.

Smoothness, or evenness of response, turned out to be a more complex matter than frequency range or the other factors. In this regard, the Suprex ST-PRO-B was a clear winner: no model tested could match its unusually linear response from 50 Hz to 15 kHz. It was impossible to determine which was the next smoothest, but a close second place was shared by the Beyer, the Pioneer, the Ampex 141, the Fisher HP-50, the PML-D42, the Sansui SS-2, the Sharpe HA-6660/PRO, and the Telefunken TH-28. All of them were only slightly less even than the Suprex.

But—and it’s a very big but—the other headsets tested all had the sort of response curve that, despite its peaks and dips, generally rose or sloped gently and thus would be easy to “touch up” for more agreeable response by using the tone controls normally provided on amplifiers or receivers. Thus, if the cost or individual features appealed to you, you probably could enjoy headphone stereo with any model listed here.

Some additional comments: volume levels delivered by all the headsets in these tests were adequate for full-bodied sound when fed by the headphone jack commonly found on today’s receivers or amplifiers. In fact, only the Sharpe HA-660/PRO could not be driven to the discomfort level. Greatest efficiency in the group was found in the AKG K-60 and Telefunken TH-28. The TH-28, incidentally, represents something of a special case. To begin with, the model we tested used special European connectors, although the U.S. distributor states that subsequent models will be fitted with a standard stereo connector plug for the U.S. market. And it has exceptionally efficient ear cushions which are really shaped to the ear—they are rounded at the back but follow a straight line down the cheek in front. This means, of course, that—unlike all the other sets we checked—the TH-28 cannot be put on “backwards.”

Apropos of which, many models bear indication of left and right channels. But they mean little. Those that carried R and L designations were split almost exactly fifty/fifty between models with the R phone connected to the tip element of the stereo plug and those with the L phone connected to the tip. Therefore, half are bound to be incorrectly marked for your equipment, no matter how the phone jacks are wired.

As we said earlier, the controls found on the sample headphones examined for this article seemed to add little to their operation. Of considerably greater usefulness, in our opinion, are the various separate control units made for headphones. Some permit using headphones with amplifiers that do not have a built-in headphone jack. Others allow operation of two headsets simultaneously. Allied (Model H-879) and Koss (Model T-5) adapter boxes—or listening stations, as Koss prefers to call them—attach directly to speaker terminals of a power amplifier. Both have separate level controls for each headphone jack and both have speaker on/off switches. The level controls keep the amplifier output from swamping the headphones. If your equipment has no provision for a headset or if you want to use two, these adapters are the simplest way of solving the problem. The Jensen CC-1 does the same thing, but in a more sophisticated way; it includes mode switching (mono/stereo/stereo reverse) and—more important—a blend control. If the exaggerated stereo effect on headphones is not to your taste, a blend control is the only way you can tame it. Similar to the control units (but without Jensen’s blend control) is Shure’s Solo-Phone SA-1, a preamp/control setup for playback, monitoring, or transcribing from all standard program sources—including magnetic phonograph cartridges—through headphones and without the need of a power amplifier or other electronics.

If you’ve never tried headphones, it’s time you did. You may perhaps find the effect rather odd at first. But once you’ve put on a set that fits your head comfortably and produces sound to your taste, chances are that a stereo headset will become an integral part of your home music system.

Turn to the following page for a table featuring data on representative current headphones.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MODEL</th>
<th>PRICE</th>
<th>CABLE</th>
<th>WEIGHT</th>
<th>SENSITIVITY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AKG K60</td>
<td>$39.50</td>
<td>72&quot;</td>
<td>11 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLIED H-885</td>
<td>$34.50</td>
<td>96&quot;</td>
<td>20 oz.</td>
<td>fairly low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALPHA SDH-8 (Transcriber)</td>
<td>$17.95</td>
<td>54&quot;</td>
<td>12 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMPEX 141</td>
<td>$39.95</td>
<td>108&quot;</td>
<td>21 oz.</td>
<td>fairly low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEYER DT-48/S</td>
<td>$85.00</td>
<td>108&quot;</td>
<td>12 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID CLARK 100</td>
<td>$45.00</td>
<td>95&quot;</td>
<td>16 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID CLARK 300</td>
<td>$19.00</td>
<td>108&quot;</td>
<td>15 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FISHER HP-50</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
<td>78&quot;</td>
<td>16 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JENSEN HS-2</td>
<td>$24.95</td>
<td>96&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KOSS ESP-6</td>
<td>$95.00</td>
<td>112&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KOSS PRO-4A</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
<td>112&quot;</td>
<td>19 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAFAYETTE SP-55</td>
<td>$11.95</td>
<td>54&quot;</td>
<td>13 oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLSON PH-82</td>
<td>$15.98</td>
<td>72&quot;</td>
<td>10½ oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERMOFLUX B-DHS-28</td>
<td>$45.00</td>
<td>59&quot;</td>
<td>19 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERMOFLUX B-HM-16</td>
<td>$35.00</td>
<td>60&quot;</td>
<td>15½ oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIONEER SE-30</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
<td>96&quot;</td>
<td>13.4 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PML (Ercona) D-42</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
<td>72&quot;</td>
<td>9½ oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RCA 10R200</td>
<td>$19.95</td>
<td>78&quot;</td>
<td>14½ oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SANSUI SS-2</td>
<td>$19.95</td>
<td>78&quot;</td>
<td>12 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHARPE HA-10A</td>
<td>$43.50</td>
<td>73&quot;</td>
<td>21 oz.</td>
<td>fairly high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHARPE HA-660/PRO</td>
<td>$60.00</td>
<td>96&quot;</td>
<td>26 oz.</td>
<td>low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SONY/SUPERSCOPE DR-6A</td>
<td>$27.50</td>
<td>80&quot;</td>
<td>13½ oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPEREX ST-PRO-B</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
<td>84&quot;</td>
<td>20 oz.</td>
<td>good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEAC LS-205</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
<td>72&quot;</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TELEFUNKEN TH-28</td>
<td>$24.95</td>
<td>78&quot;</td>
<td>10 oz.</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TELEX EN-5</td>
<td>$9.95</td>
<td>90&quot;</td>
<td>10½ oz.</td>
<td>moderate</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Data preceded by C, based on CBS Labs' tests.
* Data preceded by R, based on listening tests.
* With either data, figure in parenthesis is lowest audible tone.
## STEREO HEADPHONES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FREQUENCY RESPONSE*</th>
<th>ISOLATION</th>
<th>COMFORT</th>
<th>SPECIAL FEATURES, ETC.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R: (40 Hz) 60 Hz to 13 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>2 tone, 2 volume controls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (50 Hz) 70 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>dual level control in cord; weight includes control.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (50 Hz) 80 Hz to 12 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>available in different impedances.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (50 Hz) 80 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (30 Hz) ± 6.5 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (25 Hz) ± 10 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (30 Hz) 40 Hz to 13 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (50 Hz) 70 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not received in time for evaluation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not received in time for evaluation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (40 Hz) ± 9.5 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>electrostatic elements.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (65 Hz) 100 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>available in 600—ohm version for live outputs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (55 Hz) 80 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>includes cable jack adapter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (45 Hz) ± 15.5 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>mono/stereo switch, separate volume controls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (45 Hz) 65 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>supplied with storage case.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (30 Hz) ± 8.25 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (35 Hz) 70 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (30 Hz) 60 Hz to 13.5 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (45 Hz) 50 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (30 Hz) ± 12 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (40 Hz) 60 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>individually fused earphones.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (30 Hz) 40 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>high—Z model also available as DR—6C; weight, 14.25 oz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C: (30 Hz) ± 3.625 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>very good</td>
<td>2—way transducers (ceramic tweeter, dynamic woofer).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (25 Hz) 50 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>high impedance; cleaning cloth provided.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (40 Hz) 60 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td>excellent</td>
<td>earphones shaped like ears (not interchangeable R—to—L); 400 ohms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R: (70 Hz) 100 Hz to 14 kHz</td>
<td>fair</td>
<td>good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TRACKABILITY is much more than a train of thought

Trackability makes a hearable difference. It's a measure of performance that most cartridges will not attain. Only a high trackability cartridge will track all the grooves on today's recordings at record saving less-than-one-gram force. The Shure V-15 Type II Super-Track is one such cartridge — the very best. The world over, every independent expert who has tested it agrees to that. Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, III. 60204.

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COMMENT: The SC-100 is the first separate preamp-control unit from Japan we have tested. Its performance and features put it in the deluxe equipment class as a top-grade stereo control center with a few professional flourishes.

To begin with, the controls: there are three phono pickup positions, one with variable loading (in addition to the standard 50-k-ohm impedance, it also provides for values of 20-k-ohm and 100-k-ohm). The "low" phono input really is for very low output pickups—its sensitivity is less than 0.1 millivolt which means it can accommodate the lowest-output pickups, including moving-coil types, without the need for an intervening booster transformer.

There also are two direct-from-tape-head inputs and corresponding selectors for 7 1/2- and 3 1/2-ips speeds respectively. High level selection is provided for the inputs from a tuner and two auxiliary sources. Program selection is worked out between a knob (for low level sources) and two slide switches (one for high level sources, the other to transfer the control to the low-level knob). The tape monitor control, another slide switch, can be used to override all the others.

For mode control, there's a five-position knob: reverse stereo, normal stereo, left mono only, right mono only, and left plus right mono. The volume control is stepped and calibrated in increments of minus 2 dB (from zero dB, or maximum gain) down to minus 30 dB. The steps thereafter increase in value to minimum gain at minus 60 dB. Separate treble and bass controls on each channel also are stepped and calibrated—this time in jumps of 2.5 dB. At their midrotation (zero dB or flat) they are out of the circuit.

Other controls include a channel balance knob, the power off/on switch, and a set of three sliders for attenuator, low filter, and high filter. Both filter controls have three positions: 30 Hz, off, and 60 Hz for the low filter; 11 kHz, off, and 6 kHz for the high filter. The attenuator control also has three positions: 0 dB, -15 dB, and -30 dB which reduce the preamp's maximum available gain in two separate steps. The uses of this control are explained in the owner's manual: briefly, it can serve as a "coarse" volume adjustment while the normal volume control serves as a vernier adjustment on it. That is to say, the more attenuation you use with the switch, the greater spread (up to the limit selected) of fine volume adjustment you can get from the regular volume control.

In this way, you can better balance varying input signal sources as well as varying sensitivity requirements of power amplifiers being driven by the SC-100. Another practical use of the attenuator would be when manually cueing records on a turntable. It's a good idea to reduce volume then, to avoid sending transients through the system; if you use the attenuator on zero or on -15 dB, you can flip it down to -15 or -30 dB respectively and thus reduce volume without having to rotate the volume control knob to do so (and then having to rotate it back to its former setting to listen to the next record). The attenuator also has some studio and lab applications that we needn't go into in this report.

At the rear of the preamp, a hinged cover lifts up to provide access to a sloping panel containing the signal jacks. In addition to input jacks corresponding to the front panel selectors, the set has two pairs of stereo output jacks so that two different stereo...
amplifiers may be driven at once, plus a pair of tape-feed jacks. There's also a fuse holder, a line-voltage adjustment (100 or 117 VAC), a grounding post, and four convenience outlets, two switched. The SC-100 has no loudness contour control, but its tone controls can be used for this purpose if desired. Construction, parts used, and detailing all are first-rate; the unit is of very high quality inside and out.

Lab test data are summed up in the accompanying graphs and table. Note that the signal-to-noise figures are given with reference to the unit's rated output of 2 volts. In one set of specifications, the figure of 5 volts is given for S/N ratios; to translate our S/N figures for that level, simply add 8 dB to each. In any case, the very low sensitivity figures indicate very high gain. At normal operating levels, the SC-100 can be regarded as a noise-free, distortion-free unit across most of the audio band. Its response is practically a straight line from below 20 Hz to above 20 kHz, and the use of the attenuator in no way detracts from this linearity. Low-frequency square-wave response shows minor tilt and flat tops, indicating steady and clean bass; high-frequency square-wave response is virtually a replica of the input test signal, indicating excellent transients and extended highs.

Controls all work with a super-smooth, professional feel, and the dB calibrations are accurate and effective. The preamp comes with a pair of 30-inch cables fitted at each end with phono plugs; in addition, there are six spare plugs with screw-on grippers that make it easy to assemble one's own cables. Supplied in a handsome wood case with rubber feet, the SC-100 may be installed "as is" or removed for fitting into a custom cut-out.

**Pioneer SC-100 Preamp**

**Lab Test Data**

**Performance characteristic**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Output (clipping at 1 kHz)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.3 volts at 0.042% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.5 volts at 0.064% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion at 2 volts output, l ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0.027% at mid-frequencies; under 0.57%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0.026% at mid-frequencies; under 0.19%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 0.05% to 5.8 volts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+0, -2 dB, 10 Hz to 79 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIAA equalization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2, -0.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAB equalization</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+0, -1.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Input characteristics (at 2 volts output)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>less than 0.1 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 1 and 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.4 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.2 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tuner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 1 and 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79 dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD**

---

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

**REPORTS IN PROGRESS**

**Bogen SL-10 Speaker System**

**Crown 300 Amplifier**

**Ereona PML F 67 Microphone**

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www.americanradiohistory.com
NOT QUITE AN AR-3a, OR A BETTER AR-2aX?


COMMENT: AR has said that its Model AR-3a is the best speaker system it knows how to make. We have, for about three years, regarded the AR-2aX as a good second. Well now the AR-5 must be ranked a closer second. From a design standpoint, the new system can be regarded as an AR-3a with a 10-inch, instead of a 12-inch, woofer. The midrange and high-frequency units in both systems are the same. The crossover frequency in the AR-5 from woofer to midrange is 650 Hz (it’s 575 Hz in the AR-3a); crossover from midrange to tweeter in both systems is at 5 kHz.

The enclosure itself is a shade smaller than that for the AR-3a; actually, it’s the same size as the one for the AR-2 series. Input impedance is 8 ohms, as contrasted with the 4 ohms of the AR-3a. Efficiency is on the low side, but not quite as low as in the AR-3a; where the 3a is recommended for use with a 25-watt RMS per channel amplifier, the AR-5 is recommended for use with a 20-watt per channel amplifier. Connections, and the midrange and tweeter level controls at the rear, are similar. Like all AR speakers, the AR-5 is sold with a five-year guarantee.

In tests using generator tones, the AR-5 performed in a manner that substantiates the notion that it is essentially an AR-3a with somewhat less bass than the latter. The AR-5 begins some doubling at about 50 Hz; this effect increases at 40 Hz but is still not terribly pronounced unless you drive it abnormally hard. Response at normal loudness level continues to below 30 Hz, with the ratio of doubling-to-fundamental-bass continually rising. These figures, roughly speaking, are about 10 Hz or so higher than for similar response effects in the AR-3a. At 20 Hz, the AR-3a provides a sensation of deep bass output rather than any discernible tone, So does the AR-5, except that by comparison that sensation is less evident.

Upward from the bass, response continues in an exemplary manner, smooth and level, with no discernible peaks or dips. Directional effects are virtually nil well into the upper treble, and tones as high as 12 kHz can be heard at least 100 degrees off axis of the system. Above 13 kHz, response narrows—naturally—but tones can be heard clearly on axis. At about 14.5 kHz, the response weakens and continues to beyond audibility. White noise response is very smooth and very well dispersed into the listening area. It is hard to describe what this sounds like; but in direct comparison with the AR-3a, it seems to have a shade less of a midbass component.

Now comes the fascinating part, and one which may raise some eyebrows at AR—not because we disagree with them, but because we get to our conclusions by a different route. You’d think that if the only difference (from both a design standpoint and on the basis of test tones) between two speaker systems is a little less bass response, then that’s all you should hear when comparing both on normal program material. Well, things just aren’t that simple. In our tests, the AR-5 substantiated a viewpoint long held in these quarters: that you cannot predict with full accuracy how a speaker will sound reproducing music solely on the basis of “the numbers” or of its design theory. Actually, what you hear, comparing the two systems, is not only slightly less bass from the AR-5 but also—on some program material and in some rooms—a somewhat different over-all tonal balance. Specifically, in direct A-B testing, the AR-5 sometimes sounds tighter, closer, more immediate than the AR-3a. This effect may be due in part to the slightly higher efficiency of the AR-5, but we feel it also is due at least partly to the different interaction, system-wise, of the lows to the middles and highs. What you play has a lot to do with it. With music performed by relatively small ensembles, or not too heavily scored, or containing passages without very much dynamic range, the two systems sound very much alike. For instance, play something like Ibert’s Ports of Call (Col MS 6478) and you probably can’t tell whether you’re listening to the AR-3a or to the AR-5. Put on something like the Berlioz Symphonie fantastique (London CSA-2101), and the differences become more apparent. In a large room, the AR-3a sounds like a masterful, authoritative reproducer; the AR-5, by comparison, sounds like a very good medium-priced speaker. In a smaller room, the differences are of another sort, and despite its less prominent bass, here the AR-5 actually sounds better, as if it “belonged” more fittingly in the smaller acoustic environment.

Which, of course, is fine and dandy; in this sense, the AR-5 can be used to provide top-quality reproduction in a small room that might be “overwhelmed” by the AR-3a. And just to allay any doubts about its less prodigious bass vis-à-vis the AR-3a, the AR-5 does have bass that compares more than favorably with any system we’ve heard in its size and price class. Combine this with its clean midrange and highs and, whether you regard it as a “slightly less AR-3a” or as a “better AR-2aX,” it still is an excellent system.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

January 1969

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UNUSUAL FEATURES
ON LOW-PRICED RECEIVER


COMMENT: Enter another worthy contender in the medium-to-low price category of tuner/amplifier combinations. Attractively styled, the Sansui 2000 offers a sensitive tuner, medium-powered amplifier, and an ample array of controls and features. In short, it represents very good value on today's stereo market.

The AM and FM channel markings and logging scale occupy most of the upper part of the front panel. A maximum-strength tuning meter and a stereo FM indicator are provided. Above the station numerals are the additional indicators for various program sources which light up when selected on the program knob below. The station dial itself is turned off when sources other than AM or FM are chosen. To the right of the dial is the tuning knob; to its right is a series of push-buttons for loudness contour, interstation muting, tape monitor, reverse channel, and mono.

The lower portion of the panel contains a power off/on switch, a headphone jack, speaker selector, low and high filters, bass and treble tone controls, channel balance control, volume control, and program selector. The headphone jack is live at all times, regardless of the setting of the speaker selector. The latter control serves to turn off or on either or both of two separate sets of stereo speakers which may be connected at the rear. The treble and bass controls each are dual-concentric, fiction-coupled so that you can adjust treble and bass separately or simultaneously on each channel, as you prefer. The program selector has positions for tape head, magnetic phono, AM, FM mono, FM automatic, and auxiliary. The stereo indicator light comes on whenever a stereo station is tuned in, whether the selector is on mono or automatic—this arrangement lets you tune the FM band in either mode and opt to switch to stereo when it's indicated on the lamp.

The rear of the Model 2000 has what you'd expect, plus a few surprises for a set in its price range. The latter goodies include separate terminals for 75-ohm antenna cable (as well as for 300-ohm and for longwire AM antennas); a multiplex separation control; and a DIN (European standard) five-pin socket for using foreign-make tape recorders with the unitized signal cables they typically employ. The expected features include stereo inputs for the signal sources marked on the front panel selector, a pair for feeding signals to a tape recorder, the four sets of speaker output taps, a built-in AM loopstick antenna, one switched and one unswitched AC convenience outlet, the power cord, and a grounding post. Three fuse holders—two for left and right channel outputs and one for the main power line—are provided.

Performance tests at CBS Labs—detailed in the accompanying charts and graphs—add up to a very competent set. Its mono distortion was less than the 0.8 per cent specified, and the slight increase when switched to stereo was insignificant. Sensitivity was good; the set logged forty-three stations in our cable-FM tap test, of which half were deemed suitable for long-term critical listening or off-the-air taping. FM audio response sloped off gradually, and channel separation lessened, at the very high end but both characteristics were deemed adequate.

The amplifier section's power bandwidth held up extremely well from below to beyond the normal audio band, as did its frequency response. At normal listening levels, distortion would be of no concern although—as is true of most combination units in this price class—the set may balk some if driving low-efficiency, low-impedance speakers loaded onto both channels at once and at very high volume. Equalization for both disc and tape-head playback, was unusually accurate; tone controls and filters all were responsive.

Supplied in a metal case with four feet, the 2000 may be placed on a shelf, or custom-installed into a cabinet or panel cut-out. It comes with an indoor FM dipole, a length of wire for a stronger AM antenna than the built-in dipole, a polishing cloth, extra signal connectors, mounting hardware, and a large plastic-covered instruction card in addition to the instruction manual.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
### Sansui 2000 Receiver

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tuner Section</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IHF sensitivity</td>
<td>2.0 µV at 98 MHz; 2.3 µV at 90 MHz; 2.2 µV at 106 MHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>+0.4 -2.5 dB, 20 Hz to 15 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.68% at 400 Hz; 1.0% at 40 Hz; 0.38% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>1.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>4 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>77 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, stereo</td>
<td>+0.4 -4 dB, 20 Hz to 11.5 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left ch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right ch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, stereo, l ch</td>
<td>0.9% at 400 Hz; 1.0% at 40 Hz; 0.54% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right ch</td>
<td>0.73% at 400 Hz; 0.95% at 40 Hz; 0.52% at 1 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Channel separation, either</td>
<td>40 dB at mid-frequencies; better than 20 dB, 20 Hz to 7.5 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>channel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot suppression</td>
<td>67 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier suppression</td>
<td>69 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amplifier Section</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power output (at 1 kHz)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>into 8-ohm load</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>28.0 watts at 0.39% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>31.6 watts at 0.30% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch for 0.8% THD</td>
<td>34.4 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>both chs simultaneously</td>
<td>24.9 watts at 0.31% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>24.9 watts at 0.29% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power bandwidth for</td>
<td>10 Hz to 42 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>constant 0.8% THD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 watts output</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch: under 0.90%, 40 Hz to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch: under 0.65%, 40 Hz to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90 watts output</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch: under 0.45%, 20 Hz to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch: under 0.51%, 20 Hz to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 kHz</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion, 4-ohm load</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 1.0% to 19.3 watts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8-ohm load</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 1.0% to 28.4 watts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under 1.0% to 24.3 watts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, 1-watt</td>
<td>+0.4 -2 dB, 20 Hz to 44 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power level</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIAA equalization</td>
<td>+0.4 -1.5 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAB equalization</td>
<td>+1.5 -0.4 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Input characteristics</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono</td>
<td>3.1 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape head</td>
<td>1.3 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux</td>
<td>179.0 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape monitor</td>
<td>175.0 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>68.0 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.0 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.40 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82.5 dB</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.**
Introducing CHRISTOPHER PARKENING

Prize disciple of Andrés Segovia, this 20-year-old prodigy from Brentwood, California, is currently taking time off from teaching duties at the University of Southern California for his first extended tour of the U.S. and Canada.

Young Parkening’s debut recordings are on Angel. “IN THE CLASSIC STYLE” presents music of Bach, Weiss and Alexander Tansman, including the formidable Chaconne from Bach’s second violin Partita, transcribed by Segovia.

“In THE SPANISH STYLE” offers warm-blooded guitar classics of the Old and New Worlds by Mudarra, Guerau, Sor, Tárrega, Albéniz, Moreno Torroba, Ponce, Villa-Lobos and Lauro.

In the last few years Angel has “discovered” for American music lovers a constellation of new young stars of international magnitude: conductor Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, soprano Mirella Freni, cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, pianist-conductor Daniel Barenboim.

Now Christopher Parkening joins these and the other bright names in “The New Age of Angel.”
HAYDN’S TWELVE LONDON SYMPHONIES:
NOW ALL IN STEREO, IN AUTHENTIC SCORES, AND AT BARGAIN PRICE

by Philip Hart

Of some ten thousand symphonies written in Europe during the eighteenth century, those by Mozart and Haydn alone deserve to be remembered, and of these the very cream undoubtedly are Mozart’s last six and Haydn’s last twelve. Chronologically and stylistically, the latter are the crowning glory of the eighteenth-century symphony before it was passed on to Beethoven. Counting Hermann Scherchen’s no longer completely available series on Westminster, this is the third complete set of the twelve “London” or “Salomon” symphonies, and the first to be recorded completely in stereo, for only the second set of Beecham’s now classic series was so recorded. It is also the first complete set of these symphonies to be offered at budget prices —what a treasure for under $15.00— though Beecham’s series is reported to be in the offing on Seraphim.

The twelve symphonies fall into two distinct groups of six each. The first six were composed in Vienna and London between early 1791 and the first quarter of 1792, for presentation in Vienna and London under the auspices of Johann Peter Salomon, a German violinist-imprésario active in London. They are scored for the usual strings plus flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, and trumpets in pairs, and timpani. Compared with the ninety-two Haydn symphonies that preceded them,
they mark a very large step forward in terms of orchestration and musical intensity, even in his sixties, Haydn could respond brilliantly to the challenge of a new audience.

In these first six "London" symphonies Haydn not only enriched his previous concept of the symphony, but introduced from time to time genuinely theatrical effects. Each of his public success was, after all, the first occasion in which he was engaged to appear in public as a composer, as opposed to his previous status as an employee of the Esterházys.

The bassoon joins in No. 93 and No. 94 and occasionally but all six works have dramatic and witty points to make in a theatrical manner. Later, in the last six symphonies written during his London visit of 1794-95, Haydn absorbed these devices into a more intense symphonic conception, in which suble wit rather than blunt humor played a more significant role. Under the stimulus of the London audience, he pursued the possibility of a more intensely personal symphonic style that could communicate to his audience just as effectively as the concert audi ence, the changes in his approach began at the end of his first London visit in 1792, very possibly as a result of the shock he experienced upon hearing of the death of his beloved friend and colleague Mozart.

In a very real sense, the "hero" of the present most remarkable set of records is H. C. Robbins Landon, who has labored for the past generation to open up the vast repertory of Haydn in scorings based on musicological examination of the best authentic sources. Though never mentioned in connection with this release, Robbins Landon's monumental edition of the Haydn symphonies is followed scrupulously, with two exceptions noted below. Leslie Jones's adherence to the new "authentic" Haydn edition is more than mere fidelity to the notes themselves; however: the texture of Haydn's orchestration, the use of solo instruments, and the clarity of his sound are strongly affected by this new approach.

The conductor and the producers of this Haydn homage is the efforts to present Haydn's greatest symphonies in their most effective form. The performing forces employed are similar to those engaged by Salomon and Viotti for the concerts in London, when apparently the number of players varied from forty or forty-five to as many as sixty. The sound of Jones's ensemble is bright, lean, and live, with a good balance most of the time between woodwinds and strings, except in some loud tuttis. The acoustic ambience twelve symphonies is complete on a single disc side: on the questionable assumption that the average listener will stack these records on his changer for a Götterdämmerung-length evening of Haydn, the order of the symphonies is in "automatic" sequence. Excellent notes by Joseph Bra- unstein are included in the set.

In his scrupulosity fidelity to the authentic text, Jones may seem to some listeners to go too far. His insistence is use of the harpsichord as part of the basso continuo throughout these twelve symphonies, though not always audibly. Certainly there is ample evidence that, by the 1790s, Haydn had completely rid himself of his keyboard habit, in the hands of his harpsichord, the harmonic independence of his scoring of the orchestra and string quartet had long since rendered the keyboard continuo musically irrelevant. To be sure, we know from contemporary accounts in London, that Haydn "preserved" the keyboard during the public concerts at which these symphonies were played. But it should be noted, first, that these same accounts refer to the "fortepiano," not the harpsichord as used in these records. And, finally, it can be said unreservedly that Haydn participated in a Salomon's canny promotional scheme by appearing in public as a performer. The one instance in which the keyboard part is actually written out is in a short phrase at the end of No. 94, as played by the solo violin, in this case Salomon himself; the introduction of this device is obviously Haydn's humorous attempt to delight his audience.

In eight of the twelve performances here, Jones respects supposed eighteenth-century practice in placing the first and second violins on opposite sides of the "stage." While this certainly enhances the frequent interplay of the two sections, Jones thereby creates other acoustic problems, for he does not correspondingly shift either the violas or cellos back to the left, behind the first violins, as do such conductors as Monteux and Klemperer, who favor splitting the violins. The result in stereo recording is that, with woodwinds and brass in the middle, second violins and violas, harpsichord and timpani on the right, the first violins sound rather solitary on the left side.

In four of the performances, however (Symphonies Nos. 100, 101, 103, and 104), Jones beats his violins together on the left, in general a sound which is more dramatic. To my ears, moreover, he uses in these performances a larger orchestra and string players of higher accomplishment than he does in the other eight recordings, for I do not think that the superior clarity of sound results entirely from the placement of the second violins. In this warmer acoustic ambience, the string tone is cleaner and the lower string sound (below the second violins) is less congealed than in the other eight performances. Since these same four symphonies have been previously issued on Checkmate, I am inclined to suspect that the present issue duplicates these performances, but I have not had an opportunity to verify this impression by listening to the Checkmate records.

In his fidelity to the new authentic orchestration, Jones observes every repeat (except one noted below) and follows Robbins Landon's preferred reading in every instance of doubt. He even scrupulously takes Robbins Landon's editorial advice in the choice of turns, appoggiaturas, and the like.

Which brings us finally to the musical validity of all this authenticity. We know from his acid remarks on the subject that Beecham had every contemptuous impatience with musicological fads, and of his use of corrupt editions of Haydn, despite the fact that he was the supreme performer of his time with discs of this same integral series of twelve symphonies. Some have argued that, aside from failing to use authentic texts, Beecham perverted the style of Haydn, both in phrase and in texture, by coughing it in a sort of Edwardian plush. For many of us, however, Beecham's Haydn superbly conveyed the human, humorous, and peasant-oriented Haydn, as Thomas' musicological sins, he revealed Haydn as not only a very great composer but also a very warm and human one.

The Haydn that Jones offers us here is less genial and human, more energetic and dynamic, with an almost demonic quality at times. In his concentration on the projection of a new concept of Haydn sound, Jones loses something of Haydn's warmth and humanity; he is especially insensitive to Haydn's rather obvious humor. And, consequently the Haydn that can be and tends to ignore the possibility of a Haydn mind, for an expressive or witty phrase with any kind of tempo modification. On the other hand, Jones, more than any other conductor with the possible exception of George Szell, reveals the fantastic musical imagination and variety of Haydn in these symphonies. One will find oneself constantly exclaiming "What a fantastic composer this man is" as one traverses these twelve symphonies.

For all their use of unauthentic editions, many conductors of the past—Toscanini, Reiner, Van Beinum, and Beecham being the most notable—presented great Haydn performances without benefit of musicological accuracy. And some conductors using the most accurate Robbins Landon scorings, have ex- traordinarily boring and ill-played performances; the old Haydn Society series abounded in these. Forced to choose between these alternatives, most of us would choose a conductor of genius. Here, however, Jones offers us a more than a pendantic time beater, and this presents us with a much less clear-cut choice. On records at least, we can have both Beecham's old-fashioned but supremely re-creative performances of Haydn and Jones's almost fiendish fidelity to the latest and presumably most authentic editions. Someday, let us hope, we will have a conductor of Beecham's genius working from the scores of Rob-bins Landon's scorable for the "authentic" performances. In this case, Haydn's recordings may yet fill this spot.

The sources of Haydn's stylistic dev- elopment, here and in earlier symphonies, and the wealth of musical detail revealed in this set of records could not go far beyond the space allotted here. Therefore, I offer only a few vagrant notes on in- dividual performances. If they sound capacious now and then, please read them in the total context of great respect for a monumental undertaking: music of this
high order calls for corresponding attention.

As one might expect from my remarks regarding Beecham and Jones, I find that the latter quite misses the point of the bassoon joke in the slow movement of No. 93. As often throughout these performances, Jones is imprecise in the slow introduction; on the other hand, he projects the military quality of the trio excellently. No. 94, the Surprise, is one of Jones’s weaker performances, being generally heavy-handed. In No. 95, Jones takes a much faster tempo than either Reiner or Beecham, and to generally good expressive effect, though there is some inexact placement here on the part of the strings. No. 96, incorrectly called the Miracle as Joseph Braunstein’s excellent notes point out, is one of Jones’s better performances, but it does not efface memories of Van Beinum’s warmly human phrasing. Though Jones conveys the joyous energy of the first movement, here as elsewhere the lower string sound is sometimes muddy. With minor exceptions, Jones’s reading of No. 97 is among the best in this set. In No. 98, again, Jones is heavy-handed; note that Max Goberman’s equal fidelity to the score does not devalue the music.

With No. 99 we come to the second set of “Salomon” symphonies. Generally, they carry on and diversify the intensification of symphonic expression notable in No. 98. The Jones reading of No. 99 is one of his best, though unfortunately the recording is flawed by a weak balance in the very important clarinet in the Menuet and by several very brief tape “dropouts” in the two middle movements. No. 100, The Military, is one of the four performances in this set that seem, as noted above, to have been made under other conditions from the remaining eight. Jones produces a good performance of this work, and his “Turkish” sections are not exaggerated in the style of Scherchen. The conductor is less successful with the remaining symphonies in the set, though—as throughout the series—each performance has its individual felicities.

To repeat: what we have, at the end and whatever the occasional flaws of performance, is a major undertaking. Hearing these twelve miraculous symphonies once more, one finds oneself echoing the anonymous London critic who wrote in 1795: “This wonderful man never fails; and the various powers of his inventive and impassioned mind have seldom been conceived with more accuracy by the band, or listened to with greater rapture by the hearers, than they were on this evening.”

HAYDN: “London” Symphonies (12)
No. 93, in D: No. 94, in G (“Surprise”); No. 95, in C minor; No. 96, in D (“Miracle”); No. 97, in C; No. 98, in B flat; No. 99, in E flat; No. 100, in G (“Military”); No. 101, in D (“Clock”); No. 102, in B flat; No. 103, in E flat (“Drum Roll”); No. 104, in D (“London”).


FRENCH SONGS WITH CHAMBER ACCOMPANIMENT,
IN A PERFORMANCE THAT’S ALL ONE COULD ASK

by Robert P. Morgan

THE LITERATURE for voice with chamber ensemble is remarkably extensive, but problems of getting together different instruments in different combinations make performances of it a rare event. Thus it is a special pleasure to welcome this recording, devoted entirely to the genre and featuring some magnificent singing by Janet Baker.

The Ravel songs are the most interesting in the set, particularly the Mallarmé group of 1913, which is one of the composer’s most beautiful and original works (I was strongly tempted to write the most beautiful and original). It is amazing to me that this work is not presently listed in Schwann (there is a deleted version by Susanne Danso on an LP by London and one on Concert Hall by Ellen Benoit). Written shortly after Ravel had become acquainted with the music of Schoenberg, these songs are in some respects suggestive of a French Éwartong, featuring long, lyrical vocal flights, never repeating themselves in the constant expansion and variation of the basic musical materials. But whereas in Schoenberg the character is highly expressionistic, strained to the breaking point with tension, in Ravel the effect achieved is languid and quietly sensuous. The use of color and the free juxtaposition of phrases and other rhythmic units is particularly interesting and is in spirit quite removed from Ravel’s later neoclassicism. Miss Baker’s performance is just about all one could ask for; she floats out the long lines with extraordinary sensitivity and interpretative imagination and establishes just the right mood for each piece. The popular Chansons말apsedes, composed in 1925, seem much more conventional—they have, in fact, something of the quality of folk music—but they are nevertheless extremely effective vocal pieces, and once again Miss Baker makes the most of them.

The two other works included must be considered as fillers when compared with the Ravel songs. Chausson’s Chanson perpétuelle is a long and rather predictable love song in the composer’s typical late nineteenth-century French style. The Quatre poèmes hindous by Maurice Delage, a pupil of Ravel, are stylistically a bit too close to the master for comfort. Written in 1912 when Delage was living in India, they have a pronounced Eastern flavor, making frequent use of quasi-Oriental scales and color effects. They are pleasant enough, if not particularly distinguished.

The quality of Janet Baker’s voice seems perfectly suited to all of this music. The clarity of her tone quality and intonation bring out the best facets of each song, and she is well complemented by the Melos Ensemble, which provides the accompaniment and again proves its remarkable versatility. I do, however, have one minor complaint about the choice of selections. All of the pieces are so similar in character that one tends to tire in listening to the entire program in a single sitting. One needs a breath of fresh air at some point—but of course the record listener is always free to stop the turntable whenever he feels satiated.

Texts with line-by-line translations are included.

RAVEL: Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé: Chansons malédes
Chausson: Chanson perpétuelle, Op. 37
Delage: Quatre poèmes hindous


www.americanradiohistory.com
**MOZART’S COSI: TRULY COMPLETE AND SUMPTUOUSLY CAST**

by George Movshon

**There are parallels between Mozart's Cosi and Shakespeare's Tempest:** each is a late flower, the product of its maker's maturity, a comedy riddled with mystery and marvel of materials and means; each is informed by the ultimate evolution of its creator's "mighty line." Both share a sense of ripeness and utter assurance.

How easily one writes of "Mozart's maturity," as though he ever had one! Shakespeare was nearing fifty in the Tempest year, Mozart just thirty-five when he wrote Cosi. The "maturity" of Mozart was due to roll around in the year 1805 or thereabouts—which makes one think on what might have been if those lost fifteen years had not cheated the world of a round dozen operatic masterworks, all perhaps superior to any he wrote. We might today have been writing of Nozze or Giovanni as "... seminal operas, foreshadowing the accomplishment that lay ahead ..." the equivalent of Der fliegende Holländer in the Wagner canon ..." and so on. All lost, for want of a little pencillin and the Thaler equivalent of a Ford Foundation grant.

But away with such idle speculation. Here is Cosi fan tutte, the opera Strindahl called "the union of an exquisite ear with an impassioned heart" but which has proved henloch at the box office until the very recent past. Perceptive critics always loved Cosi, but the public stayed away in hordes. The first U. S. performance (incredible, this, but I cite Brockway and Weinstock, The World of Opera) did not come until 1922, in a production at the Metropolitan Opera from which two of Ferrando's three arias were omitted.

The phonograph has proved far kinder than the theater, ever since 1935 when the Glyndebourne production was recorded. There have been eight so-called complete recordings of Cosi, approximately as many as there have been of, say, Rigoletto; and most of the editions have been pretty good (though I must confess to an inordinate distaste for the Columbia/Metropolitan recording in English, conducted by Stiedry). This suggests two thoughts: one is that Cosi's recent path in the opera house—it is now as popular as Figaro and Don Giovanni—has been to some degree paved by familiarity gained from records; the second is that the work is fundamentally more comfortable in the living room than in the theater.

It is an ideal piece to follow with score, or at least with libretto. Nuances that never get across the footlights can be savored to the full. Cosi is replete with gentle and clever devices: places where word rubs against note, where orchestra contradicts singers, where even the singing line, from the heart, gives the lie to words coming from the head. Of all this we get only a fraction in public performances; but at home, where we may dive as deep and as often as we wish, it is all to be had. The ensembles, in particular, are among Mozart's greatest creative peaks—and intimately worth getting to know with a score.

Readers interested in a Cosi discography should turn to the November 1965 issue of High Fidelity, where they will find Conrad L. Osborne's thoroughgoing (and rigorously comparative) analysis of recordings of Cosi as well as of four other Mozart operas. They will find all releases except this latest one very interesting. But they might wish to know that the Fritz Busch/Glyndebourne recording which was available in 1965 only on imported Odeon pressings has since been reissued on the Turnabout label, in a highly proficient transfer and at a budget price. The Karajan/Angel set of 1955—which bears a hallowed reputation among Cosi buffs—has been deleted from the Schwann catalogue but is available in England under the imprimatur of the World Record Club.

The new RCA set, save that it was recorded in London with a British chorus and orchestra, is an all-American effort. Its soloists comprise a remarkably accomplished sextet of sumptuous voices, and it is safe to say that no comparable team could today be fielded by any other single nation. If the foregoing sounds more Olympic than Olympian, it is nonetheless a valid comment on how far American singers have come in our time. Further, the new edition is complete, down to the last fragment of recitative contained in my (Boosey and Hawkes) vocal score. It is the first truly comprehensive recording, though the cuts in the 1963 Böhm/Angel version may be accounted minimal.

Maestro Leinsdorf here makes a bow in the direction of all the recent musicological digging (and dispute) about the nature of performance in Mozart's day, more particularly about the degree and character of embellishment permitted to individual artists at the time. He has clearly sanctioned a fair amount of freedom of interpretation. Thus, Miss Price, as heretofore, gives us many little extra grace notes, taradiddles, and minuciances in the indicated places, while Miss Troyanos touches up an aria like 'E amore un ladronecchio' with a few well-placed portamenti. On the other hand, Miss Price takes almost no advantage of the new license and performs something akin to a straight reading. The men are, on the whole, much more conservative. Though many of the interpolations are graceful and effective, there is obviously as yet no agreement among the artists about a common style or approach on the subject of decoration; and this inconsistency is unsettling to the listener and (to me) mars the experiment.

It is therefore a greater pity to have to report that scholarship whatever went into the question of providing an appropriate Mozartean acoustic for this recording. Though the actual sound is robust and clear (and the orchestral playing sounds most highly polished), we are obviously in a very large place, where a very large post-Beethoven orchestra is...
CLASSICAL

D'ANGELBERT: Suite in G; Tombeau de M. de Chambonnieres—See Couperin, Louis: Suite in D.


Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA RED SEAL LSC 3012, $5.79.

Leinsdorf's conception of Beethoven's Second Symphony is closely akin to such recorded predecessors as Klemperer (Angel) and Kontwitschny (Epic, deleted). His, like theirs, is a performance planned along rhythmic lines, but without any sort of nervous energy. Tempos tend to be firm and rather leisurely; there is time for the exposition repeat in the first movement; a sort of monumentalism is sought after; and there is a prevalent seriousness. The orchestral execution is, of course, at a very high level and you get from RCA's engineers a big, massive hall reverberation that further solidifies things.

If you like the approach described above, try to obtain a copy of the Kontwitschny, for he provided just enough lyricism and flexibility to make the grandeur stick. Leinsdorf is preferable to Klemperer—at least his discipline is shipshape—but both these conductors strike me as impossibly lethargic. Time and time again, they will set a perfectly credible tempo only to ruin the effect with square-toed, inexpressive phrasing. Note, for example, the way Leinsdorf rattles off the threes of the horns against the twos of the strings with deadpan, slide-rule accuracy: at certain points in the Largo he nary a hint of expressive "give," nor any harmonic or melodic pointing. Bernstein's recent Columbia version was far less precisely played, but much more meaningful as an interpretation. For me, however, the best of the Beethoven Seconds are the Monteux (Victrola) and the Szell (Epic). Szell may be even more of a tyrant than Leinsdorf as far as precision goes, but his authoritarianism in this case is geared towards making the music sound galvanic rather than oppressive.

Of the Geschöpfes des Prometheus excerpts rounding out Side 2, Leinsdorf's overture gives you an Atlas rather than a Prometheus. The remaining items (the Act II Adagio, the Finale, and bits and snatches from Nos. 10 and 11) are perked up by some lively and stylish first-stand playing from flutist Doriot Anthony Dwyer, bassoonist Sherman Walt, clarinetist Gino Cioffi, harpist Bernard Zig-hera, and cellist Jules Eskin. H.G.

BERG: Allenberg Lieder, Op. 4; Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6; Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano, and Thirteen Wind Instruments

Halina Lumkowska, soprano (in the Lieder); Daniel Barenboim, piano; Sachko Jaworloff, violin (in the Concerto); HBC Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Boulez, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7179, $5.79.

I don't know what anniversary the current spate of Berg recordings is intended to honor, but they are welcome whatever the occasion. Nothing on the present record is new to those, of course—in fact, Columbia itself currently lists alternatives for all three, conducted by Robert Craft.

Berg never heard the Allenberg Songs in their entirety, for the full-paintiture in 1913 of two of them (which two has never been clear, for contemporary reviews are contradictory in their descriptions) gave rise to a riot which caused the composer to withdraw the work. The score was not published until long after Berg's death, and only in recent years have the songs become at all well known. The scoring is delicate and highly imaginative, the large orchestra being used primarily as a source for small chamber groups, and there are some stunning effects: the cumulative overlapping octaves of the opening passage (scored entirely for the treble range—a very 1950ish sound), various glissandos, the twelve-tone chords in the third song, and the wonderful soft entrance of the voice on a high A from behind a rare orchestral climax in the last song. This was Berg's first work for orchestra, but it shows an extraordinary security and imagination.

The Opus 6 orchestral pieces, on the other hand, make full use of their massive orchestra, and the result is a texture that is ephemeral and otherworldly in performance. Composed in 1914, these elaborate and carefully interconnected pieces are the major milestone between Berg's admiration for Mahler and the great achievement of Wozzeck.

The diastic and numerical Chamber Concerto of 1925 is probably the least accessible of Berg's works. The elaborate schema that governs its construction was fully explained in a letter Berg wrote to Schoenberg (reprinted in full with Robert Craft's recording); this includes the use of the names of Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg as thematic source material (a procedure not unknown to Sebastian Bach), and a scheme of numerical proportions among the movements and their parts. On twenty years of listening to different performances, I'm afraid I have yet to be convinced by this piece, although I wouldn't venture to say whether this is because of or in spite of the intensive schematization (after all, Berg used similar devices very successfully with his Der Zauberflote).

Boulez's performances are perhaps most notable for the care lavished on dynamics and balances; in this respect, the wide range of the recording is a considerable

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Alban Berg—youthful songs, an orchestral milestone, and a chatico concerto.

Asistent. My major reservation concerns the soloist in the Altenberg songs, who sounds clumsy by comparison with Bethany Beardslee (Columbia MS 6103); neither in rhythm nor in intonation is she as secure, and she simply doesn't command the virtuosity of coloration that the American soprano deploys. In the Op. 6 pieces, I feel the gigantic March could use more of the momentum with which Craft invests it, but on the whole the texture is successfully projected. Boulez chooses to omit a lengthy literal recapitulation in the last movement of the Chamber Concerto, arguing—correctly, I think—that it fills no musical end, merely a numerical one; in this performance, the violin soloist is sometimes rhythmically off base, but Barenboim's playing is remarkably secure. In sum, a useful record, if not an unsurpassable one.

D.H.

BIZET: Symphony in C
†Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1, in D, Op. 25 ("Classical")

New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7159, $5.79.

Leonard Bernstein's coupling of these two "classical" symphonies includes not only one of the most attractive recent recordings of the Prokofiev but, in my opinion, the best version of the Bizet yet recorded. To both symphonies Bernstein brings a forthright and robust sense of humor coupled with unabashedly lyrical sentiment. He reminds us here that he is a superb conductor of Haydn, a dedicated interpreter of the Romanticists, and a past master of the contemporary. Yet he keeps all of these attributes in superb stylistic balance.

Up to now I have preferred Beecham's elegant performance of the Bizet to all others. It combines interpretative insight and musical instinct in a way that neither Benzi nor Munch does and it exhibits orchestral playing of a more accomplished level than that in Ansermet's re-

lease of some years back. However, Bernstein's recording offers new insight into the Symphony in C. For all its youthful eclecticism this work fore- shadowed a strength and originality lacking from the Gounod Symphony on which Bizet apparently modeled his student effort. Bernstein, more than any other conductor I have heard, makes this quality explicit.

Of many ways of playing the Prokofiev Classical, Bernstein chooses those that avoid either blandness or extremes. His is a soberer view than the romp of Koussevitzky, from whom Bernstein probably gained his first impression of the piece in the edition Symphonies but famous performances of the 1930s. While retaining the humor and glitter, Bernstein neither converts the music into a virtuosic display nor reduces it to a dissertation on early Prokofiev.ABELD. By glittering orchestral playing, Bernstein shows ample vitality of phrase, the correct degree of the sardonic, and a keen respect for the often ignored musical mastery of the score.

Both these works are the kind of "surface" music that has sometimes led Bern- stein into a superficially pops kind of reading, but here he meets the challenge seriously and profoundly. The Philharmonic is at its best, with a superb oboe solo from Harold Gomberg. This is, in fact, one of the finest oboe recordings I have heard from the Philharmonic in some time.

P.H.

BONONCINI: Griselda (excerpts)
†Graun: Montezuma (excerpts)

Joan Sutherland (s), Ernesto; Laura Elms (ms), Griselda; Margret Elkins (ms). Almirena; Monica Sinclair (c), Gualtierio; Spiro Malas (bs). Rambulo (in Griselda). Joan Sutherland (s), Eupaforice; Elizabeth Harwood (c), Eupaforice; Elizabeth Harwood (s), Pilpatoe; Lauris Elms (ms), Montezuma; Monica Sinclair (c), Cortes; Joseph Ward (t), Tezucu (in Montezuma). Ambrosian Singers; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. (in both works). LONDON OSA 1270, $11.58 (two discs).

To those record buyers who look with despair at yet another version of Bohème, this two-disc "Treasury of Baroque Opera" comprising excerpts from two long neglected eighteenth-century works should afford a most welcome change. The Italian composer Giovanni Bononcini is best known to the history books because of his London rivalry with Handel for the favor of the court and the public. Griselda (1722) was one of the "rivalry" operas, and had a considerable success in its time (it was even revived by Handel!). Karl Heinrich Graun, German-born and Italian-trained, was Court Composer to Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Montezuma (1755) is considered one of his greatest works for the operatic stage.

The juxtaposition of these two pieces in one album is enlightening, for it demonstrates the changes in music and in opera that were taking place even in the short space of thirty years. Griselda is a good example of the emerging opera seria form (the libretto was adapted from the first important "reform" libretto, Apostolo Zeno), which means that the complex story line is entirely contained in the recitative; the da capo arias and duets merely elaborate on the emotional situation of the moment. Thus the arias have no story continuity, and are simply a collection of cavatinas, duets, and da capo arias. Bononcini's work is rather square, self-effacing, and sweetly pallid music spinning, relying on a string section with now and then an obligato instrument. The whole, in fact, is for one person (a soloist) to take the lead. The most individual item is the tender lyric "Per la gloria d'adorarvi," whose innocence is unfortunately dissipated here by Joan Sutherland's smarmy singing.

Graun's work is much different, although the writing is still Italian-oriented, with the emphasis on the voice. There is considerably more backbone to the orchestra, the tunes have more sinew, and the whole glows with the highly polished sheen of the galant style. Indeed, the high point of the opera's accom- panied recitative and aria in prison, breaks free of the galant, foreshadows Mozart, and is the best thing in the score. Montezuma is not an opera seria: the libretto was written by Frederick the Great himself (who wrote it in French; it was translated into Italian by the Court Poet Giampietro Tagliazucchi). Frederick was under the spell of Voltaire and the Enlightenment philosophers, and had little liking for the embellished da cappella of the earlier musical styles. Although there are still several in the score), His story has a moral: the Noble Enlightened Monarch of Mexico, who in kindness receives Cortes and his Spaniards, is traduced and dies because of those wicked religious Fanatics. If one chooses to read Frederick for Montezuma, and the Catholic States for Cortes, so be it—with the difference that on the battlefield the Prussian monarch handled himself without such naiveté. The libretto, which is one of several by Frederick, is certainly an accomplished work, full of literate philosophizing and boasting a fine portrait of the Mexican king, which is replete with the requisite noble dignity.

Bonynge has done some tinkering with the Graun manuscript in several places, as is his wont, adding a flute obbligato and some advanced modulations to Sutherland's Act 1 aria and reinforcing the pizzicato string action of Montezuma's prison scene with a lute. I cannot say what changes he may have wrought upon Griselda, not having been able to see a score of Bononcini's work.

The performances are pretty good, although in general Montezuma fares better than Griselda. If one is thrown by Sutherland, the singers sound more comfortable when they are not faced with the burdens of ornamentation. As a matter of fact, I am now beginning to grasp at first hand the attitude of Gluck et al. towards all those extra notes, because the more I hear of these attempts at embel-
America makes a few sound adjustments.


But there's more. More natural sound ideas. Colorful and spiritual sounds. By composers who knew it was out there. Opened the door. And took it!
Dorati Joins the Master Brahmsians

The Fourth Symphony is new to Dorati's discography; the Third and the Academic Overture replace older editions recorded by the conductor with the Minneapolis Symphony. The Variations is a reuse of the version released a few years ago.

The E minor Symphony, arguably the finest of Brahms's four, seems to inspire Dorati. He gives it a beautifully organized, tautly logical, and yet emotionally compassionate statement. There is granite strength in his rhythmic pulse, but the phrasing is nevertheless flexible and sympathetic. Moreover, the execution by the LSO is razor-sharp in articulation, and full of youthful vigor. In every way, this vibrant account brings to mind another 'young man's performance... the Toscaninian! Dorati, to be sure, injects his own personality and background, and if a mite of the late Maestro's marvelous Latin plasticity is missing here, there is compensation in the fine Zigeuner-like bite and tang of the string playing. Yet like Toscaninian—and Weingartner's too for that matter—Dorati's Brahms Fourth proves that one does not have to let the structure go soft in order to be expressive.

The Third Symphony follows very closely the pattern established in the older Dorati recording, save for the fact that the conductor now observes the important first-movement exposition repeat. As before, his is a fast-paced non-nonsense reading stressing the militancy rather than the geniality of the writing. At times Dorati carries this approach a bit far, and the result is some jagged, nonlegato string phrasing and some snarling brassy tone. Yet the pacing is eminently sensible, the treatment of detail very logical, and the overall musical organization that of a master chef d'orchestre. Its slight lack of subtlety notwithstanding, this Third belongs in the top rank, along with the very similar Klemperer/Philharmonia, the cool but elegant Leinsdorf/Boston, the deliberate and at times overregular Szell/Cleveland, and the more personal interpretations of Walter and Toscanini. (When will Seraphim release the superb Centelli/Philharmonia version?)

Dorati brings a lively, headlong drive to the Academic Festival Overture—even though one has a feeling here that the Alma Mater involved must be notable chiefly for its football team. He is least convincing in any Haydn Variations, I found Variation III much too fast and rigorous and Variation V decidedly slow and without swifl (with Dorati you always clearly hear the six-eight rhythm, but surely Brahms wanted to keep the listener guessing some of the time). In fairness, it should be said that Dorati was evidently trying to take this composition out of the realm of the virtuoso orchestral display piece and to re-establish its links with classical tradition. While he does obtain blueprint lucidity, for me the effect is skeletal and far too sedate.

Mercury's sound is fine, but to judge from my review copies the quality of its pressings here is well below par: I heard a good deal of both surface and background (tape hiss?) noise. Harris Goldsmith

Brahms: Orchestral Works


London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY SR 90502/03, $5.79 (each of two discs).

Borodin: Symphony No. 2, in B minor

†Tchaikovsky: Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Silvio Varviso, cond. LONDON CS 6578, $5.79.

Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2, in E minor, Op. 27

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Paul Kletzki, cond. LONDON CS 6569, $5.79.

With the retirement of Ernest Ansermet from active direction of the orchestra he founded, Decca/London is now recording it under other conductors. On the evidence of these discs, however, the gap left by the departure of the eminent Swiss maestro has not yet been filled.

Actually, the Suisse Romande has always gained most of its distinction from the leadership of Ansermet, though, in recent years at least, that distinction has been more musical than technical. At its worst this basically French orchestra has suffered from pallid strings and thin and tremulous brass, but at its best it could produce an exciting sound of which no other French orchestra was capable. In French music and in certain Russian music the combination of Ansermet and the Suisse Romande gave us performances of exceptional style and musicianship.

The present Varviso recording can be dismissed quickly. Musically, his Borodin cannot be compared with Ansermet's (which is happily coupled with the Borodin Third, by the way), nor can his Francesca stand up to the competition offered by Bernstein, or Giulini, and Varviso does nothing to mitigate the orchestra's technical shortcomings. This disc might have passed muster as a pops performance on a low-price label, but as a first-line product it simply will not do.

Kletzki's effort deserves more serious consideration. With his Slavic background, this conductor seems thoroughly at home with Rachmaninoff (whereas Ansermet's interest was mainly in French-influenced Russian music), and under his leadership the Suisse Romande sounds more like a Central European orchestra, with a heavier brass and a lusher string tone than formerly characterized it. Though Kletzki at times appears to lose control both of precision and balance of timbres, what I would guess to be his deep emotional commitment to this score enables him to make the orchestra sound very much his own. In any case his performance carries complete conviction. By comparison, the London Symphony performance under Previn seems overconstrained.

Technically, however, the Suisse Romande is simply outclassed by the London Symphony in this work, as it is also by the Philadelphia Orchestra. The latter version, with Ormandy taking an interpretative approach not unlike Kletzki's, seems to me to best serve Rachmaninoff's music.

P.H.
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BRUBECK: *The Light in the Wilderness*

William Justus, baritone; Miami University A Cappella Singers; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Erich Kunzel, cond.

For a review including this recording, see page 120.

COUPERIN, LOUIS: *Suite in D; Tombeau de M. Blancrocher*  
†D’Anglebert: *Suite in G; Tombeau de M. de Chambonnières*

Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. RCA Victor/VIC 1370 or VIC 1370, $2.50.

At a much higher price this would still be a treasurable record, even though one side of it is more impressive interpretatively than for the quality of the actual music.

I refer to the case of my old friend Louis Couperin, surely one of the dullest composers in history, and listened to these days, I imagine, only because of his family connections.

Far more captivating musical personality is displayed by Jean-Henri d’Anglebert, who was born, like Louis Couperin, in the late 1620s but who lived thirty years longer. His pieces have much stronger and more sharply characterized part-writing, and their bass lines, especially in an extended Passacaille, are rivetingly purposeful. The memorial piece to D’Anglebert’s teacher, De Chambonnières, is a sufficiently affecting example of the genre to produce the authentic goose-flesh effect—my ultimate criterion, really, for any music.

Gustav Leonhardt is a sensitive and technically accomplished harpsichordist. He also captures the style of the music to perfection, playing one of Martin Skowroneck’s fine reproduction instruments, ornamenting impeccably, and applying such rhythmical conventions as notes intègres with skill and ravishing grace. In his hands, even the Couperin acquires a degree of attractiveness, and the D’Anglebert is irresistible. With volume turned somewhat below normal, the recording sounds fine.

DEBUSSY: *Quartet for Strings, in G minor, Op. 10*  
†Ravel: *Quartet for Strings, in F*

Drolc Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 139369, $5.79.

If you have ever wondered what the Debussy and Ravel Quartets would sound like if played by a string orchestra, this recording should do much to appease your curiosity. Whether due to the vivid and spacious engineering or the ample tonal resources of the performers, the present performances are by far the lustiest-sounding interpretations of these works ever recorded. At its most successful, as in the Debussy’s slow movement, the result is attractive, but elsewhere one frequently encounters labored, ponderous playing that teeters on the brink of affectation.

Despite its drawbacks, the Drolc disc is preferable, if only by default, to five of its competitors in this coupling. At the bottom of the pile is the Quartetto Italiano (Philips) with its operatic distortions, wayward balances, and astatic-sounding instruments. Sarcely an improvement is the Slacht Quartet (Arthut), which approaches the music with a superheated romanticism more appropriate to Verklärte Nacht. Nor is the Drolc outclassed by the irritatingly bland Fine Arts (ConcertDisc), the unidimensional Budapest (Columbia)—which has little concept of French style, or the aristocratic Locennugent (VoX)—which has too much.

Still unrivaled, however, is the virile athleticism and sensitivity of the Juilliard Quartet’s 1960 version for RCA, and for the economy-minded—Nonesuch’s issue of the admirable Stuyvesant Quartet reading (though the faded sonics are hardly aided by pseudo-stereo processing).

M.S.

ELGAR: *Variations on an Original Theme, Op. 36 ("Enigma"); Cockaigne, Op. 40*

London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond. Philips PHS 900140, $5.79.

As Toscanini used to demonstrate, these variations can be viewed as a brilliant exercise in orchestral virtuosity. To the great credit of Colin Davis, the performance here takes orchestral difficulties for granted, and explores the musical substance in a completely fresh manner.

Unlike Beecham, Barbirolli, or Boult, who were brought up on this kind of music, Davis belongs to a generation to whom Elgar is Edwardian "old hat" to such a degree that I was amazed at the very idea of this young conductor’s recording it. The implication, in his note on the album cover, that he first turned to Elgar’s music at the instigation of his orchestra aroused fears that this performance might be merely a token obeisance to the cause of British music, but hearing the record completely dispelled any such notions.

As one who has tried to relieve boredom at performances of the Enigma by reading the program notes (only to be put off by their chummy tone), I was surprised and delighted to find myself here consistently interested. Only Toscanini’s and Monteux’s readings have approached Davis’ in calling for sustained attention. Compared to them, he takes a less genial approach than Monteux, a less virtuosic one than Toscanini. His virtues consist of a surrounding control of orchestral ensemble in each of the tricky problems of this late-Romantic score, and in his explicit projection of both the musical shape of each variation and its place in the whole structure. He not only shows the degree to which each variation is related to the theme but also, and more important, the manner in which Elgar’s musical thought progresses throughout the work. In this regard, Davis won from me a respect that I had never previously given the work.

As in any performance of the Enigma Variations, there are high spots. Nimrod and Durabellia, for instance, show appropriate contrast, and the sheer virtuosity of Troyte is dazzling. Yet nothing Davis can do alleviates the blatant vulgarity of the Finale: from the blasting entry of the trombones, through the blistered scoring with organ, Elgar descends to the worst Edwardian pomposity.

Nothing can redeem this conclusion, but I suppose I should note that it is less offensive than Cockaigne. About the latter work, I have nothing further to say.

Under Davis’ direction the London Symphony plays like the magnificent group it has become in the last decade, and Philips’ engineering is impeccable.

P.H.

GESUALDO: *Madrigals and Motets*

Ecco morirò dunque: Io tacerò: Dolcissima mia vita; Hanc opprimi: Moro lasso al mio diolo: Ave dulcisima Maria: O vos omnes: Ave Regina coelorum; O crux benedicta; Hei mihi Domine


I don’t see why such a fuss is made over Gesualdo. The man was not a daring harmonic revolutionary; he was simply a psychopath. One doesn’t even have to read the documentary evidence of Gesualdo’s unstable life to realize his condition; it’s all in the music. It doesn’t come out so much in the sacred music—that wasn’t his particular hang-up—and anyone who listens to the motets will be impressed with their musical skill. This is well put together music, relatively calm and law-abiding if not as beautiful as Palestina, as exciting as Monteverdi, or as emotionally charged as Lasso.

It’s in the secular music that we can see what Gesualdo’s problem really was.

Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa—harmonic revolutionary or psychopath?

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January 1969
When a poet in 1600 writes that he living dies and dying lives—this is the gist of most late madrigal verse—his intent is only to give voice to a languishing sigh and a witty sexual double-entendre. Monteverdi knew this as did Marenzio, D’India, and Wert; and expressive as they were, they never left the confines of normal human sentiment. Gesualdo, on the other hand, seems to have taken the words quite literally. His dying took a particularly unpleasant form: to judge from the music, it must have resembled strychnine poisoning. Listen for example to Ioven o misteri or Dolcissima mia vita where relatively harmless texts give rise to spasms of convulsive dissonance. At times, of course, the Italian madrigalists used chords that remind us of Wagner or even Schoenberg, but they are isolated cries of anguish not functional harmonic units.

Nevertheless, everyone goes through an enthusiasm for violent expressionism, and for those currently in the Gesualdo stage I cannot recommend any recording more highly than this fine new release by the Deller Consort, which provides a sampling of both the motets (including some rather expressionistic ones) and the late madrigals. Fine voices and perfect intonation are requisites to do this music justice, and Deller’s group is equipped to provide these in good measure. If you do want to figure out what makes Gesualdo witch, however, the complete texts of the madrigals are essential. Unfortunately Victrola supplies only bland English summaries. S.T.S.


GRAUN: Montezuma (excerpts)—See Bononcini: Griselda (excerpts).

HAMBRAEUS: Constellations II; Interferences

Karl Erik Welen, organ (in Interferences). LIMELIGHT 86052, $5.79.

The Swedish composer Bengt Hambraeus is one of the few composers to bring modern music—really modern music—to the organ. Constellations II is an electronic work, at times making use of the organ tone unchanged, at other times transforming it completely into a totally new range of timbres. The transition from one to the other is fabulous; and the general size, grandeur, and passion of the piece are most impressive.

Interferences is a piece for organ alone, but it is handled in a very modern style influenced by electronic music. As Hambraeus says in his notes, this is organ music that cannot be played on the piano: the sustained tone of the organ is its underpinning, and all manner of harmonic and coloristic effects, peculiar to it but hitherto unexplored, are its substance. Nobody has done anything quite so important with the organ since the eighteenth century. Bengt Hambraeus is the Johann Sebastian Bach of a new day.

The organ played by Welen, by the way, is that of the Johannes Church in Stockholm. A.F.

HAYDN: “London” Symphonies (12)

Little Orchestra of London, Leslie Jones, cond.

For a feature review of this recording see page 75.

HOVHANESS: Floating World—Ukito—See Rachmaninoff: Aleko; Suite.

IPPOLITOV-IVANOV: Caucasian Sketches, Op. 10

GLIERE: Red Poppy, Op. 70; Orchestral Suite; Heroic Dance; Scene: Dance of the Chinese Maidens; Phoenix: Dance of the Russian Sailors

Music for Westchester Symphony Orchestra. Siegfried Landau, cond. TURNABOUT TV 34218, $2.50.

It’s good to hear recorded evidence of the high standards met by one of the many American suburban symphony orchestras now functioning—this one founded in 1962 by Siegfried Landau, founder/conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonia and obviously a skilled trainer of orchestral players. Those here—mostly young but all strictly professional—provide poetically evocative, if perhaps overcareful, readings of Ippolitov-Ivanov’s haunting Sketches and more frankly extraverted treatments of Glieër’s ballet music. There have been, of course, more brava readings of the two warhorse pieces here, Procession of the Sardar and Russian Sailor’s Dance, but Landau’s are the first complete Caucasian Sketches in stereo and the first substantial stereo representation (four and a half out of six movements) of the Glieër work. Moreover, the performances have been captured in superbly natural stereoism notable for its lucidity of detail and for the sonic transparency characteristic of master recordings using the Dolby noise-reduction system. R.D.D.

IVES: Sonata for Piano, No. 2 (“Concord”)

John Kirkpatrick, piano. COLUMBIA MS 7192, $5.79.

John Kirkpatrick has been Ives’s chief musical executor. He compiled the catalogue of the master’s works to which all students of Ives are intensely indebted, and he made the first recording of the Concord Sonata back in the days of 78 rpm, when recording techniques were quite unable to cope with its harmonic and coloristic subtleties. Now that recording techniques can handle the sonata, it is only right and proper that he record it again. His performance has a wonderful weightlessness, integrity, and power; every idea is perfectly sculptured and enchaincd with the next, but there is no pounding, no effort, no sweat. The final “Thoreau” movement is especially fine, even though Kirkpatrick does not use the flute solo towards the end, which Ives suggests but does not demand, and which is so magnificently effective in the Alan Mandel disc for Desto.

A.F.

LISZT: A Faust Symphony: Two Episodcs from Lenau’s “Faust”


In my Liszt discography written for High Fidelity last April, I came down decisively in favor of Beecham’s performance of this flawed but exciting symphony over those of Bernstein and Horstein.

The new London release has the advantage of a quite stunning recording. Strings, woodwinds, and brasses alike are reproduced with astonishing fidelity, drums have unsurpassed clarity and impact, and the massive sonorities of the choral conclusion are accommodated with majestic ease.

In the outer movements, Ansermet’s performance is no less persuasive. He keeps the expanses of the opening “Faust” movement under firm control, captures all the unalleviation of its verison in the “Mephistopheles” section of the Finale, and, helped by a good chorus and a sweet-toned tenor in Werner Krenn, worthily realizes the splendor of the closing Goethe setting. The central “Gretchen” movement, however, seems to have eluded the conductor.

Listz’s Faust Symphony gives Ernest Ansermet (right) something to ponder on.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
AR-3a speaker systems were designed for home music reproduction. Nonesuch Records uses them as monitors at recording sessions.

Nonesuch Records recently recorded several volumes of organ music played by Richard Elsasser at the historic Hammond Museum near Gloucester, Massachusetts. To make the recording, Marc Aubert of Elite Recordings, engineering and musical supervisor, used Schoeps microphones, and Ampex 351 recorder, Dolby A301 Audio Noise Reduction apparatus, and several pieces of equipment which were custom made. To monitor the input signal and to play back the master tape, Aubert used an AR amplifier and 2 AR-3a speaker systems.

The AR-3a speaker system is priced from $225 to $250, depending on finish.

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completely. He skates over the candid beauty of this music as if embarrassed by it. The movement is despatched in about three-quarters of the time Beecham took, and if you compare Ansermet's perfunctory treatment of the main theme (for oboe with solo viola accompaniment) with Beecham's affectation phrasing you will appreciate the difference at once.

Since the sound of the Beecham recording is still perfectly acceptable, choice between his version and the new London will depend principally on which movement you care about most. It may also be influenced by the matter of coupling: Beecham offers a fine performance of the symphonic poem Orpheus, otherwise available only in a Westminster recording that has so far evaded my search; Ansermet offers the Two Episodes from Lenau's "Faust" — the first of them the otherwise unrecorded Nocturnal Procession, the second the more familiar Mephisto Waltz. His performance of the Waltz is serviceable, that of the Procession — a darkly impressive piece — is much more than that. This latter is a valuable addition to the catalogues.

B.J.

**LISTZ: Piano Works**

Reminiscences of Robert le Diable: Valse infernale (after Meyerbeer); Reminiscences of Don Juan (after Mozart); Waltz (after Gounod's Faust): Mephisto Waltz: Mephisto Waltz: Gnomneurigen (from Études de Concert).

Earl Wild, piano. CARINAL VCS 10041, $3.50.

Entitled "The Daemonic Liszt," the present anthology is just that: a small sampling of the Old Wizard's rabble-rousing at its most flamboyant. Honors, in this respect, go to the Robert le Diable Fantasy, which according to Vaugnard is the life of Wild's auspices its debut recording. An example of Liszt's "pianistration" at its most complex, the piece makes like a whole ensemble from bass drum thwack and cymbal crash to squealing piccolo. But mostly — thanks to Wild's ultrasecure, bronze-solid octave and chord playing and to his ability to keep the rhythmic pulse clear despite all sorts of diversionary passagework — I was reminded of Wild's ultrasecure, bronze-solid octave and chord playing and to his ability to keep the rhythmic pulse clear despite all sorts of diversionary passagework — I was reminded of Wild's ultrasecure, bronze-solid octave and chord playing and to his ability to keep the rhythmic pulse clear despite all sorts of diversionary passagework — I was reminded of Wild's ultrasecure, bronze-solid octave and chord playing and to his ability to keep the rhythmic pulse clear despite all sorts of diversionary passagework — I was reminded of Wild's ultrasecure, bronze-solid octave and chord playing.

Wild tackles the Faust paraphrase with almost as much relish and élan and with even more technical abandon than was the case of septuagenarian Eugen Petri on an old Westminster disc. The Don Juan is excelled in brilliance only slightly by Charles Rosen (Epic) and in refinement only slightly by Tamás Vásáry (DGG Heliodor), while both the Gnomneurigen and Mephisto Polka are, in Wild's presentations, wild and woollly in the best clean-shaven, crew-cut manner. Wild's depiction of Waltzing Old Nick, however, while for the most part unsavory enough, seems to develop pangs of guilt when it gets to that treacherous middle section with all the leaps. His stolid tempo for that episode doesn't raise the shackles as William Kappell and Vladimir Ashkenazy did. I might add that, at the end of the Waltz, Wild uses a cadenza that differs both from the standard one and from the cadenza that Kappell employed.

Vaugnard's recording is not very beautiful in terms of depth or color, but Wild's fireworks certainly come across.

H.G.

**MAHLER: Symphony No. 4**

Elis Morison, soprano: Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. DUITSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139339, $5.79.

Elly Ameling, soprano: Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. PHILIPS PHS 900190, $5.79.

Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano: Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, David Oistrakh, cond. MELODIJA/ANGEL SR 40076, $5.79.

Good things, as that numerologically minded trio Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern were fond of reminding us, come in threes. Here is a trio of new recordings of Mahler's Fourth Symphony, but the question how far they in turn are good things is not one that admits of a simple answer, or even of three simple answers. Each set, to be sure, has its points, and the most useful course will be to go through them one by one outlining pro and con.

Kubelik's performance, like its predecessors in his continuing integral recording, starts with the advantage (shared with Kleiber's among existing versions) of left-hand disposition of first and second violins. This is particularly important in Mahler, as can be heard from the lucidity it imparts to antiphonal passages like that three measures after figure 9 in the first movement.

Kubelik is, in fact, at his best in the first two movements. Both of them benefit from sensitive integration of piano and violin, a relaxed yet pointed phrasing, and an exemplary clarity of orchestral texture. Several clarinet passages, especially, come through more tellingly than in any rival version. Rudolf Koeckert provides aImportantly grotesque account of the scordatura fiddle in the "Death and Metamorphosis" second movement, enhanced by meticulous observation of the copious dynamic markings; and the conductor's care for phrasing is exemplified by the detail he makes on the fifth note of the movement's opening phrase and at parallel places throughout. The second half of Kubelik's performance is, unfortunately, much less successful. The slow movement is sabotaged by impossible balance in the exquisite opening section: here the upper violin parts, marked pp, usurp all attention, for the crucial bass pizzicato part, marked with only one piano, is practically inaudible. The child's picture of Paradise that constitutes the Finale is fairly well realized, but Elise Morison's singing of the solo part, though competent, is not outstanding.

Haitink's performance (issued in Europe as part of a set encompassing the first four symphonies) traces an approximately opposite graph of excellence. In spite of some lovely orchestral playing, the first two movements are fairly unremarkable. The Poco adagio, however, is handled with great sensitivity and strength, and the Finale has the best performance of the vocal solo yet recorded — wonderfully poised and secure singing by the eminent Dutch soprano Elly Ameling, who with her performances here and in Münchinger's recent Haydn Creation must be reckoned to have attained top artistic rank and excellence. In spite of some lovely orchestral playing, the first two movements are fairly unremarkable. The Poco adagio, however, is handled with great sensitivity and strength, and the Finale has the best performance of the vocal solo yet recorded — wonderfully poised and secure singing by the eminent Dutch soprano Elly Ameling, who with her performances here and in Münchinger's recent Haydn Creation must be reckoned to have attained top artistic rank and excellence.

The Russian performance led by David Oistrakh runs, as might be expected, in a different groove from its competitors. It is not that there is any marked national difference in the musical approach. It is rather that Oistrakh, standing as a conductor of fairly brief experience, possesses both disadvantages and — paradoxically — advantages over against his longer established colleagues.

Where he scores over them is in a certain innocent idealism, attentive undervalued by considerations of mere practicality. At a juncture like the rapid string passage twelve measures before figure 12 in the slow movement, where almost all the old pros betray a feeling that these long-drawn chords of Mahler's usually-won't-work. Oistrakh dares everything and refuses to be rattled into clipping the note values. But even while one recognizes and applauds his boldness, one cannot help acknowledging that the actual playing is less polished and varied throughout the performance, neither tone nor ensemble is more than middling good. The first movement works best. The second suffers from a curiously undervalued reading, and the last from
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Galina Vishnevskaya’s bizarre German accent and sincere but inappropriate sophistication.

Let us summarize the over-all picture. It should be noted that the antique Van Beinum version on Richmond, hitherto my favorite performance among those recently available, has disappeared from the catalogue. The best of the survivors are the versions of Bernstein and Szell. My personal taste runs more to the passionately committed, eccentric, yet inescapably logical interpretation of Bernstein than to Szell’s leisurely, polished, yet ultimately overgently interpretation. Both Kubelik and Haitink take their positions within measurable striking distance of these versions, and some may feel that Elly Ameling’s lovely singing turns the scale in Haitink’s favor. Meanwhile, Kletzki’s superb performance is promised for reissue on Seraphim this coming spring.

B.J.


London Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Abbado, cond. LONDON CS 6587, $5.79.

The black diamond that signifies deletion made its unwelcome appearance in the September Schwann next to Peter Maag’s splendid recording of the Scotch Symphony. A spacious, passionate performance, rich in tonal variety and rhythmic liveliness, it apparently fell victim to the merchandising mentality. Abbado’s version is offered as replacement. Abbado’s Scotch is watered down, lacking any hint of the grandness and sweeping elegance of Maag’s statement. Though it does offer a fairly vigorous presentation of the second and fourth movements, this is insufficient to compensate for a general metronomic inflexibility and tonal drabness. The entire work (over thirty minutes) is presented on a single disc-side, presumably to accommodate Mendelssohn’s wish that it be performed without intermovement breaks (as in the Violin Concerto). A worthy intention perhaps, but it has its grievous side effects. The sound is constricted, particularly in the bass regions where much of this symphony’s grandeur is expressed. The fluttery opening theme of the second movement sounds muddly when repeated by the lower strings; the ripe majesty of the finale’s coda, so dependent on a full and clear ambience in the cellos and basses, is similarly unstable. Maag’s recording—of some eight years vintage—has excellent sound, and I hope that London sees fit to reissue it on the Stereo Treasury label.

With the Italian, the sonic backdrop is in keeping with London’s usual exemplary technology. Abbado’s flair for clean articulation is very well captured. The performance itself tends towards, but does not achieve, the urgency in the outer movements and corresponding inner-movement lyricism that Toscanini so successfully brought to the fore. Abbado does well enough by the Trio, in-

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Available on RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape
vesting it with a blend of elegance and buoyancy. The Andante is the real loser—boxy, dynamically unvaried, and emotionally bare.

Abbadó’s greatest asset, it appears to me, is his general precision. Yet the elusive life-giving quality of great conducting is not, at this point, his property. Certain phrases—even specific notes—lack the kind of intuitive emphasis that transforms a correct performance into a flesh-and-blood artistic re-creation. S.I.

MONTEVERDI: Vocal and Instrumental Works

Bel pastor; Ohimè ch’io credo; Fugge il verno dei dolori; Non costi tasso il mio; La pastorella mia spietata; Dolce miei sospiri; Lulu tipto del mio core; O rosa ros- ta che rosetta; Lamento della ninfe; Della bellezza. Si dolce è il tormento; Giro il nemico.

Various singers and instrumentalists, Raymond Leppard, cond. ORFEO-LYRE SOL 299, $5.95

Raymond Leppard, who has recently given the twentieth century sumptuous versions of Monteverdi’s Poppea and Cavalli’s delightful Orinotto, is at it again, this time on a smaller scale. Ristenpart has skillfully arranged the early scherzos to the solo and concerted pieces of Monteverdi’s eighth book of madrigals, the music here is all suitable for instruments and a few voices. Leppard has chosen a first-rate ensemble and arranged the music in a slightly flashy but completely spell-binding fashion. “Arrange” is a rather suspect word, but I think that in this case it is more appropriate than the bald “realize,” which only implies a harmonic fleshing out. Leppard’s Monteverdi sounds too luxuriant popularly, and completely makes up in beauty what it lacks in historical likelihood. The director’s discreet and imaginative hand with the ornamentation also contributes much to the final effect. The solo numbers and duets are properly performed in an operatic manner with due consideration for the era and the style. Ilse Wolf’s voluptuous tone and glorious accuracy make her interpretation particularly evident in the opening movement of K. 137, which is an accompanied recitative-arioso without the voice, while the second movement is constructed like a da capo aria, with an episode in the middle instead of a sonata development section. Whatever the pieces are called, to hear them is sheer delight and one is dumbfounded at the sixteen-year-old composer’s poise and knowledge of the métier. The expressive quality of the slow movements is no less astonishing. Though the Serenata notturna has only three movements, without the minuetts, marches, and tiny concertos of the divertimento, it is a genuine example of the genre, devised for an antiphonal pair of string orchestras with one pair of timpani. In this recording a solo quartet substitutes for one of the orchestras, which is not at all objectionable. It is a charming composition, here nonniously pounding the timpani, there combining the drums with delectable pizzicatos of the strings. The timpani may be misspelled on the jacket, but they are played with finesse like the musical instruments they are and not mere noise makers. The last movement is the epitome of the Salzburg-Vienna divertimento, with its capricious alternation of mood and substance, eschewing symphonic development.

The Argo performance is ravishing. The sound is crystal-clear; the string playing is spotless and airy, the part-writing exquisitely balanced—every tone in the violas is audible—and, aside from a few wrong trills, the style is impeccable.

Ristenpart’s rendition for Nonesuch of the same three little symphonies is more than respectable and musically, but his orchestra is larger than Marriner’s sixteen-man ensemble, the playing a bit robust and less transparent, and there is a slight echo. Though a fine performance, it does not have the aristocratic elegance of Paul Lang’s Argo Dances that complete the recording are pleasant but very minor Mozart.

Paul Henry Lang

Mozart: Divertimentos: in D, K. 136; in B flat, K. 137; in F, K. 188; Serenade No. 6, in D, K. 239 (“Serenata notturna”).


Mozart: Divertimentos: in D, K. 136; in B flat, K. 137; in F, K. 188; Sechs ländler-ische Tänze, K. 606

Chamber Orchestra of the Saar, Karl Ristenpart, cond. NONESUCH H 71207, $2.50.

THE PURE PLEASURE OF MOZART AT PLAY

MORE THAN ONE THIRD of the 626 items listed in Kühnel’s catalogue of Mozart’s works deal with “entertainment music.” This is a tribute to the period’s insatiable desire for refined musical entertainment, which Mozart gladly and most naturally provided. The sharp distinction we make between “entertainment” and “serious” music was not yet known; all music had to please and commercial music had not yet been invented. But the psychological roots of Mozart’s entertainment music are at least as important as the sociological. It gave him pleasure to contribute to his music to that conviviality which he valued so highly, and he took entertainment music very seriously; nowhere does he slacken his craftsmanship, and these works form an important and integral part of his œuvre. Mozart loved to “play.” He loved the light, bantering tone, and this playful element is seldom missing from his serious compositions, for playfulness in no way denotes lack of seriousness of purpose, being rather the sign of instinctive security. Perhaps the most touching and revealing example of the presence of this tone and spirit even in his most exalted compositions is to be found in Mozart’s church music: the earlier Masses are liturgy serenades composed for the divine service. To speak of Mozart’s entertainment music as if it were something lacking in “serious” music is to miss the point altogether; Ernest Newman, for one, is guilty of this Victorian view.

Whether called divertimento, serenade, or cassazione, this music represents a specifically Austrian species that has little to do with any other German or Italian music. It descended from the dance music supplied to the court balls, to family celebrations of the wealthy, with an admixture of folk music and out-of-doors music. It became an important ingredient in the nascent symphonic style of what we (incorrectly) call the Viennese School. The earlier phases of the development of the divertimento have not yet been explored, and by the time we encounter it through publications and recordings, the merger with the symphonic style is complete. It is important that we should realize this because the recordings I shall report on presently deal with borderline cases.

The spirit and tone of the serenade-divertimento are present in all the works on these two discs, but only K. 239, the Serenata notturna, is a true divertimento. K. 136, 137, and 138, though designated as divertimentos (but not by Mozart himself), are in reality three-movement “Italian symphonies” (sinfonie) to the more finicky), the kind that were also used as opera overtures. The dramatic spirit is particularly evident in the opening movement of K. 137, which is an accompanied recitative-arioso without the voice, while the second movement is constructed like a da capo aria, with an episode in the middle instead of a sonata development section. Whatever the pieces are called, to hear them is sheer delight and one is dumbfounded at the sixteen-year-old composer’s poise and knowledge of the métier. The expressive quality of the slow movements is no less astonishing. Though the Serenata notturna has only three movements, without the minuets, marches, and tiny concertos of the divertimento, it is a genuine example of the genre, devised for an antiphonal pair of string orchestras with one pair of timpani. In this recording a solo quartet substitutes for one of the orchestras, which is not at all objectionable. It is a charming composition, here nonniously pounding the timpani, there combining the drums with delectable pizzicatos of the strings. The timpani may be misspelled on the jacket, but they are played with finesse like the musical instruments they are and not mere noise makers. The last movement is the epitome of the Salzburg-Vienna divertimento, with its capricious alternation of mood and substance, eschewing symphonic development.

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Paul Henry Lang
of the famous lament of the nymph one of the most exciting things I've heard in years. Her version of the impassioned Ohiné ch'io cado isn't far behind, but her dramatic manner is not fitted to the light-hearted lament Si dolce è il tormento. The rest of the ensemble are no less talented though they have less opportunity to show their individual voices. Osseau-Lyre has provided appropriately gorgeous sound along with complete texts and transcriptions. All in all this is a prize disc that should appeal to Verdi and Puccini fans as well as to baroque connoisseurs. S.T.S.

**MOZART:** *Cosi fan tutte*


For a feature review of this recording, see page 78.

**MOZART: Piano Works**

Sonatas for Piano: No. 4, in E flat, K. 282; No. 8, in C minor, K. 300; No. 10, in C, K. 330; No. 12, in F, K. 332; Rondo in A minor, K. 511.

Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. LONDON CS 6534, $5.79.

Sonatas for Piano: No. 4, in E flat, K. 282; No. 8, in A minor, K. 310; No. 10, in C, K. 330.

Lili Kraus, piano. PIANO 135, $5.79.

Sonata for Piano. No. 8, in A minor, K. 310; Fantasy in C minor, K. 396; Rondo in A minor, K. 511; Variations on a Theme by Duport, K. 573.

Alfred Brendel, piano. CARDINAL 10043, $3.50.


Walter Klien, piano.vox SVBX 5406/07, 59.98 (each three-disc set).

I have become convinced that the opening Adagio movement of Mozart's K. 282 Sonata is one of the most problematical pieces in the classical lexicon: Mozart may well have decided to compose it at the youthful age of eighteen so that he would have plenty of time remaining to decide just how he wanted it played! For one thing, it is the only one of his keyboard sonatas to start with a slow movement—which, in itself, already defies convention. In addition to the slow tempo marking itself, however, the music's content is ambiguous. Parts of it obviously demand a really leisurely—
even static—realization for full emotional effect; other episodes, just as obviously, are plainly conceived in terms of a more flowing *alla breve* beat. Then too, there is the question of whether to treat this music in *galant* style (befitting its two-part form) or in romantic fashion (befitting its quasi-operatic content and dramatic dynamic fluctuations of "P" and "F," unusual for a composer who ordinarily left dynamics to the discretion of the performer). Since continuity at a slow tempo is hard to achieve, the usual (i.e., expedient) solution is to play the work too quickly. Its superficial outer shape is thus safe-guarded, but the elusive inner aesthetic is all but destroyed.

Both Backhaus and Lili Kraus succumb to the pitfall described above. While both artists make far more sense of the work than Gould in his recent reverse account for Columbia, they nonetheless manage to sound excessively brusque in what can be one of Mozart's most exquisite movements. Kraus at least takes the double repeat, which lends some semblance of weight to her rendering. On the other hand, observes only the repeat of the first section and thus conveys an imperfect comprehension of binary form. As it happens, to listen to Backhaus and Mme. Kraus in parallel literature proves highly instructive: both tend to be dramatic and have delivered in a zestful, hilarious manner, devoid of affectation or preciosity. In this context, it should be noted that he includes six pieces from the London Sketchbook of 1764 in addition to the more popular essays composed by Mozart even earlier. Unless I am mistaken, the London *Stücke* were omitted from Gieseking's "complete" Angel survey of the Mozart literature. Klien brings a tempered kind of assertiveness to such mature works as the G minor *Sonatensatz*, K. 312, and he clarifies the sometimes curious neobaroque, quasi-contrapuntal outpourings written while Mozart was in the throes of discovering the elder Bach. Biting, yet always fluent finger work, similarly stands Klien in good stead for the various sets of variations.

One of these discs then, have their good points, though the Klien and Kraus collections are the only ones that can truly be classified as indispensable. A single footnote—Mme. Kraus (or more probably her tape editor)—has carelessly omitted two bars from the third movement Presto of K. 310. H.G.

**MOZART: Symphony No. 33, in B flat, K. 319**

| Schubert: Symphony No. 5, in B flat, D. 485 |

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139855, $5.79.

It wouldn't be quite accurate to describe Böhm's virtuosity in these mercurial scores as "winged" or "airborne," for what's plainly offered here is thoroughly grounded traditionalism rather than soaring propulsion. But this conductor's interpretations can by no means be called pedantic either. In fact, I have never before encountered a conventional performance of the Schubert that appealed to me as much as this one. Böhm's
treatment of the slow movement does not have the chamber music grace of the miraculously classical Toscanini version, nor does it imbue the Minuetto with the Maestro’s supercharged gusto. Yet, on the other hand, one finds a trace of Bruno Walter’s nebulous sentimentality, and the over-all interpretation (marvellously played, by the way) is similarly free both of Klemperer’s stolidity and the bloodless abstraction of Beecham’s Royal Philharmonic version. (Sir Thomas’ London Philharmonic disc was somewhat better in that respect.) And as proof of what greater orchestral discipline can achieve for identical interpretative goals, you have only to locate a copy of Böhm’s older (long deleted) London recording of the Schubert with the Vienna Philharmonic: how scraggly and overindulgent that orchestra’s winds sound, and how sugary and sentimental its string section, alongside the sterner, every-note-in-place approach of the Berliners.

Similarly, the performance of Mozart’s No. 33, which provides an unhurried, yet not unnaturally deliberate, choice of tempos. For, after all, in the ancient (again, long deleted) Van Beinum/Concertgebouw reading with its marvelous momentum and refinement must remain the exemplar, but of the available editions Böhm’s is as smoothly phrased as the best, the Szel, and it is quite without the Cleveland conductor’s tight, nit-picking, and (so it seems to me) dyspeptic Prussianism.

DG’s sonics are lifelike and agreeable. I would say that Böhm was recording with an ensemble midway between the chamber proportions used by Toscanini in his version of the Schubert and the full-orchestra heft of Beecham. Walter’s orchestra would also seem to have been of medium size, but his lack of cleanly drawn phrasing and of sharp articulation makes for a far thicker tone.

H.G.


PENDERECKI: Diez Irae; Polymorphia; De Natura Sonoris

Stefania Woytowicz, soprano, Wieslaw Ochman, tenor, Bernard Ladyysz, bass, Cracow Philharmonia Choir (in the Diez Irae); Cracow Philharmonia Orchestra, Henryk Czysz, cond. Phillips PHS 900184, $5.79.

The works of Krzysztof Penderecki reach us on records with considerable promptness these days. Here already is Diez Irae, the “Auschwitz Ilyarico,” which was first performed in April 1967 at the unveiling of a monument to the victims of the Nazi concentration camp. Since the cast of the recording varies slightly (conductor and soprano) from that of the premiere, presumably it was made after a later performance.

Penderecki has drawn his text from modern Polish and French poetry, the Apocalypse, the Eumenides of Aeschylus, and Paul’s Epistle to the Corinthians: the modern and Greek passages have been translated into Latin, apparently to achieve the same kind of abstraction and “distanting effect” that Stravinsky sought through Latin in Oedipus Rex.

The piece is in three sections (Lamentation, Apocalypses, and Apotheosis), and the musical materials and procedures will be familiar to those who have heard the St. Luke Passion—although you may well wonder how much of the novelty has worn off by now.

To me, the most obvious problem with this sort of music is that it very soon all begins to sound the same. Penderecki uses fairly wide tone clusters as his main harmonic material, and thus the great majority of chords contain all twelve tones, in the closest possible position. The monotony that this engenders is not alleviated by the various forms of “motion” applied to the clusters, such as having the voices exchange notes—and so that basic sonority keeps coming back again, and again, and... 

Furthermore, the use of all these closely spaced clusters pretty well cancels out whatever rhythmic activity may be going on; there’s likely to be so much happening at once that no details are distinguishable—just a general susurration. The only articulations that come for much are the extreme ones, and these are used melodramatically rather than musically. For all of its surface modernity, the operative aesthetic of this music seems very close to Carl Orff, and not much more interesting. I think it’s a red herring, in that it wears the trappings of modernity without any of the substance—and I suppose we might as well resign ourselves to the prospect that this sort of thing may be the Carmina Burana of the 1970s.

Of the other two pieces, De Natura Sonoris is slightly more interesting. Polymorphia (1961) is another piece for string orchestra, like the celebrated Victims of Hiroshima piece, with lots of glissando, knocking, and similar effects. As far as this aspect of Penderecki’s work is concerned, let me paraphrase the words of that eminent epigrammatist Spiro T. Agnew: “If you’ve heard one, you’ve heard them all.” De Natura, which Lukas Foss recorded last year on Nonesuch, suggests that Penderecki can do other things than tone clusters, but the results are still essentially sensationalistic.

I’d be very much interested to know what the composer thinks of these performances, for the realization of those aspects of his score that are precisely notated is often extremely inaccurate. The soloists all read their rhythms carelessly, and the orchestra doesn’t coordinate with them when it should, and there are various early and late entrances in the tutti passages. What is more, the recorded sound is prone to distortion (making the congested passages even more opaque) and overloading. If it’s De Natura that interests you, by all means go for the Nonesuch.

D.H.

PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 1, in D, Op. 25 (“Classical”)—See Bizet: Symphony in C.
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You never heard it so good.
RACHMANINOFF: Aleko: Suite
toward Floating World—Ukiyo
Musorgsky: Khovanschina: Prelude, Act I ("Dawn Over Moscow")
Simon Estes, bass-baritone (in Aleko); André Kostelanetz and His Orchestra, André Kostelanetz, cond. COLUMBIA MS 7162, $5.79.

When Kostelanetz jumps the fences around his usual symphonic-pops repertoire, he certainly leaps well off the beaten paths. Both major works here are recording firsts and they both are uncommonly interesting. This is an unexpected surprise in the case of the suite (four instrumental excerpts and the Cavatina) drawn from the prize-winning one-act opera written when Rachmaninoff was only nineteen, yet already in command of the dark melodism so characteristic of his later works. Not many listeners may want to hear the opera itself nowadays (if they do, it's still available in the old mono recording once bearing the Concert Hall label, now that of Bruno Records), but its Gypsy Dance, Intermezzi, Girls' Dance, and Overture (strangely placed last here) are the quintessence of the vast and complex public identities as "Russian music." And in the Cavatina, a young bass from the Steppes of Central Iowa demonstrates that ultraresonant, ultravibrato, subterranean voices can be found outside the USSR.

The performance here of Mussorgsky's familiar Khovanschina Prelude is best forgotten, for it not only is nervously rushed but its poetic pictorialism is lost in heavy-handed orchestral playing and larger-than-life miming. The same kind of performance and recording are better suited to the Hovhaness piece (as they are to the Aleko Suite)—another of this composer's innumerable essays in the reconciliation of Far Eastern musical idioms with those of the West—this one written for and dedicated to Kostelanetz, and first performed in Salt Lake City in 1965. I doubt that I can fully appreciate its metaphysical connotations (outlined in the composer's notes quoted on the jacket), but the four meant to be, like most of the Hovhaness works I've heard, of inexhaustible sonic fascinations. In particular, there are ferociously rolling low-register passages here unlike anything else I know (save possibly, and only in embryo, certain moments in Sibelius' bleakest Finnish-forest evocations).

For added technical interest, this disc features a new "Golden Edge" static preventive. There's no information on how it works, but it does seem to work.

R.D.D.

RAMEAU: Works for Harpsichord

George Malcolm, harpsichord. ARGO ZRG 5491/92, $11.90 (two discs).

The harpsichord recorded well, so much so that of late it has been used even in television commercials. But there is the danger of its being muted into an instrument thrice as sonorous as it really is. The recordings are usually made with the microphone practically under the soundboard, and the amplification is so generous that what emerges is the sound of an instrument almost as powerful as a modern concert-grand piano. This changes the character not only of the harpsichord but of the music played on it. The silvery brilliance of a well-tuned harpsichord is real and appealing, but it is an intimate brilliance that should be respected. Then there is the lute stop, intended for gentle and subdued effects, which when unduly amplified becomes altogether characterless, even unpleasant.

George Malcolm, who has to put up with the handicaps just mentioned, plays well enough, but in a peculiarly nervous fashion, probably because of this attempt to comply with the rules of "inequality" (notes inégales), a contemporary performance practice that aims at avoiding metric and rhythmic uniformity. If so, Rameau is the least suitable man to experiment with. Still awaiting the recognition he deserves as one of the giants of the baroque era, Rameau comprises boldly, but what surprises even more than the unexpected harmonic turns is the virtuosity of the keyboard writing. Rameau can present us with the delectable and harmless bonbons of the French clavecin school, but as a rule he goes much farther afield. His more solid works demand from the player qualities we usually associate with much later periods: at times he is virtually orchestral.

Malcolm does not do full justice to this boldness and virtuosity, and while the playing is good, there is a slight amateurish cast about his performance, and a more evident one in his jacket notes. For comparison I played Robert Veyron-Lacroix's older recording of Rameau's complete harpsichord music (Westminster WN 3303) and found it much more satisfying. There is more flexibility in the Frenchman's delivery, the registration is better, and the nervous energy Malcolm shows everywhere is nicely tamed to a well-controlled propulsive quality. Curiously enough, the sound is better on the old mono recording than on the new stereo; the boosted brilliance is absent, and the instrument is not larger than life. I think it is a better one-instrument.

P.H.L.

RAVEL: Quartet for Strings, in F—

RAVEL: Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé; Chansons madécasses
†Chausson: Chanson perpétuelle, Op. 77
†Delage: Quatre poèmes hindous

Janet Baker, mezzo; Melos Ensemble; Bernard Keefe, cond. (in the Delage).

For a feature review of this recording, see page 77.

Schumann: Moskau (in St Petersburg)

Helen Watts, contralto (in Ständchen); Robert Tear, tenor (in Nachtgesang im Walde); Sieglinde Wagner, contralto (in Ständchen); Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral (Berlin); Members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Forster, cond. VOLKSPLENTE SMVP 8043, $3.98 (re-channeled stereo only).

SCHUBERT: "Romantic Night-Pieces": Jägerlied; Der Margareten; Die Nacht; Ständchen; Nachtgesang im Walde; Gesang der Geister über den Wassern; Nachtlied: Minuetts: in D minor; in F; Moment musical, Op. 94, No. 6.

Margarete Ast, contralto (in Ständchen); Theo Altmeyer, tenor (in Nachtgesang); Maria Kalamkarian, piano (in Moment musical); Werner Quartet (in Minuetts); RIAS Chamber Chorus and Instrumentalists, Günther Arndt, cond. OTRON SM 80892, $5.95.

Save for the ancient Clemens Krauss ver-

High Fidelity Magazine
February 12, 1968

Mr. Hermon H. Scott, President
H. H. Scott, Inc.
111 Powdermill Road
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Dear Mr. Scott:

We have had some interesting experiences with Scott receivers that I thought might interest you. KSJR-FM is a 150,000 watt stereo station broadcasting from St. John's University. Seventy-five miles to the south we operate a second station, KSJN-FM, which broadcasts throughout Minneapolis and St. Paul. This is a satellite station and as such it receives its programming "off-the-air" from KSJR-FM.

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This past week we conducted a survey of our listeners in Minneapolis and St. Paul and I will list some of their comments:

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CIRCE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
son of the Gesang der Geistern, the shorter choral works of Schubert have been notably absent from the domestic catalogue in recent years, and the appearance of these records is very welcome.

The most adventurous repertory will be found on the Argo disc, with Louis Halsey conducting the Elizabethan Singers. Perhaps to sweeten the market possibilities, this also includes four of the most popular choruses—Nachthelle (with tenor solo), Ständchen (with alto solo): all three recordings use the second versions, for female chorus. Der Gondelfahrer, and Psalm 23—but the remainder of the disc is all out of the ordinary and mostly very fine. The large scale of Gebet has a wonderful range of modulation, and the two nature pieces Gott in der Natur and Gott im Ungewitter are somewhat in the vein of Die Allnacht, while the earlier and very simple setting of the Easter chorus from Goethe’s Faust is equally impressive.

The program is nicely arranged, with male, female, and mixed choruses in alternation. It’s nice, too, to report that the performances are good and that the four “standards” are better done here than in the competing versions on the other two discs (although I should like to bow briefly to Siegfried Wagner’s also solo in the Volksplatte Ständchen, which is quite subtly phrased). The women are a little hoity and choir-boyish now and then, but the men are excellent, and Robert Tear does splendidly with the stratospheric texture of Nachthelle. Viola Tunnard’s musical accompaniment has much to do with the success of these performances, for she articulates smoothly and gently (her opposite numbers can be clumsy).

The Volksplatte label is a German equivalent of Scruph, reissuing older Electrola material at a lower price—mostly mono originals reconditioned into “Widesound” (so labeled, I suppose, to suggest that all such bad ideas are American in origin). All the works on Forster’s record are duplicated between the other two, but here you will find the best versions of the great setting, for eight-part male chorus with violas, cellos, and basses, of Goethe’s Geistern über den Wassern and of the Nachtgesung im Walde, a real Romantic atmosphere piece with a highly inventive accompaniment for four horns. The St. Hélie’s male choir makes the best-blended, most precise sound of any of these groups, and it’s a shame that their Gondelfahrer is so militaristic in spirit, with the central episode of the tolling bells absurdly exaggerated (fortunately, the Halsey performance of this piece has a really enchanting lift). The ladies do not well, and the climax of their 23rd Psalm runs into some distortion.

Aside from that one spot, however, I find the elderly Volksplatte sound preferable to Odeon’s genuine stereo reproduction of a bellowing echo. This Günter Arndt record has a few interesting touches; it opens and closes with a pair of horn duets, and each side is leavened with a brief early minuet for string quartet (from D. 89)—but also, rather pointlessly, there is a rhythmically sloppy reading of one of the most frequently encountered piano pieces. Although fundamentally competent, the RIAS Chamber Chorus doesn’t have as firm a sound as the other two groups. This Nachthelle also has a good tenor, but the pianist (and/or the conductor) treats himself to some exaggerated rubatos that quite spoil the piece. The only choral item exclusive to this record, Die Nacht, is unfortunately sung through-out in an affected mezzo voce, so I would imagine interest will be restricted to insatiable Schubertians.

The accompanying material with these discs is somewhat spotty. Only Argo gives texts—but, perversely, without English translations. Volkspltte and Odeon give the names of the poets, and Volksplatte also gives Deutsch catalogue numbers, but nobody gives dates (although Maurice J. E. Brown slips one into his interesting notes on the music for Argo). I don’t suppose we can expect German records to include English translations, but surely the buyer of a $5.95 record is entitled to better treatment than he gets from Argo.

D.H.
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SCHUBERT: Piano Works

Sonata for Piano, in F sharp minor, D. 570/1: Fantasie in C, D. 605; Minuet in D, D. 336; Adagio in G (second version), D. 178; Allegretto in C, D. 346.

Frederick Marvin, piano. Society for Forgotten Music $ 2011. $5.95.

Thanks to the excellent Dover reprint of Schubert's complete works, the various fragments and incomplete pieces are now easily accessible, rather than restricted to library reference collections (all the works on the present record will be found in Volume 19 of the Dover edition). And nonpianists Schubertiends will welcome Mr. Marvin's sensible performances of a sampling of this intriguing repertory, among which only the minor Minuet of 1815 was completed by the composer.

The Sonata in F sharp minor is one of six piano sonatas from the year 1817; although the second and third movements were separated from the first and are published separately (during an apparent economy wave that year, Schubert was using up the empty spaces in manuscripts dating from 1815), they obviously belong together. Only the Scherzo is complete, and there is no slow movement, probably in deference to the relaxed, dreamy character of the first movement. Vernon Duke has prepared the performing edition that Marvin uses; both unfinished movements end on the threshold of the recapitulation, so Duke has supplied straightforward reprises, making the necessary modulations to bring things out in the right keys. My only quibble is with his use of a major chord at the end of both movements, which seems uncharacteristic in view of other works from the same year.

Like the two sonata movements, the 1815 Adagio in G also breaks off at the start of a recapitulation; such cases suggest that perhaps Schubert stopped, not through loss of interest, but because he had reached a point where the work could easily be picked up again—and then never got around to it. Certainly there are no serious flaws in these works, and the Sonata's first movement displays a fine early example of the long-breathed sonata subjects that eventually culminate in the great B flat Sonata of 1828. The Adagio, akin to the Moments Musicaux in form and mood, is better known in its first version, which was completed; the unfinished second try is really a new composition using the same thematic material, rather than a revision. Unfortunately, the completion here is not very intelligent; the end of the first version is tucked on to the second, introducing a figuration deriving from the first development which is not used at all in the second piece. In the two sonata movements, while one can suspect that Schubert might have done something a bit different from what Mr. Duke has provided, the latter's solutions are quite within the realm of Schubertian possibility. In the case of the Adagio, it is certain that Schubert would not have done what is done here.

The remaining pieces are played as fragments. The C major Allegretto is rather routine, but the 1818 “Fantasie” (Deutsch's title; the manuscript has none) is a rather striking piece, partaking of the nature of an improvisation, in which a basic theme is presented in various “characters.” Perhaps the nearest predecessor is the Beethoven G major Fantasia, Op. 77, of nine years earlier; certainly the most obvious successor is the far more disciplined Wanderer Fantasia of 1822.

The piano sound as recorded is a bit hard, and there is more tape hiss than one is accustomed to these days, but it should not interfere seriously. D.H.

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CIRCLE 23 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5, in B flat, D. 485—Sec Mozart: Symphony No. 33, in B flat, K. 319.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: Don Quixote, Op. 35

Emmanuel Brabe, cello; Josef Staar, viola; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Loren Maazel, cond. LONDON CS 6593, $5.79.

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of Don Quixote by such conductors as Strauss himself, Toscanini, Szell, Reiner, Karajan, and Ormandy, one can only sympathize with Maazel for the spot he is in.

Here an awesomely handsome orchestral performance by the Vienna Philharmonic achieves the Berlin Philharmonic guidance to give it the sustained significance this major score requires. Neither of the soloists contributes more than the obligatory type of playing routinely expected of first-deck players in major orchestras.

In many respects, Don Quixote is the best of Strauss's large symphonic poems: musically it offers problems of discipline and insight that are at least obscured in Strauss's less highly organized pieces in this category. Maazel's strictly sectional approach not only misses the relevance of each section to the basic themes, but also loses the thread of development from section to section. And stylistically, this conductor captures something of the "ritornello-palace" (knighthly elegance) mood prescribed by Strauss, nor does he even capture the intent of the composer's many expressive remarks throughout the score—exaggerating some and ignoring others in what one can only call a most arrogant manner.

It so happens that each of the four Don Quixotes at present listed in Schwann offers exceptional, though quite different, performances. The only superlative of this London set rests in the extraordinary sound of the Vienna Philharmonic as stunningly recorded. P.H.


VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 3 ("Pastoral"): In the Fen Country

Margaret Price, soprano (in the Symphony); New Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Angel S 56352, $5.79.

Angel has adorned the cover of this record with a landscape by Gainsborough, but what Vaughan Williams' Pastoral Symphony needs is a Monet. Only Monet could provide a visual counterpart to the smoky luminosity of this marvelous score, and only Monet could match the sustained evenness of mood whereby the music grows deeper, more profound, and more moving with each passing page.

The work is not easy to describe. Its four movements are all slow in tempo, and only in the coda to the third is there any liveliness of pace. Color and shading are in general muted; only a distant trumpet call in the second movement and a brief, wordless solo for a soprano voice at the start and finish of the fourth can be singled out as exceptional features. Michael Kennedy points out in his jacket notes, "Vaughan Williams' symphonic style is based not on tonic-dominant sonata form but on flexibility in the handling of melody. The themes in the Pastoral are not classically 'developed'; instead there is a free evolution of one tune from another, a process of fusion and regeneration, bound together by diatonic counterpoint." And however much all this is, especially as handled by Boult, who has been conducting the symphonies of Vaughan Williams for fifty years!

The filler, In the Fen Country, is the composer's earliest surviving orchestral work, dated 1904. Like the Symphony, it is on the ruminative pastoral side but is considerably less attenuated in orchestral and harmonic fabric. Recordings of both works are superb. A.F.

VERDI: Requiem Mass

Joan Sutherland, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo; Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London OSA 1275, $11.59 (two discs).

Have you noticed how this work starts quarrels, even among normally amiable chaps? When you get to discussing the various recordings of Verdi's Requiem, the combative tendencies tend to get shorter and shorter, until finally the adversaries content themselves with rapping out one name at a time, as "Toscanini!"

This is one of those cases where an early hearing sets up the standards. A timbre is imbedded in the inner ear, a tempo in the blood. Anything that comes later is judged by these yardsticks; if it doesn't measure up, then out it goes. Well, here is some fresh fuel for the flames; a new Verdi Requiem, stunningly recorded but controversially cast, conceived in terms very close to those of Toscanini, embracing orchestral playing and choral singing of the utmost luxury and precision.

Technical matters first. This was John Culshaw's last assignment for Decca/London. Culshaw is the scene of Vienna's Sofiensaal, where he had produced the complete Ring with the same musical forces (Solti and the VPO) and the same engineering team (Gordon Parry, Jimmy Lock). The results here are comparatively magnificent. Perspectives throughout are immaculate, and the sound, particularly in such fortissimo passages as the repeated Dies Irae, simply tremendous. I have a feeling this is going to be the desired test record for all those newly acquired stereo systems that Santa delivered recently. I sincerely hope that when the last day arrives (the Day When Everybody's Number Comes Up) Doom will sound approximately as Verdi/Solti/Culshaw conceive it. Anything less would be a considerable disappointment.

Next, Solti. Back in the Thirties he was an assistant conductor at Salzburg and helped prepare a Requiem for Toscanini, an experience he regards to this day as an important shaping force. No other recorded version so closely resembles the Toscanini performance in general shape, pace, and character. At times, in the ensemble passages of the second section, Solti's pace seems on the slow side; but never does he seriously allow the momentum to fail. And in the great tutus he is Prometheus. The orchestra positively gleams under Solti's stirring baton.

Wilhelm Pitz has brought the choral to a splendid peak of discipline, and they sing superbly throughout. But now comes the trouble. The soloists are (to my ear) miscast and, in varying degrees, uncomprehending. They have not the wrong kind of sound; but they have temperaments that do not accord well with this music. There is less to be said about Martti Talvela than the others; he has a stupendous voice and sings cleanly, if without much character. "Canzatissimo" is very good, but "Mors stupebit" comes out seriously deficient in awe. ("Pinned" "Chiaurov!") Luciano Pavarotti is obviously going to be a very valuable Verdi tenor and shows a fine voice and style in some passages. But turns at the vocal climaxes remain at a central crucial points, including bar number 11 of "Ingenioso," just where Verdi specifies Dolece con calma, of which he is neither. Nor is there any fault to be found with Marilyn Horne's voice; it is rich and luxurious. She starts "Liber scriptus" magnificently but it soon deteriorates; she becomes, all too often, just ordinary, Cold.

Finally, Joan Sutherland. The casting of this soprano in this role was (in my view) a major point of difference. She has not the significant and spare voice required to set her make-up to the music. The dramatic color it demands, though she sings often with great elegance and musicianship. However, when she is confronted with the need to emote, she frequently retires behind a well-known screen and gives out that familiar "sad-little-girl" sound, all droopyy and no words at all. Every now and then a phrase is lost in the lower register, and every other now and then she falts too prominently in one or both. The big dramatic heart-wrench is not for her, and she should not have tried it. She has other repertory, in which her mastery is self-evident.

G.M.

WAGNER: Der fliegende Hollander

Anja Silja (s), Senta; Annelies Burmeister (ms), Mary; Ernst Kozub (t), Erik; Gerhard Unger (alt), The Steersman; Theo Adam (v), The Dutchman; Martti Talvela (bs), Daland; BBC Chorus; New Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel SCL 3730, $17.37 (three discs).

Like all the other recordings of this opera, the present performance is frustratingly uneven; it has some of the important strengths and weaknesses, sometimes in surprising spots.

It has one major point of difference from the other versions: it returns to the original Dresden score. They have not spun the work with Wagner's afterthoughts. Most of these afterthoughts are in the form of brief but exceptionally well-chosen cuts, only one of which (a developmental passage in the trio for
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Senta, Erik, and the Dutchman (from the last scene) seems to me to constitute a deprivation. But the most obvious change is in the later version's use of the Redemption motif to crown the opera itself and the overture, both of which end here with a thuddingly resolved statement of the Dutchman's motif. Since this addition in the later versions is unquestionably one of those masterstrokes by which a composer, with a few swipes of the pen, transforms something predictable into something sublime, the tally finds the original very much on the short end. This is not to say that there isn't a value in having the original available for comparison; but if a collector is buying only one Holländer, then I think this consideration must weigh somewhat against the present release.

Otherwise, selection of a version will depend so much upon the relative emphasis one gives the various elements that I am going to beg off a recommendation: there is no set that holds a clearcut superiority. This one is dominated by the quality of Kempe's conducting. These are qualities I do not happen to much care for in Die Zauberflöte, or even to excess in his much admired Fi-delio reading, but which are nicely in line with my own preferences in Wagnerian conducting. Its strongest characteristic might be described as "authoritative" (if you like it) or "ponderous" (if you don't). Tempos are usually, though not always, on the gradual side: sonorities are round and dark; all lines are firmly and insistently drawn; the climax of a given section is given plenty of weight and room to sink in. It is, I guess, a reading that is hung over from an older School of Wagnerian conducting, and though I didn't attend it, I go around with the tie and blazer anyway—I am forever preferring Furtwängler or Knappertsbusch to the quick, exciting, stabbing colors, and/or textural lucidity of some younger Wagnarians. Kempe feels the importance of the music, and gives it its due. And he is also slow (as is, for instance, RCA's Dorati); there is always a solid rhythmic underpinning, and plenty of urgency and vitality at the key moments.

Oddities abound in the casting. As Senta, we are given Anja Silja, the only miniskirted, motorcycle-riding Hochdraht- matische Sopran der Welt. Alas for those of us who prefer miniskirts to folds of drapery, and motorcycles to slovenly Valkyrie naps—the singing is, for the most part, quite terrible. There is a mystery to it: Miss Silja, in the vocally tender bloom of youth, has taken an instrument which, if carefully handled, would sit very nicely on such a role as Elsa or Elisabeth (does, in fact, in the six-year-old Philips Tannhäuser), perhaps eventually even Senta or Sieglinde, and she has biked it around the world as Elektra, Brunnhilde, Salome, and so we-iter. Her voice has thus been quick-aged, like certain processed cheeses. Like some of those cheeses, it has overcome its terrors. But in a voice, this is an undesirable development. The fresh, appealing shine on the sound is almost entirely gone, as is all semblance of an even scale. The bottom and top are both much weaker than the middle of the voice, and an unmis-takable wobbling intrudes at any sign of pressure. The sound is raw and white, and the expressive possibilities so reduced that little of her personal intensity or dramatic instinct comes through. It is obvious that she has ideas about the music and the character, but it is also obvious that she really doesn't care about them. She is up against some pretty professional recordings (mostly of very different material—e.g., Bach). Adam has impressed me as a man with a pleasant, even voice and a less than flaming temperament. Here, the voice is not very even or always pleasant, but the interpretation is imposing and imaginative. So long as he is singing out, his baritone is manly and steady, and while he sometimes forces the music out of shape, he is always doing something to color and to phrase, to get some emotion out of out of his music. Unfortunately, he cannot operate very efficiently at less than the forte level, and this becomes obtrusive in the "Wie aus der Ferne," where a slow, wide quaver destroys his sensitive intentions. But on the whole, I respected and enjoyed his work here.

Marti Talvela is a puzzlingly ineffective Daland. The voice sounds small and constricted (in contradiction to all reports of his live singing), tough and colored, and there is really no character-ization at all. The best that can be said is that the singing is solid and secure. Ernst Kozub, on the other hand, is the first Erik on records to meet the basic demands of the part. There is certainly little that is poetic in his handling of the cavatines, and little grace with such niceties as the turn. But there is a healthy heroic tenor, solid and meaty at the bottom, clear and ringing at the top; and if there is nothing distinguished from the musical standpoint, neither is there anything clodish or offensive. He builds the dream narrative rather well.

Amelies Burmeister is a good Mary, but Gerhard Unger is a little disappointing as the Steersman—the song is strained and a bit thin in sound. The chorals work is uneven. The men in the first act and the women in the second do well, but somehow the big scene at the beginning of Act III does not have the precision or spirit to quite lift it to an exceptional level.

The basic recorded sound here is high stereo average, B-plus. Let's say. There are many little sound effects (the chia-indi of a stretching rope just after the crash- ing arrival of the Dutchman's ship, brilli-antian, the like), none of them well calculated and integrated with the music by someone with an ex- cellent ear for such things. Regrettably, there is one large exception: the chorus of the ghostly crew in Act III, which is tuned and blended with skill, and lifted entirely in an effort to make it seem gale- borne. It gets the effect of a poorly short-wave radio broadcast, circa 1940, in case that's what you want. I plan to skip it in the future.

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RECATALS & MISCELLANY

PLACIDO DOMINGO: Operatic Recital


Placido Domingo, tenor; Orchestra of the Deutschen Oper (Berlin), Nello Saniti, cond. LONDON OS 26080, $5.79.

Placido Domingo first attracted attention in New York by surviving the title role of Giannastera's Don Rodrigo. Since then, he has demonstrated (particularly in such lyric roles as Pinkerton and Alfredo) that he can also sing. In the sense that we have used that verb in the past: this fall, he made a highly successful Metropolitan debut as Maurizio in Adriana Lecouvreur, and he evidently figures prominently in the plans of both the Met and one or two major recording companies.

The voice is extremely attractive and quite individual in timbre, having considerable liquidity but a good ring, too. It has some of the nasality so often found in Spanish tenors—a product, one assumes, of linguistic influences, though perhaps of pedagogic tradition, as well. The bottom sometimes has a trace of huskiness, which he often turns to coloristic effect.

His singing is always smooth and tasteful, and from time to time strikingly beautiful. There are certain limitations on it: the very top seems inconsistent, with B flat the highest absolutely secure note; and it does not seem fully open-throated, with the result that the volume, though certainly satisfactory, remains on the moderate side; and there is always a certain amount of driving as the voice moves through the break.

All this sounds worse than it is; Domingo is even now decidedly one of the better lyric tenors on the international scene, and his obvious musicality holds out hope for continued growth. Among the overfamiliar items on this disc, the Fedora, Lucia, and Adriana excerpts come off especially well—a good indication of his strengths. The Lucia, in particular, is welcome, since there is no other first-class modern version, and this one includes the fine opening recitative.

Except for an excess of echo around the voice, the recording is excellent, and the accompaniments are well above average for this sort of disc.

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EARLY MUSIC QUARTET: "Secular Music Around 1300"

This is one of the most delightful recordings from the medieval repertoire to come along in a long time, and there's been plenty of competition. An outstanding item in the collection of songs and bright little motets is a charming performance of the pastoral play Robin et Marion complete with spoken dialogue, the original songs, and lively contemporary background music. Another unusual feature is a group of pilgrim songs from the Llibre Vermell, a Spanish manuscript from Monserrat.

The performances are largely the efforts of a highly talented quartet of singer-players who call themselves the Early Music Quartet. The scholarly and musical abilities of Thomas Binkley, who apparently transcribed and arranged all the music on this disc, are truly astonishing. Not only has he solved knotty problems of medieval notation and performance practice in a highly satisfactory manner, he also plays the lute, cithra (a sort of citole), chitarra (a long-necked lute), and Shawn. His colleagues are equally versatile: they sing like singers and play their various instruments with professional virtuosity. An air of high good humor permeates the performance, giving us an idea of how much pleasure the medieval jongleurs must have given and taken in this music.

This recording is part of a series of historical repertoire issued by Telefunken under the general title Das alte Wort: Musik und ihre Zeit. The discs come in handsome slipcases with full texts and translations and a synopsis of historical, artistic, musical, and cultural events contemporary with the music. Unfortunately the text reads a bit like the World Almanac, but there are lots of facts which are probably preferable to someone's hazy adjectives.

S.T.S.

EASTMAN WIND ENSEMBLE: "Fiesta!"


Eastman Wind Ensemble, Donald Hunsberger, cond. Decca DL 710157, $5.79.

The band is superb. So is the recording. But the music is only so-so.

Side 1 is taken up with a perfectly respectable, academic, un inventive Fiesta Mexicana by H. Owen Reed. The first part of Side 2 is given over to six short Paeones and Dances of Heathen Iberia by Carlos Surinach. This is another version of the tough, hard, mercurial Spanish folk piece that Surinach has been writing for a quarter of a century; it is Carmen Barana with chili peppers instead of a chorus. Last of all is Roger Nixon's school-band piece, which lies closer to Falla's Ritual Dance of the Fire than one likes the music of one's friends to be.

A.F.

REGINA RESNIK: French, German, Spanish, and Russian Songs


Regina Resnik, mezzo; Richard Woitach, piano. Epic BC 1384, $5.79.

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January 1969
Move over, up there where the Big Guitarists sit, because Christopher Parkening, aged twenty, ought not to be kept waiting! The performances on these two debut discs are extraordinarily beautiful — there is not a false pause, an awkward passage, an obtuse phrase among them. The command of the instrument sounds well-nigh faultless, and the artistic instinct is natural-born. All this began to be apparent, it seems, when the young Californian took up the guitar at eleven and went on to impress a few local residents such as Heifetz, Patitgorsky, Castelnuovo-Teodosco, et al. The fairy tale culminated, as it should, in study with Segovia, and now Mr. Parkening is himself a teaching lecturer at USC.

The simplest thing to say about him is that he knows how to do the right thing at the right time. He knows how to keep the Bach fugue lyrical, utterly unstrained, and pleasantly understated. The Chaconne, in which he does indeed bend with the phrases here and there, reveals a command of teraced dynamics that makes fine structural sense. (And speaking of structural sense, take note on Side 2 of the bass line of the Bach Prelude from the First Cello Suite, more firmly pronounced and comfortable than ever seems possible on the cello.)

"Regina Resnik Sings Just About Everything," contains a number of songs unfamiliar to me, and, I imagine, to most people. The program runs almost an hour, and apart from twenty minutes of more or less unrelied gloom in the Russian sector, it is skillfully varied in mood and style as well as language. In the case, the somewhat uncharactertically breast-beating Prokofiev songs offer a compensation in their exploitation of the lowest register, which is the best part of Miss Resnik's expressive but too carefully produced voice.

Stylistically, the Rameau is a dead loss, but most of the other pieces are done with understanding, though also with the rather generalized sensitivity that vitiates most opera singers' handling of the song repertoire. As for language, I am not qualified to comment on Miss Resnik's Russian; her French is fair, her German a shade woolly, and her Spanish pretty flavorless. Ever since I first heard it in a long deleted and in any case very bad performance by Deš Halban, I have been scanning the horizons for a good rendering of Mahler's beautiful early song *Nicht wiederssehen!* Miss Resnik's performance is a considerable improvement on Miss Halban's, but it is still far from ideal. Someone really ought to drag Christa Ludwig into a recording studio and thrust this song in front of her. One of the other Mahler items, the droll *Lob des bauern Verstands,* benefits here from a particularly idiomantic accompaniment by Richard Woiitach.

The liner offers brief synopses of the songs, but no texts. There is a curious mistake in the documentation of Tchaikovsky's *Was I Not a Blade of Grass,* the text of this song is not "by Y. von Arnold" after the Russian of J. Surikov (presumably a piece of information extracted from a German edition), but by Surikov after the Ukrainian of Shevchenko. It's a pity room wasn't found for a little information about the more obscure composers. Regarding the questions of eponymity raised by some of their names, I am sorry to have to report that Martini is nothing to do with the cocktail or the Padre — he was a German composer who lived from 1741 to 1816 — and that Pierre Gaveaux (1761-1825) was not the originator of the well-known Salle, though his Léonore, ou L'Amour conjugal does have the distinction of being the first opera composed on the Fidelio theme.

NARCISCO YEPES: "Spanish Guitar: Music of Five Centuries, Vol. 1"

Works by Mudarra, Milan, De Narvaez, Pisador, Sanz, and Soler.

NARCISCO YEPES, guitar. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 139365, $5.79.

Yepes may create a somewhat misleading impression through almost half this recital: he seems at first to be playing primarily for himself, dealing in pastel shades only, disdaining to drive home his message but merely inviting you, at your will, to enter into the cool, gentle, pale world of the sixteenth-century pavane. To be sure, an inking of assertiveness comes early, in the Fantasia by Alonso Mudarra, when the extremely low-key rendition of the first section of the work gives way to a high-gear second section, with its curious, discordant collisions between bass line and treble. But not until the rousing passages of Gaspar Sanz's *Suite Española,* on Side 2 (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries), does Yepes really come out of his shell. This is not necessarily an adverse criticism of the performer's approach — his style is pure and utterly sympathetic to the musical values involved, and I rather admire the courage of his reserve. Two sonatas by P. Antonio Soler (d. 1783) are completely engaging, and give us good reason to look forward to the next volume in this traversal of the Spanish guitar repertory.

S.F.
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Of course, there's a lot more happening under that scenic VU down there. Features that could fill this page. But wouldn't you rather give a listen than get a lesson?

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BRAHMS: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 77. David Oistrakh, violin; Saxon State Orchestra, Franz Konwitschny cond. Heliodor HS 25091, $2.49 (rechanneled stereo only) [from Decca DL 9754, 1954]. A performance of silk and satin yet with lots of bite and temperament when required—Oistrakh, abetted by Konwitschny's solid orchestral underpinning, gives the Brahms Concerto a considerable dimension and scope as well as sheer musical beauty. This disc is certainly the choice among bargain editions and even outclasses many of its high-priced rivals.

The DGG engineers have done a remarkable job of rechanneling—the efforts of Odyssey, Victrola, and other U.S. companies sound positively crude in comparison. Not only is there no loss of clarity and definition, but considerable dimension and required a Mer, balances, but the results are not quite give us the thing been airy spaciousness. Exactly how this has also has in wangler, and 108 Konwitschny, cond. Heliodor violin; Saxon State Orchestra, Orchestra, in Antal Dorati, and String Quartet. The cruelly characterized soprano; various orchestras and accompanists. Angel SCB 3729, $11.58 (three discs) [from various EMI originals, 1954-1966].

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU: "Portrait of the Artist." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; various orchestras and accompanists. Angel SCB 3729, $11.58 (three discs) [from various EMI originals, 1955-1967]. For the casual collector, these three-for-the-price-of-two gift package anthologies are undeniable bargains. The material, all of it from currently available EMI recordings, divides itself neatly into opera, concert, and recital categories. Most of the Los Angeles operatic selections originate from the early Capitol G 7172 recital disc (electronically rechanneled here), recorded when her voice was in optimum condition to meet the challenges of Verdi, Puccini, Boito, and Catalani. The concert selections include Ravel's Shéhérazade and Deux mélodies hébraïques and songs with orchestral accompaniment by Montsalvatge and Rodrigo. Disc three contains light pops, Schubert songs, and more Spanish numbers, all done with this singer's inimitable charm and patrician musicianship.

Fischer-Dieskau fares less successfully. In the first place most of his best operatic work has been for other labels—here we have two large chunks from The Flying Dutchman (a role that hardly suits his light, flexible baritone), coupled with excerpts from the complete Tannhäuser and his Verdi recital on Seraphim. The concert selections present a truncated version of Ravel's Shéhérazade and Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde and a patch from the Fauré Requiem, both of which sound rather ineffective wrenched out of context. Three Bach cantata arias and the group of Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, and Strauss described above are good showcases for this singer's sensitive art.

PETER G. DAVIS

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES: "Portrait of the Ariad." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; various orchestras and accompanists. Angel SCB 3729, $11.58 (three discs) [from various EMI originals, 1954-1966].

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PETER G. DAVIS

High Fidelity Magazine
Will your tape recorder sound as good in December as it did in May?

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(Typical head used by other manufacturers)

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THE LEES SIDE

RECORDS THAT ESCAPED THE TRASH BIN Part II

Since popular music is the most ephemeral of all kinds. I think the test of time applies with even greater validity here than in other forms. Last month I made a list of jazz, musical, and movie score albums I didn't throw out during the last five years. Here's my list of pop albums—unclassifiable material that touches on folk at times, at others moves over into foreign songs—that I've kept and listened to with pleasure.

Bobby Bare: A Bird Named Yesterday: RCA Victor LSP 3831. This is a piece of a social protest against our society's love of the shallow and temporary. This is the only country-and-western album on my list, incidentally.

Tony Bennett: I get all Tony's albums, but the two I like best of recent years are Tony Makes It Happen (Columbia CS 8941), which contains Robert Farnon's Country Girl; The Many Moods of Tony, which seems to have been cut from the catalogue; and The Movie Song Album (Columbia CS 9272).

Blossom Dearie: Blossom Time; Fontana 7 67562. Nobody reads a lyric like Blossom.

Nat Cole: There is a confusing proliferation of reissues of Nat's earlier stuff, a lot of it very good. Look for the reissues; the later albums, excepting the marvelous My Fair Lady (Capitol SW 2117), contained a lot of weak material.

Bob Dorrough: Just About Everything; Focus 336. This is out of print, along with Dorrough's other work, but it's a great album.

Bob Florence: Pat Project; World Pacific 21860. This too is out of print. A collection of Petula Clark tunes, beautifully orchestrated and played, this is a sort of underground collector's item for the really hip.

The Free Design: Kites Are Fun; Project 3S 5019. This is the only rock album I've kept for other than file or reference purposes. It's musical.

João Gilberto: Bossa Nova; Atlantic S 8070; Gilberito and Jobim; Capitol ST 2160. These two classic albums, imports from Brazil, helped launch the bossa nova movement in Brazil and later here. These are exquisitely sensitive performances.

Juliette Greco: Philips PCC 615. There is some great Trenet material here, along with other songs, all of them effectively sung.

Antonio Carlos Jobim: The Composer of Desafinado Plays; Verve 8547. This was Jobim's first album in the United States. It's still his best.

Jack Jones: I keep all Jack's stuff, but my favorite is Where Love Has Gone, Kapp S 3396. Technically, Jack has the best equipment of any singer in popular music, and he grows increasingly effective as a reader of lyrics.

Peggy Lee: All her albums.

Tom Lehrer: That Was the Year That Was; Reprise 6179. Terribly funny and terribly direct satire. Lehrer is strong meat for the merely amateurish or foolish protesters.

Matt Monro: The only album I have is Invitation to Broadway (Capitol ST 2683) and I don't know why, since Monro knocks me out. I'll have to go get some of the others.

Patachou: Patachou Sings: Columbia CS 9510. If you understand French, you'll be moved by some truly great songs in this one.

Malvina Reynolds: Malvina Reynolds Sings the Truth; Columbia CS 9414. She evidently sang too much of it for the Establishment, because nobody's recording her now. This is a great composer (A Taste of Honey, for example), a skilled pianist, and a remarkable arranger. In this out-of-print album, he is all three. Bobby is America's Michel Legrand, but nobody seems to know it, least of all Bobby.

Frank Sinatra: None of the recent stuff, which is mostly trash. A Man and His Music (Reprise 1016), Francis Albert Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim (Reprise 1021), and the brooding September of My Years (Reprise 1014) are his best of the last five years.

Jake Thackray: The Last Will and Testament of Jake Thackray; Philips PHS 600275. I reviewed this one last month. Thackray is the best songwriter-singer of the lot. A brilliant album.

Cal Tjader: Warm Wave; Verve 8585. Cal's soft vibes against string settings of standards by Claus Ogerman. Lyric, sensuous, and simple, this album is great background music for you-know-what.

Mel Tormé: Sunday in New York; Atlantic 8091. The businessmen have really done this man in, with their insistence that he go contemporary—which, as we've discussed, really means temporary. Here's something of Mel's that's permanent and beautiful. His intune reading of My Time of Day here is startling.

Walter Wanderley: Batucada; Verve 8706; and Luiz Henrique with Walter Wanderley: Popcorn; Verve 8734. This wonderful Brazilian organist sometimes records trivia, but these albums are great.

The one glaring oversight, I think, is Brasil 66, and I don't know why I have nothing of theirs. I will shortly.

GENE LEES

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**THE LIGHTER SIDE**

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • R. D. DARRELL • JOHN GABREE

GINE LEE • STEVEN LOWE • JOHN S. WILSON

**FESTIVAL IN BRAZIL.** Second International Pop Song Festival at Rio; Third Festival of Brazilian Pop Music at São Paulo. Various artists. Diana Pastora: Carolina; Festa No Terreno Do Alaketa: nine more. Philip PHS 600273, $4.79.

This album was released almost exactly a year after the 1967 Brazilian music festivals it represents. But to have been a year late beats not having it at all. Film composer Johnny Mandel, our man in Rio during last year’s festival, reports that there is no U.S. festival nor any stream of American music with which to compare the atmosphere and musical quality of the Brazilian festivals, held in huge, packed outdoor arenas. To be sure, Brazilian youth rails against what they consider old guard musicians, such as the brilliant Antonio Carlos Jobim (called “the old man”). Also, last year there were demonstrations against American musicians invited to be judges, men such as Hank Mancini and Quincy Jones. The trouble was not over color, only over American-ness.

The songs on this album are prize winners from the two festivals, written and performed by an impressive collection of the best Brazilian talent. The record sizzles with energy, beauty, and the magic that is Brazilian music. Among the more incredible tracks are Ponto by Edu Lobu; Rota Viva, written by Chico Buarque de Hollandia and sung by MPS-4, the best vocal group since America’s Hi-Los’s 0 Canto by Dori Caymmi and Nelson Motta, and sung by the astonishing Elis Regina. A few inclusions influenced by America’s electronic instruments suffer in relation to Brazil’s mainstream.

It was only a few years ago that someone tuned me in on what was going on in Brazilian music, reducing me to quivering awe. So deep and forceful is the hook that one loses taste for other music until he forcefully breaks the spell. All this response, mind you, from people who don’t even understand the language in which the music is sung. (Portuguese song lyrics are a whole other dimension of art; I’ve never heard one that wasn’t stunning, even in translation.)

Aside from a few artists such as Jobim, Donato, and Gilberto—superb as they are, they represent only one aspect of Brazilian music—Americans have little opportunity to hear the music of Brazil, except those with an uncle living in Rio who sends records for Christmas. Philips is one of the few labels that release Brazilian artists here, and its catalogue is necessarily limited. If, for instance, you think Astrud Gilberto is a decent example of Brazilian singing, you’ll faint when you hear Elis Regina, or yesterday’s favorite, Maysa. There are dozens more. The Brazilian phenomenon is even more astounding when one considers that many of its finest talents are still in their early twenties, and musically accomplished to the point of disbelief.

If you haven’t yet discovered Brazilian music, buy this album. But understand that it is the merest crack in a fantastic door.

M.A.

**JOHN MAYALL’S BLUESBREAKERS:**

Bare Wires. John Mayall, vocals and guitar; rhythm accompaniment. Atlantic Crossing: Celebrations; Church Windows; Bout Ride; eleven more. Warner Bros./7 Arts W 1758 or WS 1758, $4.79.

I once advised the audience of a magazine with something more than twelve million readers to rush right out and buy whatever was then the latest album by Rod McKuen. I can’t imagine what possessed me. Probably no one ever follows critical advice, but to anyone who did on that occasion, my apologies.

I suppose I was taken with McKuen’s attempts to deal “poetically” with “serious” topics and, anyway, I make it a habit to stay clear of the stock market because I tend chronically to overestimate “growth potential.” It did look for a while as if McKuen’s awkward attempts at imitating Jacques Brel and Gilbert Bécaud might eventually evolve into a bona fide American version of cabaret singing. It hasn’t. McKuen’s puffy readings of his bland lyrics have become increasingly stylized and indistinguishable. For subjects, McKuen likes to choose things like The Open Road and Loneliness and Mankind, and the very naivety of his you-should-pardon-the-expression vision undoubtedly accounts for his success: there are eighty million readers of the Reader’s Digest and McKuen is sort of the bohemian Edgar Guest. Part of the problem, also, is his prolificacy: he drops albums like they are going out of style (more than twelve are listed in Schwann already).

Of course, if you think you’d enjoy hearing a male Tuesday Weld tunelessly breathing “The Most Unforgettable Character I’ve Ever Met,” this may be the record for you. I understand there is an Off-Broadway review in preparation called Jacques Brel Is Alive But Not Too Well in Rod McKuen.

J.G.

**ROD McKUEN:** Lonesome Cities. Vocals and readings with orchestral accompaniment. Atlantic Crossing: Celebrations; Church Windows; Bout Ride; eleven more. Warner Bros./7 Arts W 1758 or WS 1758, $4.79.

I once advised the audience of a magazine with something more than twelve million readers to rush right out and buy whatever was then the latest album by Rod McKuen. I can’t imagine what possessed me. Probably no one ever follows critical advice, but to anyone who did on that occasion, my apologies.
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 himself. His group is at its best when playing straight blues, but here Mayall has yielded to the current gambit of producing ambitiously conceived "suites," boasting electronic doodads not fully under control. The usual route is to bury everything under a sonic maelstrom of "serious" textures. Thankfully, Mayall hasn't done this. If anything, his use of harpsichord is too basic and sparse, but the little tackled-on electronic codas don't work and in general the album sounds like watered-down blues.

Now Mayall is just too good at his craft to put out an album that can be dismissed as completely bad, and there are scattered goodies throughout. The guitar solo in "I Started Walking" is solid blues playing, hard and deli. She's Too Young, a fast Chicago blues song, is graced by slick, well-focused brass work and a really solid and emphatic bass line. A better album altogether is the group's A Hard Road, and for a fascinating glimpse into Mayall's individual talents, there's his intriguing The Blues Alone, a multitrack recording of Mayall on guitar, harmonica, organ, and piano—and voice, of course.

MAMMA CASS: Dream a Little Dream.

Mama Cass, vocals; orchestra and chorus. Dream a Little Dream of Me: June, the Insane Dog Lady; Burn Your Hatred; nine more. Dunhill DS 60040, $4.79.

On the basis of her work with the Manas and the Papas, a lot of people kept telling me Mama Cass could really sing. I delayed decision; group singing can conceal a multitude of shortcomings. One real test of a singer is a sustained, legato, solo line, and here she demonstrates a startling limitation of skill.

It's ironic that Mama Cass should have had a hit single on Dream a Little Dream of Me, one of the most banal of earlier Tin Pan Alley pop songs, the kind of song for which rock fans normally affect an aggressive contempt. In part, the performance is a put on. But her lack of respect for this piece of trivia would carry more authority if she'd been able to cut it. The light, quavery sound she gets is one I've heard often before: it's like nine-tenths of the demo records made in New York studios by earnei little hopefuls with minimal ability and less experience, the kind of kid the record men and publishers politely advise to go back to Kansas and marry the boy next door.

She sounds better when a song moves quickly and the arrangement is busy enough to cover her, as on Long Time Loving. But for most of the album, her singing is about the same as it is in Dream a Little Dream.

Some of the material is pretentious, according to current custom. The most obvious case is John Hartford's California Earthquake. John is evidently quite horrified at the thought that the San Andreas Fault might let go and the state of California slip south into the Pacific. Since California contains half the crackpots in the country, the possibility has a certain compensatory charm.

Continued on page 116
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Continued from page 114

There are two songs in the album in which Mama Cass almost makes it—a churchy What Was I Thinking Of, and the final track, Sweet Believer, the first half of which she sings sweetly and quite well, if you can take her cellophane vibrato. Later she becomes harsh in the wrong ways, and the fault is exaggerated by recording distortion. Who in the world mastered this thing?

There is an attempt to make this album deeper (life is real, life is earnest) by the use of sound effects and electronic whistlings and even some sobbing and sighing between the tracks or under the vocals. This sort of thing is terribly cliché. And Dream a Little Dream of Me was already a cliché when it sprang fly-blown from the forehead of Gus Kahn decades ago.

G.L.


This is the first feature album for twenty-six-year-old singer/guitarist Don Preston (not to be confused with Don Preston, formerly of the Mothers of Invention). Preston is one of several competent young blues singers, all direct descendants of such blues masters as Muddy Waters and Fats Domino. For what it's worth, most young people furthering the tradition of Negro blues on record are white. In terms of commercial musical success, nothing makes black as beautiful these days as white. There's a fight in that sentence for some, a smile or a sigh for others, depending on your taste in prejudices.

Preston is good. That is, he's learned his lessons well, adhering closely to established blues ideas. One hears no search for anything beyond what has already been said.

By what good fortune has the art of Negro blues not only survived but revitalized itself through new voices—who cares what color—on today's brutal music market? It's a pity the same can't be said for other appealing traditions, such as jazz and folk music. Where are the thriving, young-blooded descendants of Errol Garner, Miles Davis, Pete Seeger, Jean Ritchie? Of the thousand fierce young fans of Django Reinhardt, where is one who can begin to touch him?

Don Preston has a good chance of success in his field. It was a happy star under which he was born in 1942, one which gravitated him towards a musical style which would become fashionable when he reached an age fashionable for presenting it.

M.A.

ARTHUR PRYSOCK: I Must Be Doing Something Right. Arthur Prysock, vocals; orchestra, Torrie Zio, Bobby Scott, Claus Ogerman, or Horace Ott, arr. and cond. Another Time, Another Place: My Buddy: I Must Be Doing Something Right: eight more. Verve 5069, $3.79 or 6-5069, $4.79.

Prysock's work has matured enormously in recent years. What used to be a set
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of affectations has toned down into strong but not overstated stylistic devices. He of the Pedro Armendariz face has become one of the most consistent singers in popular music. This is another of his fine albums, the singing being backed, as usual, by excellent arrangements. G.L.

**BREWER AND SHIPLEY:** Down in L.A. Mike Brewer and Tom Shipley, vocals and guitars; Nick DeCaro, arr. I Can't See Her; Green Bamboo: Keeper of the Keys; eight more. A & M SP 4154, $4.79.

Few folk performers have made a successful transition into the related field of rock. Brewer and Shipley have done it beautifully. Approaching music with what are obviously folk roots, they produce a sound in keeping with the beef-slabbed rock of today. Their vocal blend is delicate but not pale, one voice line working interestingly against the other. The guitar playing is on the same level as the singing.

This is an intelligently produced set. Shipley and Brewer are thoroughly rehearsed, each thoughtful arrangement delivered with surety and cleanliness. Too often with debut albums in rock, the performer(s) gathers a group of sympathetic young back-up players with little experience and less skill. They mumble around wondering if they're in tune with each other, and later they call their accidental outpourings "truthful" and "like it is." Shipley, on the other hand, has employed the finest musicians available—Jim Gordon on drums, Lance Wakely on electric guitar, Milt Holland on percussion, and many more (happily, all were given album credits). The orchestrations, which may have been added after the fact, are by the skillful Nick DeCaro. Often one tune is segued into the next with tasteful sound effects.

Shipley and Brewer write all their own material. Their melodies are more interesting, their lyrics more meaningful than most. Mass For M'Lady, utilizing a pipe organ, is dramatic and moving. The result of this talented duo and so many right decisions is one of the most satisfying and professional debut albums ever heard in rock.

**KING RICHARD'S FLUEGEL KNIGHTS:** Just Some of Those Songs; Mrs. Robinson. Fluegel Knights, instruments; Dick Behrke, art. and cond. Scarborough Fair; Gentle on My Mind; Turnabout; nine more. MTA 5011, $4.79.

This group represents the occasional little phenomenon that gives music business cynics a reason to smile. The group is making very good music and so far they're making a go of their new record label, MTA.

The Fluegel Knights is a relatively small band with a couple of fluegel horns in front and a strong rhythm sec-

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 121**

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CIRCLE 57 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Dave Brubeck: “Half-Genius, Half-Square”  
And Impossible to Pigeonhole

by Marian McPartland

Erich Kunzel conducts the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Miami University A Cappella choir in Brubeck’s recent oratorio, The Light in the Wilderness—the composer himself at the piano.

When Dave Brubeck disbanded his quartet at the end of 1967, his fans were surprised, but people who knew the members of the group were not. Dave and his men had little to regret. They had received tremendous ovations everywhere they went in the world, and they were able to claim that their group stayed together longer, in all probability, than any combo in the history of jazz—seventeen years.

Both Brubeck and alto saxophonist Paul Desmond had projects they wanted to work on separately. Paul is now recording on his own and, reportedly, writing a book on the history of the quartet, to be titled, with typical Desmondian wit, How Many of You Are There in the Quartet? (He says it was the silly question most often asked of members of the group.) Dave, meanwhile, is devoting more of his time to composition than the group’s demanding road schedule ever permitted. Joe Morello is busy giving drum clinics all over the country, and bassist Gene Wright just returned from a tour of Israel with the Paul Winter group.

Three albums released within a few days of each other serve, in an oddly appropriate way, to document the career of the Dave Brubeck Quartet and of Dave Brubeck, composer. One is Brubeck’s oratorio, The Light in the Wilderness, beautifully packaged by Decca in a two-record set, in a performance by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Kunzel, with baritone William Justus and the Miami University A Cappella Singers. The second is a reissue on Odyssey of an album called Brubeck Time, now titled A Place in Time. The third is Compadres, which is by the Dave Brubeck Trio plus Gerry Mulligan, who last summer played a series of concerts with Brubeck. One of these, recorded in Mexico City, constitutes the Columbia album.

The peak years for the Dave Brubeck Quartet, it is generally agreed, were the decade when Joe Morello and Gene Wright were its rhythm section. The recording of A Place in Time predates that period. Made in 1954, it has Joe Dodge on drums and Bob Bates on bass. It is a good album, I remember well.

When I first heard them, I was working at New York’s Hickory House with my trio. They were appearing close by at a place called Basin Street, now gone. I would go there between sets to hear them, fascinated by the three-against-four rhythms and the contrapuntal lines that Dave and Paul wove with so much spontaneity. There had been jazz waltzes before, of course. But Dave had (and still has) the knack of making odd things appealing to the public taste. Dave was an inspiring break from the drummer’s time figures in jazz. Eventually Dave and Paul started coming to the Hickory House. It has been a long-standing joke between Dave and myself that I thought he was coming to hear me, but he was really to hear my drumming. For Joe Morello was at that time working for me. I hated to lose him, but I felt he could not pass up the opportunity of working for Dave, and I told him so. Thus the excellence of the group during the ‘ten years before it disbanded has always given me a certain personal satisfaction.

All of that comes back to me as I hear this album again. There are pleasant memories for me (and, I suspect, for many listeners) in Audrey, Jeepers Creepers, Keeping Out of Mischief, and the rest. At that time I thought Joe Dodge was rather a ponderous drummer. Now, however, it seems to me that he had a tasty, unobtrusive beat.

Surely Paul Desmond has the purest, most lyrical tone ever to come from an alto saxophone. That sound of his, plus Dave’s harmonic sense and energetic creativity, gave the group its special quality. A few phrases have become dated—our ears have grown accustomed to the complexities of avant-garde jazz and, for that matter, of much pop music. But at the time the whole approach was fresh, and a lot of the album still seems so. It was a joy to hear Dave and Paul tilting at each other with musical quotes and counterquotes from the drummer’s solos—which would now be impossible, the way drummers are playing today. Paul’s playing is ageless. Dave’s ideas here still are interesting and original.

Someone once said that Dave seldom listens to other people’s music because he doesn’t want to be influenced by it. Certainly the Compadres album gives no indication that he has become attuned to any of the contemporary sounds. It is surprisingly the same in style and concept as previous albums, the only major difference being the jovial, lusty sound of Gerry Mulligan’s baritone saxophone. Gerry, who is completely individual, is a match for Dave. Where Desmond’s playing had a wistful quality coupled with its subtle humor, Mulligan’s, with its fey wit and earthy laughter, is energetic and outgoing. One can’t say that either is “better than” the other in the Brubeck context, for each is a great stylist. They’re different, that’s all. After that it becomes a matter of personal taste.

The best track of the album is, for me, the opener, Jumping Bean. You can tell immediately that it is a Mulligan composition: his work is unmistakable. Tender Woman, a simple, haunting theme, is Dave’s. It shows the reflective side of Brubeck’s playing. As often as he is criticized for being bombastic, he has a sensitive, soulful way with ballads, and this is too rarely noted. The rhythm section, drummer Allan Dawson and bassist Jack Six, plays competently. Six has a big, full sound. Dawson, like Morello, has a prodigious technique. His brush work is impeccable, he swings, and he can generate a good feeling.

The oratorio album shows another side of Brubeck. Jazz musicians have long been interested in “larger forms.” Duke Ellington was experimenting with them in the 1930s. In recent years there have been a number of jazz Masses, perhaps the best-known being the one by Lalo Schifrin. Schifrin turned to cantata form with The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, issued on records a few months ago, and Brubeck turns to the oratorio in A Light in the Wilderness. Thus we have two well-known jazz-rooted musicians represented by works in larger choral forms within a few months of each other.

Brubeck’s “classical” writing (I dislike the word, but it’s better than “serious music”: any good musician writes serious music) has dignity and solidity, along

English-born jazz pianist Marian McPartland has collaborated with Benny Goodman, Jimmy McPartland, and numerous other contemporary jazz musicians. She arrived in the United States twenty years ago. For the past twelve years she has performed and recorded extensively with her own trio; her newest album will shortly be released on Dot Records.
with drama. It's interesting, and it's performed with skill and bravura. Harmonically, it will startle no one. Indeed, it's like Dave's writing for the quartet orchestrated. One hears bits of Blue Rondo à la Turk, bits of Raggedy Waltz. And in places it sounds like Broadway: one segment resembles an overture to a musical. Then again, in other places, it sounds like "nice" church music, if at a somewhat higher level. Who is to say what constitutes religious music?

The hint of Broadway occurs in "I Go to Prepare a Place for You. "The Earth Is the Lord's Fullness Thereof" is a moving hymn. There is one absolutely perfect moment in "We Seek Him," when the pure voices of the choir sing softly as Dave weaves a delicate single-note piano obbligato through them.

One of the oddest influences (if it's an influence, rather than accidental similarity) occurs at the start of "The Sermon on the Mount," when the rollicking chorale passage puts me in mind of Gilbert and Sullivan, of all people. After that, William Justus (whose singing is excellent throughout) exhorbits with the multitudes to "Repent! Follow Me." The music swells to a powerful climax, then the chorus comes in with "The Kingdom of Heaven Is at Hand," and little by little the music develops a jazz feeling. Dave takes off into some of the hardest-swinging piano playing I have ever heard from him. It's delightful and, for me, the high point of the oratorio.

The orchestral parts are well-written, and they rather skillfully set off Dave's piano work, Justus' singing, and the chorus.

The libretto was adapted from the New Testament by Dave and his lyricist wife, Lola. They have simplified the biblical language. The work deals with the teachings of Jesus: it starts with the Temptation but stops short of the Passion.

There can be no doubt that it represents Dave's own deepest religious feelings: and in any case Dave makes clear in the liner notes that this is what it is about.

Dave Brubeck is a puzzle. He writes ballads as if he were a sophisticated Middle European. Yet in other areas of his work, including this oratorio, there's an ethnic quality, a quality you almost have to call Michaelian. It is an intellectual Willard Robeson, and I think affectionately of him as a man half-genius and half-square. Perhaps it is because he is so hard to pigeonhole that he has so long confused the critics.

Walden is a statement of the direction he plans to go now. Compades is a reminder that he doesn't plan to give up jazz altogether. In his adaptation from the Gospel of St. Luke, in Wilderness, there occurs this line: "Good measure pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put in your lap, for the measure you give will be the measure you get back."

Brubeck has always given good measure of himself. Evidently he intends to go on doing so.

**BRUBECK: The Light In the Wilderness.**

Oratorio composed by Dave Brubeck. William Justus, baritone; Miami University A Cappella Singers; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Erich Kunzel, cond. Decca DXSA 7202, $11.58 (two discs).

**A PLACE IN TIME.** Dave Brubeck Quartet. Odyssey 32 16 0248, $2.49 (rechanneled stereo only).

**COOL WISHES.** Gerry Mulligan, saxophone; Dave Brubeck Trio. Columbia CS 9667, $4.79.

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**THE LIGHTER SIDE Continue from page 118**

tion underneath. Their charts are written by leader Dick Behrke. If he talks as funny as he arranges, he could be a standup comic. Nearly every chart has its little gag. The group is similar in instrumentation to the Tijuana Brass, except that the arrangements are, well, not necessarily more complex, but somehow more intelligent, finer in texture. If the Tijuana Brass were rayon-acetate, the Fluegel Knights would be silk chiffon.

In this album, a good deal of room is given to a superb rhythm section, including pianist-electric harpsichordist-electric bass player, drummer (Ronnie Zito?), and occasional guitarist and vibrapharist. They all deserve a bow from the waist.

The program is first-rate, beginning with the ebullient theme from the have-a-cup-of-Yuban-for-dessert commercial. Next is the infectious I'd Like to Get to Know You, in which the group performs one of the most agile tempo transitions I've ever heard, flowing from a bright 4/4 into a cool 6/8 without blinking a beat. The Tijuana Brass are catchy on a car radio, but they tend to bomb out in the living room. Behrke's Fluegel Knights are champs in both places, and they're also beautifully recorded.

**LEE MICHAELS: Recital.** Lee Michaels, vocals, piano, organ, and arr.; rhythm accompaniment. No Part of It: Blind; Grand Inquisitor; Sudden Eight More. A & M SP 4152. $4.79.

This is Lee Michaels' second album for A & M, and his first album as a pianist as well as a singer/writer. Michaels is young and attuned with his generation, musically. This enables him to apply his playing successfully to the rock idiom. Had he been born ten years earlier, he'd be a rhythmic-oriented jazz blues player. In any case, I'd say he's listened a good deal to jazz organist Jimmy Smith, or to people who have been influenced by Smith.

Basically, Michaels is a riff player. He thinks in short, funky patterns which he repeats over and over, thus building into a sort of static dynamism. It's a valid device. Jazz players have been using it for years to build tension in their blues. In terms of these brief, percussive patterns, Michaels is a Michaelian mod player. It's difficult to say whether or not he has any fluidity, since his movements remain tightly up and down, rather than outward from a central point. He stays in the middle of the keyboard most of the time. I'd like to hear him play a straight ballad to see if he can stretch horizontally as well as vertically. It's unlikely that Michaels, in today's bag, will find much use for the sort of lyricism necessary to play the music of Gershwin or Kern.

Michaels is a committed rock singer, dealing ably with today's moods. He writes his own material, but they're not so much songs as recitations, with the music loosely pinned around word-phrases of varying lengths. He's nobody's lyricist and makes no apparent effort to be. Michaels' areas of awareness are music and rhythm, not words.

In all, Michaels is an energetic young man with a good deal of talent and a forming but not yet formed point of view.

**THEMES** Like Old Times. Nostalgia 1001, $5.95.

There's nothing to review here: all you have to be told is what this record is, and you'll know whether you want it. It consists of ninety theme-and-opening-line bits from old radio shows, shows that many of us remember distinctly but with surprising vividness from our childhood.

A musician friend of mine knows all the words to Wave the Flag for Hudson High. Boys, the opening theme of Jack Armstrong, The All-1-1-1-1-1-1-American Boy. With this record, you too can acquire this utterly useless ability. Here are the openings to Duffy's Tavern, The Joe Penner Show, I Love a Mystery, Life, and many more. RCA Victor LSP 4064, $4.79.

Freddie Paris is a Louisiana-born singer who gained his professional experience in Australia. This, a collection of standard ballads, is his first album. The quality of his work is vaguely like that of Johnny Mathis, but he's much more masculine and his voice (baritone, more or less) is much richer. There are minor intonation problems here and there, but on the whole he's an able and secure professional. A more original selection of material would have made this a more interesting album. But Paris' warm sound and Don Costa's tasteful arrangements make it pleasant.
JAZZ

* GARY BURTON: A Genuine Tong Funeral by Carla Bley. Mike Mandler, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Gato Barbieri, tenor saxophone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Gary Burton, vibes; Larry Coryell, guitar; Howard Johnson, tuba; Carla Bley, piano, organ, and cond.; Steve Swallow, bass; Lonesome Dragon, drums. RCA Victor LPS 3988. $4.79.

The most viable talents to emerge from the screeching, moaning, and clamor of the recent avant-garde scene in jazz are Roswell Rudd and Carla Bley. Rudd, a trombonist, can groan right along with his colleagues but manages to communicate something while he's doing it. Carla Bley, a composer, is also able to put some of the avant-garde's ideas into forms accessible to listeners who are not inclined to be swept off their feet by any strange new noise that comes along. Rudd has been recorded at some length, with Archie Shepp, with John Coltrane, and on his own records (although he is much more impressive in person), but Miss Bley, as a composer, is found less frequently on records.

Whenever one of her works has been recorded, it is usually so much better than the rest of the pieces on the disc that it automatically calls attention to itself (or, to look at it another way, it points up the weaknesses as compositions of the other pieces). A Genuine Tong Funeral, which she wrote and conducted, is a long (over forty-three minutes), varied, and constantly fascinating work filled with evocative melodies, rich, exciting musical textures and colors. One is constantly reminded of Duke Ellington not because there is any similarity in style but because of Miss Bley's use of strong, individualistic sounds which she weaves and balances with tremendous skill. Howard Johnson's darkly pompous tuba, Steve Lacy's soprano saxophone, the wailing of Larry Coryell's guitar, the crisp bite of Mike Mantler's trumpet are all elements which Miss Bley uses with astute creativity. She even manages to find a logical, climactic use for that cliché of the avant-garde, the organically shrill, squealing saxophone.

Miss Bley has pulled together a lot of the loose ends of recent experimental jazz and given them point in an exceptionally provocative fashion. This work, which is subtitled Dark Opera Without Words, could provide the point of reference, the foundation stone, that many recently arrived jazz musicians need to keep them from continuing to wander as aimlessly as they have. J.S.W.

* LEE KONITZ: Duets. Marshall Brown, trombone; Joe Henderson and Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophones; Lee Konitz, alto, tenor, baritone, and Variitone saxophones; Dick Katz, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Karl Berger, vibes; Eddie Gomez, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Average Love and a Corner, Konitz, alto. What You Don't Know What Love Is; Checkboard, Tick-Tack-Toe; five more. Milestone 9013. $4.79.

Even if all the duets here do not come off as well as one might hope, this disc does give a much more rounded view of Lee Konitz than can usually be projected in the course of an LP. For one thing, the various combinations of instruments and musicians with which Konitz plays is provocative. They cover a spectrum ranging from Marshall Brown, a regular in the traditionalist atmosphere of Jimmy Ryan's, who plays valve trombone and euphonium on Struttin' with Some Barbecue, to a free-form improvisation with Ray Nance's violin and an exploration of Alone Together with the adventurous vibrionist Karl Berger. Konitz also plays with Dick Katz on piano, with Joe Henderson and Richie Kamuca on tenor saxophones, with Jim Hall on guitar, with Eddie Gomez on bass, and with Elvin Jones on drums.

But there is more here than duets: there is a climactic ensemble selection which, after the duets, is most fulfilling, also a five-step development of Alone Together working up from Konitz solos through three duets to a final quartet; there is an overall tendency to create a quartet effect with Marshall Brown; and we get additional variety in Konitz' own instrumentation as he moves between alto, tenor, baritone, and Variitone saxophones. More musical material can be found on the two sides of this disc than in most jazz musicians produce in several years of recording. It is particularly gratifying to hear Konitz in these circumstances because he has been recorded so infrequently in recent years. J.S.W.
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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS. State Academic Chorus of the U.S.S.R. Aleksandr Sveshnikov, cond. Dvorak's The Village River: Mournfully Rings the Little Bell; In the Dark Forest: The Prisoner: eight more. Melodiya/Angel SR 40070, $5.79.

A Russian friend—no admirer of the status quo in the U.S.S.R.—once told me that, nonetheless, the Russians are essentially a collective people, happier when doing anything in a group rather than alone. Insofar as song is concerned, in any case, I believe he is right. Russian chorales are in a class of their own. The deep sonorities, rich textures, and intricate harmonies of the best groups set them on a high technical plateau of their own. But more than this, a kind of fervor shines through all the artistry—a total commitment to the emotional freight of the songs. And the songs are another splendor, drawn from perhaps the richest choral literature in the world.

On the evidence of this release, the State Academic Chorus of the U.S.S.R. must be ranked with the finest. Under the intense direction of Aleksandr Sveshnikov, they present a recital of Russian folk melodies that enchant the ear and engages the emotions. A winter melancholy—snow and white birches and isolated villages—broods over most of the songs, as it does over the Russian spirit. The performances—as the selections—are beyond praise. I can only recommend this stunning record as the best album of Russian folk song that I have ever heard.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND. Archive 198421, $5.79.

An admirable conception brilliantly realized. DGG engineers operating in the Holy Land have captured the varied and wondrous harmonies of the Christmas message as reflected in the liturgical music of the Christian sects that gather each year in Bethlehem to mark the birth of their Redeemer. The clanging bells of the Church of the Nativity ring out at the beginning and end of one of the most remarkable Christmas records ever released.

In between, Catholic nuns sing excerpts from a midnight Mass: Greek Orthodox seminarians chant modal hymns that hark back to pharaonic Egypt and the music of the Solomonic Temple: Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians praise God in the ancient tongues and ancient anthems. Here is a moving testament to the incredible richness and variety of the Christian approach to God. A magnificent achievement both as a documentary and as a marvelous crystallization of the meeting of past and present that occurs each year in the Holy Land.

FOLK


It is interesting to reflect in listening to this record that the New Testament was written in Greek. Hence, traditional songs in that language bring a special flavor to Christmas. On the eve of the Orthodox Christmas, carolers go from house to house—as once they did in the Anglo-Saxon world—singing old, well-loved songs of the Saviour's birth. This record offers a sampling of these very lovely traditional airs.

The songs are marvels of melody but, candidly, I found the all-female Eusebia Choir a bit shrill in the long run. Nor is the piano accompaniment at all appropriate: the songs should have been sung a cappella for best effect. Capitol provides the names of the songs—nothing more: this is unforgivable in presenting material of so esoteric a nature. Still, despite its disabilities, this album affords a glimpse of a fresh and beautiful body of Christmas song.


The most striking feature of this album is the purity of the recorded sound. In the Raga Misra Mand, for example, the fingers of Lateef Ahmed Khan beat rapid, intricate patterns on the drumlike tabla: in the speakers, each transient stands out sharp, clear, and perfect. It is idle to conjecture on the "whys" of the overwhelming popularity of Indian classical music in the U.S.A. at this time. It is old, rooted in 3,000 years of time; it is disciplined in thought in ragas, notes of the twenty-two interval Indian scale must be played in given sequences going up and down the scale; it is improvisational, with the artist rather than the composer giving final shape to a selection. Finally—and this may be the key to its sudden popularity—there is an interaction of performer and audience in an Indian concert.

Moved by the music, the audience indicates its appreciation, driving the instrumentalists toward even more ingenious and subtle improvisations. This Nonesuch album provides a brace of fairly conventional ragas and a heavily rhythmic Rupak Tal. But it strikes an unusual and intriguing note in the dancing of Tirath Ajmiani, whose belled ankles and supple soles produce remarkable intricacies of rhythm in the fifteen-minute long Kathak Dance. It does no disfavor to the skilled performers, however, to repeat that perhaps the most salient feature of this release is its transparent, state-of-the-art recorded sound.

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CIRCLE 43 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

JANUARY 1969

Dave Grusin's name on any album is a guarantee of quality, whether it's one track on an Andy Williams record or a film score such as this one, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, adapted from the late Carson McCullers' novel. Anyone familiar with the grip of Miss McCullers' work knows what the mood of this film ought to be. Whether or not it succeeds (I haven't seen it yet), certainly Dave Grusin has succeeded in capturing Miss McCullers' ache in his music. Whenever the film gives him room to do so, particularly in its exquisite main theme, a track called Symphodetic displays Grusin's flair for crossingbreed Mozartean baroque with modern impressionism and, in this case, blues/rock. No one uses this classic/pop device so well as Grusin, as he finally demonstrated in his score for Divorce American Style, one of many cases where music surpassed film in importance.

This album poses a conflict in moods. When it's beautiful, you won't find a more beautiful score. Unfortunately, its haunting loveliness is interrupted five times with pop vocal tracks, some rock, and some country-and-western. No doubt these fit smoothly into the film, but the album listener is pushed uncomfortably back and forth between commercial pop and high-quality orchestration. Both forms have validity, but they rub against each other. One wishes at least that the vocals had been put on one side and the orchestra on the other, giving the listener a choice of moods.

As for the vocal tunes, Grusin's task was not originality but authenticity, and once more he succeeds. The country songs are sung in convincing hollown-logg fashion by Scott Davis. One rock song leans towards The Beatles, another towards Bacharach. Their personnel, like all lyricists involved, are left rudely unidentified.

In the end, what the album's two forms of music demonstrate is the technical and harmonic poverty of market pop when it comes up against larger forms of modern music, particularly when written by a master such as Dave Grusin.

If you have tape equipment, here's a chance to use it. Transfer the orchestrated sections onto tape, and you have the right half of a superb film score.

M.A.

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. Original film soundtrack. Fred Astaire. Petula Clark, Don Francks, Tommy Steele, and others; vocals; Ken Darby Singers; orchestra, Ray Heindorf, cond. If This Isn't Love? Then What? Look to the Rainbow: eleven more. Warner Bros./7 Arts BS 2550, $5.79.

Finian's Rainbow holds a special charm for me. It's the show in which I starred andsprained my ankle in high school in beautiful downtown Burbank.

Yip Harburg and Burton Lane wrote the musical in 1947, very much in the tenor of its times. The show satirizes many of the same American social ills outlined in the films of the same period. The task of updating the show without losing its essence was upon its new cast, director, producer, orchestra, writers (Harburg collaborated on the screen play), and staff. From the sound of the album, they've done a creditable job.

Finian is played by Fred Astaire, whose personality transcends fashion. Dressed in battered tweeds and a soft Irish brogue, Astaire makes everything work perfectly for him. He's said that this is the last film in which he'll dance. If so, we'd all better make a point of seeing it.

Finian's daughter, Sharon (originally it was Ella Logan), is played by Petula Clark, who not only acts well but has an effective way with material other than hit songs. Sharon's sweethearth, Woody, is played by Canadian singer-actor Don Francks, one of those hugely talented people who's had to scramble for every inch of modest acclaim he's received. Francks performed admirably in a short-lived TV series a few seasons ago; he's recorded several first-rate vocal albums which received little attention. Perhaps in this film, the public will catch up with Francks. Listen to his intensity and musicality on Old Devil Moon. Listen to the warmth of Miss Clark's response in the Rain Dance Ballet when she says to him, "Kiss me."

Curiously, the only dated performance comes from England's young Tommy Steele (Half a Sixpence, Dr. Doolittle) playing the leprechaun Og. As in his other film characterizations, Mr. Steele wears it out with cuteness and face- rendering smiles. He's talented but one can grow weary of so much desperate festivity.

A great deal of credit must go to the album's orchestrator, who has woven a fresh and sweeping musical tapestry out-of-date material, as well as glorifying such lovely ballads as Old Devil Moon, Look to the Rainbow, and How Are Things in Glocia Murra? His name is unforgettably credited. All the jacket says is "Orchestra Under the Direction of Ray Heindorf," a standard credit which carefully slips around the man or men responsible for the actual work. If Heindorf is the arranger, why not say so? Ken Darby's singers and sidemen, alongside his artistry and skill, One number that misses is Necessity (performed originally, as I recall, by Odetta). In this reading, the song's wry little message is lost in a too fast tempo.

In all, the album is a mixture of new treatments (parts of the Rain Dance Ballet are lifted tastefully from Ravel's Daphnis and Chloe) and old, stale points of view (Steele's I'm Not Near the Girl I Love). Most of the score comes out on the groovier side of fun- entertainment. Astaire, Clark, and Francks make it a film worth seeing, an album worth hearing.

M.A.

THEATER & FILM

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
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Handel: Rare Find—and Old Friend. Aside from the advantage of double-, triple-, and quadruple-play reels in reducing by half or better the number of side breaks of the equivalent multi-disc albums, the open-reel medium itself seems to me to be particularly well adapted to handling large-scale works for varied ensembles including both vocal and instrumental forces. I have been reinforced in this impression by listening to a couple of current "big" choral-and-orchestral works which I find myself responding to considerably more favorably than did the disc reviewers.

One of these releases is Handel's Brockes Passion, the first recorded version of a rarely performed, relatively early work, one of the composer's rare settings of a German text. The lukewarm critical reception accorded the record album—performed by Maria Stader, Edda Moser, Ernst Häßfliger, et al., with the Regensburg Cathedral Choir and the Schola Cantorum Baseliaef in under August Wenzinger and now on tape as Archive/Ampex EX+ ARW 8420, 2 reels, approx. 88 and 90 min., $23.95—derived, I suspect, partly from what nowadays seems the repellently pietistic nature of Barthold Heinrich Brockes' text, partly from the routine character of many of the generally brief selections in an overly long work, and partly from a lack of dramatic impact in the choral passages. I cannot deny these weaknesses, but for me they are overshadowed by the delight I take in the frequent passages that are quintessentially Handelian and by my pleasure in being able at last to hear for myself a work of such historical importance—not least because it appealed so powerfully to Bach that he and his wife copied out the entire score by hand! It's particularly fascinating to note to what extent Handel provided ideas which Bach took over for his own Passions—and of course transcended. For that matter, Handel himself used this Brockes Passion as a treasure-trove from which he mined materials for many later and better-known works. But hear and judge for yourself in the present fine performance, sweetly lucid recording, and ideally persuasive tape processing.

Again, I do not fully concur with the majority of record critics in my overall judgment of the most recent tape edition of Handel's Messiah—that featuring Judith Raskin, Richard Lewis, et al., with the Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra (RCA TR3 59005, 2 1/2 ips, triple-play, 148 min., $17.95). Making use of Watkins Shaw's Novello edition of the often-quoted score (this one based on the composer's version of 1752-53, a decade after the Dublin premiere), the present performance, a la carte, is incomparable in its sheer tenderness to return to the original presentations in both ensemble size and interpretative style. In contrast to Victorian excesses, here only thirty-one choral singers and thirty-four orchestral players are employed; attempts are made to restore traditionally improvised ornamentation of solo vocal lines; and the pervading spirit is far livelier and more dramatic than the quasi-devotional treatments favored for so many years.

Unfortunately, I can't compare the present attempt to achieve historical authenticity with two rival recordings having the same aim: that by Charles Mackerras for Angel has not been released on tape; that by Colin Davis for Philips (PTP 3992, $21.95) was never submitted for review. In general, disc reviewers placed the Shaw set third, and I must concede some of its flaws, primarily the excessively fast tempo for the great "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses, and the undistinguished singing of the soloists (other than Lewis). But another fault, too high modulation levels for the solos vis-à-vis the choral passages, seems to have been corrected in the tape version—which is sonically extremely clean, open, and powerfully impressive. Very short spacing between selections is characteristic of the tape as well as of the discs, but while starting at first even this characteristic enhances the verve which makes Shaw's Messiah so much more exciting than the work has seemed in more conventional readings.

Bach Reel Firsts. Except for double-play reels' proportionately low prices (competitive with those of multi-record sets), the other affinities of the open-reel format for vocal/orchestral music are of course appealingly evident in shorter and smaller-scaled works—never more so than in the incomparably inspiring Bach Cantatas. Yet out of over two-hundred cantatas extant, the authoritative Liszt-O-Tapes catalogue cites no more than five complete reel editions—as compared with the current Schwann's list of eighty-seven. In these circumstances three new additions represent a welcome advance.

One of these, No. 51, Juchzet Gott, is an especially effective introduction to this repertory since it is both surcharged with zestfulness in itself and is performed with great fervency and brilliance by soprano Teresa Stich-Randall, high-trumpeter Maurice André, and the Saar Chamber Orchestra under Karl Ristenpart (Nonesuch/Ampex EX+ NSE 1011, 3 3/4-ips, 51 min., $4.95). Though the hands of Maginot is, except for Miss Stich-Randall's, considerably less satisfactory—no match for Richter's Archive tape coupling of the Magnificat with Cantata No. 78 (Oct. 1965)—the performance of Juchzet Gott alone is well worth the modest price.

The other two reel tape firsts are the famous No. 140, Wachet auf!, and No. 80, Ein feste Burg, sung by soloists Agnes Giebel, Hertha Töpper, Peter Schreier, and Theo Adam with the Leipzig Thom VG, and Gewandhaus Orchestra, conducted by Erhard Mauersberger (Archive/Ampex EX+ ARK 8407, 57 min., $7.95). Familiar as these works may be, the present performances have new novelties attracting. First, above their many other merits: 1) the use of what musicologists claim is the original score (minus the long familiar trumpet and drums) of No. 80; 2) the use of authentic (or authentically reconstituted) period instruments. Most notable among the latter is the oboe da caccia ("hunting" oboe, a precursor of the English horn) called for in both scores. To hear its oddly distinctive and piquant timbres in its obligato to the enchanting "Wie selig" alto/tenor duet is incomparable. A Bachian connoisseur can afford to miss.

Tenor Bjoerling, Soprano Caballé. At this month are two operatic recital reels that should have a wider appeal than most such releases, which unfortunately are of interest only to a given soloist's devotees. One is of exceptional historical as well as of artistic value since it memorializes (in the original monophonic technology) the incomparable Swedish tenor Jussi Bjoerling (RCA Victor "Collector's Series" TR3 5035, 3 3/4-ips, double-play, 103 min., $10.95). Drawn mainly from the disc collections LM 2269 and LM 2736 of 1959 and 1964 respectively, the selections feature the five famous duos with Robert Merrill (originally in LM 7007 of 1950-51), six well-known tenor solos recorded in Sweden with an orchestra under Nils Grevelius, and fourteen varied excerpts from six of the complete opera recordings in which Bjoerling was starred. I should have preferred fewer of the showpieces (brilliantly performed as they are) and more examples of the tenor's well-nigh unique lyricism; and the lack of recording dates, to say nothing of a notes-and-texts leaflet, is lamentable. But these are minor cavils indeed.

The lack of notes-and-texts leaflets (fine ones were supplied with the disc editions!) is even more deplorable in the coupling ofMontserrat Caballé's "Verdi Rarities" and "Rossini Rarities," since the repertory here will be largely new even to operatic connoisseurs. Mme. Caballé's enunciation is no match for her other vocal gifts, and she is handicapped too as a dramatic interpreter. These limitations can be more or less ignored, however, in view of the sheer delight afforded by her verve and imagination, given here by gleamingly clean and vivid recordings which do full justice even to the renowned Caballé pianissimos. Carlo Felice Cillario provides routine Rossini conducting and Anton Guadagno competent Verdi accompaniments, both with the RCA Italian Opera Chorus and Orchestra (RCA TR3 5031, 3 3/4-ips, double-play, 97 min., $10.95).
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