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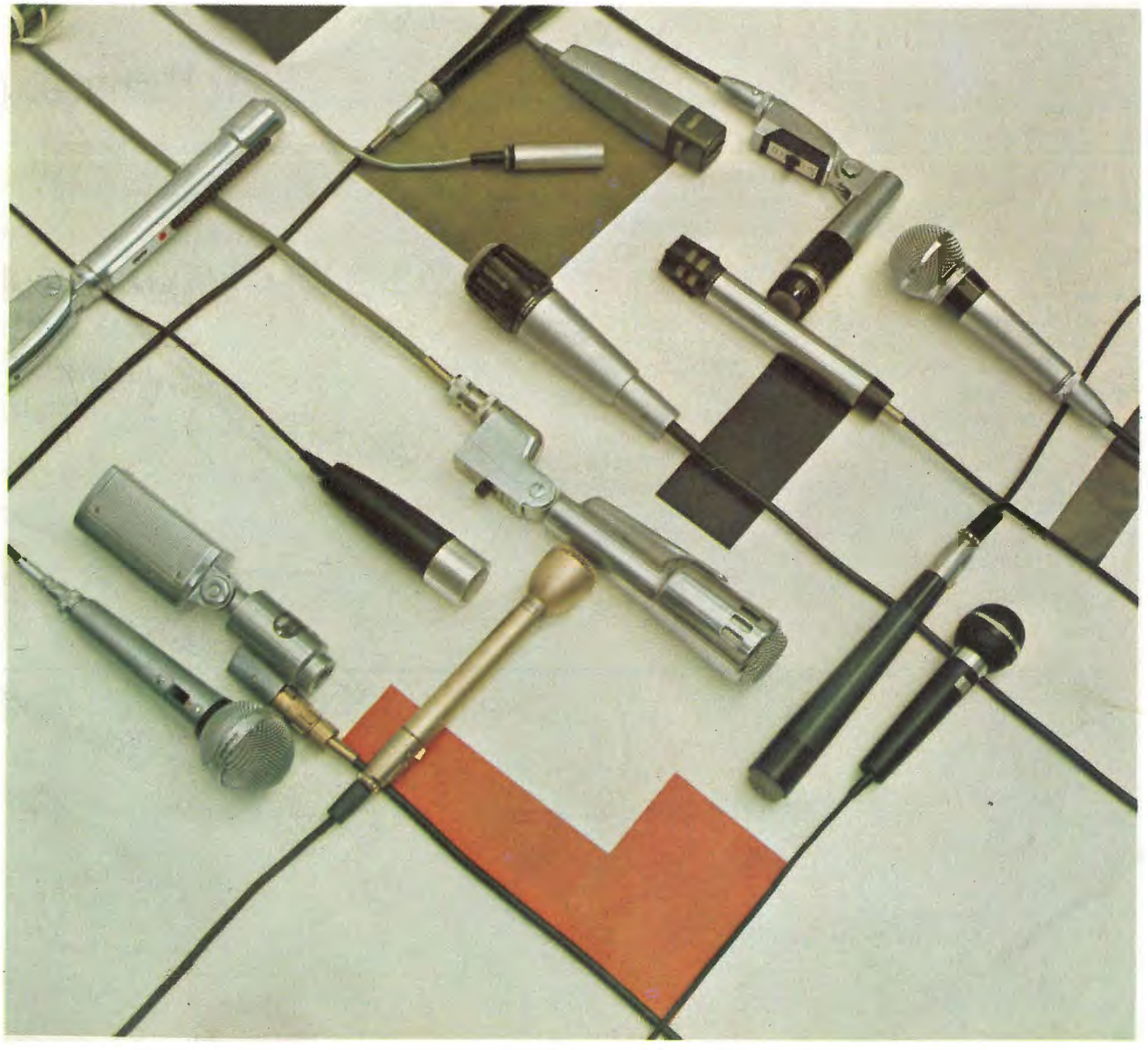

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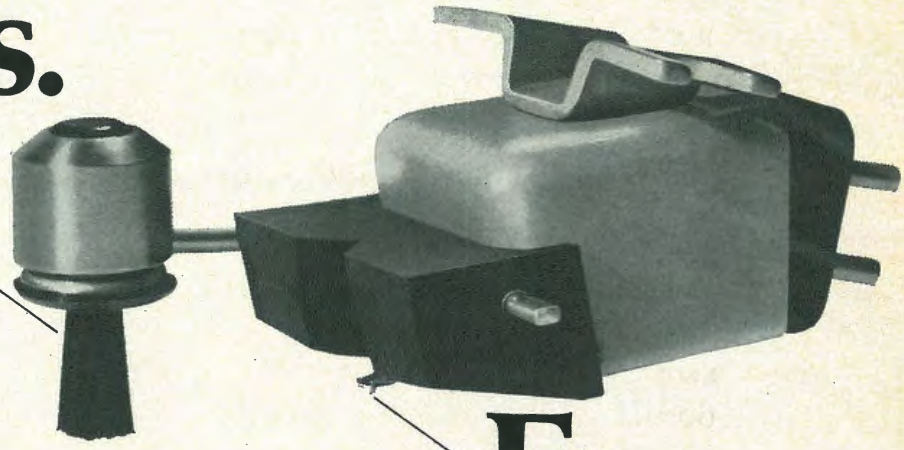

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HIGH FIDELITY VOL. 17 NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1967

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AUDIO AND VIDEO

RECORDINGS

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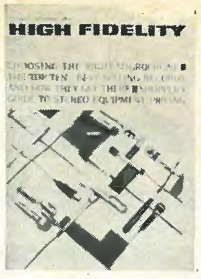

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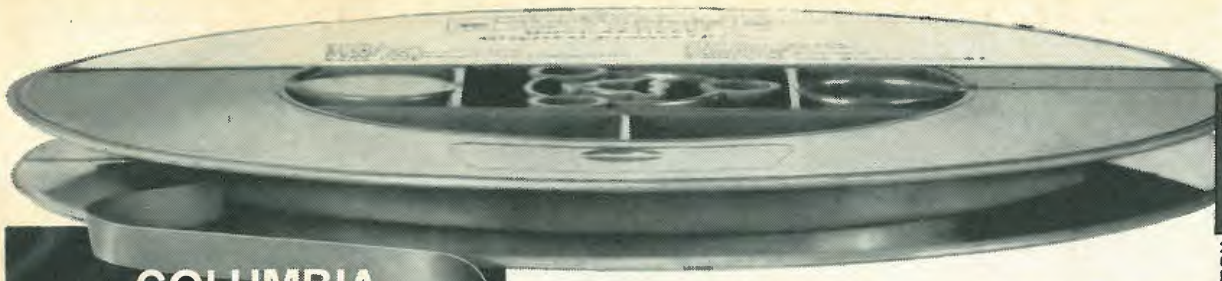

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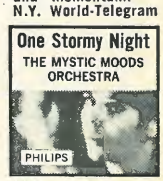

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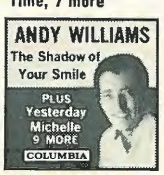

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08

CIRCLE 23 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Wagner and His Discographer

Sir:
Allow me to extend congratulations for your entire November issue spotlighting Richard Wagner and his operas. Especially delightful to the musician already familiar with Wagner's unique history and even more unique art was the series of photographs most imaginatively compiled by Roland Gelatt—I felt like an invited guest at Bayreuth.

Thomas Lewis, Conductor
Roswell Symphony Orchestra
Roswell, N.M.

Sir:
It was with great pleasure that I read the two fine articles by Conrad L. Osborne in your Wagner issue: his review of the new London *Die Walküre* and the comparative discussion of other recorded Wagner operas. It is an immense pleasure for a record collector like myself to find my views echoed in almost every sentence by a responsible critic; even if that had not been so, it would still be enjoyable to read such finely detailed reviews by someone who obviously knows what he's writing about. Articles of this nature very seldom appear in American publications, and I, for one, am very grateful to you and hope for many more in the future.

I would like to call Mr. Osborne's attention to a few points. The *Abendstern* aria sung by Herbert Janssen *has* been transferred to LP, on Telefunken TEL 25. As for the fine Sieglinde of Marianne Schech, much more of it may be heard on a deleted Metropolitan Opera Record Club set (MO 728). This album presents excerpts from *Die Walküre* with Harshaw, Thebom, Vinay, and Uhde—all of them galvanized into a sizzling performance by Dimitri Mitropoulos, whose conducting combines the demonic energy of Coates and Toscanini with the human experience of Furtwängler.

I must also second Mr. Osborne in his cry for more domestic reissues of Lauritz Melchior's unsurpassed Wagner recordings. RCA Victor could easily issue a two-LP compilation. One disc might include Tannhäuser's *Rome Narrative* and *Hymn to Venus,* Siegfried's Forging Scene (from the 78-set M 749), as well as excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin* with the Philadelphia Orchestra (on M 516). The other LP could be devoted to Melchior's fine recordings of songs—many, of course, by Scandinavian composers in addition to his fine Strauss Lieder records. It seems high time for us

Continued on page 8

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CIRCLE 18 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 6

to honor the man who possessed the voice and talent that Richard Wagner dreamed of but never heard.

William Zakariasen
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

After reading Conrad L. Osborne's remarks concerning London's new *Die Walküre* and after having compared these remarks with his previous reviews of *Siegfried* [April 1963] and *Die Götterdämmerung* [July 1965], I feel I must take exception to Mr. Osborne's unjustifiable complaints concerning the "excessive" use of various extramusical devices throughout the first complete recorded production of the *Ring*.

It seems to me that Mr. Osborne is basing his complaints about the use of echo chambers, "funny-business-with-tapes," sound effects, etc., in terms of their appropriateness to situations involving conventional opera, which, of course, Wagner is not. In fact, Wagner quite correctly refers to his mature operas as "music-dramas": i.e., works in which the music serves as an aid to, but not in total exclusion of, the *action* taking place on the stage. Mr. Culshaw's excellent essays accompanying the records and tapes of the albums make this quite clear. Since the musical scores have all of these extramusical effects indicated in detail, why leave them out?

Mr. Culshaw further states that he has attempted to re-create a visual picture in terms of an aural medium, and for me this has been completely realized. So, if the libretto and the score call for Wotan to strike a rock three times, clank, whonk, then I expect to hear it.

Byron E. Jordan
Sunland, Calif.

Sir:

Your pictures for the November Wagner issue must have cost many hours in extensive and untiring research. I have not known any magazine in fifty years to attempt or approach such an achievement.

May I cite a date in the family tree (page 70) which may be in question and quite possibly in error? You gave 1921 as the year of Isolde's death but Ernest Newman, in Volume 3 of his definitive biography of Wagner, states that Isolde Ludowika Josepha Wagner died on February 7, 1919. Perhaps you took the date from Friedelind Wagner's book *The Heritage of Fire,* in which Miss Wagner tells how the name of her aunt Isolde was forbidden by Cosima at Wahnfried, and had been since the sensational court action of 1914. At this trial Isolde (wife of conductor Beidler of the Munich Royal Opera) was enjoined from drawing her pension of 30,000 Marks ($7,500) from the Wagner estate. Cosima or Siegfried (or both) appeared to think that Isolde was in reality the daughter of Bülow, and therefore had no claim to the inheritance (she wanted the money principally for her son, Dr. Franz Beidler).

Isolde produced an affidavit by Anna Wrazek, then eighty-two, who had been a maid in Wagner's house in Munich when Cosima was acting secretary in residence and at the time when Isolde was born (on the morning of April 10, 1865—the same hour, ironically enough, when Bülow began orchestral rehearsals for the Munich production of *Tristan*). Unfortunately Anna Wrazek died before the trial but she had already sworn to her testimony. *The Musical Courier* of July 8, 1914 maintains that the Wrazek affidavit revealed some very startling facts concerning the relations of Wagner and Cosima, but whatever they were, the ruling magistrate considered them unsubstantiated and the testimony was disallowed.

I was privileged to know Mr. Herbert Peyser, critic for the *New York Times* based in Paris before the Hitler explosion. He told me he knew Dr. Beidler —who married a Jewess and was official distributor of milk in Geneva during the war—and of a book by him, partially completed, in which he would bring to light new material relating to his mother and the severity of treatment accorded her by the Wagner family. I have tried to get some information from Alfred A. Knopf who was to publish the book, but to no avail—it seems to have faded from sight. It well may be that Wahnfried has suppressed or destroyed the MSS. At any rate Isolde remains a very shadowy figure to this very day.

Arthur Wilson
Boston, Mass.

News from an Addict

Sir:

Congratulations! Your December issue turned out to be especially fine. Mr. Gelatt's article on shortwave ["The Long and Short of Shortwave"] was greatly appreciated by one who for the past fifteen years has been a vicarious shortwave addict: i.e., I listened to other people's radios whenever I could. But now, prompted by your article, I've crossed the border and invested in a radio of my own.

Gene Lees's article ["Melvin and the Little People"] was also excellent. He should be applauded for deriding the idiocies to which commercial interests drive an artist such as Mel Tormé. I was convinced of Tormé's ability many years ago after hearing the fine recording that he made of *Porgy and Bess*.

J. Richard Swenson
New York, N.Y.

The Vanishing Composer

Sir:

I read with interest Anthony Keller's article "Composers on Campus" [October 1966]. Today the university is simply a big umbrella where the composer, tired of trying to please a public who couldn't care less, finds security and a place to

Continued on page 10

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CIRCLE 66 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 8

write his kind of music and have it performed with no union rehearsal problems. Thus we are being pushed into an era of electronic and computer music-making in which traditional instruments and sounds have no place. The composer has replaced these sounds with synthetic noises in an attempt to widen his sonic spectrum.

If music is to continue as an art—one that has enriched our nation and the world with such composers as Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg—then composers today need to find solutions to their creative problems with the *musical* forces at hand and not turn themselves into tape handlers, data processors, or computer feeders who produce incomprehensible scores and unintelligible charts. The age of materialism is manifesting itself in our thinking and is leading music to the abyss which might eventually end a potent force in our lives.

The university can be a proving ground for composers' experimentation, but I don't think it should be a retreat nor do I think it should educate a generation of composers to forget the public. We still have to communicate; and if we limit ourselves to only the few who understand (if they really do), it will be our own fault if music is pushed further into the background as an important contemporary art form. The possibilities for the composer today are tremendous and his challenge is to seek a solution by utilizing the freedom of the enlarged sound spectrum and rhythmic vitality to produce works that are new in concept, expressive for our time, and that inspire faith in the future.

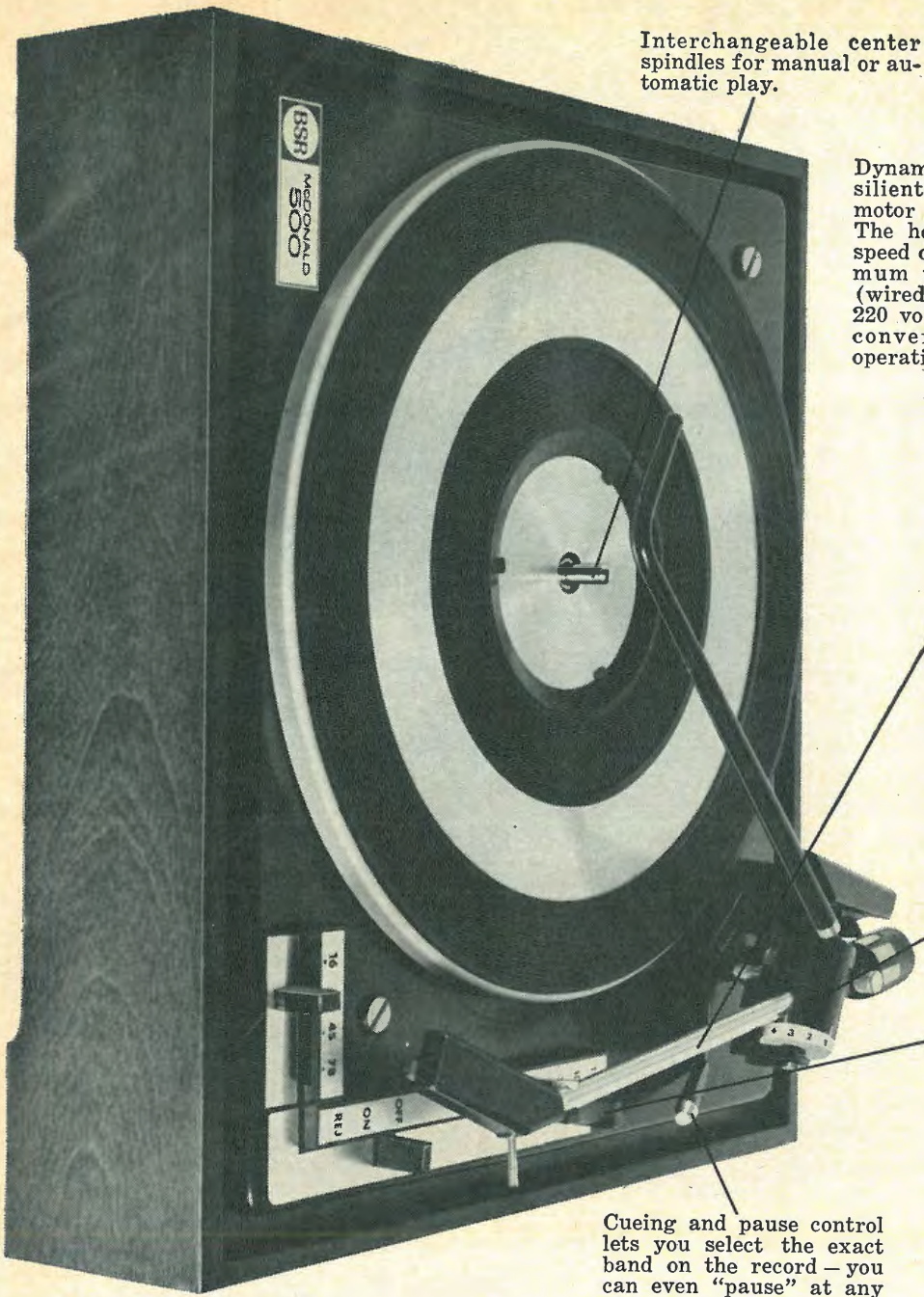
Frederick Koch
Rocky River, Ohio

Letters Answered

Sir:
The letters in your November 1966 issue were all of extreme interest to me. I wish to second Mr. Pernick's plea for recordings of Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Piano Concerto; from my experience as a record dealer I am sure that there would be a large demand for these discs. I am especially disappointed that EMI will not record the Busoni Concerto with John Ogdon, who has played the piece on numerous occasions. As usual the record companies are several years behind the consumer—a very sad state of affairs.

In regard to Mr. Gillis' letter about the Russian Furtwängler LPs: I discovered these discs several years ago when I began exchanging records with a correspondent in Russia. I have broadcast the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2 and the Beethoven Ninth several times over KPFK in Los Angeles and have received a very strong reaction from listeners. I hope the records may eventually be released outside of Russia, but it is likely that royalty problems will not permit

Continued on page 14



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Is there a secret reason why ADC speakers keep winning those top ratings?

We rather wish we could explain our success in speakers by referring to some exclusive gadgetry we keep locked in our labs, guarded by alarms, electric eyes, and suspicious police dogs.

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Pleasurable, of course, means pleasurable to human ears. Lab equipment can still only measure certain aspects of a speaker's performance. Beyond that, the ear must take over. Only the ear can detect those subtle, vital qualities which determine the natural musical performance of a speaker. For in the final test, what we *hear* is what sets a speaker apart from its look-alike, measure-alike competitors.

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CIRCLE 9 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 10

this. The recordings, by the way, are not listed in MK's export catalogues, only in their Russian language catalogues for domestic use.

Finally, I am glad to see that Angel Melodiya will release Shchedrin's *Naughty Ditties*. In my opinion Shchedrin is definitely the great talent among the younger Russian composers. *Naughty Ditties* should be a very big hit: it is a clever, brilliantly scored little piece, somewhat beholden to American sources (especially Copland), but well worth listening to on its own merits. When I recently met the conductor of the recording, Kiril Kondrashin, he told me that seven rehearsals were necessary before the work could be recorded—decidedly a tricky little number to bring off successfully.

Joseph Cooper
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Breathless

Sir:
It was with great interest that I read Philip Hart's review of the Vox recording of the Dvořák *Stabat Mater* [October 1966]. However, I would like to point out an error in the casting of the soloists: Grace de la Cruz is the soprano and I am the alto, not the reverse as listed in Vox's program notes. Of course I am gratified that Mr. Hart was pleased with my performance; if it did sound a bit "breathy," it is possibly because I was given exactly one day in which to learn the role, whereupon my colleagues and myself were rushed from Berlin to Recklinghausen to record the work. The sessions were held in a huge, barnlike, unheated pay hall of a coal mine (on an unbelievably cold January day), and we were constantly interrupted by rather dirty-faced miners, who seemed very interested in the proceedings.

Suzanne Summerville
Beaumont, Texas

Feckless Fairs

SIR:
Your comments on audio fairs ["As HIGH FIDELITY Sees It," October 1966] are greatly appreciated. In 1949 I attended the first audio fair in the Hotel New Yorker and I still have the program. There were no mobs and we had time (as well as the opportunity) to meet the engineers and discuss the equipment.

But the scene has changed. Five years ago I got tired of being immobilized in the halls or landlocked just inside the door. And as you point out, a jam-packed small room is not a proper acoustic setting. I've had it.

Nicholas B. Cook
Totowa, N.J.

SIR:
Having just visited the 1966 High Fidelity Show I must say that I was very disappointed. For an admission price of $2.00, something more should have been offered. There was no organization, components were constantly being switched on and off, and the music was not appropriately chosen to give a true picture of the equipment. A schedule should have been posted so anyone interested could come back to hear the music they would most likely play in their homes. A confusing proliferation of new components was exhibited, but none of them seemed to show any real improvements from the past two or three years. The more I saw the more I realized how satisfied I am with my present setup.

George Toth
Wayne, N.J.

For Norsemen, a Norse

SIR:
With the current interest in the music of Jean Sibelius and Carl Nielsen, it seems strange that a great exponent of these composers has been totally ignored by the record companies in recent years. I refer to the Swedish conductor Sixten Ehrling, currently director of the Detroit Symphony. Having heard Ehrling's early Sibelius recordings (on Mercury) as well as his concert performances, I am convinced that he should be given the chance to record this repertoire. Any takers?

Radley M. Smith
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Correction

Sir:
With reference to your article "The Russians (and Italians) Are Coming" [November 1966], I would like to correct two points of misinformation. All the opera sets in the Everest/Cetra Opera Series will be supplied with librettos and all the albums will be priced at the same retail level as other low-priced classical lines, such as Crossroads, Nonesuch, Seraphim, and World Series.

Bernard C. Solomon
President
Everest Records, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

STOKOWSKI LEADS STRAVINSKY AS VANGUARD TRIES THE DOLBY SYSTEM

NEW YORK

Whether conducting a contemporary score or working with the latest advance in sound technology, Leopold Stokowski has always been closely associated with the very newest developments. So the scene in Vanguard Records' brand-new 23rd Street recording studio one evening last November was a typical one: Maestro Stokowski hard at work taping a twentieth-century classic (Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*—a piece which the conductor incorporated into his repertoire shortly after its 1918 premiere) while utilizing for the first time in this country a device whereby tape hiss may be virtually eliminated (the Dolby "stretching" system—see HIGH FIDELITY "News & Views," November 1966).

During the sessions Stokowski divided his attention equally between the machine, his musicians (seven crack New York free lancers), and the music. "This work is like a clenched fist," he remarked while listening to a playback of the *Marche royale*; "a listener must have a very sensitive palate if he can taste everything that Stravinsky has concentrated into *L'Histoire*."

Even the most unsensitive palate among the assembled musicians, engineers, and invited guests must have been impressed by the technical demonstration that followed next. The entire evening's proceedings had been taped on a machine connected to Mr. Dolby's "little black box" as well as on ordinary equipment. Seymour Solomon, Vanguard's co-director and producer for the *Histoire* sessions, explained that the musical information had been fed through the Dolby signal-to-noise stretcher where it was scrambled and reassembled, decreasing background noise to the point of total inaudibility. "You'll see when we compare the two tapes, Maestro—it's just like listening to a live performance." So saying, Mr. Solomon set both machines in motion, switching every now and then from one to the other. And sure enough. . . .

"I'm recording for Decca/London next spring in England—could I use the new system for those sessions?" asked Stokowski, obviously sold on what he had heard. "Sure," replied Solomon, proud of the results but a little pained at the mention of a competitor; "they're all set up with them there

Continued on page 21

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already." In fact, by the time these lines appear, many major U. S. labels will be provided with the Dolby system, which rapidly seems to be developing into a standard piece of recording equipment.

A Dream on 23rd Street. After work had concluded for the night, Mr. Solomon talked briefly about Vanguard's new quarters. "The new studio is a dream—really a pleasure to work in. We've only been here for about six weeks but already we've recorded under numerous, diverse conditions: there was the Esterházy Orchestra—that's a group of about thirty-five, Mischa Elman, and several folk singers; they were all delighted with the place. It used to be a chapel you know," and he pointed to the control booth which, appropriately enough, had replaced the minister's pulpit.

As a parting bit of information, I discovered that this recording of *L'Histoire* will not be merely the familiar suite, but the entire score complete with narration, which will be dubbed onto the tape at a later date. The soldier himself has not yet been cast, but the narrator is to be Madeleine Milhaud (wife of the composer) and Martial Singher will impersonate the Devil. P.G.D.

LONDON

Two New Worlds—The LSO, Kertesz, Ormandy

Twice within two weeks the London Symphony Orchestra recorded Dvořák's *New World* Symphony—a particularly difficult assignment when the conductors involved happen to be as unlike as Eugene Ormandy (for Columbia) and the LSO's own principal conductor, Istvan Kertesz (for Decca/London). Ormandy, first in the field, learned of the orchestra's forthcoming engagement during his sessions at Watford Town Hall. "I know what Kertesz will say," he predicted, with the assurance of one Hungarian talking about another. "Who was that idiot who has changed everything?"

If not everything was changed, the guest conductor's approach was certainly a new and different one for the London men. While Ormandy himself continually denies that there is any such thing as the "Philadelphia sound," he has at the same time maintained that there is a "conductor's sound." Here was a fine chance to find out whether a highly individual "conductor's sound" could emerge from an orchestra other than his own. (This was Ormandy's first non-Philadelphian recording since he went to the City of Brotherly Love from Minneapolis thirty years ago.)

That appears to have been the main reason why CBS devised the project in

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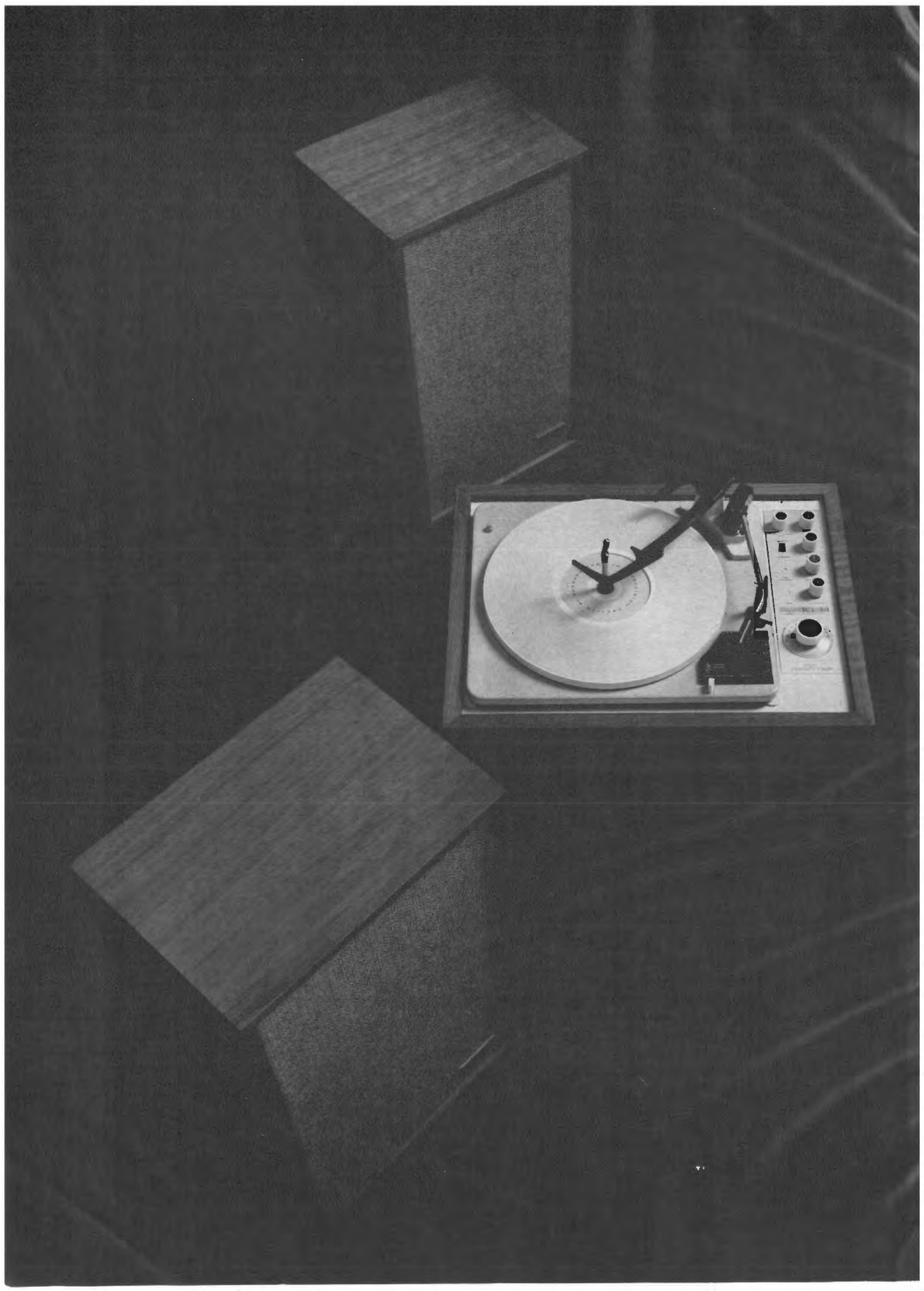

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The amplifier of the Model Twenty-Four is entirely new. So are the speakers. The former is a direct-coupled design providing 35 watts IHF music power. The latter are two-way acoustic-suspension systems with an 8-inch woofer and 2-inch direct-radiator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

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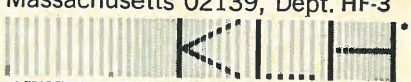

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 21

the first place. As CBS Executive Producer Thomas Frost explained to me beforehand, the company had been asked for records of Ormandy with a European orchestra, and the London Symphony was chosen as the most suitable. Just why the *New World* Symphony was chosen for CBS's old world project remained more obscure. It did not follow a concert performance, and Ormandy's only contact with the orchestra before the sessions had been his rehearsal and direction of Deryck Cooke's performing version of Mahler's Tenth Symphony.

The LSO and the Ormandy Spell. This made it a tight schedule to get the whole symphony taped in two three-hour sessions, particularly when much of the first one was spent in getting the orchestra's sound suitably "Ormandified." In the first full playback Ormandy found something fuzzy about the sound ("It does not represent what I stand for") and flatly declined to accept Frost's suggestion that the playback speakers might be at fault. Instead, he gave the orchestra a detailed exposition of what he was striving for.

The results were quickly apparent—a greater clarity of texture, an exemplary balance among the orchestral choirs. Points of balance, it seemed, were an Ormandy specialty. One was forcibly reminded over and over again that he had started his musical career in Hungary as a virtuoso violinist; he always had a practical hint ready—whether on the hardness of some violinist's bridge making a scratch on a sforzando, or on a graduation between *piano* and *mezzo piano* to produce a new balance between firsts and seconds.

By the end of the second playback there was no doubt whatever of the spell that Ormandy was casting over the orchestra. If the sound had not exactly become Philadelphian—the London Symphony strings have a special character of their own—it was a sound that began to please Ormandy's ear. After the third playback his satisfaction was obvious, but he still felt the need of one more complete play-through. Barry Tuckwell, chairman of the orchestra and first horn, assured him that the players would not regard this as too much, and a pleased conductor ("My own orchestra knows me, of course; in Philadelphia they call me 'Mr. Slave Driver' ") made off for the hall again.

The LSO and the Kertesz Touch. Detailed comparisons with Kertesz's *New World* will be in place when the rival records come to be issued. Kertesz had the advantage not only of having had the work thoroughly rehearsed by his rival (if indeed that was an advantage) but of having himself conducted a concert performance at the Royal Festival Hall the night before the recording sessions began. He started off by making detailed com-

Continued on page 26

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CIRCLE 44 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 24

ments on the concert performance, most of his remarks concerning subtle rhythmic details. With Ormandy the emphasis had been on balance and texture; with Kertesz it was on rhythm. He called for the clarinet, playing legato against the other woodwind's staccato, to anticipate his quaver: "Otherwise it sounds too late." At another point he insisted that the result would be too hard if strict tempo were kept: "I want very long quavers."

Naturally, there was a greater freedom between conductor and men at the Decca/London sessions (held at Kingsway Hall) than was possible during the relatively brief encounter between the LSO and a visiting maestro. While waiting for the engineers Kertesz would wander among the players, his Czech Artia miniature score in hand, checking on the accuracy of individual parts. After a discussion with recording manager Ray Minshull, he went tactfully to the trombones. The microphones were not picking them up in the first note of the motto theme, he had been told, and he wanted a good hard blare on the first beat.

Unlike Ormandy, Kertesz observed the exposition repeat; but unlike Ormandy, he was not nearly so rushed for time, with three full sessions instead of two. It is only five years since Kertesz made his first recording of the *New World* (with the Vienna Philharmonic), but Decca/London is anxious that the Kertesz Dvořák Symphony cycle should be with the LSO from first to last. The cycle now progresses rapidly: Symphonies Nos. 7 and 8 are already out, and No. 1, in C minor (*The Bells of Zlonice*), was completed at sessions held shortly after those for the Ninth. EDWARD GREENFIELD

WARSAW

Polish Discs On the Upswing

"In twenty years we've put our name right up with the majors." With this cheerful assertion, Pawel Kruk, director of Poland's state-owned recording company, summed up the story of Polskie Nagrania.

Our talk took place last fall, at the time of the firm's twentieth-anniversary celebrations, and Mr. Kruk was in a properly festive mood. Polskie Nagrania seems now about to play a significant role on the international recording scene. For the past couple of years the firm has been able to issue its discs in stereo (stereo recording began in 1957), and it is no longer dependent, as was once the case, on coöperative arrangements with such firms as Philips and Deutsche Grammophon. An interesting example of what Polskie Nagrania's own resources can produce is the recent release, on the company's Muza label, of Krzysztof Penderecki's *Passion and*

Continued on page 30

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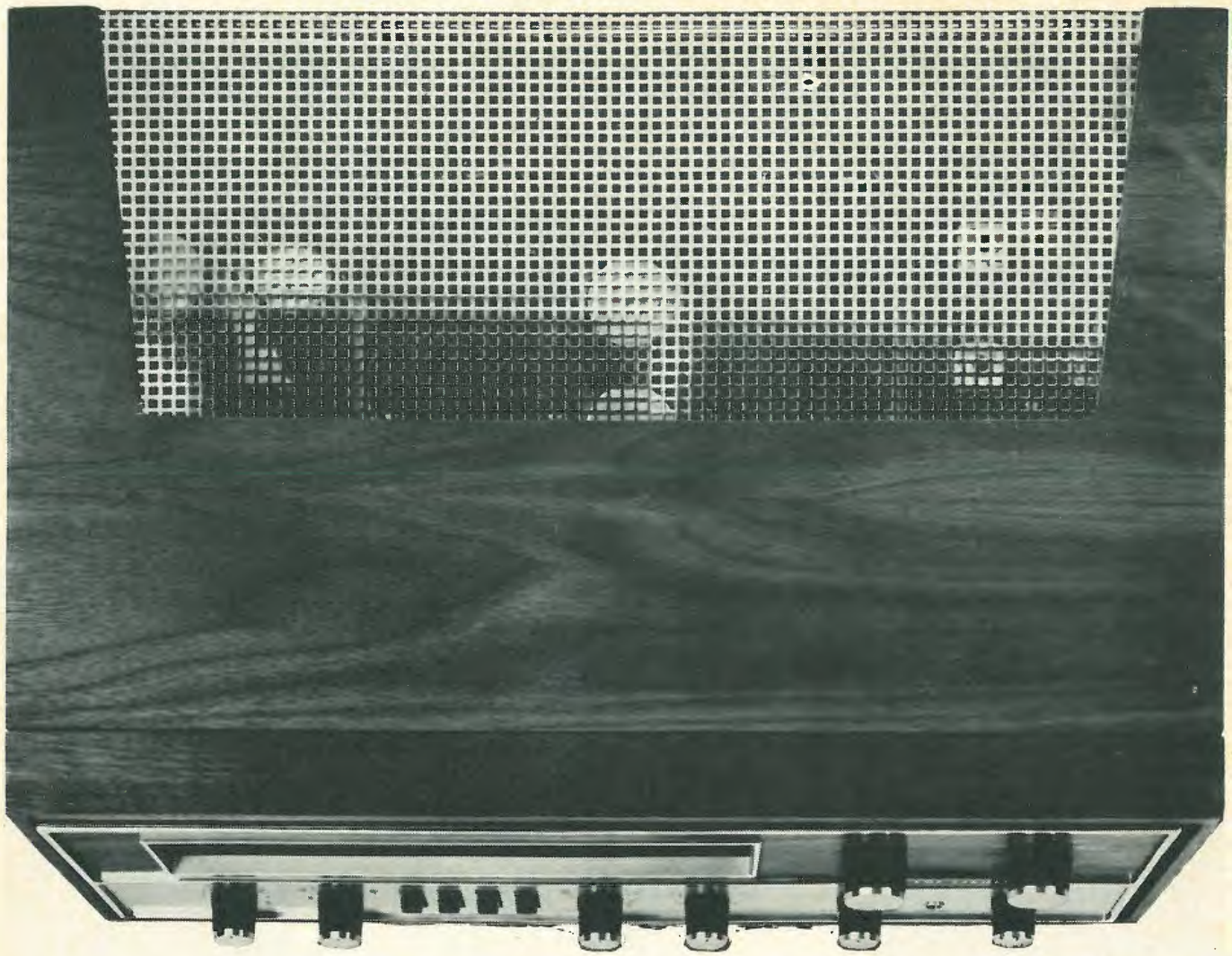

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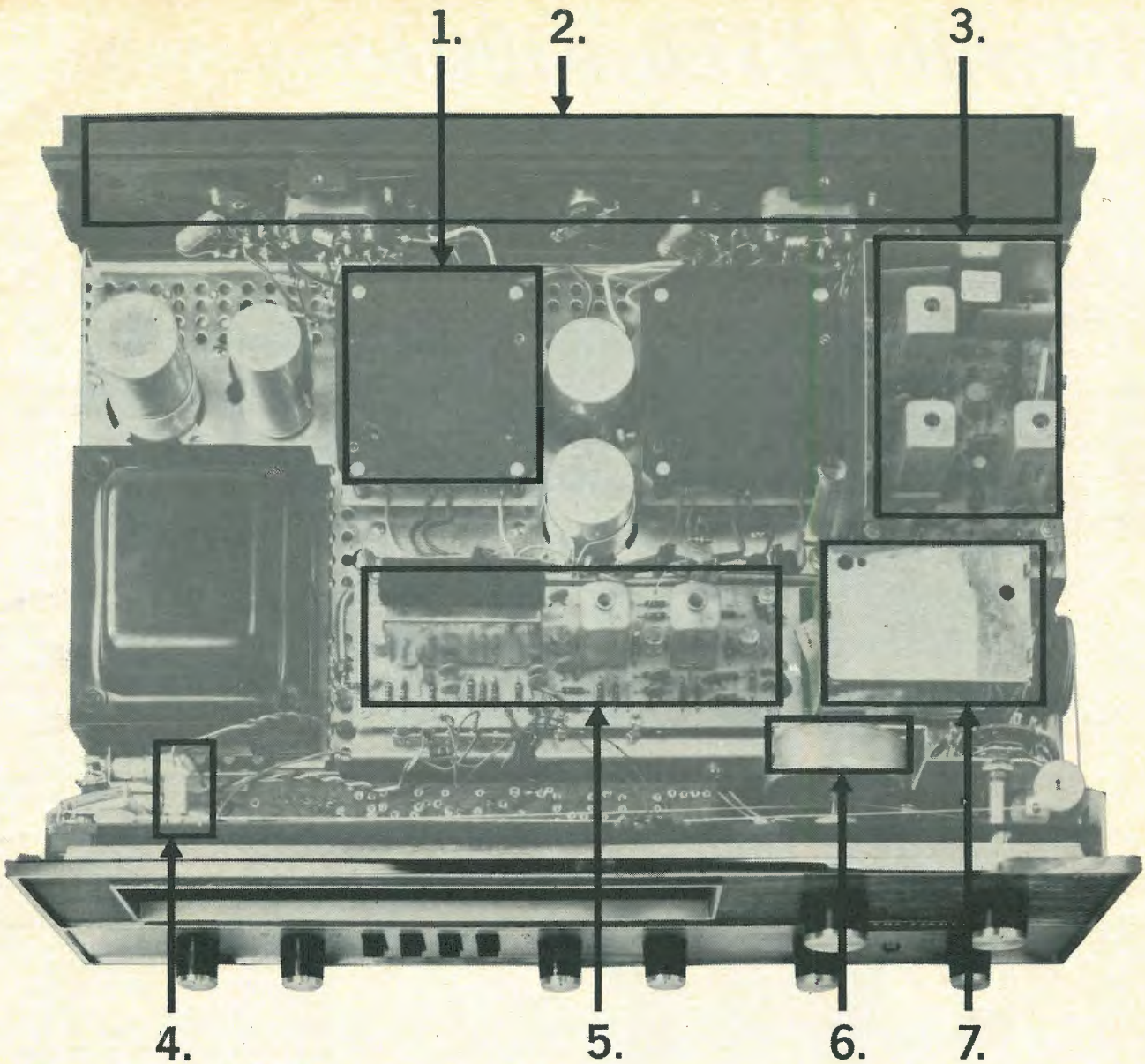

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to St. Luke. Commissioned by the West German Radio on the occasion of the 700th anniversary of Münster Cathedral and given its premiere performance there, the work was later performed in Krakow and in Warsaw [where it was heard and glowingly commented upon by this magazine's correspondent Paul Moor: see HIGH FIDELITY/*Musical America,* December 1966]. The recording was made later in the courtyard of historic Wawel Castle. The two-disc album may be found at a few New York shops handling imports.

Polskie Nagrania Takes Pride. The Penderecki set forms part of an ambitious project entitled "A History of Polish Music on Records," the central part of which contains music written between 1800 and the outbreak of World War II. Chopin is, of course, well represented here, but Mr. Kruk made a special point of emphasizing that Polskie Nagrania is also responsible for a number of disc premieres of works from this period, including Szymanowski's opera *King Roger* and highlights from Moniuszko's *The Haunted Manor.* Earlier Polish music, written between 1200 and 1800, forms a special series in the over-all anthology, called "Musica Antiqua Polonica." Of the ten discs so far released, Mr. Kruk particularly called my attention to a collection of eighteenth-century organ music played by Joachim Grubich and to several records of vocal music from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which was unearthed from various archives and edited by the eminent Polish scholar Zofia Lissa. I was particularly impressed by the recordings of *a cappella* works by Marcin Leopolita (d. 1589) and B. Pekiel (d. 1670), which may well throw new light on the history of choral music of the time.

Until recently, Mr. Kruk pointed out, recording projects in Poland were hampered by the fact that Polskie Nagrania lacked its own studios. This situation has now been changed by the completion, last fall, of the Warsaw Music Academy's new building, which contains a number of acoustically fine auditoriums and technically up-to-date studios. This achievement is in large part due to the initiative of Professor Janusz Urbanski, whom I also had the opportunity of meeting. Professor Urbanski takes much pride in the fact that "The Art of Recording" is now part of the Academy's syllabus. KURT BLAUKOPF

An Apology. During the final stages in the production of HIGH FIDELITY's December 1966 issue, the by-line of the distinguished British writer Peter Heyworth was inadvertently dropped from the page beginning his article on Hans Werner Henze. Our apologies.

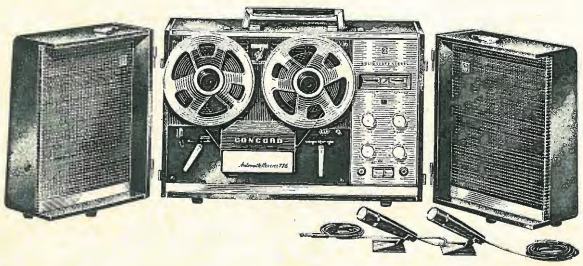
Up to 6 hours of superb continuous stereo sound

New Concord 776 stereo tape recorder with automatic reverse-a-track®

No need to turn over reels, rethread or even shut off the new Concord 776 Stereo Tape Recorder. With Automatic Reverse-a-Track, the 776 records or plays your own or pre-recorded tapes continuously in both directions — to give you up to 6 hours of uninterrupted operation — then shuts off automatically. And the tape can then be replayed at the touch of a lever without rethreading. Using 7″ reels, offers almost 50% more continuous recording or playback than a broadcast type studio tape recorder with large 10″ reels.

Concord 776 features include four professional quality stereo flux field heads combined in new double head enclosures for optimum head alignment and stereo separation... automatic tape lifters . . . VU record level meters . . . digital tape counter . . . vertical or horizontal operation . . . Trans-A-Track recording . . . many other advanced-design features. Optimum recording and reproduction through its own power amplifiers and separable speakers or as a tape deck in any high fidelity music system. Solid mahogany vinyl-covered cases.

Whether you're getting your first stereo tape recorder or stepping up from your present system, don't decide until you see and hear the new Concord 776 — Stereo Tape Recorder that combines outstanding performance with Automatic Reverse-A-Track® to double your listening pleasure . . . for under $350! Write Concord Electronics Corporation, for complete specifications and the name of your nearest Concord dealer.



Concord, one of the three leaders in the audio and video tape recorder industry, is noted for solid state electronics innovations resulting in price breakthroughs without sacrifice of outstanding performance. Concord offers a complete line of 15 audio tape recorders, the new Concord VTR-500 video-tape recorder system, today's fastest-selling closed circuit TV cameras, a new Cordless P.A. system and other outstanding products in communications. Write for complete information in your particular field of interest.

CONCORD ELECTRONICS CORP.

1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90025

CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EQUIPMENT in the NEWS

THEATRE ORGAN IN KIT FORM

The Schober Organ Corporation has announced what it terms its first theatre model organ in assemble-it-yourself form. The individual kits that comprise the organ may be bought all at once or over a period of time; total cost is $1,350. The new model has the traditional horseshoe-shaped console, 25-note pedalboard, and two full 61-note keyboards. There are 48 stop tablets and the pitch registrations range from one to sixteen feet. The organ has 35 speaking stops and four couplers. An optional combination action and 8-voice percussion section also is available. Keyboards, wood console, and bench come fully assembled; only the electronics (solid-state and mostly on printed circuit boards) require assembly.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KODAK OFFERS TAPE ACCESSORIES

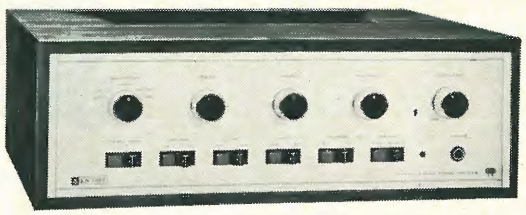
New aids for the tape recordist are offered by Kodak. For splicing, there are ¼-inch-wide pre-cut Presstapes which can be applied directly to a splice without trimming. Another item is a tough leader and timing tape, colored yellow; on one surface you can write with ordinary pencil. The third item is a tape timing guide, notched at one end for use with any of Kodak's recording tapes. Positioning the guide against the reel spindle lets you read directly the number of minutes left on the reel. The guides come as a pair—one for 7½, the other for 3¾, ips tape speed. They are calibrated for standard, extra-, double-, and triple-play tapes.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

TEA WAGON SOUND SYSTEM

An unusual hybrid design is the Allen Organ Company's new Music Center. With 12-inch wheels and extended handles, it can be moved about, and it offers facilities for producing and reproducing music—the former by means of an electronic clavichord with standard keys, the latter via a four-speed, single-play turntable. The unit has its own 20-watt solid-state amplifier, speaker system, and output for headphones.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



NEW KNIGHT AMPLIFIER

Allied Radio has released the Knight KN-975 amplifier, a solid-state integrated unit offering a full array of inputs and controls plus a rated power output (IHF) of 37.5 watts per channel, or 22 watts continuous power per channel at 4 ohms. Harmonic distortion is listed as less than 1 per cent. Headphone output and a main-remote speaker selector switch are included. The unit costs $149.95, and optional cases for housing it are available at slight extra cost.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CONCORD OFFERS RADIOCORDER

Concord has combined a portable tape recorder with an AM radio into a five-pound unit that runs on either batteries or AC line voltage. The radio can be used separately or to record onto tape. Live tapes also can be made using the microphone supplied. Named the Radiocorder, the new unit is priced under $70.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued on page 40

The SONIC SHOWCASE

"The Art of the Town-Pipers." Various artists, Gerd Berg, cond. Odeon Ⓓ SMC 91422, $6.79 (stereo only).

Rx for blasé ears: let these bracing evocations of the art of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century town players (*Stadtpfeiffer*) sweep away all the cobwebby clichés of later composers, both serious and popular! While some of the fascinating obsolete instruments heard here have been recorded before, they never have been any better chosen, more suitably combined in family groups, more skillfully played, or more effectively recorded.

Especially welcome are the authentic performances of brass-ensemble pieces by Johann Pezel and Johann Gottfried Reiche (Bach's favorite trumpeter) in which the higher parts are given not to trumpets, as is the usual erroneous custom nowadays, but to cornetts (*Zinken*), those subtly different "brass" instruments which actually are constructed out of wood and leather. With the exception of these two composers, plus Samuel Scheidt and Johann Heinrich Schmeltzer, most of the others represented are less familiar even to historical specialists, but it's extraordinary how fresh and vital their literally "occasional" music making still remains. Add informative notes by Klaus E. Niemöller (in English as well as German) on the social roles of the *Stadtpfeiffer* and their many-sided instrumental art—and we have a release far too entertaining to be left to musicologists and history students only!

"Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra's Greatest Hits." Columbia Ⓓ ML 6334, $4.79; MS 6934, $5.79.

How to Produce a Best-Selling Record Without Really Trying (Again): simply select proved favorites from earlier releases and repackage under a come-on title. It can't fail—at least if you have a fabulous library of Ormandy's master recordings to draw upon. Everything here will be familiar to most discophiles from earlier anthologies if not from the original releases, but as a concentrate, as it were, of the Philadelphians' lighter symphonic appeals the album will be a sure-fire introduction to the music, virtuoso players, and magisterial Columbia engineers alike. Who can resist their versions of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, *Jamaican Rumba*, *Saber Dance*, *Ritual Fire Dance*, *Gaîté Parisienne* Can-Can, *Sylvia* Polka—or the richer, if less electrifying, *Blue Danube* Waltz, *Clair de Lune*, and Fantasia on *Greensleeves*? But was it really necessary to add the notorious Philadelphia *Finlandia*—that horror of miscegenation in which the Mormon Tabernacle Choir pops up to *sing* the best-known theme?

"King of Instruments," Vol. 20. John Weaver, organ. Aeolian-Skinner Ⓓ AS 320, $5.98 (stereo only).

After a couple of years' quiescence, this series resumes activity to feature the Aeolian-Skinner organ in the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City, and to present that church's organist, John Weaver, in what I believe is his recording debut. Again Aeolian-Skinner's engineers authoritatively solve all the problems involved in achieving an impressive, yet scrupulously honest, sonic realization of both the instrument and its distinctive acoustical ambience. And the effectiveness of the recording is enhanced by Weaver's imaginatively chosen and varied registrations, especially in one (the lesser known) of Liszt's grandiosely bravura organ works, the Fantasia and Fugue based on the chorale *"Ad nos, ad salutarem undam"* from Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*. The rich "symphonic" qualities so energetically exploited in this piece are less well suited to the smaller-scaled Mozart K. 594 F minor Fantasia (or Adagio and Allegro), originally composed for a mechanical organ. Nevertheless, the performance is a straightforward one, and the sonics as such are aurally delightful.

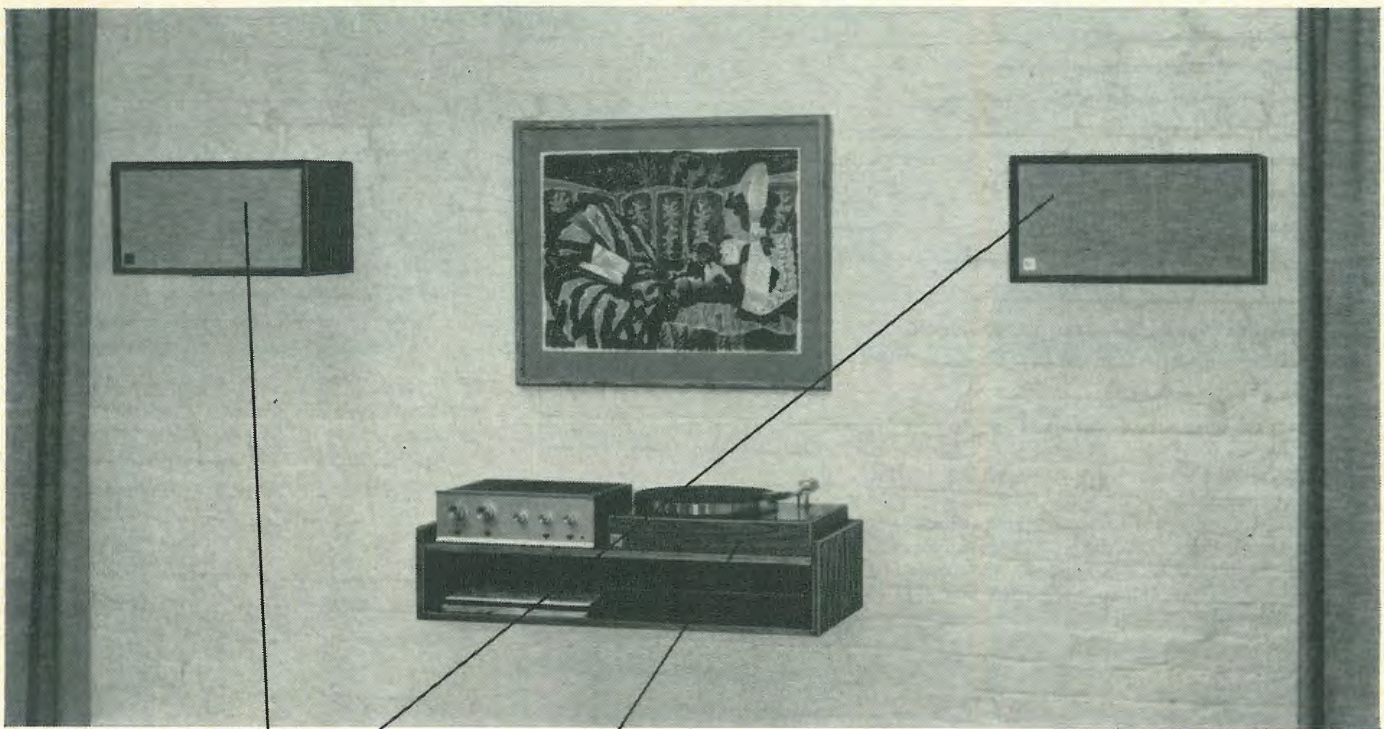
"Russian Sailor's Dance, and Other Dazzling Dances." New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia Ⓓ ML 6271, $4.79; MS 6871, $5.79.

Some of the lively symphonic dances included here are drawn from earlier releases, such as the "Latin American Fiesta" program of 1964, but the provenances hardly matter: in all cases the engineering is recent and stylistically consistent enough to sound spectacularly robust and vivid throughout. There may be moments (especially in Bernstein's own *Fancy Free* dances and a couple of Copland pieces) when the conductor drives his men so hard that both tonal qualities and clarity of scoring suffer—yet this is a cheap price to pay for the galvanic rhythmic electricity he generates so prodigally. It's surprising too how much freshness Bernstein is able to inject into even such warhorses as the Glière title piece, and the little Brahms, Dvořák, and Tchaikovsky favorites. And I defy even an arthritic listener to resist the toe-tickling appeals of such piquancies as Guarnieri's *Brazilian Dance*, Fernandez' *Batuque*, Grieg's Second *Norwegian Dance*, and Mozart's "Sleighride."

R. D. DARRELL

How much do you have to spend for a really good stereo system?

AR turntable, Shure M7/N21D cartridge, Dyna SCA-35 amplifier, and AR-4^x speakers (hung on ordinary picture hooks)



THIS SYSTEM, using AR-4^x speakers and the AR turntable lists for about $350. It will outperform any $1000 hi-fi system of a dozen years ago (meaning that it will sound less like a phonograph and more like the original musical instruments.) It will outperform many $1000 stereo systems of today.

Equipment reviews rarely single out one product as the best of its kind without ifs, ands, or buts. Reviews of the AR-4^x speaker and of the AR turntable did.

HiFi/Stereo Review wrote of the AR-4^x: "We know of no competitively priced speaker that can compare with it." *La Revue des Disques* wrote: "There has been nothing like it . . . this speaker is astonishing." And other reports went even further, rating the AR-4^x as one of the great speakers at *any* price.

The AR turntable is one of the most honored products in hi-fi history. Five magazines selected it as number one in a field of competing units selling for up to twice as much. *Gentlemen's Quarterly* chose it editorially for a price-no-object stereo system that cost $3,824.

The quality of your stereo system depends more on your choice of components than on how much money you spend.

H

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., *24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141*

☐ Please send me free literature on AR speakers ($51 to $225) and the AR turntable ($78).

☐ Please send me free plans for building the equipment shelf in the photo.

☐ I enclose $1. Please send me Roy Allison's book *High Fidelity Systems — A User's Guide,* reviewed in *Electronics Illustrated* as "the best basic book now available on high fidelity," and in *The American Record Guide* as "prerequisite reading for anyone contemplating hi-fi purchases."

*name*_____

*address*_____

CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

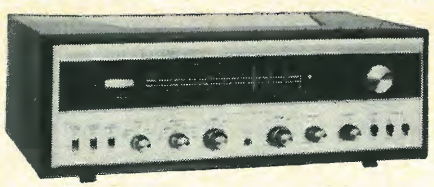
RCA, SCOTT, SONY, FISHER 'N' CHIPS

IN LAST APRIL'S ISSUE we took a look at the future in home entertainment in an article entitled "The Prospects in Audio." Among these prospects was the "chip" or "wafer," known to electronic engineers as the "integrated circuit," or IC. This little bit of silicon, about the size of a pinhead, can replace many of the components of conventional circuitry. Because of their reliability and facility for miniaturization of equipment, chips or ICs have been used for some time now in spacecraft, satellites, and computers. Recently, they also have found their way into some consumer goods. RCA early last year announced that it was beginning to use ICs in some of its television sets. First was a black-and-white 12-inch portable; later came color sets. Now we hear that both Fisher and H. H. Scott have introduced chips to high fidelity equipment, and that Sony has incorporated them into a miniature radio.

In three Scott models now using integrated circuits, there is no reduction of over-all size, but the chips are credited with having improved the units' FM capture ratio and selectivity. The Scott IC sets employ chips in the IF stages and are improved versions of the 85-watt Model 344B FM receiver, the 120-watt Model 348 FM receiver, and the 120-watt Model 388 AM/FM receiver. In the FM section of each, you can find four chips, in which there is etched the equivalent of five transistors and two resistors. Not that these four specks of silicon merely replace twenty-eight electronic parts—the FM circuitry has been completely redesigned for them.

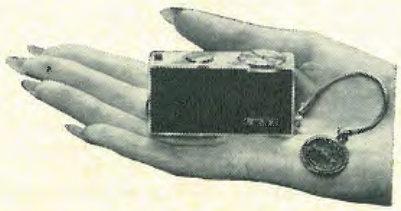
The first Fisher product to use integrated circuits is a solid-state Model 105 AM/FM stereo compact module. This will be followed by a new series of AM/FM stereo receivers (in addition to Fisher's present line). Details of model numbers and prices were not available at press time, but we were told that the ICs would be used in the IF sections of FM equipment. Meantime, research continues in the application of chips to other circuits, including those of amplifiers. According to Avery Fisher, "ICs are an even greater step forward . . . than was the advent of transistors." The chip promises an "enormous increase in reliability and performance, due to the close proximity of the working parts within the capsule" as well as "the obvious advantage in component size reduction."

Sony's first chip product is an integrated circuit AM radio, ICR-100, which weighs only three ounces, and measures 2¼ by 1¼ by ¾ inches, about half the size of a pack of cigarettes. In this set, one chip replaces nine transistors, four diodes, and fourteen resistors. It uses two rechargeable batteries and lists for $39.95. Oh, yes, it is portable.



Scott 388 is one of three new stereo receivers using integrated circuits.

Fisher 105 stereo module uses ICs; to be followed by new line of receivers.



Diminutive ICR-100 by Sony is a new AM radio built with ICs; weighs 3 ounces.

THE STEREO SYSTEM THAT WASN'T THERE

A story that would be tough to illustrate is the one about the stereo system so artfully concealed in a room that nothing shows. The room looks—just like a room. Such installations are the stock-in-trade of a young Manhattan-based engineer named John Boulton who, early in his career, decided that "music should be heard but not seen." To implement this approach, Boulton has developed his own remote-control units ("they actually are small electronic brains designed along analogue computer lines") which, placed unobtrusively on a table-top, can control elaborate stereo systems throughout, and even outside, one's house. Everything else—receivers, amplifiers, tape decks, turntables, speakers—is camouflaged, "by taking advantage of the existing environment rather than by trying to radically change it."

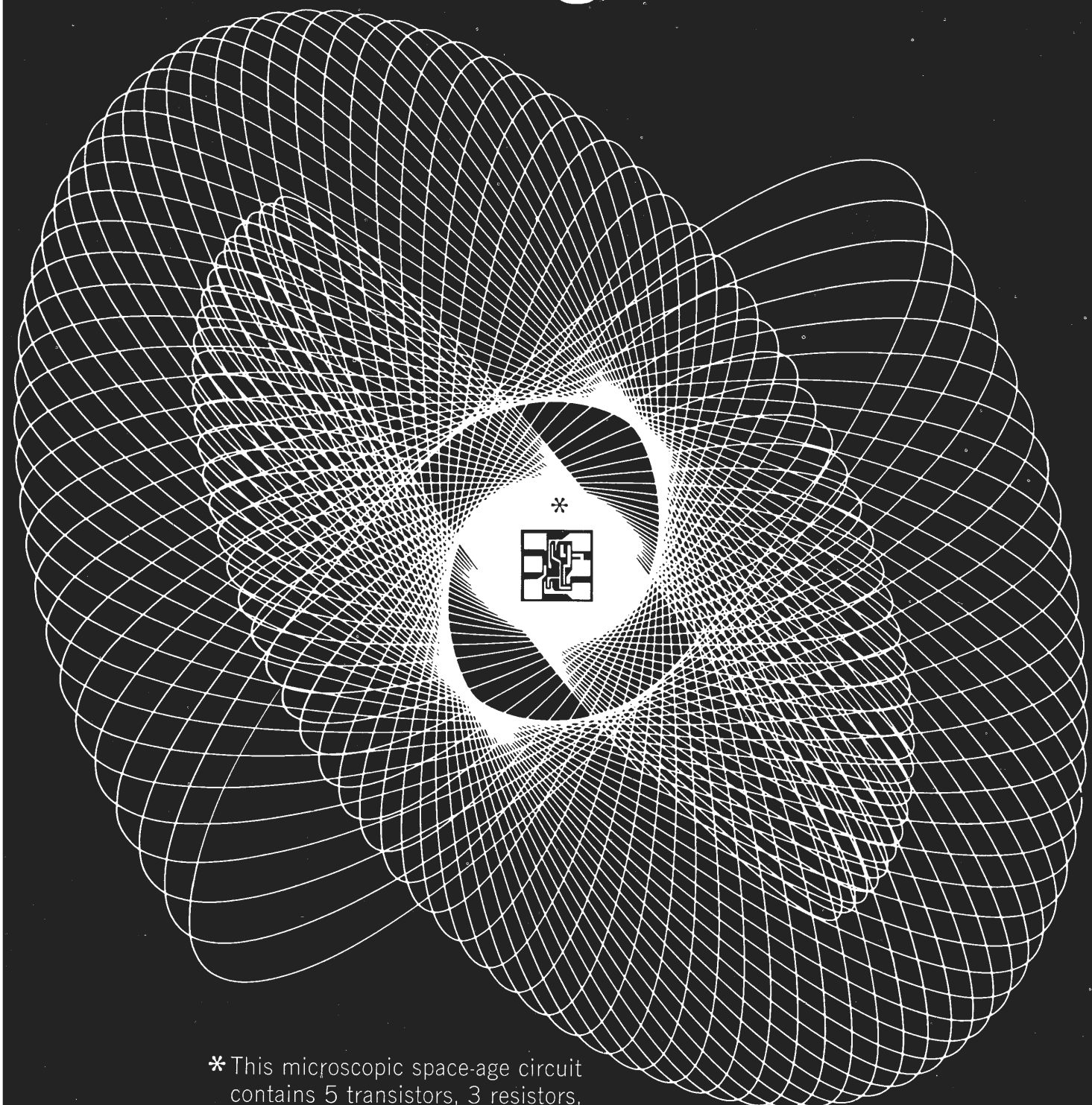
Boulton calls his installations "futuristic" and likens them to the dream-system described in Edward Bellamy's utopian novel *Looking Backward* where a householder presses a button on a small box and music pours out from invisible sources all around him. Actually Boulton's systems are very much part of the present scene, and can be found in the homes of some of our most affluent citizens who, we are told, prefer to remain anonymous.

One of Boulton's newest devices is his "radio sonde wireless system": special transmitters and receivers carry music and other signals from the central system in the house to the remote areas of large estates, so that well-heeled music lovers can listen to their favorite programs while riding horseback, sunning themselves at poolside, or on their private beach, or teeing off on their golf course. To handle all this work, Boulton has formed a new company, Columbia Electronics Industries Corp., based in mid-Manhattan.

FLOATING EDITORS

Aside from its unusual telephone number (7654321, which, as you dial it, reminds you of a slow-turning record) the most novel thing we encountered during a recent visit to the new studios of Columbia Records is the company's series of editing rooms. An editing room is like an anechoic chamber in that it is suspended or "floated" with reference to the building frame to make it soundproof and impervious to the random vibrations and normal acoustic ambience of the building. Unlike an anechoic chamber, however, its interior is not "dead" but "normally live" acoustically speaking, so that what you hear in it approximates what might be heard in an "average" room. In this setting, the producer relives the performance. Following the score (or doing it by heart) he goes through the motions of the conductor, cuing an engineer behind him who in turn mixes, cuts, raises, adds, subtracts, and whatnot so that by manipulating the relative levels of all the channels recorded on the original tape the producer gets the final results he wants. The "reconstituted" performance is then mastered and processed into the final discs and tapes we buy.

Introducing
The Scott Integrated Circuit



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

Scott . . . where innovation is a tradition

SCOTT®

First tubes... then transistors and FET's...
now, the most important
technological advance of the decade,

Scott's new 3rd generation receivers... each with 4 integrated circuits

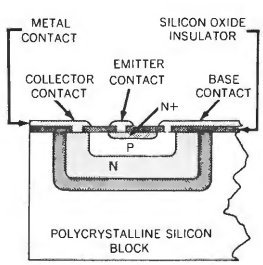
Hear stations you've never been able to tune before...
brought to life with amazing clarity!

Integrated Circuits... the computer-born miracle.

twice actual size

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

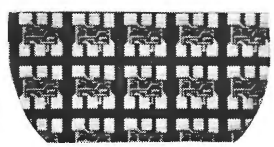
The Eternal Circuit ...carved from silicon



shown approx. 150 times actual size

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

Total Reproducibility



shown 10 times actual size

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

Scott Harnesses the IC

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

More Circuitry in less space

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

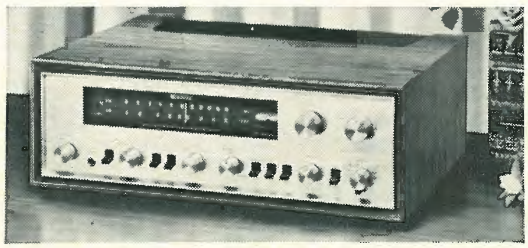
EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS

Continued from page 32

BRITISH TRANSVERSE TONE ARM

From Britain comes the first photo of a new tone arm known as Trutrack and developed by physicist A. R. Rangabe. Instead of being pivoted at one end, it moves in a straight-line radius across the record, duplicating the path followed by a record cutter. Signals from the cartridge are taken from the arm not by wires but by mercury contacts which, says the designer, provide lower friction and less contact resistance. The arm is expected to be produced in the near future and may be sold in the U.S.A. Price has not yet been announced.

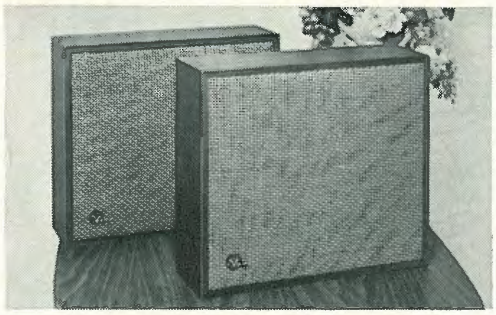
CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



PIONEER OFFERS RECEIVER

Offered as a top-end receiver (AM and FM/stereo) is Pioneer's new solid-state Model SX-1000TA, priced at $360 including oiled walnut cabinet. The company claims less than 1% distortion and a superior transistor-protection circuit. Rated FM sensitivity is 2.2 microvolts. The set has inputs for all program sources, tape monitor facilities, and front-panel stereo headphone jacks.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



SPEAKER-AMPLIFIER SYSTEM

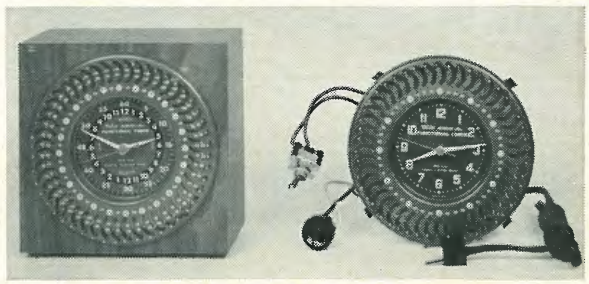
Viking, the tape recorder manufacturer, has introduced a self-energized stereo speaker design. It consists of two speaker systems, each in its own enclosure, with a 60-watt solid-state basic amplifier built into one of the enclosures. This amplifier drives both speakers and has its own off/on/volume control, a bass boost switch, and a stereo headphone jack. Known as the Model 4400, the new amp-speaker setup may be used with tape decks (of any brand) and with the preamplified output from a tuner or phonograph. It also is suggested for use as a remote stereo speaker system. Retail price is $119.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HEADPHONES WITH CONTROLS

The Telex ST-20 stereo headset is billed as incorporating all the features of the ST-10 plus knobs on each earpiece which adjust the sound level individually on each channel. The headband is described as light, flexible, and padded. Contoured ear cushions are designed for comfortable wearing. Weight, less cord, is 12 ounces. Announced price is $34.95.

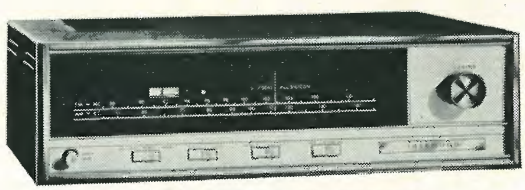
CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



DE LUXE ELECTRICAL TIMER

Automatic turning on and off of audio and other equipment is possible with the aid of the Functional Timer brought out by Yale Audio of Tampa, Florida. The unit provides up to forty-eight combinations of time intervals for controlling electrical equipment in your absence. For instance, the timer can be pre-set to turn on your tape recorder and tuner to dub a favorite FM program while you're away, and it can perform dozens of other jobs too. Several models are available; prices start at $44.50.

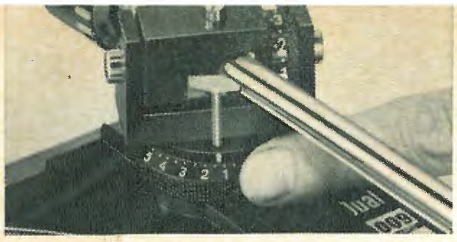
CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



NEW SHERWOOD TUNER

From Sherwood comes word of a new AM and FM stereo tuner, the Model S-2300. Using silicon transistors exclusively, the set is rated for FM sensitivity of 1.6 microvolts (IHF). Proper selectivity under the strongest signal conditions is said to be maintained by a new AGC circuit unique to Sherwood tuners. The S-2300 also has automatic stereo-to-mono switching, zero-center tuning meter, front-panel level control, and rocker-action switches for interchannel hush and other functions. Price is $199.50.

CIRCLE 155 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

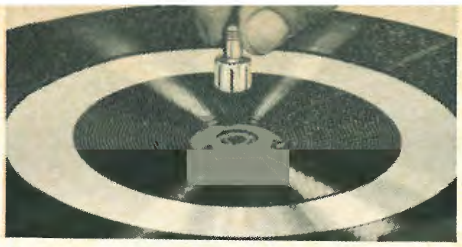


Continuously Variable Tracking-Balance Control

The first accurate and completely reliable answer to the problem of skating . . . and the simplest to apply. You simply dial a number, just as you dial stylus force. This applies a precisely calibrated counterforce to skating . . . around the tonearm pivot and parallel to the skating force, but in exactly the opposite direction. The result: equal tracking force on each wall of the stereo groove. The effect: elimination of distortion from unbalanced tracking (skating) at the program source itself.

Feathertouch Cue-Control

Whenever you want to start manually at any point of the record, just flick the feathertouch Cue-Control. The tonearm will float down far more slowly (3/16" per second) and more smoothly than ever possible by hand. And you can also use the ultra gentle Cue-Control descent when starting automatically. Of course, you can also use Cue-Control to interrupt play and then resume from where you left off.



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CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

APPARENTLY NOT CONTENT with just one modest-priced line, London Records has now added a second budget series to its family. Joining older brother Richmond this month is Stereo Treasury, a $2.49 label that will recirculate deleted London recordings drawn from the company's recent stereophonic past. Unlike Richmond, whose catalogue is heavily weighted in favor of operatic reissues, Stereo Treasury will concentrate on performances from the orchestral repertoire. As the label designation would imply, mono versions will not be made available, and London does not claim compatibility for these discs. The economy-minded stereophile, however, will find a number of worthy items (mainly standard fare, to judge by the initial twelve releases). This department reviews some of the first offerings below.

BIZET: *Carmen.* Martha Angelici (s), Solange Michel (ms), Raoul Jobin (t), Michel Dens (b), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique, André Cluytens, cond. Pathé Ⓓ FCX PM 35020/22, $14.37 (three discs, mono only) [from Columbia SL 109, late 1940s].

There are *Carmens* in the catalogue offering more glamorous voices and more sumptuous recorded sound, but none of the versions I am acquainted with has quite the idiomatic French flavor of this imported reissue. Part of the set's special quality comes from its use of the original spoken dialogue in place of the familiar Guiraud recitatives; as a result the opera moves more swiftly and with, I feel, more incisive dramatic impact. In addition everyone concerned with the performance was born and bred in the tradition of French opera—which is all to the good in this most Gallic of operatic scores.

Both Michel and Jobin might be considered somewhat harsh and raw-voiced alongside present-day Carmens and Don Josés, but one is easily swept along by their dramatic commitment and superbly inflected vocal work. Michel Dens is a fresh toreador and Martha Angelici perhaps the finest recorded Micaëla—she makes a lovely thing of her aria and the duet with José. Although Cluytens' pacing of the opera is on the fast side, it's not at all hard-driven and the quick tempos contribute to the tense crackle of the performance. The sound is respectable, the remastering job first-class.

BRAHMS: *Symphonies* (complete). Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Stereo Treasury Ⓓ STS 15001/04, $9.96 (four discs, stereo only) [from various London originals, 1957-59].

The gorgeous, mellow tone of the Viennese orchestra is the principal attraction of this complete set—Kubelik understands exactly how this music should sound and he responds unfailingly to each symphony's rich store of melody. What the conductor doesn't seem to understand—or at least what he is unable to communicate here—is Brahms's structural logic: everything depends very much on the beauty of the moment in this measure-to-measure playing. The First Symphony suffers most from the patchy, stop-and-go approach, the other three somewhat less so. Perhaps one might be able to overlook this drawback in view of the excellent playing, creamy-smooth reproduction, and reasonable price. Still, it strikes me as a rather serious failing that may become more irritating with repeated hearings.

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 9, in E minor, Op. 95 ("New World").* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Stereo Treasury Ⓓ STS 15007, $2.49 (stereo only) [from London CM 9179/CS 6020, 1957].

Unquestionably among the finer performances of this symphony on discs, Kubelik's *New World* shares the sensuous attractions of his complete Brahms set reviewed above but adds up to a far more convincing whole. An engaging lyricism and careful attention to orchestral detail have always been among this conductor's strong suits, and here he makes the most of both virtues. Excellent sound.

GLUCK: *Orfeo ed Euridice: Orchestral Music.* Virtuosi di Roma and Instrumental Ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum, Renato Fasano, cond. RCA Victor Ⓓ LM 2913, $4.79; LSC 2913, $5.79 [from RCA Victor LM 6169/LSC 6161, 1966].

This record should prove very attractive to collectors who already own a recorded *Orfeo* that does not include the opera's seldom played Act III ballet music. Fasano's readings of the purely orchestral portions of the score were praised as among the complete set's strongest points and he does indeed lead supple, graceful performances. The short ritornellos from Act I really don't stand on their own taken out of context, but the dances in Hades and Elysium as well as the aforementioned concluding ballet sequence are most enjoyable on their own. Warm, natural reproduction.

POULENC: *Les Mamelles de Tirésias.* Denise Duval (s), Jean Giraudeau (t), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique, André Cluytens, cond. Seraphim Ⓓ 60029, $2.49 (mono only) [from Angel 35090, 1954].

How was this delectable *opéra bouffe* ever allowed to leave the catalogue in

Continued on page 46

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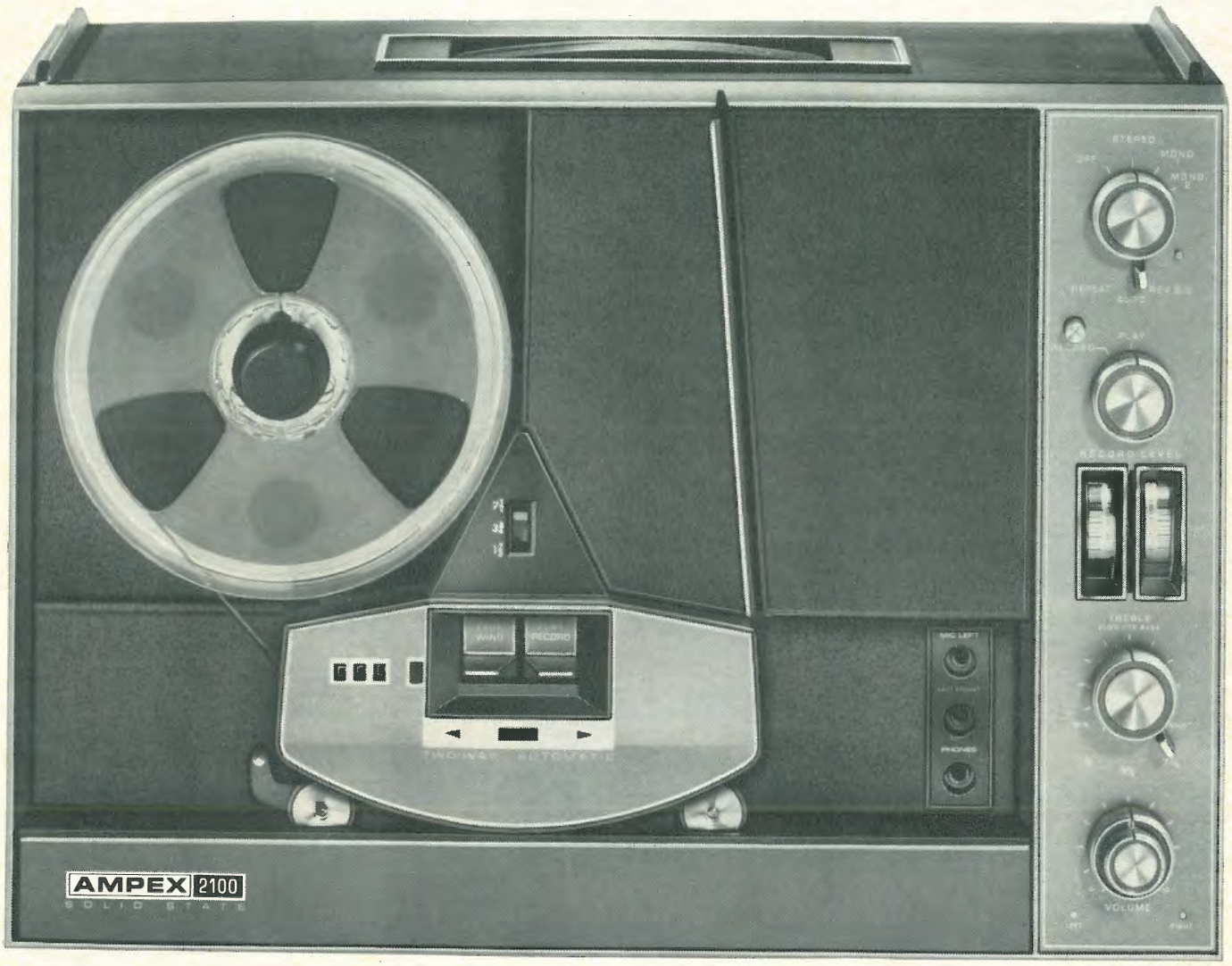

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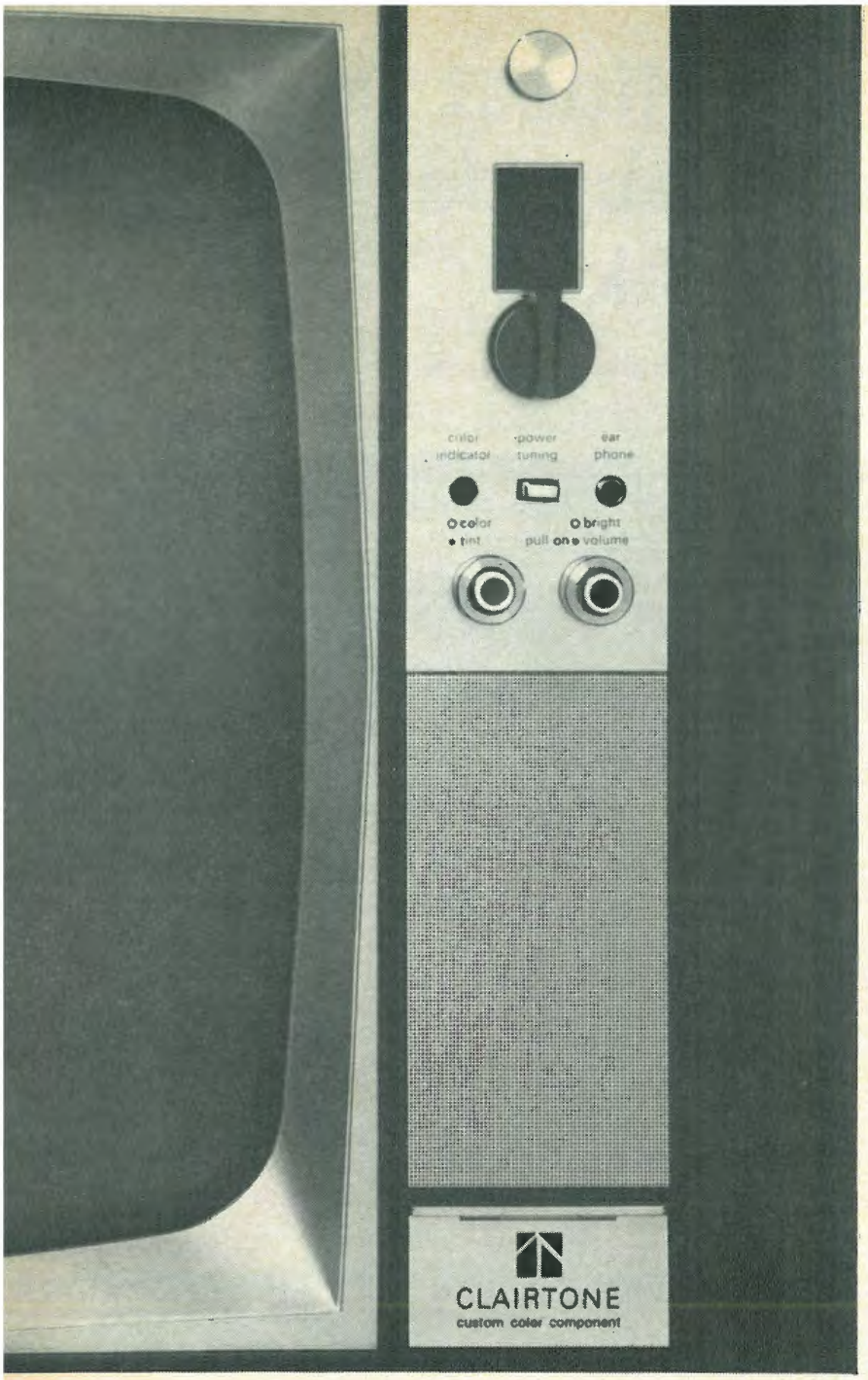

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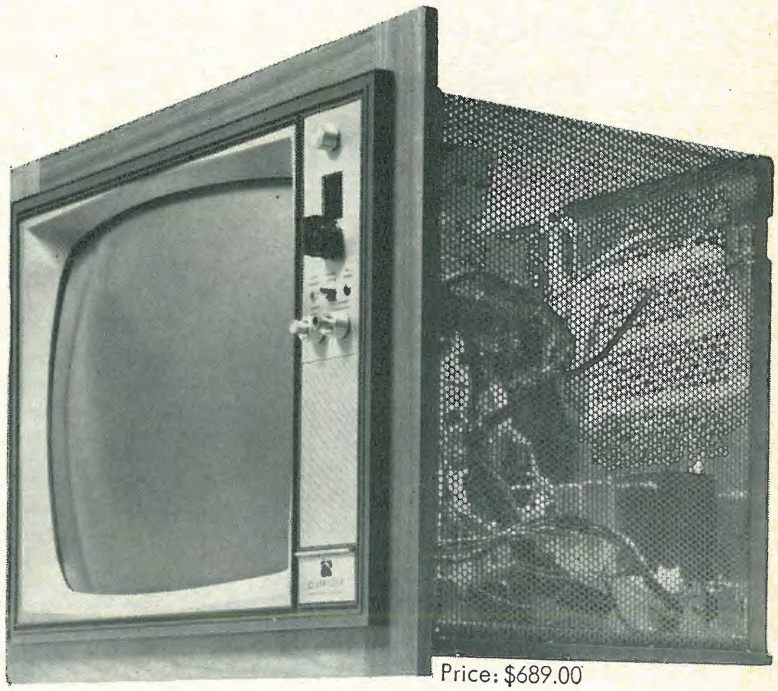

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component to your sound system.

CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 42

the first place? Well never mind, for here it is again—freshly remastered (unfortunately without a libretto), ready for rediscovery. Poulenc never wrote anything better; there's a superb sense of timing, subtle musical humor, and unerring compositional technique behind this seemingly ingenuous assortment of catchy music-hall tunes. Although his music was not incapable of striking a deeper note, it seems to me that Poulenc's later, more serious compositions never rang quite as true. Besides, *Les Mamelles* is not without its undercurrent of pathos, a quality which becomes more apparent after the initial shock of Apollinaire's naughty libretto wears off. The performance brilliantly catches the flavor of the piece and the sound is strictly OK.

ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: *La Boutique fantasque*. **DUKAS:** *L'Apprenti sorcier*. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. Stereo Treasury Ⓓ STS 15005, $2.49 (stereo only) [from London CM 9202/CS 6005, 1957].

One hardly associates Solti with this kind of music nowadays, for his recent Wagner, Mahler, and Bruckner recordings have tended to overshadow his earlier excursions into a lighter repertoire. These high-stepping performances are beauties—precision-honed yet lyrical and yielding in all the right places, and London's sonics of ten years ago are still remarkably full and clear.

STRAVINSKY: *Pulcinella: Suite; The Song of the Nightingale*. Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. Stereo Treasury Ⓓ STS 15011, $2.49 (stereo only) [from London CM 9163/CS 6138, 1956].

Ernest Ansermet's long list of Stravinsky recordings contains many distinguished performances, but the present disc may very well be the best of them. More than once I've had the impression that Ansermet felt out of sympathy with Stravinsky's more abstract scores, but here he seems absolutely delighted by the stylized galanteries of *Pulcinella* and the exotic *chinoiserie* of the *Nightingale*. Some exquisitely pointed orchestral work from the Suisse Romande, coupled with one of the most impressive demonstrations of early stereo to be heard on discs, makes this an outstanding reissue.

VERDI: *Don Carlo*. Antonietta Stella (s), Elena Nicolai (ms), Mario Filippeschi (t), Tito Gobbi (b), Boris Christoff (bs), Giulio Neri (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera, Gabriele Santini, cond. Seraphim Ⓓ 6004, $7.47 (three discs, mono only) [from RCA Victor LM 6124, 1955 and Capitol GCR 7165, 1959].

Even though the level of vocalism on this set is wildly uneven, a strong conductor could have whipped the disparate elements into something more respectable than the performance here. Verdi's great score (presented in the four-act version with numerous damaging internal cuts) has no shape or definition under Santini's limp hands: accompaniments are lumpish without any rhythmic thrust and scene after scene stumbles along to a listless conclusion. Furthermore, the playing of the Rome Opera Orchestra, especially the woodwinds, is at times positively cloutish.

It's too bad that Tito Gobbi's magnificent Rodrigo is enshrined in such shoddy surroundings. Not only does the baritone sing with consistent beauty of tone, but he colors the music with a dreamlike quality that gives us a haunting image of this idealist destined to be crushed between church and state. Further plusses are Christoff's strong King Philip and a few nice phrases from Stella, although she never really comes to grips with the part's potential. This leaves Filippeschi's leathery Don Carlo, Nicolai's hopeless Eboli, and some unpleasant boxed-in sound.

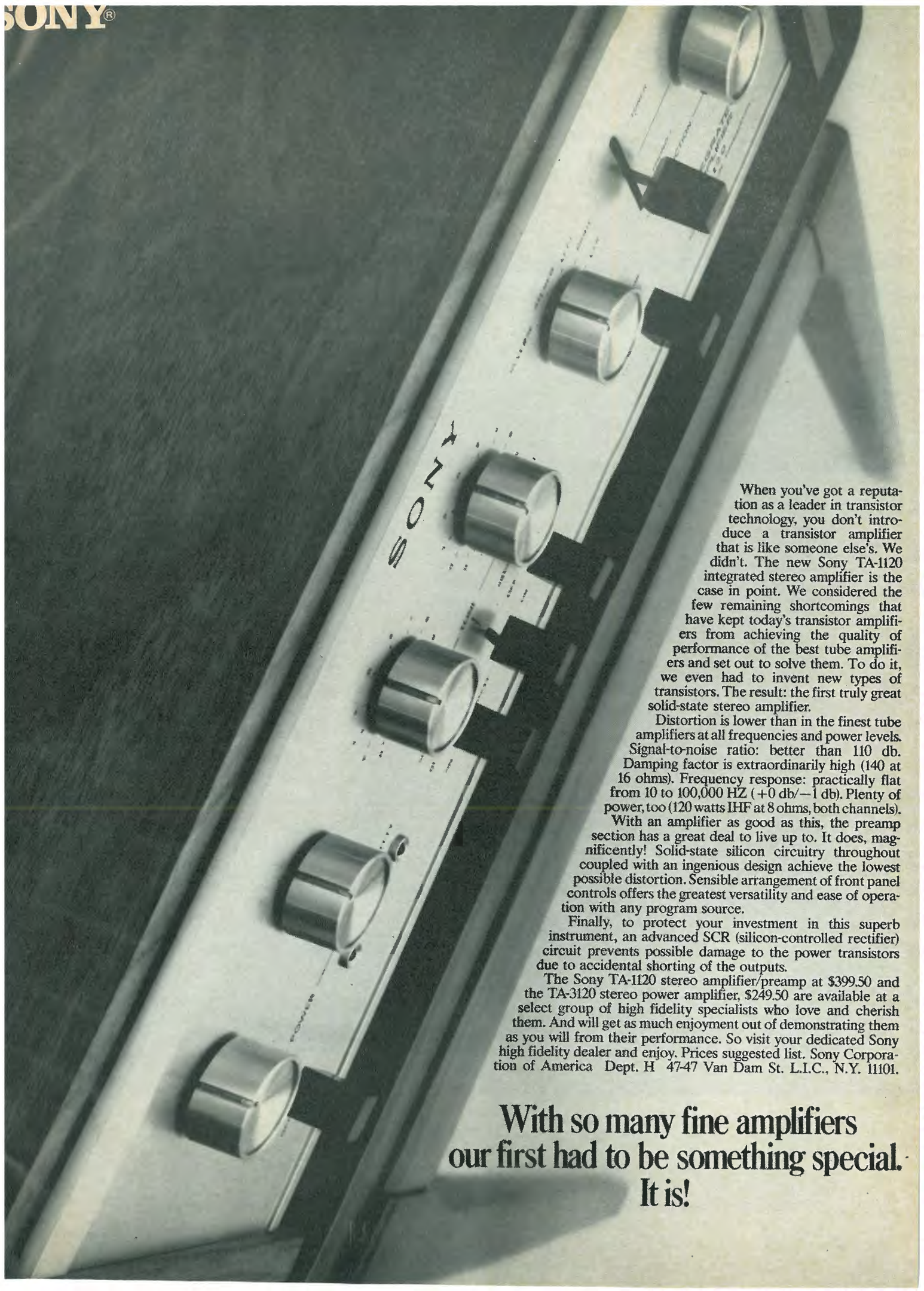
WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger, Act III*. Margarete Teschemacher (s), Torsten Ralf (t), Hans Hermann Nissen (b), Eugen Fuchs (bs), et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Karl Böhm, cond. Odeon Ⓓ E 80983/84, $9.58 (two discs, mono only) [from HMV originals, 1938].

As Karl Schumann points out in an informative note with these records, Dresden is rich in Wagner tradition—the composer spent much of his youth in that city and many of his operas were premiered there. Even if this performance (last available here on RCA Victor's LCT series several years ago) doesn't quite reach the level of some other famous Wagner recordings of the Thirties, its historical worth and musical values are nevertheless very real. At the time of this recording Karl Böhm was general music director of the Dresden Opera, and the conductor gives the set its basic virtues: the orchestra sings beautifully all throughout the long scene in Sachs's workshop and colorfully underlines the pageantry of the final scene with alert and lively playing. When the opera is given its long overdue studio stereo recording, Böhm should definitely be in charge.

The vocal artists are all seasoned interpreters of their roles. Hans Hermann Nissen (who is still an active member of the Munich Opera) offers a solid, well-sung Sachs—short on poetry perhaps, but a likable cobbler. Ralf is a bit thick-voiced for Stolzing, but Teschemacher makes a charming Eva and Fuchs's Beckmesser is all the more successful for being underplayed. A number of the master discs used in the dubbing process evidently had very noisy surfaces, and on Side 3 of these LPs I came across several very bad patches of distortion. The set is an interesting and valuable return to the Wagner catalogue though, in spite of its occasional flaws.

PETER G. DAVIS

CIRCLE 75 ON READER-SERVICE CARD→



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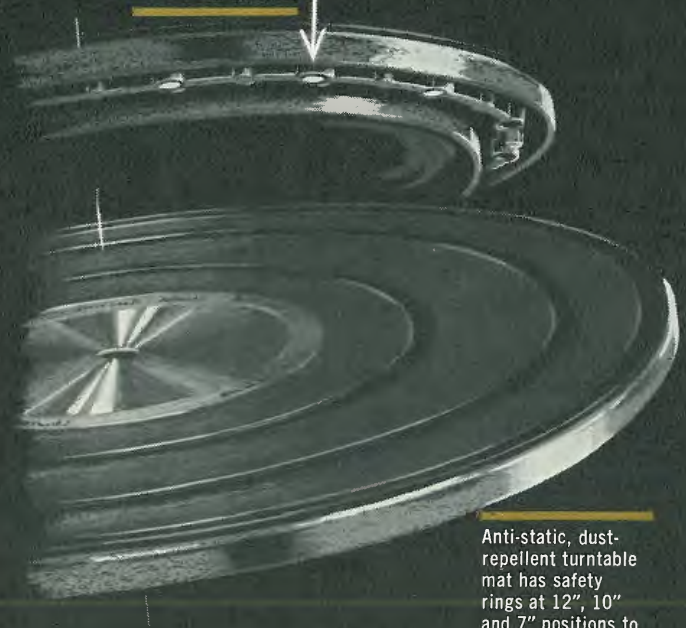

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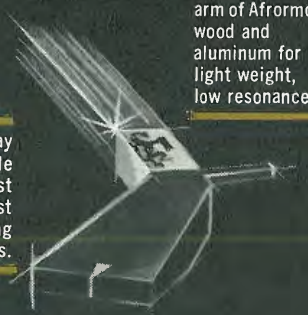

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The Top Ten—And How They Get There

BEST-SELLER LISTS hold an undeniable fascination for most of us: hidden somewhere in those glittering top-ten titles is the elusive—and sometimes disturbing—secret of popular success. One should naturally be wary of embracing such statistics as a final revelation of either the quality or diversity of what's available, but for buyer and seller alike these compilations provide a useful yardstick for measuring current tastes and trends. And it is in this spirit that we inaugurate "The Best Sellers"—a monthly feature charting the top-selling ten records in both the classical and popular categories.

"The Best Sellers" is based on the latest available figures gathered in the New York offices of *Billboard*, the record world's oldest trade magazine and indispensable reporter of happenings in this often unpredictable industry. *Billboard*'s methods of collating sales statistics are complex, involving a carefully plotted system of weekly in-person and telephone checks of record dealers throughout the country. The final tabulation is made on a composite of disc sales reported from the widest possible variety of sources: discount houses, department stores, college bookstores, drug store racks, and of course record shops small and large in both urban and rural communities.

A glance at our initial chart (see page 116) discloses a number of enlightening facts. RCA Victor's nostalgic three-disc memento of the old Metropolitan Opera House, for instance, has been a consistent leader on the classical lists since it was first released last fall. Aside from the fact that operatic recordings always tend to have a high best-seller potential (note London's costly five-record set of *Die Walküre*, which has already reached position No. 3), the popularity of the Met album is bound up with the excitement attendant upon the opening of the new house as well as on the cliff-hanging battle to save the old auditorium from destruction. Similarly, Leontyne Price's recital disc, which occupies the No. 6 spot, was issued close upon the Met's opening production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Miss Price played a most prominent role. Obviously, knowing when to strike is part of the game a successful record company must play.

Another thought-provoking entry is Leonard Bernstein's recording of the Mahler Seventh Symphony—a rarely heard work by a composer few would have held to be best-seller material ten years ago. The explanation may well be the unprecedented interest generated by Eugene Ormandy's recording of the posthumous Tenth Symphony, which undoubtedly inspired many record buyers to explore additional out-of-the-way Mahler fare. A less surprising appearance on the list—considering the combined appeal of the work, cast, and cost—is Seraphim's inexpensive *La Bohème* reissue, at present the runaway best seller among budget items. The presence of Orff's *Carmina Burana* clearly testifies to the continued viability of this work as an ideal means of demonstrating a stereo system, while the Chopin recitals by Rubinstein and Cliburn obviously demonstrate the public's loyalty to two vastly admired artists.

Not so long ago, most records on a top-ten list comprised warhorses such as Beethoven's Fifth, this month's No. 9 entry. Today, however, with multiple versions of standard repertoire crowding the catalogue, there seems to be less chance of any one edition eclipsing the competition. There's now room at the top for the unique and the off-beat, the neglected and the new—and the prognosis is that this state of affairs will continue.

As pointed out in these columns two months ago, popular music accounts for 92 per cent of all record sales. The market here is dominated by teenage-oriented material—witness the prevalence of such rock groups as The Monkees, The Supremes, The Mama's and The Papa's, and The Beatles. In the "easy listening" department we note the sound tracks of two movies heavily feted by Hollywood's Academy of Arts and Sciences and also the "in" sound of Herb Alpert's ubiquitous Tijuana Brass records. Inevitably, there will be changes and surprises in both the popular and classical departments. "The Best Sellers" will offer you a front-center look at the scene.

A PERFORMER LOOKS AT PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY CLAUDIO ARRAU

FRIENDS AND PUPILS often have heard me say that in my ideal music school, psychoanalysis would be a mandatory part of the general curriculum. That and the art of dancing.

Psychoanalysis to teach a young artist the needs and drives of his psyche; to make him come to know himself early rather than late and thus sooner to begin the process of fulfilling himself, which until the end of his life must become his main driving force as a human being and as an artist. Indeed, only insofar as this will be his goal, his conscious or unconscious goal, will he grow as an artist and become worthy of the name. I would include the art of modern dance for the use of its liberating, expressive movements in the release of psycho-physiological blocks, tensions, and inhibitions and for the greater awareness and projection of feeling.

We have all heard of psychic blocks; of musicians suffering breakdowns, of fingers, muscles, and memory suddenly collapsing and refusing to function, of fear so acute that high notes in singers vanish and all technique and mastery seem to evaporate. At such dire times, we say that he or she needs psychoanalysis. Yes, indeed, but at such time analysis usually comes too late. Only the most aware, the most intensely driven by the will to live and the courage to be ever make it to full light and health. Others flounder in a perpetual half light of suffering, the mind's real Purgatorio.

The performer, aged nine—shown here with Martin Krause, a onetime pupil of Liszt, in whose Berlin home the young boy lived and worked for five years. After Krause's death, in 1918, Arrau never had another teacher; the next few years were lonely ones.

In my ideal school, a young artist would never be driven to such an impasse. Learning and guidance would light the way from the beginning, the same as in ancient times the Mysteries helped initiate the Greek neophyte into the stream of life. But, unfortunately, in our own society today, with its insistence on the competitive and material aspects of life above all else, growth and development are not the natural order of things. Although, as Jung pointed out over and over, life often does take matters into its own hands and carries us along, sometimes to our good fortune, life can also play us terrible tricks—putting out stumbling blocks when we are not looking, or bringing us to dangerous precipices down which we sometimes fall, and from which only the most heroic ever find the way back.

Psychoanalysis has come a long way since Freud published *The Interpretation of Dreams* in 1900. We know today that there are many ways to self-knowledge and self-fulfillment, which in the end is the cure of any neurosis (or at least must be the aim of any cure), whether it be lengthy analysis going back to the age of one, or Tillich, or Buber, or Zen, or sheer life-giving-every-day-good-sense. But to me, the most pertinent way for the life of the artist is a return to the ancient knowledge and wisdom as embodied in the writings of Jung and expounded in his idea of the Collective Unconscious.

This, as distinguished from the personal unconscious, is the sum of man's total psychic history from the beginning of time, which has come down to us in mythology, fairy tales, religion, and ancient customs and rituals. As man's mind and soul evolved, as he fought his psychological battles of attainment, renewal, realization, and conscious awareness and gave them concrete form and symbol in his learning, art, and literature, so was formed the whole mystical and mythological store of our entire psychic past.

Individually, in our own time and lives we go through the same psychic battles as recorded in mythology, only without the aid of the Wise Old Man to guide us (save when we find one in the guise of the analyst in time of need); we undertake heroic journeys just as the great heroes of mythology —Hercules, Perseus, and Theseus—did, and sometimes we are even helped in our tasks by similar miraculous advice, forewarnings, and assistance. And like Prometheus, we challenge the Gods, courting disaster, which we sometimes reap and sometimes triumph over. Over and over again, we repeat what Man in his short and dangerous passage from birth to death has undergone consciously and unconsciously from the beginning of his history.

In the course of a lifetime of struggle and achievement, the artist, creative and re-creative, as society's culture bearer carries out the patterns of individual growth and development, and sometimes final realization, more clearly than other people (or we see the patterns more clearly, if for no more reason than that the life of the artist is more often recorded).

If the artist's gifts are exceptional, he will often show in his early years the qualities symbolized in the archetype of the Divine Child, which as Jung describes it "is a personification of vital forces quite outside the limited range of our conscious mind: of a wholeness which embraces the very depth of Nature. It represents the urge, the strongest, the most ineluctable urge in every being, namely the urge to realize itself. It is, as it were, an incarnation of the *inability to do otherwise* [Jung's italics], equipped with all the powers of nature and instinct, whereas the conscious mind is always getting caught up in its supposed ability to do otherwise."

This is the unconscious power of the child prodigy. But passing over from the divine innocence of unconscious security to the young manhood of conscious responsibility takes an act of supreme courage and heroism. For the young artist, it represents one of the most difficult periods of his life. He must pass through a great test in which he wins his standing in society (the first prize in a competition usually as his reward) along with the Princess, even as Tamino does in his Rite of Initiation in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. First he must

slay the terrible dragon (attain conscious understanding), then he must pass through the test of fire and water (with Sarastro, the force of conscious knowledge and commitment as guide), and only then does he attain Pamina (his soul), and his heart's desire. In doing so, the dark, terrible forces of the unconscious (Queen of the Night), which always seek to drag him down, sink into the deepest layers of his psyche from where he can then begin to draw his creative power, but this time mastered by his conscious mind.

If passing the heroic test—usually preceded by such depression, discouragement, and fear and trembling that the young artist often contemplates suicide—were all that had to be achieved, life would be comparatively simple. But in the life of the artist, as well as life in general, it is only the first of many essential tasks that he must accomplish.

From the age of twenty to forty or fifty, man is in the full flush of his life force. Eros is behind him and in him. His work makes strides, he wins success and recognition, and he usually marries at this time. But even with Eros within him and the drives of ego-attainment running instinctively, each accomplishment, each success must be a conscious labor. No less than Ulysses, the artist must pass trial after trial, until little by little he reaches his life's goal and finds his soul in the guise of Penelope waiting for him.

This is if all goes well. Most of the time, as life goes, it doesn't. Eros may be within us, but so is the Death Wish (in the Jungian sense of the symbolic fear or urge to slip back into the dark unconscious state of an earlier stage of development), and we do the most inexplicable things. We frustrate ourselves constantly. Out of fear—fear of failure and, strange as it may seem, fear of success as well—we artists suddenly fall sick before major appearances. We create frightful emotional upsets, we risk losing what we hold dearest. We fall and break an arm. We have car accidents. Singers suddenly become hoarse, can't make their high notes, and often tighten their neck muscles into such a vise that it is amazing that their vocal chords can function at all. Instrumentalists suddenly lose the use of some fingers or suddenly can't play the simplest (or the most difficult) passages. Or out of competitiveness and the wish for almightiness, as it were, the least sign of imperfection can cause one to give up in the middle of an otherwise fine performance. Worst of all, the struggle may suddenly lose all meaning, and the artist, lost in a terrible maze of conflict and despair, may give up performing altogether. This giving up is a real death, the death of the soul. One descends into the abyss and the return takes the most heroic battle with the Furies (the dark aspect of the unconscious) which man is ever called upon to make and which requires all the remaining power of his soul to overcome. If he wins, he is a true hero who accomplishes his own rebirth.

The no less terrible if less dramatic effects arising from the failure to deal with psychoneurotic blocks are the blocks of communication. The blocks of

Arrau at five, when he gave his first recital in his native town of Chillan, Chile.

emotional life and feeling which hinder the flow of communication and expression are often the result of teaching and upbringing, but more basically of the fear of commitment, the fear of putting one's stamp on an interpretation so to speak. In the end the failure of communication is the failure of psychic growth and development in general. Most often, communication is blocked through unawareness and often through sheer vanity, where the artist becomes the victim of his own success and, disconnecting himself from his essential being, becomes increasingly isolated from the source of his creative powers.

Fortunately, in young artists emotional blocks of communication frequently can be broken through with the right kind of teaching. I have been astonished many times to see pupils with seemingly nothing to express, virtual emotional blanks, suddenly experience an inner emotional explosion through the sheer means of playing with the whole body instead of stiffly with only the fingers, arms rigidly at the sides. It is as if the new-found freedom of movement works back on the psyche to awaken and release the dormant creative imagination and enable it to begin to grow and blossom. It goes without saying that the potentialities of creativity must be there to begin with. Where there are no such potentialities, a good psychic and physical shaking-up will be a stimulant but only for the moment.

As the first half of an artist's life is dominated by Eros and the outward driving instinct for work and attainment, so the second half of life must be a time of stock taking, a turning inward to the essence of one's being where unessentials fall away and only the most meaningful and deepest side of our nature and gifts are fulfilled. This period of

Arrau at fourteen, with his mother, the former Lucretia de Leon, also an able pianist.

life can be as much a crisis in an artist's life as the very first gropings for the identity of self and purpose. Then there is the fear before the demands and dangers of life. Now there is the terror of the dissolution of life and the oncoming night of nothingness and death.

This does not mean that from the age of fifty or so an artist begins to flag and accomplish less. Just the contrary happens if everything in his psychic development has gone well. His energy is as enormous as ever. Only now, if, as Jung describes it, the full process of individuation has taken place, or is taking place—the process by which a man, through ever greater consciousness, effort, and wisdom finally attains his complete selfhood in harmony with the cosmos—does he do his best and most meaningful work. If this last task is achieved, it produces a new wave of creativity arising from still deeper sources than anything before.

In our time Picasso, Stravinsky, Chagall, Casals, Klemperer, Rubinstein, Ansermet, among many other great old men, are the best examples of the power of individuation, of what I call continuous and endless evolvement, where the limits of one's persona begin to break down and evaporate, leaving behind all vanity, which can lead into the final fusion with the All. In the creative field, the continuous invention, active imagination, endless curiosity, and the wisdom of concentrated expression is a wondrous fact in Picasso and Stravinsky particularly. Only the greatest creative spirits ever attain so far—the saying of more through less.

In creative life, or in the re-creative, there are all kinds of levels of realization and fulfillment and at all stages of development. Mozart died not quite thirty-six, Schubert at thirty-one, and Beethoven at fifty-seven. Yet each fulfilled himself creatively in the fullest sense if quite differently. Mozart shows a creative power of such magnitude from *Idomeneo* to *The Magic Flute* that one can virtually say that he tossed out of himself one great masterwork after another. Schubert's creative forces towards the end of his life grew in depth and richness (the great C major Symphony, the Quintet, Op. 163, and the three posthumous piano sonatas among other major works) so that had he lived, I feel he would have gone on to give us still more masterworks. Beethoven underwent many rebirths and finally a complete transfiguration at the end. Sometimes, he even tried to fight the early battles over again (on a higher level) as in Op. 106 when (probably tempted by the new Broadwood piano under his hands) he tried to go back to the time of the *Appassionata* in an attempt to give birth to yet another heaven-storming sonata. But he was now beyond such things and far on the way to a spiritual transformation of the highest order, and the attempt after the fiery opening proclamatory bars seems to break up under his fingers. Instead, he goes on to the profoundest slow movement of his entire corpus and then concludes—the virtuoso once more to the fore—with the most ragingly difficult fugue imaginable, as if to say, "Now that will show you." Beethoven always won every battle. That is why his message to mankind and especially to young people is still so powerful today.

Closer to our time, Mahler showed the same ability to overcome the dark night of the soul and over and over again to transcend the death wish, achieve rebirth and renewal on ever high levels, and win through to the final exaltation and apotheosis of the last symphonies. We know today that Mahler consulted Freud about some of his most personal problems and we can be certain that he was helped, at least to some extent (even one good talk with a wise person can open a window to self-understanding), for towards the end of Mahler's life his anguish and fear of death had given way to a firm belief in the indestructibility of the human soul and the divine possibility of man's fulfillment on earth.

WHEN JUNG WROTE that life takes care of us, he uttered an often basic truth, but only for those most positively and consciously oriented. When we have the drive and courage to enter contests (never mind that not everyone can win—it's taking the risk that counts), when we take on the responsibility of marriage and family, when we overcome obstacles and win successes, that is life taking care of us. (At this point, what with the renewed interest in contests vis-à-vis our political competitiveness with the Soviet Union, it is most important to remind young artists that contests are only a practical means in the launching of a career and, while important psychologically as a test of endurance and courage, are not the meaning of art. In my ideal school, young artists would compete but there

would be no first prizes, only many prizes for different gifts.) When we need a guide and mentor most (our own private Merlins) is when we come to crossroads and crises. Only the most informed and aware get help out of their own beings. The rest are fortunate if they have the luck to come across a helping hand.

From the time I was fifteen, when my teacher Martin Krause died, until I was twenty, I went through the most difficult and unhappy years of my life. I continued to work. I won the Liszt Prize twice in succession at sixteen and seventeen, but hardly a day passed when I didn't think of death. Then at twenty—twenty-one, after my first United States tour and my return to Berlin, I was overwhelmed by the difficulties of the struggle before me and wanted to give up then and there. But a friend brought help. This friend had heard of how much analysis had helped Edwin Fischer to continue to play (Fischer's problem was a stage fright of paralyzing proportions—when he was able to overcome it, he gave some of the most demonic never-to-be-forgotten performances I have ever heard), and since Fischer was Krause's older and more famous pupil, I decided to go to an analyst too. Actually, at that time I would have gone to a witch doctor if help had been promised. My analyst, Dr. Hubert Abrahamson, not only helped me (in three years I had enough interest in life to enter the Geneva Concours of 1927 and win First Prize) but he has remained my friend and mentor to this day. His help and teaching (he started out as a Freudian and came to Jung and finally to what today is called Existential Psychology) opened so many windows for me that I could finally interpret my own dreams —or at least recognize them as dreams of anxiety, forewarning, and, sometimes in moments of despair, of a foretelling of fulfillment. Over a period of thirty years, analysis helped clear my personal psychic jungle until my full creative forces could flow freely. Layer after layer of covering and unessentials were stripped away in a process which must continue until one's death. In this sense the old saying that "when one stops growing one dies" is literally true.

If so far I have not mentioned women artists, it is not an oversight. The psychology of woman differs from man's as wholly as her sex. The woman artist in today's world is not only confronted by the problems of her own individual feminine psychological development but with making her way in a man's world. Since man's goal is to achieve his total personality through work, attainment, and family, a career is his natural state—nay his necessity. A woman artist must also fulfill herself as a woman. If she can do that and succeed in her career as well, without ambivalence, she is indeed blessed. But since a woman artist's career can be no less demanding, no less ego-centered than a man's—the more demanding it is indeed, the greater will be the conflict which will arise in the fulfillment of her personal life. Due to her many ambivalences, a woman artist's chance to win through to a great career is consequently more difficult than a man's. She has to battle twice as hard, I think, and fairy tale and myth are rarely on her side (patriarchally grounded, they are usually concerned only with the princess who has no other aim in life than to live happily ever after with her prince charming).

Even in this day of rather waning patriarchy when we seem to be on the threshold of a new society based on the equally strong personalities of both sexes, the normal man shuns the strong, independent woman; he has no need of her. It takes an exceptional man to effect a happy marriage with a woman artist, and lucky she is if she finds such a man. But more often she doesn't find him, she wins him, as Psyche, through trials of patience, courage, and love, finally wins back Amor.

In the Jung canon of the Collective Unconscious, the archetypes of the Anima and the Animus figure prominently. The anima is man's womanly aspect, the part of himself which he must not reject as unworthy but which he has to absorb and integrate into his psyche to become a total man. The less of this integration he accomplishes, the more of a child he remains. The woman must absorb her animus, her masculine aspect, in order to achieve full femininity.

The creative artist, I think, is among the few happy ones most able to achieve the union of opposites into the total whole which is the goal of the process of individuation—the attainment of the unity of the total self. In the artist, the tensions to be overcome may be greater, but the union—the whole—can become more perfect. The dragon slaying done with and the hero battles won, the artist can now allow himself to remain open to the sources of his imagination, divination, and creativity —his unconscious—which now no longer will appear as an aspect of the dark dread but of beneficial wisdom. Without that source, no amount of intellect, reason, ego-stability and control would ever have enough meaning in art.

One last thought. I am often asked by friends and pupils—isn't psychoanalysis dangerous to artists—isn't it important for artists to have conflicts and neuroses and problems and to suffer? Yes, absolutely. But then psychoanalysis or self-analysis or group psychotherapy doesn't do away with conflicts and suffering. It is the finding of a *modus vivendi* with conflict and suffering—of how to deal with them and live with them—that matters. For the artist, tensions and handicaps, once understood, conquered, or sublimated, are important and need not be erased, for it is these very tensions that give the creative process its intensity and are a vital source of creative power. But what psychoanalysis can do is to eliminate the handicaps of fear—the fear of being unique, or of not being unique. For the truth is that every artist, who in a greater or smaller way is a true artist, is unique.

MICROPHONES
MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

There are two ways of looking at microphones. You can resign yourself to your lowly amateur status and just go ahead and record with any mike, including the one or two that may have been supplied with your tape recorder. Or, you can take your cue from the seasoned professional who selects different mikes for particular recording stints, and is always on the lookout for a better mike, knowing that the better the microphone, the wider and cleaner will be the channel of sound from performer to tape head. Your own recorder is not in the professional class, you say? The fact is, most "home-type" recorders can produce taped sound far better than a low- to medium-priced mike will feed to them. The mikes typically supplied with a recorder are fine for getting you started, or for recording, say, speech or noncritical takes such as practice sessions. But for any serious live recording that may become a permanent part of your tape library, a better mike can make you believe that you've suddenly acquired a vastly better tape recorder. On the following pages, we explain the more important characteristics of microphones, with a rundown on the types available and some advice on choosing your own.

TYPES OF MIKES

You may get an idea of the diversity possible among microphones when you consider that a microphone is essentially a loudspeaker in reverse—and everyone knows how much variety exists in speaker design. Actually, microphones may be classified in a number of ways: by the acoustic conditions under which the diaphragm is designed to work (which determines largely the mike's sound-pickup pattern); by the method used to generate the signal (which puts the mike into the dynamic, ribbon, piezoelectric, or condenser category); by the mike's impedance (high or low). Theoretically, all these variations can be combined and superimposed on one another, and indeed just such "hybridization" often occurs. For instance, dynamic mikes may be of either high or low impedance. In fact, any mike that is basically of one level of impedance can be fed, via an adapter, to an alternate level of impedance. Or again, while a dynamic mike is usually omnidirectional (it tends to pick up sound effectively from all sides) this type often is treated in its manufacture to offer a cardioid pattern (see accompanying drawings).

Despite the myriad assortment of styles and types, in actual practice certain "technical affinities" have developed, and among specific models commercially available the over-all variation has been held to a reasonable degree. Some "as a rule" generalizations can therefore be made.

To begin with, consider the first main division among mikes: the relation of the diaphragm to the air about it. Where the diaphragm is open to sound at the front but completely closed off at the back, we have the pressure mike. Some minor reflection and diffraction effects (caused by the mike housing and the diaphragm size at very high frequencies) notwithstanding, the pressure mike is basically omnidirectional. That is to say, it responds about equally well to sounds from anywhere in the vicinity. On the other hand, where the rear of the structure is open, we have the "pressure gradient" mike. Sound at the front reaches the front of the diaphragm a little sooner than it reaches the back, since it must go around the mike frame, with a consequent pressure difference or gradient between the two sides. Sound from the sides, however, reaches both sides of the diaphragm at the same time, and produces no pressure difference and no signal output. Sound from the back, again, produces a signal. This makes the familiar "figure 8" pickup pattern, which can be said to be bi-directional.

If we combine the omni pattern and the figure 8, with the right phasing, we get the widely used "cardioid" characteristic. Since the front of the omni pickup and the front of the figure 8 are in phase, the mike sensitivity is increased for sounds at the front; since the two signals from the back are out of phase, sensitivity at the back is reduced. As a result, the mike responds much better to sounds in front than to sounds at the sides or back. Such a mike is more or less unidirectional.

The earliest cardioid mikes actually were combinations of omni- and figure-8 microphones connected for one-way pickup. Today the trick is most often done by opening the back of what is basically an omni mike, and using tubes, slots or other acoustic structures that delay the back wave so that it opposes the front pressure, thus reducing output from the back.

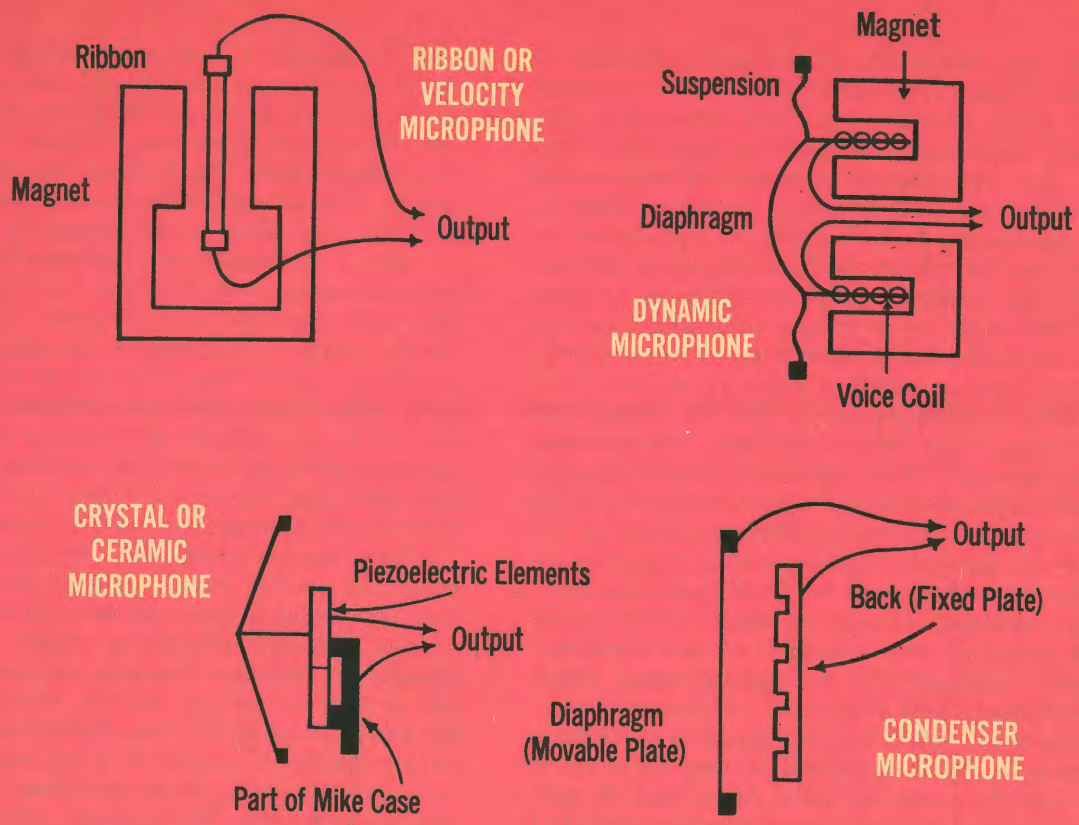
Another classification of mikes has to do with how the signal is generated. We have the dynamic (diaphragm and voice coil in magnetic field, much like the cone loudspeaker); ribbon (very light thin vertical ribbon in a magnetic field, acting both as diaphragm and "voice coil"); crystal and ceramic (the piezoelectric types, in which a solid substance is twisted or bent to produce voltages); and the condenser, or capacitor, mike (the diaphragm is one plate of an electrical capacitor, a fixed "back plate" the other, and diaphragm motion varies the electrical capacitance). The sketches show in more detail how each of these works.

While the quality of design and construction in a particular mike is the overriding factor in its performance, some useful generalizations can be made to help in the choosing among the types.

The costlier dynamic mike has always been the recordist's and the broadcaster's workhorse. It is rugged, it puts out a big signal, it is easily used at the end of long cables, it is impervious to temperature and humidity changes. Some dynamic mikes can be bought for under $10 but, like its cousin the cone loudspeaker and for many of the same reasons, the very inexpensive dynamic microphone is liable to have trouble reaching deep down in the bass or very high up in the treble. It also tends to peaks and high distortion in its response. The cheaper dynamics are usually "high impedance" because they use voice coils of many, many turns or, more often, a step-up transformer in order to get the especially big output voltage desirable for the public address, paging, and similar uses that are their main applications. But with high impedance—5,000 ohms and up—the capacitance in the mike cable becomes critical, and a cable longer than ten to fifteen feet will have enough capacitance to reduce the highs by shunting them across the cable.

In the better grade dynamic mikes the lowered voltage of low impedance—500 ohms and down—is accepted in order to permit the use of very long cables without loss of highs. Such a highly refined dynamic is a stable, strong performer, and the signal, though lower than in the high impedance types, is still a fairly big one. Naturally, any such combining of workhorse and racehorse qualities very substantially increases the price; some of the best dynamic mikes cost $200 or more.

The dynamic is usually a pressure mike—i.e., omnidirectional—but many are given a cardioid pattern by admitting a "treated" sound wave to the back of the diaphragm, as already described.



In the ribbon microphone, upper left, a thin metallic strip responds to sound pressures and —because it is suspended in a magnetic field—produces electrical signals corresponding to those changes. The dynamic microphone, upper right, most closely resembles a loudspeaker, with a voice-coil surrounded by a magnet and a diaphragm and suspension system to respond to sound pressure changes. In the crystal or ceramic microphone, lower left, changes in sound pressure on the diaphragm stress the elements to produce an electrical signal by the piezoelectric effect, not unlike that used for ceramic phono pickups. The condenser microphone, lower right, operates somewhat like an electrostatic speaker in reverse.

The treatment can become very elaborate, because it should *vary* with frequency if the pickup pattern is to be the *same* at all frequencies. Without acoustic treatment at the back that adjusts itself for various frequencies, the pickup pattern is apt to be strongly towards the front (strongly cardioid) in the highs, much less so in the bass.

The ribbon mike is a very smooth-performing mike, flat in frequency response and low in distortion. But it is also quite fragile and is strongly affected by wind—a faint breeze may be picked up and recorded as a low roar or a gust. All mikes can pick up wind noise, but the ribbon mike is the most vulnerable. (In the past the ribbon was sometimes used for highest-quality recording work inside the studio, but it has been largely supplanted in this role by the condenser mike—of which more below.) The ribbon, as a pressure-gradient type, is the original directional mike, with a natural figure-8 pattern. Early cardioids used one dynamic and one ribbon mike in the same housing, connected so that the rear of the omni pickup and the rear of the figure 8 canceled each other.

What about crystal and ceramic mikes? Among lower-priced microphones, these piezoelectric types are often highly satisfactory. As a very rough rule, we can say that a piezoelectric costing about $40 or less probably has smoother frequency response and less distortion than a dynamic of approximately the same price. It will put out a very strong signal too. But it is fragile: the crystal mike is sensitive to changes in temperature and humidity; and neither the crystal nor the ceramic can work on long cables. The capacitance in the cable of a piezo mike simply *reduces the signal* without changing the highs much. Piezo mikes of really top quality are theoretically possible and occasionally have been made. But their disadvantages as compared with first-class dynamics have kept them from wide use, and very few are now sold.

Finally we come to the condenser mike, invented more than thirty years ago at Bell Telephone Labora-

tories as a device for the precise measurement of sound. Today, it is growing in popularity among both amateurs and professionals interested in top-quality recordings. The condenser mike has, above any other type, inherent smoothness of response and low distortion. Below its main resonance, which is usually somewhere in the treble, the response can be just about flat all the way to the bottom of the bass.

Though condenser mikes are increasing in number and—again as a general rule—cost somewhat less than dynamics of similar performance quality, they still remain expensive, ranging from about $125 to $300. Furthermore, they have the complication of needing some built-in electronics. The extremely high impedance of the mike itself makes it essential to have a preamplifier right behind or below it, in the mike housing. This preamplifier can present to the mike the necessary high impedance; it supplies the polarizing voltage, or in the "FM" types (see drawings) the oscillator frequency which the mike varies. The output of the preamp is at low impedance, which, combined with the amplifier signal, makes possible long cable runs, up to 100 feet or more.

The power supply for the preamp in a condenser mike is usually in a separate housing, connected to the mike by a separate cable. So we have an extra box of electronics and more cabling to handle at a recording session—which means that a lot more things can go wrong than with the simple cable-to-amplifier hookup of a dynamic mike. To reduce the potential difficulties, some condenser mike manufacturers offer power supplies that will feed two or more mikes. In this way a stereo or other multi-mike setup can be less complex than it would be with a separate power supply for each mike. At least one maker further reduces the bother by using a transistor preamp powered by a built-in battery. The idea is attractive, but make sure that the battery is good, or else carry a replacement.

The fact that the condenser mike is rising in popularity in spite of its operational demands is strong evidence of the drive towards better quality in recording. But, as the reader surely knows, or suspects, a condenser mike is not *automatically* a high purity instrument. A bad one can be made. The preamplifier must be top grade or it will introduce some frequency variation or distortion. The main resonance must be well handled (and it can be, as several models with reasonably flat response to 20 Hz show). There are numerous details that need a knowledgeable hand in the design, including the acoustic conditions in back of the diaphragm which determine how the back wave is treated.

One potential design advantage that condenser mikes are beginning to exploit is a reduction in the physical size of the diaphragm. The smaller the diaphragm of a dynamic mike, the lower its output, everything else being equal; therefore, high sensitivity means a fairly large diaphragm. But a condenser mike can be made highly sensitive, no matter what the diaphragm size, simply by increasing the amount of amplification in the preamp.

The advantage of a small diaphragm size is a greater smoothness in the highs. Sound waves striking the front of a microphone act in one of two ways. The lower frequencies "diffract"—that is, simply flow around the housing; the higher frequencies are reflected back towards the source. Such reflection causes sound pressure to build up in front of the diaphragm ("pressure doubling") which is variable with frequency and thereby can inject peaks and dips in the response. These "diffraction effects" (they ought to be called "reflection effects") have been understood for years. Top-grade mikes have sometimes included electrical filters that put holes in the response where the pressure doubling put peaks. But inasmuch as sound from side angles produces a different set of peaks, or none at all, filtering is not really the answer.

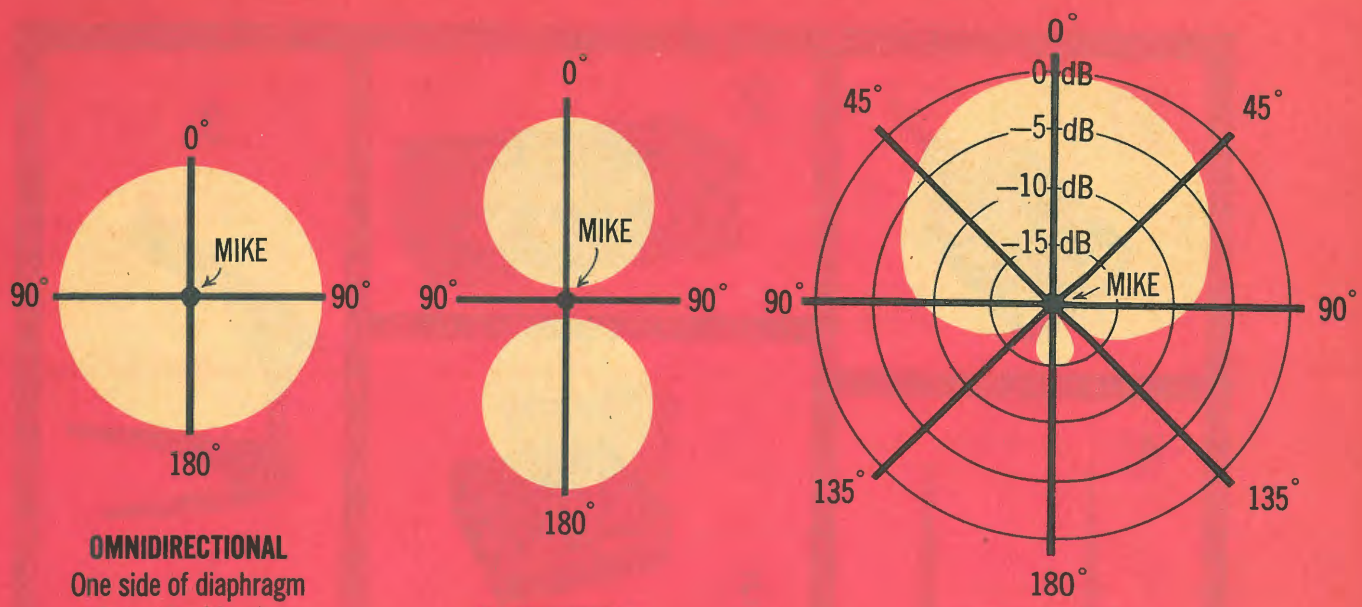
A better solution is simply to make the diaphragm as small as possible, thereby reducing pressure doubling and putting it higher on the musical scale. In the past, diffraction effects have usually been considerably less important than other sources of roughness in response, but the advance in mike quality has brought them to the fore. The difference they make in the sound is apt to be a tiny one—but we have reached the stage, in the best mikes, of dealing with tiny differences. The condenser mike is better able to deal with this one than are the other types.

Although any type of microphone nowadays is available with a variety of pickup patterns, the cardioid characteristic is far and away the most used. Why? For one thing, it allows you to cut down noise. Any sound coming in from the back produces a reduced signal, and at least some of the noise in a room usually comes from the back. The same applies to echoes, or reverberation. If the reverb in a room is troublesome, too heavy or bassy, a cardioid mike will cut it down. In fact, the more directional a mike is, the farther away from the performer you can put it without picking up too much reverb in the sound.

Getting a good balance among a group of instruments is also simplified if you use two or more cardioids. Each mike can concentrate on a part of the group, with balancing refined in the mike mixer. So if you want to record music often "on location," in various rooms or halls not especially selected for good acoustics, a cardioid mike is extremely useful. It saves a great deal of time in the mike setup, as compared with an omni mike.

One minor disadvantage of the cardioid pattern is the "proximity effect." When a speaker or other sound source is very close to the mike, less than a foot or so, the bass is considerably boosted. (Male entertainers have often developed a fondness for a particular mike because it seemed to project a more "virile" image; proximity bass is usually the reason.) Many cardioids have a bass cut that can be switched in to reduce proximity bass and consequent loss of fidelity; if yours doesn't, be careful not to get too close to a sound source, especially in recording serious music.

MICROPHONE PICKUP PATTERNS



OMNIDIRECTIONAL
One side of diaphragm is exposed to air.

BI-DIRECTIONAL
Both sides of diaphragm are exposed to air.

UNI-DIRECTIONAL
One side of diaphragm is partially exposed to air; other side fully exposed.

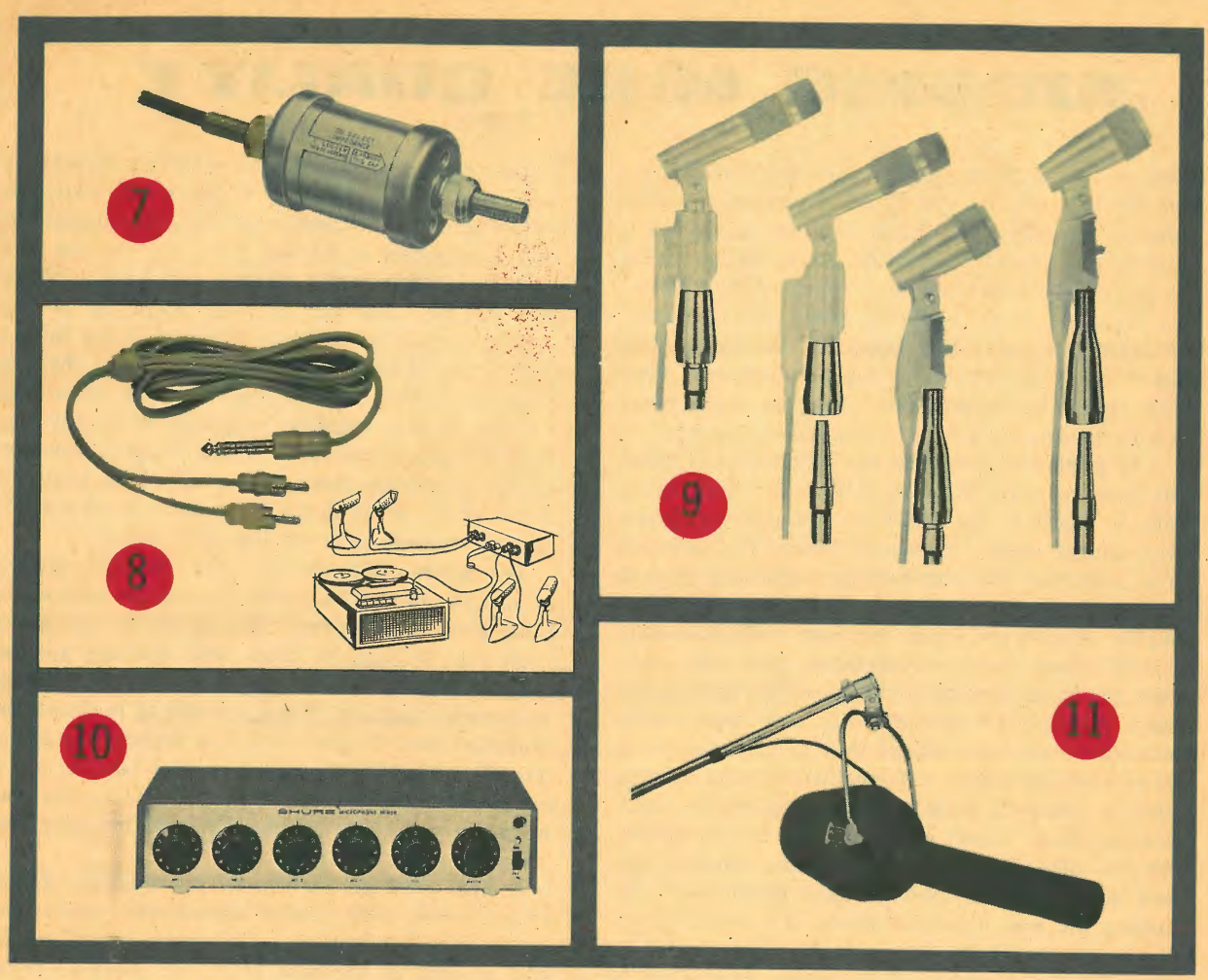
The three basic pickup patterns of microphones are, left, the omnidirectional (the mike picks up sound equally well at any angle from it); center, the bi-directional or "figure 8" (the mike responds equally well to sounds from its front and rear, but has little sensitivity to sounds at its sides); right, the unidirectional or cardioid (the mike responds mainly to sounds in front of it, with decreasing sensitivity at its sides, and no pickup at all from a distance behind it). Every microphone made has its own response pattern; those shown here are generalized for the sake of clarity. The graph superimposed on the unidirectional pattern indicates not a geographical floor plan of the mike's response but, rather, the angular relationship of sound intensities to the mike. For instance, with 0 dB as a reference level (let 0 dB represent the mike's nominal output directly on axis of the sound source it is recording), the graph indicates that this particular mike will fall off to −4 dB when recording sound at an angle of 45 degrees (either to its right or left); or again, if the sound source is at an angle of, say, about 60 degrees, the signal output produced by this mike will be down to about −6 dB.

Many professional recordists believe that given good acoustic conditions and a carefully prepared setup, the omnidirectional mike can achieve a closer degree of perfection than any directional type. Yet no one to my knowledge has proved any clear-cut superiority of one over the other. Certainly proof would be difficult, because of the complexity and subtlety of microphone technique under the demanding conditions of professional recording. Reasons sometimes given for preferring an omni mike are that it "hears" the reverberation more accurately; that it does not vary its frequency response with the distance and direction of the sound source; that it has lower harmonic distortion. Maybe so—but to realize these gains, you must have the right conditions. The reverb in the hall should be neither too short nor too long (neither too dry and weak, nor too muddy). The reverb also should be smooth over the frequency range, and smooth in its dying away. And you have to work hard on balance; a number of trial recordings are usually necessary to get mike placement and instrument placement right if you are recording a group. Stereo makes both the room acoustics and the instrument placement somewhat less critical, but the job of the recordist is still a complex one. This should not be taken to mean, however, that omnidirectional mikes can be used only in studios with elaborately controlled acoustics. A church, an assembly hall, a concert hall, even your living room may prove to be suitable for recording without special acoustic treatment.

Some recent mikes offer a choice of directional patterns selectable by a switch. Assuming that the designers have not sacrificed quality in order to give the mike these patterns, one might find such a unit is well worth considering for its versatility.

MICROPHONE

ENTER THE WORLD OF MICROPHONES and you encounter not only marvelous devices for picking up live sound, but an assortment of gadgets to make that job easier and more accurate. One of the most useful is some form of mixer—to combine two or more sound sources for special effects, such as blending or fading ("music up, voice down. . . ."). No. 1 is a low-cost Switchcraft "Mini-Mix" which combines two signals into one for jacking into your recorder. Switchcraft offers many such devices, some with built-in mike preamplification, some with variable impedance switching to suit different mikes and recorder inputs. A more advanced mixer is the four-channel, solid-state job (No. 2) by Switchcraft; this one handles four mono or two stereo channels. Mikes are best used in some kind of holder; for table-top or desk placement, consider something like the Atlas DS-14 stand (No. 3). For larger recording groups, you'll invariably need floor stands (No. 4) which can be raised or lowered and to which you may attach booms and some combinations of piping that even your plumber hasn't come across yet. The serious recordist who plans to work "on location"—including out of doors—might consider a mixer-preamp like the Geloso G-300-V (No. 5), which runs on either AC power or small batteries; this model mixes four channels for stereo or mono work and has a master level control plus a headphone monitor jack. Even more elaborate is the Bogen MXM-A mixer-preamplifier (No. 6), which handles up to six signal inputs, has separate treble and bass controls, a calibrated filter switch, headphone monitor, and sound-level meter. For using a mike of a given impedance, feeding into a record jack of a different impedance, you'll need a matching transformer, of which there are several types. The unit



ACCESSORIES

shown here (No. 7) is a line transformer, Allied Radio Model 502, which may be inserted into the cable between the mike and the recorder jack. You select the correct impedance by removing the cap at one end of the housing and making a quick adjustment beneath it. The diversity of cable and jack connectors used in tape recording (phone, phono, multi-pin, different sizes) has created a need for adapters and for cables that begin with one kind of jack and end with another. A study of any typical audio catalogue will turn up dozens of such combinations; the harness shown (No. 8) is one that permits connecting a mixer at some distance from the recorder, or hooking up the stereo tape-feed outputs of an amplifier to a phone-jack stereo input on a recorder. In addition to the varied-ended cable, there are plug-in adapters that convert phone jacks to pin jacks, and so on. For rapid mike-to-cable connections (and unconnecting), Shure has brought out a series of "isolation units" (No. 9) that permit you to engage and disengage mikes as easily as madame hooks up accessories to her vacuum cleaner hose. Shure also has just released a new mixer—its Model PE68M (No. 10)—which accepts up to five inputs directly or, by interconnecting two or more mixers, even more signal sources. Each input has its own control and there is a master level control. Outputs are provided for connection to a guitar amplifier, high and low impedance mikes, and a phono jack on an amplifier. The mixer is solid-state and portable—it runs on AC or battery pack. The covering shown on the Electro-Voice 642 mike (No. 11) is actually a windscreen—it filters out "blast" effects caused by fast panning of the mike boom or when recording outdoors. Windscreens are available for many, but not all, mikes.

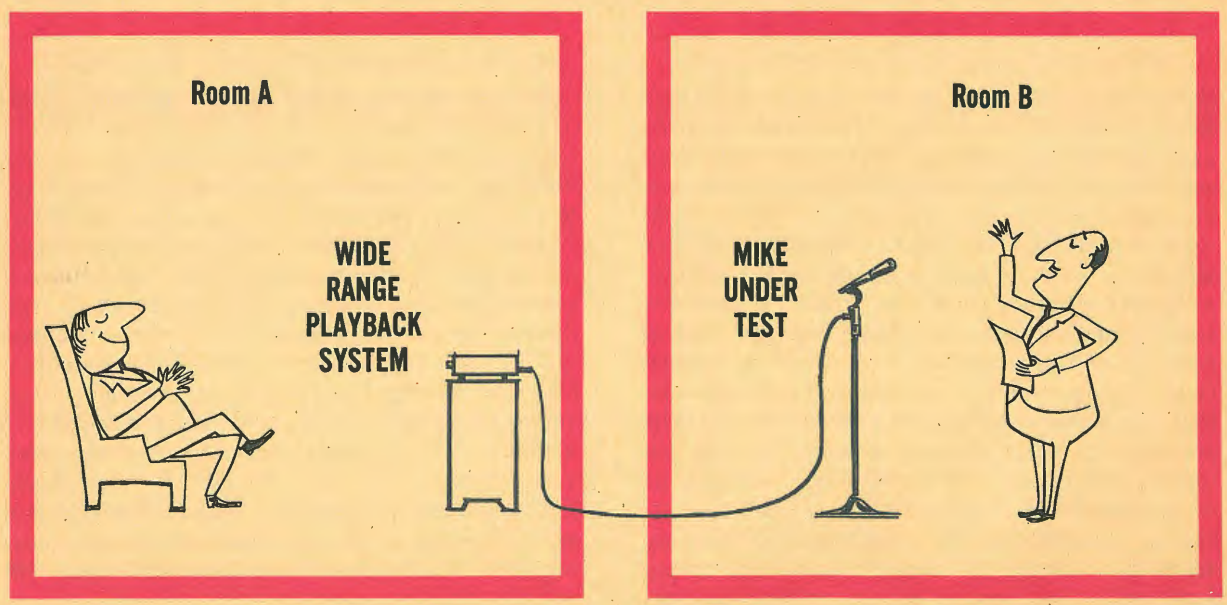
JUDGING MIKE QUALITY

WHICH BRINGS US to the final question: how do you get an idea of the quality of a particular microphone? Actually, the things that go wrong in a microphone are very much the things that go wrong in speakers, pickups, amplifiers—with similar effects on the sound. Peaks make the sound boomy, honky, or overbright and harsh, depending on whether they are in the bass, middle, or highs respectively. Poor bass makes the sound thin, and poor highs make it dull. Distortion blurs or roughens the sound.

The published specifications on mikes are often far from helpful. The fact that no limits on variation, in decibels, are stated for frequency response is a danger signal: it usually means the variation is so wide that the manufacturer (rightfully) guesses you would be appalled. In general, the more thoroughly detailed the specs, the more confidence they should arouse in the microphone. Ironically, however, the more detailed data typically offered on the better microphones probably will have more usable meaning to the professional than to the amateur; it takes both experience and specific technical training fully to interpret polar responses, calibration data, and the whole "family of curves" that can be derived for one mike. In any case, the serious amateur can take some steps to evaluate mike performance by judging the way it handles sound in a room. When you make such tests, you must be most careful to allow for the acoustics of the room. *Always* try a mike in a room that you know intimately, acoustically speaking, in order to determine if that slight boominess, or that roughness in the mid-highs, is mike or room. To minimize room effects, some professionals have devised a special try-out method. It takes two sharp-eared individuals, one of whom acts as a narrator, speaking into the mike in a moderately soft voice, quite close up, in one room, while the other listens to the result on a top-grade speaker or over headphones in another room. (If you live in a very quiet place in the country and have a totally windless day, you can do even better by putting your performer out of doors while you listen inside.) The listener should refresh his memory of the live voice by ducking into the speaking room from time to time. Highly sensitive judgments of quality can thus be made because the original sound is there for quick comparison. Since we have a strong tendency to accept distortion in a voice we hear from a loudspeaker, recheck with the live voice often.

The narrator can raise his voice for short periods, to give you some idea of how quickly the mike overloads when fed with very loud signals. He can move from side to front to other side, enabling you to judge whether frequency response changes radically with sound direction. Slight amounts of peakiness or distortion tend to give a voice a slightly less open, less relaxed quality than the live voice has. But don't make your judgment too quickly. In fact, after the initial test, you can double check by reversing the roles of performer and listener.

A final word on the cost of microphones. These units, unlike other audio components which are supposed to conform to a "minimum resale" price, still are sold on the basis of a "net" discount from "list price," the former being as much as 40 per cent less than the latter. This means, for instance, that a mike listing for $70 can be bought for as low as $42—a fact that should remove at least one area of inhibition for the recordist seeking to upgrade the quality of his live takes.



Franco Corelli In and Out of Costume

IF YOU THINK OF THE TYPICAL ITALIAN TENOR AS A NOT-VERY-BRIGHT EXTROVERT, BE PREPARED FOR SOME SURPRISES . . .

By Conrad L. Osborne

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES before curtain time, when I arrived at the underground stage entrance of the new Metropolitan (certainly the only stage door in the world where singers can inhale concentrated carbon monoxide in preparation for their performances), I was informed by one of the MPs who man the post that the Corellis were already in the house. Armed with the necessary I.D. documents, I trudged down the long, locker-lined corridor that leads to the dressing room area, where another partisan indicated Signor Corelli's dressing room.

It was No. 8, the same one he had occupied the evening a few weeks before when I had first met him. That time, he had been perfectly polite but obviously preoccupied—it was the dress rehearsal of the new *Gioconda* production, and what with the double difficulties of new production and new opera house, everyone concerned had plenty to worry about. Each performer has his own way of responding to such pressure, from catatonic immobility to manic effusiveness, and Corelli's seems to be simple disengagement; he is with you in manner, but in substance he is off in the distance.

On this evening, he was more open and relaxed. Though the occasion was a performance instead of a mere rehearsal, the opera was *Turandot,* and all the elements of the production were familiar and tested. Besides, he and I had spent some time with each other since that *Gioconda* rehearsal, so that I was no longer a *critico incognito.* His wife, Loretta, spotted me first, and called me to her husband's attention. "Maestro!" he said, smiling and extending his hand. Then: *"Mi dispiace . . .,"* the trouble being that he was only half-dressed. He went on to apologize for having secured me only a standing-room pass rather than a ticket—a circumstance which secretly pleased me, since my first fifteen years of operagoing had been almost exclusively from Family Circle standing room, and there's nothing like a mixture of discomfort and nostalgia for improving the quality of a performance.

There was a brief bustle of activity, with several people in and out. One of them informed Corelli that the Liù would be Anna Moffo, a last-minute replacement for Mirella Freni. *"Ah, è Moffo?"* Corelli asked. He was pleased that the production's original cast of principals (the others: Nilsson and Giaiotti) would be together for another performance. A voice came over the intercom: *"Mezz'ora,* ladies and gentlemen. Exactly one half hour."

Then Corelli returned to the matter of readying himself for the performance. He drank down an

Alka-Seltzer ("acidity," he explained) and worked on his make-up—he does his own, which in the case of Calaf is not complicated: some base and powder, a bit of liner, alteration of the eyebrows, and extension of the sideburns, with pencil. Between touches on the make-up, he began his warm-up vocalise—first, a kind of reinforced hum (some Italian teachers call it *"voce chiusa,"* "shut voice"), which he ultimately carried to the E flat above high C. He alternated short sallies at this with more touches on the make-up and many clearings of the throat; then bursts of *"bra-bre-bri-bro-bru,"* on single tones in the middle part of the voice; then short descending figures on *"a"* and *"o,"* which he carried into the upper-middle area at full voice. After this, he asked to be excused for ten minutes to complete his preparations, and I went out into the corridor to watch the last-minute traffic heading towards the stage: mandarins and peasants, and Moffo, crossing her eyes and faking a fainting spell. She had not sung Liù for three years. From the dressing room, longer arpeggios now, turning into the top tones, and finally several of Calaf's first lines, almost unique in their immediate demands on the top—*"Ah, padre mio, ti ritrovo!-trovo!-trovo!,"* each *"trovo!"* a bit closer to the aimed-at-position. At length he emerged, fully costumed and as ready as a man ever is for this sort of thing. "Franco is ready now," said Signora Corelli, "and Mr. Osborne, you must hurry —they are ready to begin." I headed for the front of the house.

AT THE FIRST INTERMISSION, I returned to the dressing room, offering the opinion that the performance was going well. Corelli agreed that all was in place—so far. "But you know, this opera," said Signora Corelli, "the first act is not so easy, then the second is harder, and the third!"

It was a quiet intermission, Corelli relaxing and doing as little talking as possible. Mariano Caruso, the veteran character tenor who was singing the role of the Emperor, dropped in to talk about nothing in particular. He and Corelli, jaws agape, compared throats in the mirror, Caruso assuring Corelli that it was *supposed* to look that way. Then, a brief discussion on the merit and perils of cortisone, which Caruso asserted had made him sing *"come un cannone"* one year in Chicago. Then, *"Ciào, Franco."* Someone else came in and sat for a while on the couch, discoursing with Corelli on one of his favorite subjects, the danger of singing dissimilar roles too closely in succession. Even the roles which Corelli was then alternating at the Met (Calaf and Enzo), could be *nemici* without proper rest and readjustment, since Calaf demands a great deal of declamatory singing, while Enzo calls for a more lyrical approach. "You can sing Calaf soon after Enzo, but not Enzo soon after Calaf," says Corelli. A rapid *volata* came from the direction of Moffo's dressing room, and Corelli jumped up to check the pitch on the piano. The top C.

When we were alone in the dressing room for a few minutes, Corelli seated himself at the piano and began to play, whistling along with the melody. *"Tu?"* he asked. "You play?" I shook my head. *"L'ho studiato, quando ero fanciullo, ma . . .,"* the *"ma"* summing up my present proficiency. He nodded and went on playing.

"E Chopin," he offered. I looked at him incredulously. The piece sounded to me suspiciously like an Italian popular song with a few weird progressions.

"Chopin? E vero?"

"Si, è un'etudia inedita," he said. "No one knows it." He played on, leaving me to ponder whether the thing might be 1) an Italian popular song, 2) an unpublished Chopin étude, or 3) an unpublished Chopin étude by Franco Corelli, which he offers for the consideration of visiting music critics—a possibility that I have come to regard as not inconsistent with the Corelli temperament and intelligence.

After the performance, I stood in a corner of the dressing room, in company with the Corellis' poodle, Romeo, to watch the passing parade. The personal fan syndrome is something I have never quite understood; not that I was not an unabashed hero worshipper myself when still of an age to be unabashed about things (from about seventeen on, one is increasingly abashed), and not that I did not give myself unreservedly to Preacher Roe, Leonard Warren, Henry A. Wallace, Captain Marvel, and a handful of others at one point or another. But the preservation of distance is absolutely essential to that condition, and while I understand that many may want to visit dressing rooms to shatter the illusion, grow up, or (like Mann's Felix Krull) learn a lesson in life, the business of trying to cultivate familiarity and illusion at one and the same time is beyond me.

The folk who filed through the dressing room that night—between seventy and eighty of them, I should guess—included a few of those obsessed, convoluted types who can be observed being rude to anyone ahead of them at any of the season's musical events, one or two record company executives, and one or two acquaintances (*"Canta come un* orchestra *sta sera, Franco!"*). For the rest, they seemed to be mostly young Ivy League or prep-school species,

many of them allowing their dates a shot at one of the few operatic celebrities a girl can look at with a bit of a gleam. A few unaccompanied males, but almost no unaccompanied girls, and nary a representative of the swish-blade clique, which is not surprising—Corelli is not limp-wrist-elegant or *tasteful*, nor is he a gentle father-figure. He stood smiling, autographing programs and record album librettos (and, in one case, a tobacco pouch) and saying "Thank you very much" to all the repetitions of "fantastic-oh" and "Well, what can I say that hasn't been said already?" Loretta siphoned off a few of the more talkative ones, rather deftly I thought, and without the slightest condescension or impatience. I think she *enjoys* it.

When they had gone, I asked the Corellis if the scene had been a typical one. "Many more than usual," Loretta replied. "But this was a wonderful night—everyone sang well, everyone was in an excited mood. *E vero, Franco?*"

He nodded, and said he believed he had sung only one other Calaf as good as this one. "It was February 7, two years ago, I think."

"You know," said Loretta, "Gigli has said very nicely what you feel about a performance like tonight. Once a year, he says, you are in *uno stato di grazia*—a state of grace. That was tonight."

CORELLI DOES NOT CONSIDER the *stato di grazia* his natural condition. He concedes that his voice was always long in range, and that the volume was always there. That means that certain basic problems of registration and resonance—problems which most other singers work hard and long to solve—were already taken care of, at least in elementary form, by the coördination which we would normally think of as his "natural voice." It does not mean, though, that all the notes of that long range were at his command in a practicable singing way, or that the volume could be graded with any evenness, or that the sound was necessarily attractive and exciting. And these attributes, together with all the others that go into finished singing, Corelli regards as acquired.

The legend about him has it that he is largely self-taught, and the legend is fairly accurate. Back near the beginning, he went to a singing teacher, assiduously performing exercises whose purposes the fellow refused to explain. After a time, the entire upper portion of his voice disappeared—he had lost the *acuti*, the high notes. Logically enough, he stopped taking lessons. He also stopped singing entirely for five months, during which he took health cures and inhaled sulphur. Then, for about a month, he tried working his voice as a baritone. But he found that the high tones had returned, and switched back to tenor.

Since then, his method of self-instruction has been one which Corelli's own generation was the first to be in a position to take advantage of: endless critical evaluation of his voice as heard on tape. In his Milan apartment, there is a room, heavily draped and sound-proofed in floor and ceiling, which serves as the Corelli sound studio. Part of his work consists of simply trying phrases or exercises over and over again, in slightly varying positions and adjustments, and listening to the results—learning to identify certain sensations with certain sounds (he tries, he says, to *"vedere la voce"*—see his voice). Another is so unusual it might well be unique: he A-B's his own voice against those of others. He is an admirer of many of his great Italian predecessors (he mentions especially Caruso, Gigli, Lauri-Volpi, Zenatello, Pertile, Martinelli). He listens attentively and at length to their recordings, as well as to those of some baritones (Ruffo, for instance). He then picks out passages he likes and tapes them, following each passage with his own rendition ("I try," he says, "to imitate not the sound, but the position, the way they are doing it"). He then tries to judge his own success with that approach to the music, and to determine whether or not it is a healthy and advisable way for his voice to work.

If this sounds as if Corelli is serious about his singing, it is accurate. He talks earnestly and knowledgeably about it, and goes to the trouble of looking up singers he admires to talk with them about vocalism; if they are dead, he will even go to their surviving relatives for some insight into their methods and theories. Of them all, he readily admits to having taken the most from Lauri-Volpi, with whom he has spent much time in bull session and studio demonstration, if not in actual vocal lessons. ("After all," says Corelli, "he had a career of forty-three years, singing all sorts of difficult roles. He must have known something of what he was doing.") For his part, Lauri-Volpi has publicly stated that Corelli is the only contemporary tenor capable of satisfactorily sustaining roles such as that of Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. (He had once said of Corelli that if he continued to sing as he did, the world would soon have "one tenor less and one baritone more";

In his Milan apartment he listens to endless tapes, of his own voice and others; in Cortina, he plays.

he feels that since then Corelli has made great technical strides.)

There is room, as always, for disagreement on the subject of Corelli as artist. For my own part, there have been only three tenors in twenty years of operagoing (discounting twilight phenomena like Gigli and Roswänge) whom I would go out of my way to hear: Melchior, Bjoerling, and Corelli. Of the three, only Corelli is equipped to handle the heavy roles of the Italian and French repertory. Since the war, there has been only one other *tenore di forza* of comparable quality—Del Monaco—and while he was an exciting performer who in certain roles had an intensity that so far does not seem part of the Corelli make-up, he was not by any means as smooth or technically accomplished a singer as the Corelli of today, nor one capable of assuming the more lyric Corelli roles, such as Rodolfo.

THIS MATTER OF technical accomplishment deserves some brief attention, since it is so generally misunderstood. It is apparent in the conversation of most opera fans and (if I may be so ungallant as to say so) in the writings of most contemporary critics that they do not recognize technical accomplishment, or lack of same, when they hear it; they are constantly confusing musicality with technique. A *leggiero* tenor, for example, who produces a pleasant tone and negotiates runs, but who is also limited to a low volume level and a practical range ending at A, will be described as a fine technician, the deficiencies being laid to limitations of the instrument. "Of course the voice is not much," they will say, "but how he sings with it!" But the truth is that the fellow is not a good technician at all: properly developed tenor voices are not so limited either in range or in volume, and the fact that he can sing a run (a simple matter for a lightly worked, "heady" voice) serves to disguise the fact that he has not solved elementary technical problems. One sees this sort of misjudgment every day, along with its converse: Del Monaco used to be excoriated something fierce for his "tastelessness," for his unwillingness to sing softly or to produce a real legato, when the real problem had nothing at all to do with taste or willingness, but with technical ability.

What is not comprehended is that, first, the ability consistently to produce sound of good quality and volume over a wide range is in itself an indication of some technical achievement; and, second, that the mere fact that a singer can produce big, ringing sound does not necessarily mean that any vocal feat is simply a matter of choice and taste ("With a voice like that, he could do anything if he wanted to!").

In the case of Corelli, we have a singer who produces large, exciting tone over a very wide range, the scale being quite evenly graded and the extremes well balanced. The intonation is reliable and precise, though, as with all singers, he can stray—usually on the sharp side. He can connect any given notes within that scale with an excellent legato, and he can swell or diminish (the *messa di voce*) over almost his entire singing range. The vowel for-

mation is of exceptional clarity, and every word he sings is distinctly intelligible, even at the extremes of his range. He can successfully adapt his basic timbre to the demands of straight lyric roles (and he is embracing more and more of them—Edgardo, the Duke of Mantua, Riccardo), and to the heaviest of Italian and French roles (Alvaro, Calaf, José, Rhadames—one day, no doubt, Otello). His singing has true dramatic impetus and temperament, and not of the phonied-up, provincial sort, either. His vocal health is remarkably robust.

It goes without saying that he has faults, as he readily concedes ("I have many *demeriti,*" he says). He sometimes scoops and he sometimes handles intervals in the vicinity of the break with less than perfect grace. For me, the thing he must work hardest to overcome is a simple lack of concentration and specificity onstage; when he is involved, he is not at all a poor actor (witness Act IV of his Ernani, and parts of his Alvaro and Roméo), but when he is not, he can often seem virtually absent—I recall a *Pagliacci* in which the voice was full of expression but the visual aspect almost totally lacking in same. I think it has to do with something he told me one day about the retired singers he had visited. He had found that, without exception, they were *"preoccupati,"* they suffered from *"complessi."* As he said this, everything about him bespoke empathy with that condition, and I think it explains this recurrent impression—he is *"preoccupato,"* possibly in an effort to *"vedere la voce."* Like most other facets of his work, this one is improving—the Enzo of this year is far better in this respect than that of 1962, when he first sang the role.

I CANNOT ACCEPT THE VIEW that Corelli is "offensive" or "inconsiderate" on the stage (two adjectives I have seen used, and the English seem personally incensed by him, as I suppose we might be if *our* leading tenors sounded like advanced cases of pharyngitis—the prevalent technique over there is not only covered, it's smothered). Granted, he often sings louder and better than anyone else on stage —perhaps, *signore,* you could sing just a bit worse so as not to appear inconsiderate? He does not seem to have excited any widespread animosity among his colleagues, and I remember a supportiveness bordering on chivalry during the *Adriana Lecouvreur* performances of four years ago, when Renata Tebaldi was in a period of vocal difficulty: it included a reining-in of the volume, and a cutting-short of more than one sustained top note so as not to hold it beyond her comfort. He will, of course, turn it on opposite this year's Tebaldi, or opposite the Turandot of a Nilsson, and I have known him to hold and diminish the E natural on the penultimate syllable of *"O, Mimi tu più"* while the baritone turned several colors in succession—a little friendly rivalry, and guess who wins?

There are several persistent bits of scuttlebutt about Corelli which do not square with my own observations. One concerns his personality, which seems to me neither excessively *divo*-ish nor at all dim-witted. To be sure, he has his "preoccupation," his delicate stomach, and his ritual observance of silence on the day of a performance. But the immediately striking quality of his personality is his earnestness, and his eagerness to be understood and taken seriously. Lauri-Volpi speaks of his *"umiltà,"* his humility, and indeed this seems a genuine part of his make-up. He has few airs and does not use his position to isolate himself psychologically. He wants to be a great singer, works hard at it, and is upset if anyone (himself included) is unhappy with the results. He is sometimes angered (though more often simply disturbed) by adverse criticism, but evidently because he believes much of it is unfair and, above all, ignorant. "Look," he says, "I go to see *The Bible* and I say, 'It is a terrible movie.' It is my right—I may have an opinion, I can be a critic. We can all be critics. But, if one is going to do this professionally, to instruct and judge . . ."

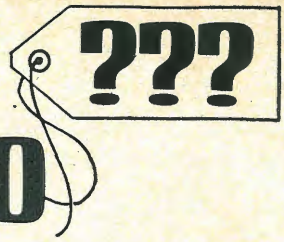
"Then," I suggested, "one ought to know one's subject?"

"Yes."

Nor do I see anything odd or amusing in the joint front maintained by Corelli and his wife. Loretta is an attractive, extroverted person who seems more than happy with her lot. She is quite naturally devoted to the success and comfort of her husband, in an entirely unself-conscious way, and does some of the talking for him, since she is bolder with her English. (Though one finds, after a while, that if there is a thought Corelli really wants to express in English, he will find the means to do so.) There is remarkably little calculation—or perhaps there is merely very close understanding —in the way they deal with social situations, both public and private, and as one who has by now been exposed to the current gamut of Great Tenors, from Pseudo-Analytical American to Precious Central European, and on to ordinary Slob, together with their attendant partner/wives, carefully letting fall all the correct cues, I find it more than a bit refreshing to talk with one who does not feel compelled to present himself as a half-dozen things more profound and respectable than an operatic tenor. Corelli is not out to display himself either as "just another guy" or as the logical successor to the great tenors of the past, which last he surely is.

He has some boyish qualities, among which are his sense of humor (he enjoys looking down on his press agent, Peter Gravina, whose ancestry is Neapolitan and Sicilian—"gangster," according to Corelli) and his mildly ironic outlook on things in general. Like many Italians, he likes sports cars. And again like many Italians, he will pour a good glass of red wine into a tall glass of ice water, and drink it down—which I will never understand. Then, of course, there is Corelli the musicologist: how many unpublished Chopin études do *you* know?

by Leonard Marcus



WHAT PRICE STEREO

A SHOPPER'S GUIDE TO HIGH FIDELITY PRICING

THE BUYER of high fidelity equipment must navigate an uncharted sea of both pricing techniques and terminology from the time he enters an audio salon to the moment he sails out with his purchase. He will have been tilted by varying degrees of "list," entangled in an "audiophile net," hoisted by a "minimum resale." He is in the same boat as the potential customer for a boat, say, or a camera, or washing machine, or refrigerator: he does not know what he should, could, or might pay for his equipment.

He finds an ad for a tuner in a national magazine, like this one. It lists, perhaps, for $193.59. He picks up a mail-order catalogue. The same tuner has a price of $169.49. Then he visits a local store. Here, the set may cost anywhere from $165 to full advertised list price. What, he wonders, is the relationship of the advertised price to the market price? In truth, there is no pat formula to answer this puzzlement, but here, at least, is some kind of chart through these muddied waters.

List price—consumer goods. In the consumer goods category we place most of the equipment needed for a stereo setup: receivers, amplifiers, preamps, speakers, tuners, turntables, changers, and tape recorders. A good percentage of manufacturers of these products do mean what they designate as list price. In those states that allow so-called "fair-trade" practices, the manufacturers insist that their dealers maintain the price; elsewhere, they strongly "suggest" that they do. Many firms spend thousands of dollars yearly to hire "shoppers" to police the marketplace, and most dealers will respect the "hard-list" prices of McIntosh, Marantz, KLH, Bozak, and the score of other similarly insistent audio manufacturers. They remember all too well the situation some years back when cut-throat retail competition resulted in an epidemic of bankruptcies—with the manufacturers left holding bags of unpaid bills. Retailers had been selling equipment at 10% above dealer cost, and many could not even afford to give service on their sold merchandise—which hardly helped the industry's image of quality. "We want to make sure that our dealer is there next year," says Dick Bucci of McIntosh, a firm known to track down rumors cross-country to withdraw a "cut-rate" dealer's franchise.

At the other end of the consumer list-price spectrum are such laissez-faire firms as Acoustic Research. AR's president, Ed Villchur, says that "Fair-trading is a euphemism for price-fixing. And price-fixing is diametrically opposed to free enterprise." For these manufacturers the law of supply and demand arbitrates the market price. A dealer with no competition, according to this point of view, usually sells in a limited high fidelity market. He needs to make up for a lack of volume (as well as to maintain a service department) by a higher profit margin. In a competitive market, of course, the price will be lower.

List price—hardware. Here we are dealing with almost totally fictitious list prices—up to 40% above the general market price. About the only high fidelity components that still fit this category are antennas (and their accouterments like rotators and boosters) and microphones. The rest of these items are replacement parts like controls and tubes.

One finds the reason for this discrepancy easily enough. The merchandise in question is primarily bought by repairmen. "List price" is the price a repairman can show to and charge his client, and this price differential (along with his labor charge) helps keep him in business.

Minimum resale. This is, in effect, a secret list price. Audiophiles always "knew" that they could traditionally get discounts on certain brand names; when these manufacturers tried to stabilize their prices, they ran into the subtle problem of trying not to irk their old-time customers. Although they advertise a list price, they will allow some price cutting. But they set a floor below which a dealer had better not undersell. This is the "suggested minimum resale price." When this new marketing technique appeared on the audio scene a few years ago, some manufacturers stipulated that dealers could not advertise—although they could make "deals"—below the official list; today, dealers' ads often carry price tags that are in effect the minimum resale price, or close to it.

Some dealers have noted a trend in minimum resale brands; as new models have come to market, the minimum resale figure has gotten closer to the nationally advertised price. In different parts of the country, by the way, the minimum resale may be set differently.

Audiophile net. Although one still sometimes finds the term on manufacturers' price lists, "audiophile net" is no longer In. It goes back to the days before the audio salon, to the time when radio parts stores —catering "to the trade" and acting as repairmen's wholesalers—spearheaded the high fidelity movement. The audiophile net was woven to snare the growing number of high Fidelios while not rankling the pros. Today, with consumer list prices more realistic, the amateur no longer needs to be dubbed "audiophile" to get equipment at a reasonable price. Now we can all just be music lovers.

by Stanley Sadie

THE HANDEL OPERAS

AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS' NEAR-NEGLECT, HANDEL'S STAGE WORKS ARE ONCE AGAIN IN FASHION.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, there was probably no one living who had seen a full-scale, professional staging of a Handel opera. Today, anybody with an unlimited travel budget could have seen twenty-five of them performed in England or Germany during the last dozen or so years, and in the United States interest is constantly growing: *Giulio Cesare* was given its American premiere in Kansas City in the spring of 1965, followed by a New York City Opera production the next year; *Rodelinda* and *Serse* were done in concert form at Carnegie Hall last fall. The last-named works were lately added to the Handel opera discography, which in addition to *Semele* and *Sosarme* and *Alcina* will include by next fall a *Hercules* from the Handel Society of New York (to be released on RCA Victor).

The reasons why Handel's operas long lay in limbo and why they are currently being revived we will not go into here—except to say that present-day audiences are apparently prepared to accept a variety of musico-dramatic experiences, including those encompassing conventions their forebears for close on two centuries would have totally rejected. These conventions relate directly to the fact that the operagoer in Handel's time was interested primarily in singing per se. The evening's entertainment included conversation, eating, card-playing, and mild flirtation (or not so mild, in those curtained-off boxes), but when the leading artists appeared—the *primo uomo* (a castrato) or the prima donna (a soprano)—all was silence and attention. The audiences wanted to hear beautiful voices and agile or expressive singing; they wanted, too, to hear whether the singers could decorate their melodies tastefully and in tune with the mood of the aria.

The singers were certainly important people—as they themselves were not slow to realize. Handel had to make several talent-spotting trips from London to the European mainland; sometimes he was treated as an honored guest at a German court, then repaid hospitality by persuading the best artists in employment there to go to London with a hugely increased salary. Singers could also be difficult people, and were indeed a perpetual source of trouble to Handel. Often they thought they knew better than he did what they could or couldn't sing; the most beautiful song in *Alcina* was at first turned down by the castrato Carestini, and Cuzzoni, on her debut in *Ottone*, haughtily rejected her first aria until Handel (the story goes) threatened to throw her out of his second-floor window. Once an indifferent English tenor said he would jump on the harpsichord if not allowed his own way. "Tell me when," said Handel, "and I will advertize it; for more people will pay to see you jump than to hear you sing."

But in a sense the singers were the very source of Handel's inspiration. No eighteenth-century com-

poser, right up to Mozart's day, wrote an opera without knowing the singers and their capacities; composers were concerned not with Posterity—only a romantic age has the pretension to regard art as something permanent—but with the effectiveness of next week's or next month's performances. And if the opera was revived with a different cast, it would often be partly rewritten or at least transposed.

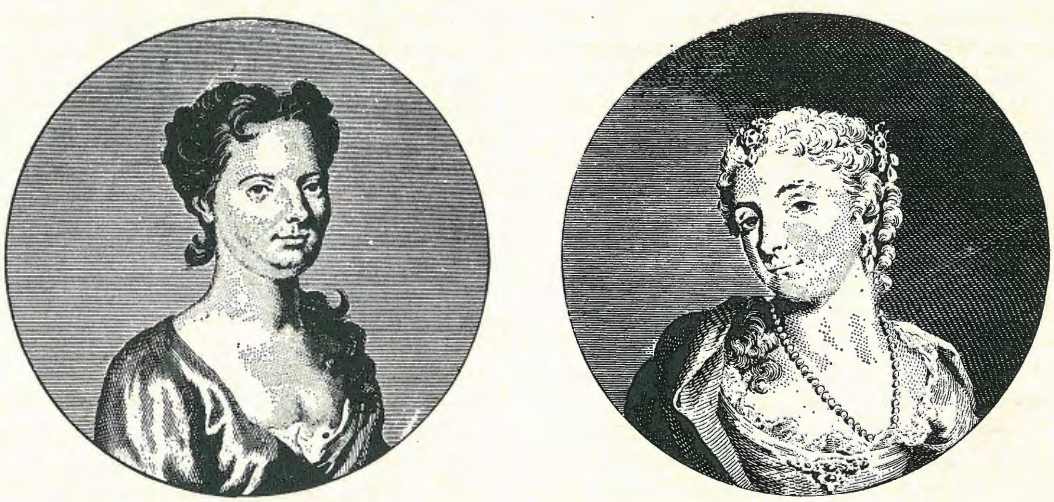
An essential part of the composer's job was to show the voices to their best advantage in music of different moods. Genius has a way of turning limitations to profitable ends. Handel had the capacity to build up out of this requirement some kind of characterization; more the sum of several facets than a personal, all-round portrayal such as Mozart was later to offer. A good libretto would put the main characters in a variety of strong situations, so that they could express a wide range of emotional states in their half-dozen or so arias.

If the plots, generally based on fictionalized history and usually involving a conflict between love and duty, sometimes seemed contrived, nobody worried. All art is artificial: these operas—like any others, Gluck's and Wagner's included—demand the acceptance of some rules of the game; and here the game is devised first of all for the music's sake. Take the much abused "simile" aria, whereby a character might (for example) compare his situation with that of a ship cast loose in a storm, or a brook winding through a meadow. The music of his aria will evoke the storm or the trickling brook; it may add nothing to the progress of the drama, but it adds enormously to the variety and color of the opera's music. Among the finest arias in *Giulio Cesare* is one, totally irrelevant to the dramatic development, in which Caesar sings about a huntsman stalking his prey (with an obbligato for corno di caccia); and there is a character in *Alessandro,* talking of being a captive to love, who compares herself to a singing bird which is happy in its cage of gold, while she and the violins trill and warble merrily along. Actually, the simile aria is a marvelously inspired way of introducing variety of mood without transgressing the unity of the story or damaging its continuity.

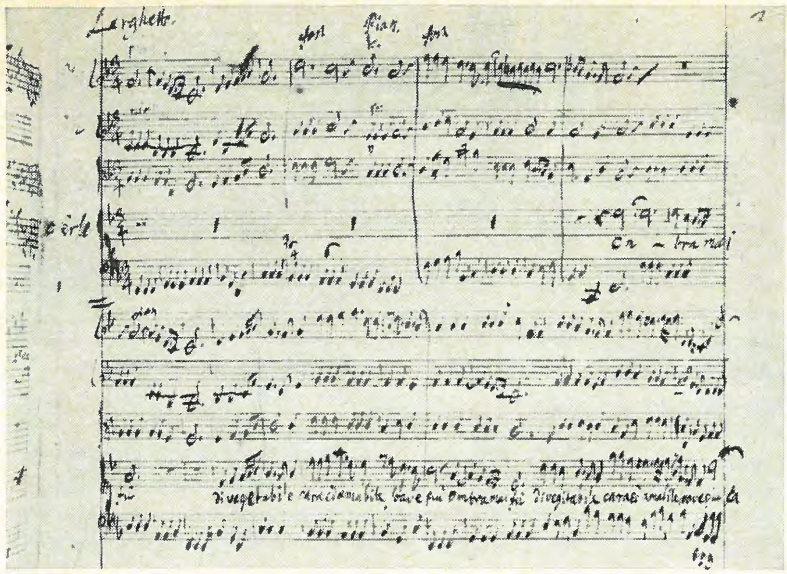
Basically, the operas consist of recitative (in which the action takes place) alternating with arias (in which the characters express their state of emotion). Most of the arias are in *da capo* form—an A-B-A pattern, with the first part repeated in full after a short, mildly contrasting middle section. *Da capo* arias are sometimes criticized because there can be no dramatic progress in music which turns back on itself. On the other hand, the form is musically satisfying (and remember that the game is played for the music's sake), and the singer could add to its impact by decorating the recapitulatory section.

Nearly all the operas have one or two concerted numbers—mostly duets, occasionally trios, very rarely a quartet—and all end with a "chorus" (a movement, generally in gavotte or bourrée rhythm, sung by all the principals in three- or four-part harmony). And Handel found ways of varying the standard type of aria. He often used short, one-part ariettas, sometimes with only continuo accompaniment. He varied the orchestration a great deal. Most arias are accompanied with unison violins (often reinforced with oboes) and continuo, or with full strings; some have obbligato parts for oboes, flutes, or recorders (the latter often used for gentle, sensuous effects); some have trumpet parts (for music of a military character). There may be any combination you can think of, in fact, down to several using rare instruments: *Orlando* has an aria with two *violetti marini,* relations of the viola d'amore; *Giulio Cesare* has one with gamba, theorbo, and harps; and *Riccardo Primo* calls at different times for a bass flute, a sopranino recorder, and a pair of early clarinets or *chalumeaux,* as well as horns and trumpets.

Handel often varied the formal outlines of his arias. Sometimes he left off the normal opening ritornello if the dramatic situation demanded a sudden outburst; more than once he left off the last notes of an aria, as a character dissolved into sleep, or on one occasion (in *Tolomeo*) expired after taking a drugged drink; and in several arias the music is interrupted for dramatic reasons, by



Cuzzoni and her rival Faustina: two prime donne on stage proved a great mistake.



The manuscript of what everyone knows as "Handel's Largo"—actually "Ombra mai fu" from Serse.

recitative or even a chorus—disruptions of the expected formal pattern naturally have a powerful effect. In several operas allusive reminiscence is used, rather like the finale of *Così fan tutte: Poro* contains a duet in which jealous lovers each quote the other's previous song; and there is a scene in *Alessandro* where Alexander the Great's two beloveds quote back at him the songs each has heard him sing to her rival.

But the most powerful, intense drama in Handel's operas comes in the orchestrally accompanied recitatives. There are many with arresting chromatic harmony and vivid, agitated string writing. Often the vocal line is extravagant—like Alcina's in a brief, totally unaccompanied passage with wide leaps where she vainly tries to summon up her evil spirits. Then there is the noble one where Julius Caesar contemplates the urn containing the ashes of his murdered rival, Pompey. One of the best known of all is the mad scene from *Orlando,* a mixture of free accompanied recitative with lyrical music in gavotte rhythm; the naïve simplicity of the gavotte, with passionate arioso in between (including a miniature chaconne, and those famous quintuple-time bars—just four of them, which have occasioned a disproportionate fuss from commentators), is as telling in its context as anything Donizetti provided for poor mad Lucy.

HANDEL'S OPERATIC OUTPUT divides into three periods. First come the eleven operas composed in his youth and early manhood. He wrote four at Hamburg, where he played second violin in the orchestra, being promoted to the harpischord when his own music was given; of these only the first, *Almira,* survives—its recitatives are in German, some of its arias are in Italian, its ballet music is French in manner (Handel was always a cosmopolitan). Then there were two written in Italy, where he enjoyed such prodigious success in his early twenties; and then his first five for London.

Of all these the finest are *Agrippina* and *Rinaldo. Agrippina* is unlike any other opera Handel was to write: composed for a sophisticated Venetian tradition, it embodies touches of ironic humor. This story of Agrippina's clearing the path to the Roman throne for her son Nero is set to music of enormous inventiveness and enormous variety—side by side are a poignant F minor lament, innumerable vigorous arias, some warmly feminine music for Poppaea, and forceful, impassioned arias for Agrippina herself. Handel borrowed and adapted movements from *Agrippina* when rushing to finish his first London opera, *Rinaldo,* a year later. *Rinaldo* looks like what it is: an opera designed to make a big impression. Orchestrally it is richer than *Agrippina,* its manner more formal and brilliant—as befits a tale of heroism and magic. The famous saraband *"Lascia ch'io pianga"* is one of several items in *Rinaldo* which Handel took from his earlier works; and the opera includes a number of highly colorful arias, like the one sung in a garden while three recorders twitter like birds. (At the original performances live sparrows were released in the theatre—much to the audience's inconvenience, as one contemporary critic pointed out.)

What can be regarded as the golden period of Handel's operatic composition began in 1720. That year a group of English noblemen got together to found an opera company on a secure financial footing. They formed a joint-stock company called the Royal Academy of Music, appointing Handel Musical Director with the responsibility for engaging artists and engaging other composers to help him keep the opera lovers happy with a regular supply of new works (ideas about repertory have changed over the last 250 years!). Not everyone took the Academy seriously—a commentator in one journal wrote "At the Rehearsal on Friday last, Signior NIHILINI BENEDITTI rose half a Note above his Pitch formerly known. Opera Stock from 83 and a half, when he began; at 90 when he ended." But it gave Handel a secure position and a chance to work with some of Europe's best singers.

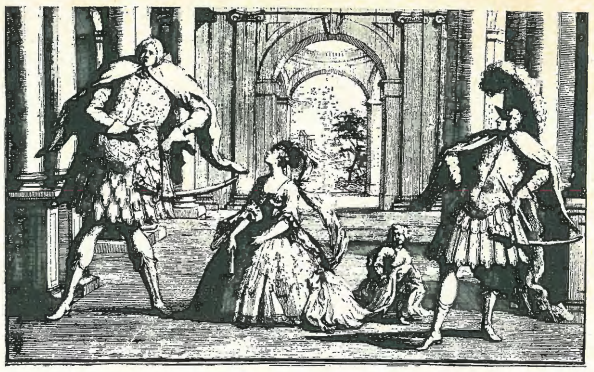
First of his dozen Academy operas was *Radamisto,*

another spectacular piece with some strong dramatic situations. But the best known of them is *Giulio Cesare* (1724). The story is the familiar one of Caesar and Cleopatra; Ptolemy (Cleopatra's brother) and the wife and son of the dead Pompey also come into it. Its chief glories are the richly sensuous arias for Cleopatra—she emerges sometimes kittenish, sometimes voluptuous, always utterly womanly. Caesar himself is, naturally, a castrato role, written for the famous Senesino. To transpose the part down an octave, which is done in the corrupt version used in Germany and on one recording, is to damage the character of the music; it muddles the textures and throws out the relationships of the voices.

Senesino—his name means that he came from Siena—was by all accounts one of the greatest singers in an age of great singing. Many of Handel's finest heroic parts were written for him. His voice was of alto pitch and immensely powerful; the historian Burney wrote of his "thundering" out the divisions (fast passages) in his part. As a person he was less liked, mainly because of his vanity and self-importance. (He caused considerable amusement at a revival of *Giulio Cesare* when, having just proclaimed that "Caesar knows no fear," he stood petrified, white as a sheet, when a piece of scenery fell down.)

Giulio Cesare inaugurated one of Handel's richest creative spells. It was followed by *Tamerlano*, about the exploits in Turkey of the all-conquering Tartar emperor, Tamerlane. Much of the opera is in somber minor keys, and it has some lengthy scenes where the dramatic tension is kept screwed up to a high pitch. Next came *Rodelinda*, another opera full of strong situations and powerful music; about marital love and fidelity, it has been compared with *Fidelio* (there is even a prison scene).

THESE WERE THE PALMY days of the Royal Academy. They did not last. An institution built on fashionable entertainment for a fickle public could hardly hope to survive long and securely. It had always been riddled by internal quarrels, like the famous one over whether Handel or Bononcini was the better composer, which one wit celebrated in an epigram; "Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,/ That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;/Others aver, that he to Handel/Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle:/ Strange all this Difference should be/'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedle-dee!" Having two principal composers may have been slightly misguided; having two principal sopranos seems almost too obvious a blunder. But in 1726 the directors invited a new leading lady, Faustina, to sing alongside the established Cuzzoni. Rival claques quickly formed, and there were often catcalls and hissing from the supporters of one when the other sang. Handel's first opera with two *prime donne* was *Alessandro*, symmetrically planned so that neither lady could feel that her rival was being favored. In the next, Handel turned the situation to dramatic advantage: *Admeto*, on the story of Hercules' rescue of Alcestis from Hades, has two strongly contrasting soprano roles exploring different sides of feminine character.



The castrati lent themselves to caricature: here Berenstadt and Senesino loom over Signora Cuzzoni.

But the Academy's days were numbered. More and more, people poked fun at the absurdity of Italian opera in an English-speaking country, with singers as overpaid and as vain as modern pop stars. The institution finally came into disrepute when the two ladies resorted to tearing out each other's hair on the stage during a performance (not of a Handel opera). And in 1728 *The Beggar's Opera*, an English play with songs, pillorying everything and everybody from the Prime Minister to Italian sopranos, was just one further nail in Italian opera's coffin.

Handel continued to write operas, but from 1729 onwards they show not so much a falling-off in invention as a loss of confidence in the whole setup of the heroic-type *opera seria*. He still produced some splendid scores, however. There is *Sosarme*, whose second act in particular can stand with anything Handel wrote. There is *Orlando*, probably his most even score, with no weak numbers and several adventurous and splendid ones. There is the marvelously rich and dramatic *Alcina*; this, *Ariodante*, and a revised version of the early *Il Pastor fido* included elaborate ballets—in them Handel used a French troupe of dancers then in London, headed by Mlle. Sallé (until she was hissed off the stage for appearing in unorthodox costume).

A really weak spell followed in 1737, just before Handel's stroke and nervous breakdown. The last four operas, between 1738 and 1741, show leanings towards the lighter Italian style of Pergolesi, Vinci, and others. *Serse*, in fact, is a half-comic opera. The central character is King Xerxes, who opens the opera with "Handel's Largo," or *"Ombra mai fu,"* in which he delights in the shade of a plane tree on a hot afternoon. There is one genuine comic character, a servant, but as in all the operas with comic or ironic touches the music itself remains largely serious. There are again faint leanings towards comedy or irony in Handel's last opera, *Deidamia*, which had a mere three performances before Handel finally bade farewell to the stage.

Handel did not bid farewell to dramatic music, of course. The great sequence of Biblical oratorios started in 1738 with *Saul* and ended in 1752 with *Jephtha*. But these form another chapter in the story of our reawakening to Handel. The present one is its own cause for rejoicing.

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Hyatts Hi Fi
ST. JAMES
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Lafayette Radio
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Newmark & Lewis
SYRACUSE
University Hill Music
VALLEY STREAM
Gem Electronics
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Harvey Radio
YONKERS
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North Carolina
DURHAM
Vickers Electronics
RALEIGH
Audio Center

North Dakota
FARGO
Wolter Electronics

Ohio
AKRON
Olson Electronics
AMHERST
Dimension Stereo
ASHTABULA
Warren Radio
CANTON
Walkeradio
George C. Wille Co.
CINCINNATI
Customcrafters Audio
Hi Fi Audio
The Mytronic Co.
Steinberg's
United Radio
CLEVELAND
Forest City Material Co.
Pioneer Standard Elec.
COLUMBUS
Anderson High Fidelity
Custom Stereo Electronics
DAYTON
The Stotts-Friedman Co.
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Winteradio
FREMONT
Swartzlander Radio
PARMA
Winteradio
STEUBENVILLE
Lafayette Radio
TOLEDO
Home Electronics Center,
c/o Arlan's Dept. Store
WARREN
Valley Hi-Fi Electronics
YOUNGSTOWN
Armies Electronics

Oklahoma
OKLAHOMA CITY
Larsen Music

Oregon
EUGENE
Thompson's
PORTLAND
Hi-Fi Unlimited

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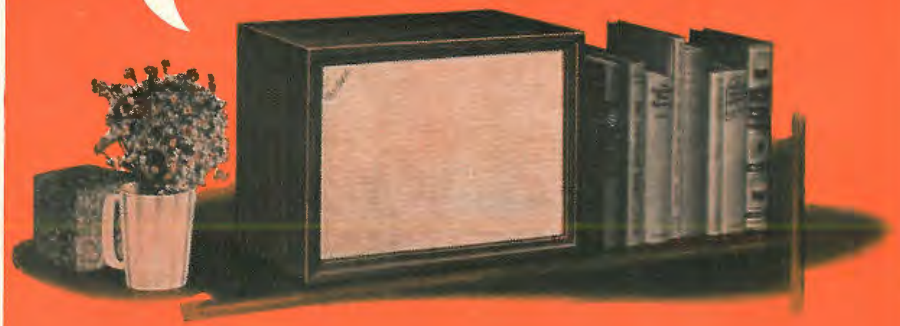
WHEELING
Lafayette Radio

Wisconsin
MADISON
Home Electronics Center,
c/o Arlan's Dept. Store
MILWAUKEE
Allied Radio
Amateur Electronic Supply
Niebler Electronics
Wisconsin Electronic Supply,



Because our competitors' speakers are very good... we had to work very hard. We're glad we did. You'll be too!

Wharfedale's diminutive new Achromatic W20 represents an achievement in sound, above all . . . with dimensions and cost a secondary consideration. Instead of the usual 4", 5", or even 6" woofer . . . it uses a high compliance, low resonance full 8" speaker with exclusive Flexiprene cone suspension. And, this is topped off with a new highly advanced mylar-domed pressure tweeter having excellent omni-directional dispension characteristics. Both speaker components have heavy magnet assemblies for controlled transient response. Network and voice coil values have been carefully designed to perform excellently with either vacuum tube or transistor amplifiers and receivers. Even a continuously variable acoustic compensation control is included. Listen to the W20 at any of these authorized Wharfedale dealers. Close your eyes, and you'll forget that it's so small (9¾" x 14" x 8½" deep) and costs so little – only $49.95 in genuine oiled walnut. One of 6 new Achromatic Speaker Systems, all illustrated in Wharfedale's full color comparator brochure. Let us send you a complimentary copy. Write Dept. HB2, Wharfedale Div. British Industries Corp., Westbury, N. Y. 11590.

Wharfedale *Achromatic Speaker Systems*

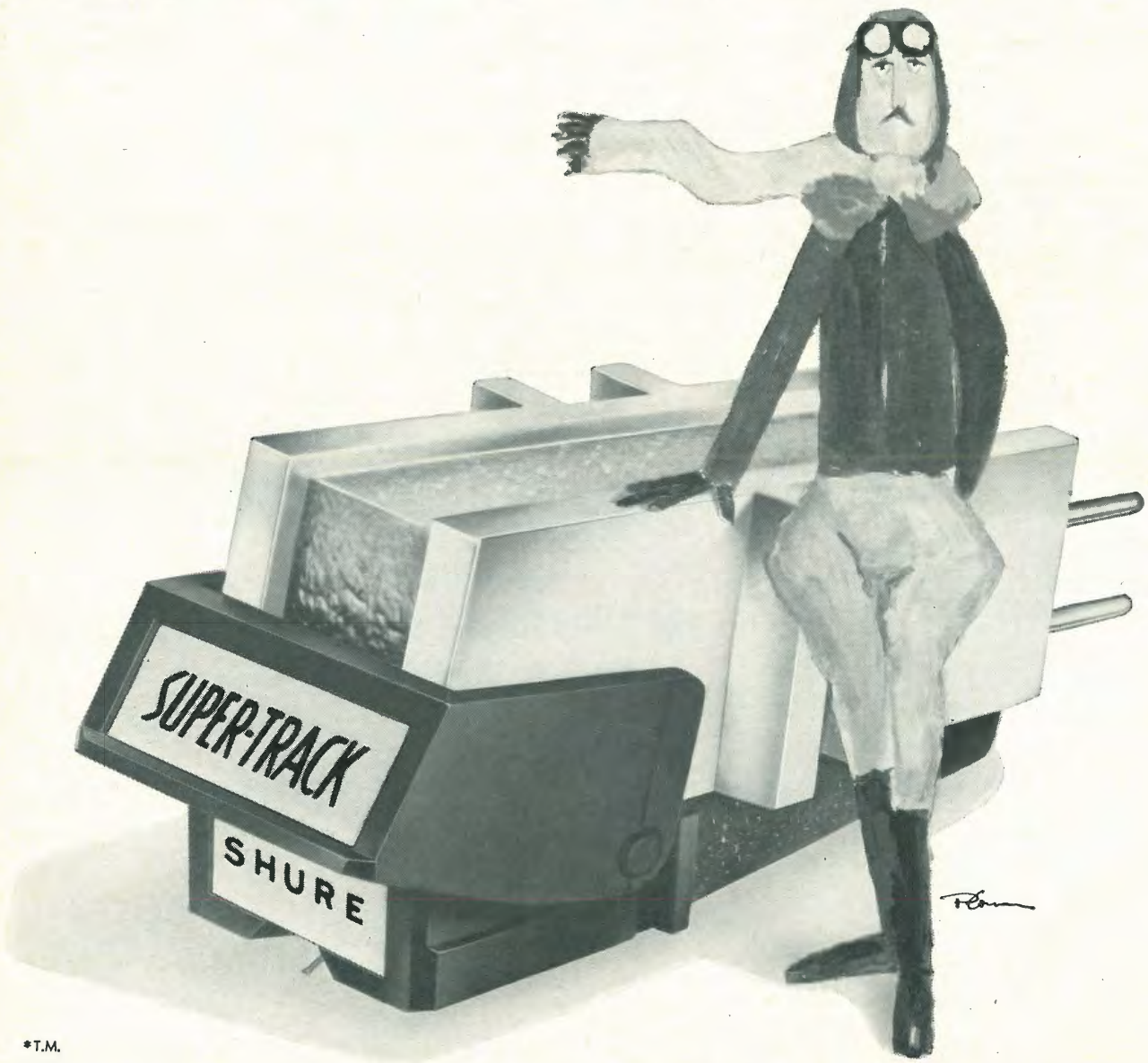
B.I.C. ENDORSED QUALITY

CIRCLE NO. 101 ON READER SERVICE CARD

LE MANS IS CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO "FOUR CONCERTOS FOR HARPSICHORDS AND ORCHESTRA"

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

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



*T.M.

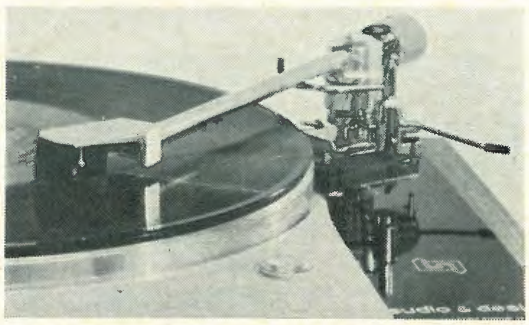
CIRCLE 73 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT REPORTS

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

AUDIO & DESIGN TYPE M9BA TONE ARM

THE EQUIPMENT: Audio & Design M9BA, a separate tone arm for use with manual turntables. Price: $150. Manufactured by Audio & Design Limited, Maidenhead, Berks, England. Distributed in the U.S.A. by IMF Products, 76-16 City Line Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19151.



COMMENT: Perfectionism in audio is pretty much a state of mind or attitude that seizes engineers and designers from time to time. An idea is hatched and translated into a product—which itself may not overturn the market but which often influences the design of future, more "mass-appeal" products. For instance, the anti-skating feature of tone arms first appeared years ago as an appendage on a couple of professional arms, and is now offered on just about every arm. Or, in another area, the "tape monitor" switch once was an arcane feature of the costliest amplifiers; it now is about as common on popularly-priced sets as the volume control.

In this context we take a long look at the A & D tone arm, one of the most costly and most unusually designed arms we've yet encountered. The statement by its manufacturer that this arm "has been designed to realize as fully as possible the tracking capabilities of recent low-mass, ultra high compliant elliptical cartridges" would lead one to expect some unusual features in the A & D arm—and indeed there are several. To begin with, the arm has no lead-out wires at its end; instead, the signal is taken from four nickel-plated pins or electrodes that ride in four small arcute mercury baths—an arrangement that is credited with reducing torque and the frictional drag of wires. The arm swings on a unipivot system, with a miniature ball race which is silicone-damped to avoid torsional resonance. A novel form of anti-skating is used: the housing around the pivot is magnetized, to exercise a degree of "force" on the arm itself without the need for springs, weights, or additional mechanical parts.

The pickup shell or head is permanently attached to the arm body, a dodge to reduce mass by avoiding the conventional plug and socket. The shell, however, can be turned to get the stylus tip vertically aligned to the record groove when viewed head on. To install, or change, a cartridge, you simply lift the entire arm assembly out of its pivot. Since there are no wires, there's nothing to restrain the arm, nothing to snap or become bunched up—or, indeed, nothing to prevent you from taking the arm into the next room if that's where you keep your cartridges. When the arm is ready for use, you just place it back on its pivot, and it is once again physically and electrically "whole."

For a precision separate arm, initially installing it on a turntable base takes relatively little effort. Some care must be used of course in transferring the mercury from its vial by means of a pipette (supplied) to the four wells around the pivot. The arm base and pillar assembly sets onto the turntable board via four screw-bolts, so five holes must be drilled: four for the bolts and the main hole for the down-tube. (For Thorens turntable owners, A & D supplies a pre-drilled arm-board made of nonresonant high-impact plastic. The arm fits perfectly onto this board, which comes with adhesive strips that bond it securely to the Thorens frame without the need for the three heavy bolts normally used on the Thorens.)

Another feature of the A & D arm: all its adjustments (arm height, balance, overhang, tracing force, and so on) are made not with tools but by means of built-in finger-controlled levers that work smoothly and precisely. Indeed the arm as a whole—from its sophisticated pivot and contact system to its gentle cuing lever—is a prime example of extremely high, super-detailed craftsmanship.

The novel mercury bath contacts give the arm a "feel" of utterly frictionless, effortless movement, confirmed in tests at CBS Labs. A sweep test showed an arm resonance of 8 dB just below 10 Hz, which is a lower resonance than found in most arms. The fixed magnetic bias was found to come into play mainly at stylus forces below 1.5 grams, which would indicate the arm's most effective use with the most advanced cartridges. That is to say, when handling a cartridge requiring a tracking force of 1.5 grams or more, the arm will work fine in all respects except that virtually no bias will be applied. The better one's cartridge and the lower the tracking force needed, the more effective will be the bias.

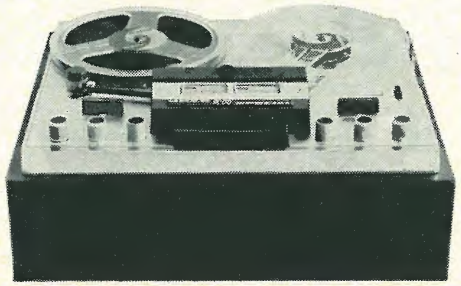
The arm is about as utterly neutral a pickup carrier as any we've used, and suggests comparison with its compatriot, the SME—which also, by the way, exhibits about an 8 dB resonance at 10 Hz. Whether this resonance is something to be concerned about can be debated. It is well below the audible range and certainly outside the normal recorded range on any commercial disc. On the other hand, if one is using a very powerful amplifier that is wide open and full-powered down to 10 Hz (most are not) any subsonic energy—arm resonance, turntable rumble, or even a power line surge—can cause a brief transient that may overload or distort the system. We haven't run into this with our A & D arm—and we're using some of the most powerful amplifiers on the market—but we thought to mention it as a possibility. In any case, our net impression of this arm is one of func-

tional elegance; it can deliver maximum performance from any cartridge used in it. Now let's sit back and see how long it will be until some of its features show up in less expensive arms.

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

UHER 9000 TAPE RECORDER

THE EQUIPMENT: Uher 9000, a two-speed (7½ and 3¾ ips) stereo tape deck with built-in record/playback preamps. Supplied in walnut base with plexiglas hinged cover. Dimensions: 15½ by 13½ by 7¼ inches. Price: $400. Manufactured by Uher of West Germany; distributed in the U.S.A. by Martel Electronics, 2356 South Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.



COMMENT: The Model 9000 is now the top-ranking Uher recorder available in the U.S.A. It is, for its high performance and versatile features, surprisingly compact; a neat job that does a fine job. In addition to recording and playback in stereo or mono, the 9000 can be used for sound-on-sound work (at the flip of a switch). It also is readily adapted for slide-projector synchronization (with the aid of the Dia-Pilot accessory), and for talk-to-start operation (by means of the Akustomat accessory).

The transport is powered by a hysteresis-synchronous motor; maximum reel size is 7 inches. Three separate heads are used for erase, record, and playback. A novel feature of the head assembly is a vernier adjustment for precisely aligning the playback head to suit the response characteristics of various prerecorded tapes. Each channel has its own VU meter and recording level controls. Mixing during recording is provided. In addition there are controls for direct monitoring while recording, for track selection, for speed selection, and of course for transport operation—forward, reverse, and so on. Tape lifters keep the tape away from the heads during fast wind; a run-out switch stops the transport at the end of a tape; and there is a four-digit counter with reset. The record button is colored red and must be pressed simultaneously with the forward control to record—a safety feature to prevent accidental erasure of recorded tapes. The tape, traveling from reel to reel, passes a notched capstan and movable pinch-roller. This arrangement is credited with reducing wow and flutter, while removing any foreign particles, such as dust, from the tape itself. The deck is designed to perform in a horizontal attitude.

Circuitry inside the Uher is solid-state and is assembled on plug-in module boards that can be removed easily for servicing. All connections are made at the rear; signal hookups require the use of European-type multi-pin connectors that terminate in the twin phono plugs standard in the U.S.A. Two of the former, and four of the latter, with cables, are supplied. Jacks are provided for signal take-off from, and playback into, an external amplifier, for microphones, and for the Uher accessories mentioned earlier. There also are switches for adjusting the recorder to run on various line voltages from 110 to 250 VAC, a special equalization control for selecting either the NAB or one of two CCIR curves (the latter used in Europe) and, of course, the power cord. In the interest of internationalism, Uher uses symbols rather than printed legends to designate both its connections and some of its topside controls. Apparently, there was a change in some of these symbols that took place between the fabrication of the deck and the printing of the owner's instruction manual; this worried us a bit until we found a supplementary sheet in the package that cleared it all up for us.

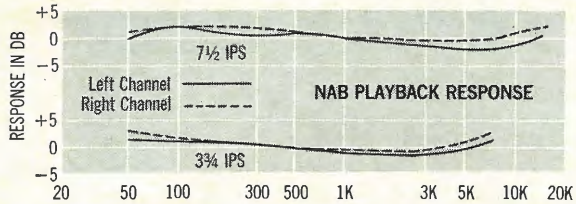
Each Uher 9000 is supplied with a test certificate of its performance at 7½ ips and a set of technical specifications. This data, however, is with reference to European standards and/or to output levels not used in our own tests at CBS Labs, so we could not

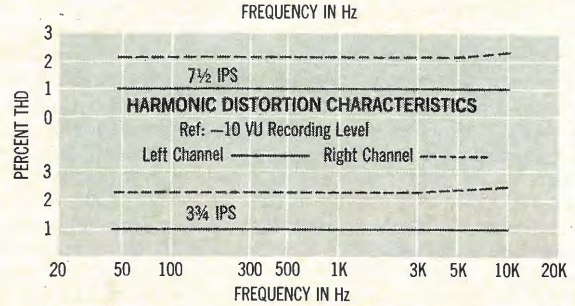
Lab Test Data

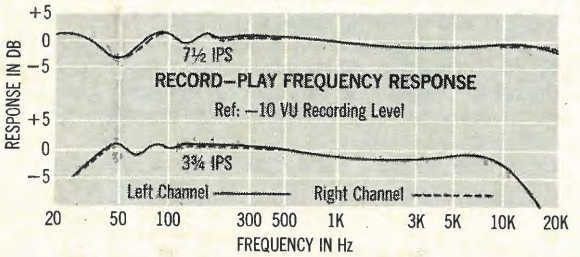
Performance characteristic	Measurement
Speed accuracy, 7½ ips	0.7% slow at 105, 120, and 127 VAC
3¾ ips	1.1% slow at 105 and 120 VAC, 0.9% slow at 127 VAC
Wow and flutter, 7½ ips	
playback	0.06% and 0.06%
record/playback	0.07% and 0.09%
3¾ ips playback	0.02% and 0.1%
record/playback	0.05% and 0.14%
Rewind time, 7-in., 1,200-ft. reel	2 min, 35 sec
Fast-forward time, same reel	2 min, 41 sec
Playback response, 7½ ips	
l ch	+2.5, –1.5 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz
r ch	+2.5, –0.5 dB, 50 Hz to 15 kHz
3¾ ips	
l ch	±1.5 dB, 50 Hz to 7.5 kHz
r ch	+3.5, –0.5 dB, 50 Hz to 7.5 kHz
Record/playback response (with –10 VU recorded signal), 7½ ips, l ch	+1.5, –3 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
r ch	same
3¾ ips, l ch	+1, –3 dB, 31 Hz to 10.5 kHz
r ch	same
S/N ratio (ref 0 VU)	
playback	l ch: 37 dB r ch: 40 db
record/playback	l ch: 36 dB r ch: 37.5 dB
Sensitivity (for 0 VU recording level)	
mic input	l ch: 54 mV r ch: 50 mV
hi-level input	l ch: 1.23 mV r ch: 1.37 mV
THD, record playback –10 VU recorded signal	
7½ ips, l ch	1% to 10 kHz
r ch	under 2.4% to 10 kHz
3¾ ips, l ch	1% to 10 kHz
r ch	under 2.5% to 10 kHz
IM distortion record/playback (–10 VU recorded level) 7½ ips	l ch: 1.2% r ch: 1.3%
3¾ ips	l ch: 1.2% r ch: 1.3%
Accuracy, built-in meters	left reads VU 1.5 dB low right reads VU 4 dB low
Maximum output	l ch: 3.7 volts RMS r ch: 3.45 volts RMS

really equate the two. However, by any standards, it is readily apparent from studying our test results and actually using the machine that the 9000 is a superior tape deck for home use. Its speed accuracy, at both settings, was excellent and showed no variation with supply voltage changes at 7½ ips, and virtually none at 3¾ ips. Wow and flutter both were insignificant and well below any audible level.

Playback response, for prerecorded tapes, was smooth and linear across the range. The test tape used for the slow speed, incidentally, cuts off at 7.5 kHz but it is evident from the curve that playback response at 3¾ ips would continue easily to beyond 10 kHz, within a few dB—which is remarkable. Even in record/playback, response at the slow speed was down at







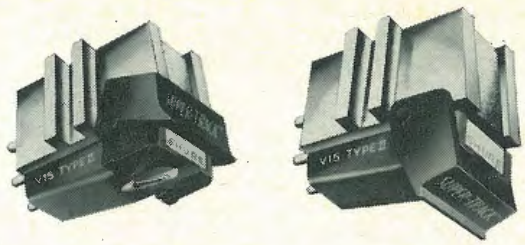
10 kHz by only 3 dB. This is the kind of performance that was just about unheard of a few years ago, and in fact the audible differences between 7½ and 3¾ ips on the Uher seems less discernible than on many other recorders. Combined with the deck's very low distortion and very good signal-to-noise characteristics, these response characteristics put the Uher in a better-than-average class. Some discrepancy was noted in the relative indications of the VU meters; this could be overcome by a little practice with the level controls during recording.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

SHURE V-15 TYPE II CARTRIDGE

THE EQUIPMENT: Shure V-15 Type II, a moving-magnet stereo cartridge fitted with diamond elliptical stylus. Price: $67.50. Manufacturer: Shure Brothers, Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204.

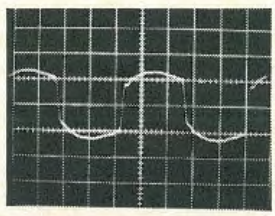
COMMENT: This is the best cartridge Shure has yet released, which—in view of the company's previous models—is saying a lot. How do you judge improvement in a cartridge? In this case, we have a pickup that—compared to its predecessor—does everything a little better. It requires somewhat lower average stylus force, it produces a smoother response curve,



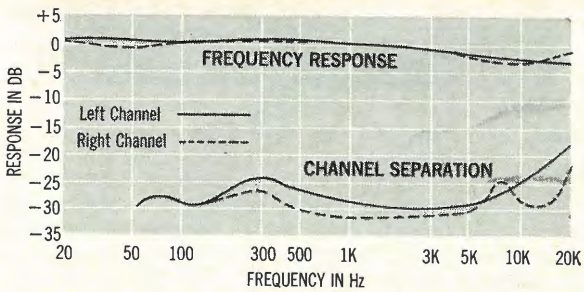
it has better channel separation, and it has proven in our tests to be an exceptionally fine groove tracker that seems to stay with the most demanding of recorded passages.

The size and weight of the V-15 Type II are just right for installing in just about any arm. As far as we could determine, the pickup is completely immune to hum fields and it produces no needle talk at all. CBS Labs found that a stylus force of only 0.75 grams was needed to track critical portions of test records STR 120 (bands 6 and 7), and the glide tone bands of STR 100. For measurements and normal use, a stylus force of 1 gram was used. Working into the normal load of 47K, the cartridge thus furnished a signal of 3.2 millivolts on each channel. Both channels were identical, within a dB or so across the 20 to 20,000 Hz band. The left channel measured +1.5, −2.5 dB; the right showed +1, −3 dB. These are among the best figures ever obtained for a stereo cartridge, and—as the plotted curves show—there is no sign of any peak or resonance in the audible range. The usual peak expected with moving-magnet cartridges has been, in this model, designed well beyond the 20,000-Hz limit, which makes for a very smooth, easy-sounding high-end response.

Separation between the two channels was outstanding for a cartridge, averaging close to 30 dB across most of the range. Harmonic distortion was low, and IM distortion—particularly in the often troublesome vertical mode—was exceptionally low. The pickup tracked at an angle of about 19 degrees, off by 4



Response to 1-kHz square wave, either channel.



degrees from the nominal 15 but which could neither be documented nor heard as any source of difficulty. The pickup's square-wave response at 1 kHz was exemplary: a very fast rise-time and absolutely no sign of ringing. Both channels produced identical square waves.

You'd expect that a cartridge with such fine measurements would sound superb—and the V-15 Type II does. We found that in many current good arms the new cartridge could be used at 1 gram or a shade more tracking force and still stay with the groove. We were not at all surprised that it produced splendid sound from recent discs—sound that is full, clean,

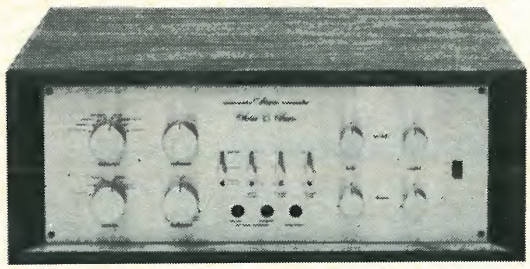
with excellent detail and a firm stereo image. What was really exciting was how it performed with older, mono discs. One that we keep on hand, as a kind of torture test for pickups, is an ancient pressing of Milhaud's *Le Boeuf sur le toit* (Col. ML-2032). This disc, now out of print, is at least 15 years old: pre-stereo, pre-RIAA, and played originally on an old clunker of a changer with a shillelagh of a pickup that tracked at about 8 or 9 grams (real light in 1951!). We had thought that by now there'd be nothing left on this disc but a low-pitched roar modulated by the gougings of a decade-and-a-half of various pickups. But here it was, sounding almost like new, with the Shure sensing all that original spanking, clanging audacity of the score. No doubt any elliptical stylus, which rides higher in the unworn portion of the groove, accounts for much of this effect on old records, but we did get the feeling that if there's any musical signal in any groove, the V-15 Type II could be counted on to get it out with as much accuracy as seems possible at the present state of the art.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MARANTZ 7T PREAMPLIFIER

THE EQUIPMENT: Marantz 7T, a solid-state preamplifier-control unit. Dimensions: front panel, 15⅜ by 5¾ inches. Chassis depth behind panel: 7 inches. Price: $295. Optional walnut case: $24. Manufacturer: Marantz, Inc., subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 25-14 Broadway, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.

COMMENT: Marantz, a company long respected as a manufacturer of some of the finest tube equipment, has entered solid-state electronics with products that will in no way lessen its reputation. The 7T may be regarded as a transistorized version of the older Model 7, with a few innovations. One of these is a "center-channel" (A plus B mix) output with its own level control. Actually there are two such outputs, on the rear, so that both a center-fill basic amplifier and speaker (in the same room as the normal two stereo reproducers) plus an independent setup to



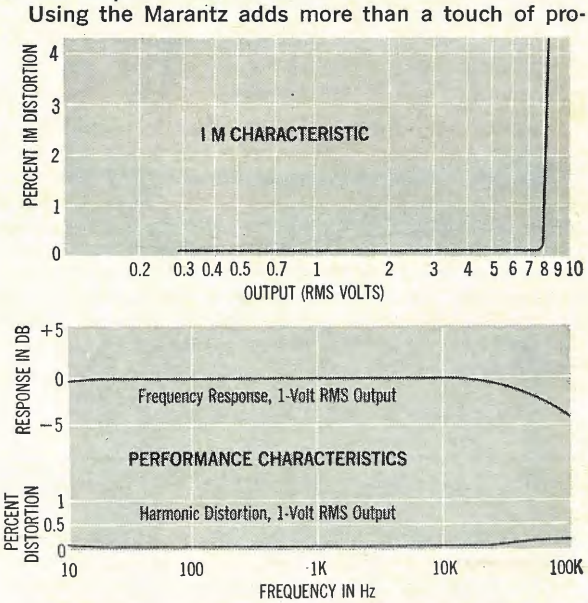
pipe mono signals into another room can be used at once. Also new are three front-panel phone jacks: one is for a stereo headset, the other two are for tape feed and tape playback. In most other respects, the 7T resembles the 7: that is to say, it provides more inputs and outputs than most preamps; its controls work with a professional smoothness and accuracy; its performance is topnotch.

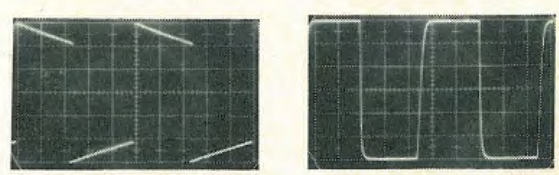
The program selector has eight positions: tape head, microphone, two magnetic phono, tuner, TV, and two auxiliary (high level). The mode selector can be switched to either channel A or B, to mono (A plus B), to stereo, or to reverse channel stereo. There is a volume control (with no loudness contour provision —purists, take note!), a channel balance control, and four separate controls for treble and bass on each channel. The huge toggles at the center of the panel handle tape functions (including monitoring and a special facility for using the 7T as a dubbing patch-unit when copying tapes from one deck to another); variable disc equalization (RIAA, old 78, and old Columbia LP); low frequency filter (50 Hz, out, and 100 Hz); high frequency filter (9 kHz, out, and 5 kHz). The power switch is at the right. The tone controls, incidentally, are stepped so that precise and repeatable settings may be obtained—assuming, that is, the user marks his own settings on the panel; none are provided, probably in the interest of presenting a neat appearance.

The rear panel of the 7T is something of a surprise in home audio gear and reveals the enormous versatility of this instrument. For instance, there are no less than six AC outlets (five switched; one unswitched). Each channel has two output jacks; combined with the pair of A-plus-B jacks this means you can drive six sound channels simultaneously—and the 7T has the undistorted reserve signal voltage to do that. There are additional tape in-and-out jacks plus the eight pairs of stereo jacks that correspond to the markings on the front panel selector. In conjunction with the tape head inputs, by the way, a pair of playback equalization adjustments may be used to set or vary the NAB standard. Construction and wiring of the 7T, as with every Marantz unit we've seen, are exemplary—in the professional class.

Performance matches the high-quality features and construction. Details of the test results obtained at CBS Labs add up to general excellence. Frequency response was literally a straight line across the audible range, and clocked out to 100 kHz, where it was down by only 4 dB. Harmonic distortion remained just about nonmeasurable to 20 kHz, being lower than 0.1 per cent to 27 kHz and only 0.2 per cent at 100 kHz. IM distortion did not go above 0.1 per cent up to 7.5 volts output. Both equalization curves (for RIAA disc playback and NAB tape head playback) were accurate within negligible variations over the band. Square-wave response was splendid: the 50-Hz wave had a minor tilt and very flat tops; the 10-kHz wave showed very fast rise time and no ringing. Tone control and filter characteristics were ideal; the latter, especially noteworthy, really cut off sharply objectionable portions of response without disturbing the main portion of the response one whit.

Using the Marantz adds more than a touch of pro-





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

fessionalism to a home music system. Like other topflight amplifiers, it does its job beautifully and in utter silence. That is to say, it makes way for the music while at the same time providing you with unprecedented facilities for controlling a complex system, including two tape recorders, if your system is that elaborate.

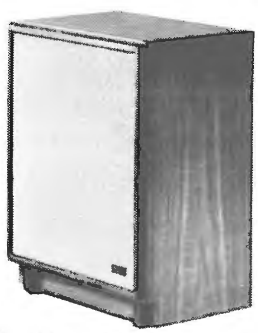
CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Maximum output level	either ch: in excess of 8 V RMS
Harmonic distortion, 1-volt output	under 0.1%, 10 Hz to 27 kHz; under 0.2% to 100 kHz
IM distortion	0.1% to 7.5 V RMS
Frequency response, 1-volt output	+0, –3 dB, 10 Hz to 85 kHz
RIAA equalization	+1.75, –0 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
NAB equalization	+2.25, –1 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
Input characteristics	S/N ratio
re 5 mV input	
phono	60 dB
tape head	60 dB
mike	65 dB
re 100 mV input	
high-level	78 dB

KLH-TWELVE SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: KLH-Twelve, a full-range speaker system in integral enclosure. Dimensions: 29¼ by 22¼ by 15 inches. Supplied with control box. Price: (in oiled walnut): $275. Manufacturer: KLH Research & Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



COMMENT: The Model Twelve is, right now, KLH's top speaker system in the dynamic class (they also make a Model Nine electrostatic, and several other smaller dynamic speaker systems too). The Twelve is also the largest of the KLH dynamic speaker systems and, with its recessed cabinet base, obviously designed for floor placement. Of course, like any "consolette" it could conceivably be installed on a raised surface or even on a shelf that was deep and strong enough to hold it—or them, if a pair is used.

The Twelve differs from previous KLH systems in being an enlarged acoustic suspension system, designed to furnish a bit more of the deep bass than previous KLH systems of this type, and with somewhat higher efficiency from the 8-ohm output terminals of high-quality, though not necessarily the highest-powered, amplifiers. The speaker actually is recommended for use with an amplifier that can supply at least 25 RMS watts per channel; we also found that it is robust enough to be driven from amplifiers rated considerably higher than that.

The attractive, sturdy enclosure of the Twelve houses four speakers, all direct radiators. There is a 10¾-inch woofer, two 4-inch midrange cones, and a 4-inch high-frequency cone. The midrange units, incidentally, are housed in "sub-enclosures" behind the front baffle that load them for their particular frequency range. A novel feature of the Twelve is its accompanying contour control box, a separate little unit—also in walnut—which must be connected between the amplifier output and the speaker inputs. This box houses a complex network and is fitted with four frequency-range adjustments that control the response from 300 to 800 Hz; from 800 to 2,500 Hz; from 2,500 to 7,000 Hz; and from 7,000 to 20,000 Hz. One can set any or all of these switches to any of three fixed positions for tailoring the sound to suit varying conditions of room acoustics or program material. For instance, on noisy records you might want to back off on the top control to deëmphasize the highs; in some rooms you might want to advance the bottom control to bring up the bass a bit, and so on. The control box (one for each speaker system) may be used remotely (generous lengths of cable are supplied) or attached by self-adhering strips directly to the rear of the speaker enclosure itself. We elected to use the latter arrangement once we found the settings we preferred in our own room.

The response of the Twelve strikes us as being as clean and well balanced as any previous KLH system but with a lower reach way down and a fuller "more open" quality at the top. The bass seems to begin a gentle roll-off at about 60 Hz but continues cleanly, if at reduced amplitude, to just about 30 Hz. Doubling was hard to induce and only became apparent at inordinately high input levels below about 45 Hz. The upper bass, midrange, and highs all were exceptionally smooth and clean, with no discernible peaks or dips and with a very wide spread throughout the room. There was scarcely any sense of beaming even above 5,000 Hz; in fact a 12-kHz tone was clearly audible well off axis. A 13-kHz tone was easily heard but in a narrower "cone of sound" in front of the system. The response from about here seems to slope gradually toward inaudibility. White noise sounded moderately smooth and became more subdued when listening off axis.

From a music-listening standpoint, we agree the Twelve is a step (or more) upward from previous KLH compact speaker systems. An honest, transparent reproducer, with a full, clean, open, and very neutral sound, its over-all impression on us was one of smooth, effortless handling of any program material with never any hint of boxiness or honking. A pair on stereo can easily fill average-to-large rooms with an excellent presentation, and the wide sound dispersion eliminates any "hole in the middle" effect in a normally spaced installation.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

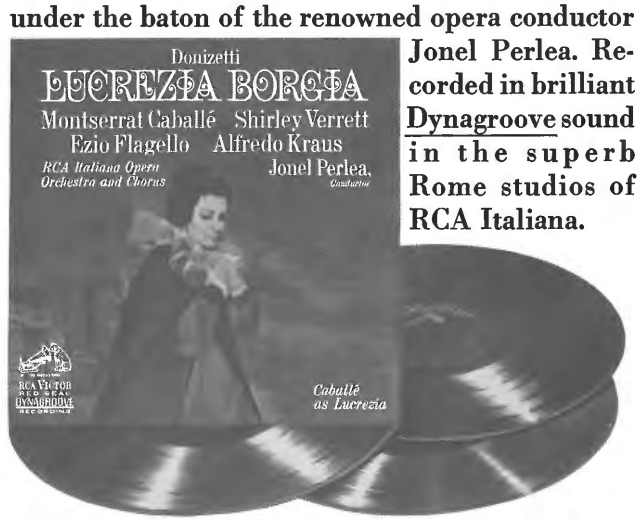
Altec Lansing 848A Speaker System

Kenwood TK-400 Amplifier

Caballé

her first complete opera

• **Here is the only performance of Lucrezia Borgia on records, complete and uncut.** Caballé is heard as "Lucrezia," the role in which she made her sensational debut at Carnegie Hall. This is the performance that inspired such critical acclaim as: "... one of those spectacular voices which can work miracles on an audience already familiar with the likes of Callas and Sutherland" (New York Herald Tribune), "...a supreme operatic artist" (The New Yorker). In this 3-L.P. set with libretto, Caballé is supported by a distinguished cast that includes Flagello, Kraus and Verrett, all under the baton of the renowned opera conductor Jonel Perlea. Recorded in brilliant Dynagroove sound in the superb Rome studios of RCA Italiana.



RCA VICTOR

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CIRCLE 68 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

nique. In the slow movement, Szeryng and Schmidt-Isserstedt carry on a dialogue of increasing intensity, subsiding at the proper moment into a contemplative cadenza, and the finale, for once, has not been reduced to anticlimax by excessive drive in the first movement.

Szeryng's performance is reminiscent in its spaciousness of the earlier Kreisler reading but without Kreisler's fruitier tone and occasional manneristic devices. Szeryng plays with a bright silvery tone, very expressive, albeit with a narrower range of tone color than that of some other virtuosos (Isaac Stern comes to mind). His sense of phrasing might be termed patrician in its restraint, and he relies a great deal on subtle phrase and inflection, though never breaking up the line of the music.

The same qualities can be heard, with appropriate stylistic variations, in the other three concertos here. With Rozhdestvensky providing in the Sibelius and Prokofiev a collaboration every bit as idiomatic as Schmidt-Isserstedt's in the Beethoven, Szeryng commands full respect, on a par with Heifetz, Oistrakh, or Stern. There is more poise and repose in his Prokofiev than in Stern's, and a greater sense of involvement than with Heifetz. In the Sibelius, he indulges in fireworks much less than do most other players and enters into the texture of the score almost as if it were chamber music, weaving in and out of the rich symphonic fabric with a glittering tone that sets the solo off from the orchestra.

Again, in the Tchaikovsky, there is cordial rapport between soloist and conductor. In Dorati, Szeryng finds an objective approach to the music that accords well with his own avoidance of expressive excess. Though Szeryng by no means betrays Tchaikovsky, he conveys the impact of the score by musicianly insight and lovely tone rather than by overt emotionalism. To repeat, the choice of Dorati as maestro here is particularly apt.

Predictably, the London Symphony Orchestra plays throughout with its customary brilliance and sensitive response to the conductor and style of the music, and it is superbly recorded in each of the works. One can only add that, for the benefit of those whose tastes do not embrace all four concertos in the set, it would be nice if Mercury would soon release them individually.

HENRYK SZERYNG: *"Four Great Violin Concertos"*

Beethoven: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 61.* Tchaikovsky: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 35.* Sibelius: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D minor, Op. 47.* Prokofiev: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 2, in G minor, Op. 63.*

Henryk Szeryng, violin; London Symphony Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. (in the Beethoven), Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, cond. (in the Sibelius and Prokofiev), Antal Dorati, cond. (in the Tchaikovsky). MERCURY Ⓓ OL 3117, $14.37; SR 39017, $17.37 (three discs).

KOUSSEVITZKY RETURNS—AND THE LESSON IS OF PASSION LAVISHLY SPENT

by Leonard Marcus

THE WORLD IS FILLED with more knowledgeable and/or more perceptive musicians than the late Serge Koussevitzky was; there is also a surfeit of more proficient conductors. But the world has always had a need for great human beings, who can and do add their humanism, their love, to the culture of their times. Koussevitzky was assuredly one of these. His establishment of the Berkshire Music Center and his devotion to its students have left the man's imprint on American musical life to this day. Tanglewood is as much his monument as Bayreuth is Wagner's. His own students, and his students' students, today man the symphonic helms not only around the country but throughout the world. For a quarter of a century he breathed passion into the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and into Boston, where young composers found "a mecca . . . a center of symphonic premieres," as Lukas Foss (one of those Koussevitzky students himself) puts it in a "reminiscence" included with this set of reissued Koussevitzky performances.

Of course, the potential purchaser of a recording, especially of a three-record set, may be less interested in a man's greatness than in the musician's performance and the quality of his recordings. To be sure, there are cleaner versions of Brahms's and Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphonies than are contained in this RCA Victor package. The sound, while excellent for its day and still good enough to evoke the richness of the BSO strings, hardly matches modern stereophonic productions, where—at least in regard to textural clarity—microphone placement can make almost anyone sound like Toscanini. One can also make out occasional bloopers, though fairly well hidden, and uncalled-for percussion effects, like bows hitting music stands, that for a contemporary recording would be patched up in editorial cubicles. In Koussevitzky's era, when recordings were made one complete 78-rpm side at a time, such extraneities often had to be tolerated. But for anybody who remembers Koussevitzky's performances, here is a set to be treasured. The man's greatness does come through; it penetrates via his passionate love for the music being performed. Whatever else these recordings are, they are not antiseptic, as so much of today's music making seems to be. One can almost see Koussevitzky's face turning purple, that vein about to burst through his forehead.

In both Brahms works, the *Academic Festival* Overture and the Fourth Symphony, the Koussevitzky trademarks are apparent. Here are the loud *pianos* that still convey the quality of softness even though the strings are "digging in" with full force. Here, as in the upbeat to the symphony, are those minutely overheld notes that implied more rubato than was actually there. (Some of the effects that sound like rubato are actually created through a careful handling of dynamics rather than tempos; Koussevitzky really stretched the tempo significantly only at the ends of pieces and phrases, though this practice soon becomes a continuing cliché.) Here too—unfortunately, except to the totally nostalgic—is that queer balance of Koussevitzky's orchestra, in its two habitual sections: one, the bulk of the orchestra; two, the first trumpet, Mager, who no matter how softly he played, would stand out even in full orchestral chords. In the overture, one misses occasional entrances in the inner voices, and the overall texture is not so clean as that of the symphony—odd, since the former dates from 1947 while the latter was cut in the late '30s.

Shostakovich's little Ninth Symphony must here be reckoned the best of the four performances presently available on records, even though the Everest, under Sargent, comes in stereo. (It will

be interesting to compare the Koussevitzky reading with that by the latter-day Russian Kiril Kondrashin, soon to be released on Melodiya/Angel.) This underrated delight now gets a *con brio* reading and should do much to revive excitement about it. Sardonic performances were among Koussevitzky's particular talents and one recalls his readings of such works as Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kije* and Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra.* (The Bartók, by the way, pokes fun at Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony; the Russian composer's Ninth Symphony mocks his own First Symphony.)

The Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky receives a broad—in both senses—handling under Koussevitzky, including several unwritten tempo changes, if this is your cup of *kvas.*

Koussevitzky promoted a good many American works and a couple of them find a place here. For a while a recording of Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings led by Howard Hanson was available on a Mercury disc, but the 1940 Koussevitzky recording was the one that for a time placed this work in the repertoire. The Suite cuts a strong, virile figure. Its striking opening movement has been used as theme music for classical radio programs throughout the country; its fugue is absolutely marvelous. This rendition, except for some sloppiness in the pizzicato movement, is a humdinger. The performance, never before released, of Hanson's Serenade for Flute, Harp, and String Orchestra comes out better than the music, as does the only other recording, on Epic, with Louis Lane and the Cleveland Orchestra. While Lane's performance is recorded in stereo, it lacks Koussevitzky's incomparable flutist, Georges Laurent, with his tender, tender, yet still bright playing.

Rachmaninoff's orchestral arrangement of his *Vocalise,* the fourteenth and last song in his Op. 34, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Battle of Kershenetz,* from *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh,* complete the collection.

For those who never heard Koussevitzky in the concert hall, this release should be instructive and enlightening. For sentimentalists, like myself, who cherish vivid memories of Koussevitzky, it will be a joy.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY: *"The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Treasury of Immortal Performances"*

Brahms: *Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80*; *Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98.* Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64.* Rachmaninoff: *Vocalise, Op. 34, No. 14.* Rimsky-Korsakov: *The Battle of Kershenetz.* Hanson: *Serenade for Flute, Harp, and String Orchestra, Op. 35.* Foote: *Suite for Strings, in E, Op. 63.* Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 9, in E flat, Op. 70.*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, cond. RCA VICTOR ⓓ VCM 6174, $14.37 (three discs, mono only) [from RCA Victor recordings, 1938–47].

Classical

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

Ars Rediviva Ensemble, Milan Munclinger, cond. CROSSROADS ⓓ 22 26 003, $4.98; 22 26 004, $4.98 (two discs).

This review is not going to be a comprehensive rundown of complete *Brandenburg* sets. That way madness lies—there are more than twenty of them. As it happens, the half-dozen inexpensive sets on the market are among the best available, and it is these versions—by Faerber, Goldberg, Münchinger (the older and better version, in mono only, on Richmond), Prohaska, Ristenpart, and Redel (on Musical Heritage Society)—that I have had in mind in considering the new Munclinger. And really it's astonishing how high the general standard of these bargain-label sets is: all seven offer performances of distinction, with good solo and orchestral playing and some pretensions of stylistic authenticity.

Thus it is not because I am unaware of their virtues that I begin by eliminating Faerber and Redel from the reckoning. Faerber is on the hefty side, and unlike his competitors he elects to use a large-sounding full string band in No. 3; Redel, on the other hand, is all energy and briskness, but he is less sensitive than the others, and the MHS recording, though very well balanced, lacks immediacy. The next figurative head to topple is Münchinger's. For its period (more than fifteen years ago) his reading is still surprisingly enlightened in stylistic matters, but a number of anachronistic details reveal how far we have progressed in these two decades. Furthermore, though he draws exciting playing from his orchestra, his control of tempo is not always firm. A better and more polished performance, very well recorded, but still basically the same article, and still using flutes instead of recorders in Nos. 2 and 4, is Goldberg's.

This leaves us with Prohaska, skillfully reprocessed for stereo on a Vanguard Everyman Classics set, the recent Nonesuch set by Ristenpart, and the Munclinger. The Prohaska has much to recommend it. There is a high degree of authenticity in the forces used (though for empirical reasons of balance a flute is employed in No. 2), Prohaska's direction is extremely perceptive, and No. 5 boasts a thrilling account of the solo harpsichord part—and especially of the big cadenza—by Anton Heiller. On the debit side must be placed a less than completely convincing treatment of shakes and other ornaments, a somewhat excessive and mannered use of détaché (especially in the solo violin part of No. 4), and a particularly bad case of running downhill in the first movement of No. 2 (a movement which several of our conductors seem to have difficulty in keeping rhythmically steady).

Top honors, then, go to Ristenpart and Munclinger. I wrote appreciatively in these pages last October of Ristenpart's sane and cultivated approach, of his excellent rhythms, textures, and balances, of his imaginative continuo, of the exceptional taste and stylistic assurance of his ornamentation, and of his fine soloists. All these attributes Munclinger has too, but in different proportion. In comparison with Ristenpart, he is rather more imaginative and rather less stylish. He properly uses solo strings in Nos. 3 and 6—but flutes in Nos. 2 and 4; he decorates well—but not impeccably. There is a thrilling cool aplomb about the way his horn players peel off their high trills in No. 1; Viktorie Svihlíková is splendidly incisive as solo harpsichordist in No. 5; and Josef Hála, who supplies the continuo in the other works, outshines even Ristenpart's Veyron-Lacroix in enterprise, especially in some of the slow movements. Munclinger's tempos tend to be slower than Ristenpart's, but the crisp articulation of the bass line precludes any suspicion of stodginess. His treatment of the *Polacca* in the last movement of No. 1 is as poetic as I have ever heard, and perfectly in style. However, in slow movements his dynamics tend too much towards the romantic—the Adagio of No. 1 is altogether too loud and unrestrained.

Both sets are well recorded: the new Crossroads has been more closely microphoned, but there is still ample air around the sound. I doubt if either set will disappoint. A choice between them will depend on your preference between the stylistic supremacy of Ristenpart and the occasionally excessive but always absorbing individuality of Munclinger. B.J.

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 80, Ein feste Burg; No. 104, Du Hirte Israel*

Agnes Giebel, soprano; Wilhelmine Matthès, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Heinz Rehfuss, bass; Bach Chorus and Orchestra of the Amsterdam Philharmonic Society, André Vandernoot, cond. VANGUARD EVERYMAN ⓓ SRV 219, $1.98; SRV 219 SD, $1.98.

Vanguard used to have both of these great cantatas under its Bach Guild label. One of those early versions (No. 80) is still listed in Schwann. It is superseded by the present recording, which is not only cheaper but considerably superior in both performance and recording. Vandernoot's handling of the opening chorus deprives it of some of its grandeur, and the tone of his chorus needs more warmth and roundness, but the choir does have enthusiasm, is well balanced, and seems disciplined. All of the soloists do better than average work.

That No. 104 should have been absent from the domestic catalogues, even if only temporarily, is very surprising, for this is one of the most beautiful lyric works Bach ever wrote. It is short, with an exquisitely lovely opening chorus, an aria each for tenor and bass, each preceded by a recitative, and a final

Angel is in great voice for the New Year.

Seven major releases confirm once again the almost legendary vocal magic of Angel. Pre-eminent among these recent recordings is a magnificent new "Don Giovanni." Otto Klemperer and a cast of eight remarkable soloists may have created the definitive version of Mozart's undisputed masterpiece.

chorale. The chorus again does well with what seems to be rather ordinary voices. In the fine tenor aria Lewis spins nice long lines; the part contains several high A's, and for some of these he lands on the lower edge of the pitch. Rehfuss, who has a gorgeous aria here, is in very good form in both cantatas, his voice having the creamy richness that it sometimes lacks. The sound is good in both versions. German texts and English translations are provided. N.B.

BACH: *Sonatas for Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord: in G, S. 1027; in D, S. 1028; in G minor, S. 1029*

Edmund Kurtz, cello; Frank Pelleg, harpsichord. MONITOR Ⓓ MC 2108, $1.98; MCS 2108, $1.98.

The virtues of this disc include cello playing that is fluent, harpsichord playing that is both fluent and stylish, and a recorded balance that for once gives due prominence to the keyboard instrument (though the separation of the two instruments in the stereo version, which is the only one I have heard, is too emphatic). Its failure to constitute a really satisfying version of these three fine works must be laid to Kurtz. His tone, though clean, is unsympathetically hard; his line sometimes wavers in uncharacteristic manner at awkward moments; and he is less than ideally stylish in his treatment of ornaments. What is needed is either a good modern gamba version or a recording by Rostropovich, Du Pré, Starker, or Parisot. B.J.

BACH, C. P. E.: *Concertos for Flute and Orchestra: in A minor; in G*

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; orchestra, Louis de Froment, cond. WORLD SERIES Ⓓ PHC 9033, $2.50 (compatible disc).

These works abound in the conventional optimism of C. P. E. Bach's musical milieu, but it must be said for him that—even when writing on assignment—he cast solo and orchestra into a relationship which had some point to it, and less often than his contemporaries set the tutti simply to filling time. And if, even so, he seems to go on at untoward length (these concertos average twenty-five minutes each, when fifteen would have done), we must remind ourselves that Bach was geared to life at Sans Souci and not to our own. Rampal is, as always, remarkable both for his tonal dexterity and for speed; he takes the allegros like a son of our century, not of Frederick's. S.F.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D, Op. 61*

Yehudi Menuhin, violin; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. ANGEL Ⓓ 36369, $4.79; S 36369, $5.79.

Menuhin has recorded this Concerto three times previously—twice with Furtwängler and once with Constantin Silvestri. The big question posed by this new version is therefore how harmoniously the soloist's impulsive romanticism and the conductor's austere classically oriented approach blend with each other.

Not surprisingly, the tempos are rather deliberate. It is also no shock to find that the rhythm is usually steadier and less rhapsodic, and that the Klemperer orchestral sonority is less diffused than the frameworks supplied by Furtwängler and Silvestri. In this respect Klemperer's leadership serves as a corrective influence on Menuhin's occasional impetuosity: the violinist's tone is purer here, and both his phrasing and intonation are more scrupulous than was evidenced in the earlier performances. Menuhin, indeed, more than meets Klemperer's classicism halfway; in fact, his fiddling is all that one could reasonably hope for. (As before, he employs the resourceful Kreisler cadenzas.)

Less expected are Klemperer's phrasing and organization here. Details do not always fit into place with the easy inevitability and poise one expects from a master *chef d'orchestre*. Klemperer's angularity per se I mind not at all, nor his preference for Olympian deliberation; but certain effects in this reading strike me as downright clumsy and stolid. Certainly those ascending woodwind lines near the start of the very first tutti creak from arthritis; and if the various sections of the orchestra are not actually at war with each other and with their soloist, there are many near-bungled moments in the first and third movements (note that I except the Larghetto, which has marvelous repose throughout) suggestive of an extremely uneasy truce. Orchestral pickups at the ends of trills, for example, are not always adroitly managed, and in general, there is little spring to the rhythm or arch to the phrase lines.

But though these flaws are not exactly inconsequential (and I never sense in this performance the meeting of minds characteristic of Menuhin's earlier editions), they do not obscure the over-all interest of this provocative experiment. And the sound from the stereo test pressing submitted for review is astonishingly clear and fine. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Missa Solemnis, in D, Op. 123; Overtures: Coriolan, Op. 62; Egmont, Op. 84*

Uta Graf, soprano; Grace Hoffman, contralto; Helmut Kretschmar, tenor; Erich Wenk, bass; NDR Chorus; North German Symphony (Hamburg), Walter Goehr, cond. (in Op. 123); Vienna Festival Orchestra, Josef Krips, cond. (in the Overtures). VANGUARD EVERYMAN Ⓓ SRV 214/15, $3.96; SRVSD 214/15, $3.96 (two discs).

The fourth new *Missa Solemnis* recording to be issued within a few months is an intimately scaled, fast-paced, and easy-going production. Inasmuch as the singing, orchestral playing, and engineering are suavely managed, many listeners in quest of a bargain-priced *Missa* may find the geniality of Goehr's treatment preferable to the more austere and monumental Wand interpretation for Nonesuch. In my own opinion, more of the music's stature emerges from the Nonesuch album. Krips's fine-textured, and similarly lyrical, performances of the two popular overtures provide a welcome bonus. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet for Strings, No. 13, in B flat, Op. 130 with Grosse Fuge, Op. 133*

Smetana Quartet. CROSSROADS Ⓓ 22 16 0055, $2.49; S 22 16 0056, $2.49.

When Clementi made an unfavorable comment on the *Rasoumovsky* Quartets, Beethoven's response was: "Oh, they are not for you, they are for a later age." And years later, when deafness and ill health had further reduced the master's civility, he was said to have flown into a rage at a poor violinist who complained about the difficulty of one of his high violin passages. "Do you think I worry about your cursed fiddle," he screamed, "when the spirits inspire me?" Well, then, can you imagine the response of this irascible genius when told that his Op. 130 Quartet was too long and too difficult? You're wrong!! Beethoven took the criticism to heart and promptly composed a new and shorter finale—one of the most bubbly and irresistible in the entire Bee-

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thoven literature. Taking cognizance of the man and his ways, I suggest that Beethoven accepted the criticism because he felt it was justified. I feel so too.

Moreover, when performances of the originally proposed Op. 130 start outnumbering the revised version in the concert hall, and when celebrated chamber groups begin perpetuating this sort of "anti-revisionist" nonsense on records, it is time for a vigorous protest. The *Grosse Fuge* can stand perfectly well on its own—in fact is heard to better advantage that way. As appended to the first five movements of Op. 130, it makes for an arid, not to say acrid, listening experience. Beethoven knew what he was doing when he wrote that second finale.

Having entered this dissent, I hasten to add that the Smetana Quartet's performance is magnificent. In contrast to the jeweled grace of the most recent Budapest entry, the Czech group stresses rustic, peasantlike vigor. Yet, they are also capable of delicate coloristic niceties, and they are just as attentive to detail as the Budapesters, as witness their careful differentiation of quarter and eighth notes in those curious little chromatic lead-backs from the trio section of the second movement to the *da capo* variant of the Scherzo.

These felicities are heard in drily etched, biting, and completely satisfying sonics. Now let's hope the quartet will record that other finale. H.G.

BENDA: *Symphonies (5): in F; in G; in C; in E flat; in G*

Orchestra, Libor Hlaváček, cond. CROSSROADS Ⓓ 22 16 0059, $2.49; 22 16 0060, $2.49.

It won't hurt anyone interested in the origins of the classical symphony to lend an ear to Benda (1722–95—he is commonly called George, though Jiří is the form given here). Haydn and Mozart didn't come out of nowhere, and the seed of their more individual art is here—in the respectably brisk first movements, the lofty attitude of the violins in the Andantes, the cheerful scrubbing in the finales. And occasionally in something more, such as the concertante principal violin in the E flat Symphony and the woodwind accents in the G major on Side 2. All simple, clean, and idiomatic. The works are crisply performed, clearly miked, and very stereophonic. S.F.

BRAHMS: *Quartet for Piano and Strings, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 25* (orch. Schoenberg)—See Schoenberg: *Suite for String Orchestra, in G.*

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 73*

Danish State Radio Orchestra, Fritz Busch, cond. ODEON Ⓓ E 80896, $5.79 (mono only).

The late Fritz Busch (1890-1951) deserves an honored standing in the distinguished company (Toscanini, Furtwängler, Beecham, et al.) that flourished in the Golden Age of Conducting. His 1947 account of Brahms's pastoral Second Symphony is as revealing of the man's classical leanings as were his famous Glyndebourne Festival recordings of Mozart's operas. Like Kleiber, a kindred spirit, Busch eschews the usual slowing down and stretching of connective tissue in favor of a terse economy that strengthens the total musical picture. Only in the final movement does the pace verge on the uncomfortably brisk, but the conductor's fastidious control saves the day and avoids a frantic scramble. The clarification of numerous details in the scoring bespeaks a mind—and heart—of uncommon eloquence. Among the many fine performances available of the Brahms Second Symphony, here is one of true greatness.

Fortunately, the transfer preserves to an exceptional degree the realistic sound of the original shellacs. Impact there is a-plenty, though never of the booming, bass-heavy, insistent kind sometimes found on 78s. Furthermore, the joints have been well managed and there is minimal surface scratch. Busch's Haydn 88 and Mozart *Linz* should come next. H.G.

DAVID: *Quartet for Strings*
†Szabó: *Trio for Strings*
†Mihály: *Songs on Poems by József Attila*

Judit Sándor, soprano, Loránd Szücs, piano (in the Mihály); Tátrai Quartet. QUALITON Ⓓ LPX 1227, $4.79; SLPX 1227, $5.79.

Gyula Dávid is a pupil of Kodály, and his quartet exhibits the same fastidiousness as the work of his teacher: it is tuneful, beautifully made, and beautifully played here by the Tátrai Quartet. Three members of the same group also do well by the vigorously dissonant trio of Ferenc Szabó. The songs by András Mihály are very declamatory and depend much on their texts; since the texts are nowhere hinted at (even their titles are not translated), the excellent efforts of soprano Judit Sándor and her accompanist, Loránd Szücs, are fairly futile. A.F.

DEBUSSY: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in G minor*—See Franck: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A* (RCA Victor version).

ELGAR: *Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in E minor, Op. 85*

Jacqueline du Pré, cello; London Symphony Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond. ANGEL Ⓓ 36338, $4.79; S 36338, $5.79.

For me and, I suspect, for many others too, the most memorable event in the 1964/65 New York concert season was the Manhattan debut in May of the British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who was then within a few days of her twentieth birthday. It was the Elgar Concerto that she played on that occasion, and Angel has now recorded her incomparable reading. This, Elgar's last great work (composed in 1919), is shorter, more romantic in form, far more melancholy and withdrawn in feeling but no less noble or moving than the Violin Concerto written nine years earlier. Miss du Pré has the measure of all its moods, from the desolate sadness of the first movement, through the scurrying but vain attempts at escape of the following Allegro molto, to the heart-easing warmth of the Adagio and the determined but still shadowed jubilation of the Finale. Her technical mastery, too, is even more complete than it was and she produces a wonderfully rich and eloquent tone that bespeaks an ideally free right arm.

With worthy support from the London Symphony under Sir John Barbirolli, and a superbly colorful and dynamic recording, this performance puts every previous version in the shade, and it is worth the full price of the record many times over. This is just as well, for Side 2 represents the biggest wasted phonographic opportunity to have enraged me in a long time. In England, the Concerto has been coupled with Janet Baker's performance of Elgar's less important but still beautiful *Sea Pictures*. Here, instead, we have an extraordinary mishmash of snippets and arrangements (from pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Falla, and Bruch). They are very well played. Who needs them? B.J.

FALLA: *El Amor brujo*
†Ravel: *Rapsodie espagnole; Pavane pour une Infante défunte*

Victoria de los Angeles, soprano (in the Falla); Philharmonia Orchestra (in the Falla), New Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. ANGEL Ⓓ 36385, $4.79; S 36385, $5.79.

It's of course no surprise to hear how ideally Victoria de los Angeles is suited to *El Amor brujo*'s sophisticated transmutations of flamenco idioms. I doubt that its four brief vocal solos ever have been more hauntingly sung on records, even though the present microphoning is too close for proper balance with the orchestra. In other respects, the luscious stereo recording does well with the (old) Philharmonia's playing in the livelier, louder parts of the score, superlatively well with the slower, quieter parts—which, indeed, I've never heard more poetically read.

The Ravel side is less successful. The expressive pathos of Giulini's *Pavane* verges perilously on lugubriousness; his *Rapsodie* sounds too painstakingly contrived for all its considerable brilliance and the almost microscopic clarity of the intricate score's inner details. This is partly the result of excessive solo-instrument and percussion-section "spotlighting" in a recording made more recently than that of the overside ballet. But in any case there is no serious challenge

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here to such more idiomatic readings as those of Ansermet and Monteux, or to the memorable orchestral playing and engineering in the 1965 Ormandy version for Columbia. R.D.D.

FINE: *Symphony 1962; Toccata Concertante; Serious Song: Lament for String Orchestra*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Irving Fine, cond. (in *Symphony 1962*), Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2829, $4.79; LSC 2829, $5.79.

Irving Fine of Brandeis University died in 1962 at the age of forty-seven. This disc contains the last and most important work of his life, his *Symphony 1962,* in an excellent concert performance recording under the composer's direction given at the Berkshire Music Festival on August 12 of the year mentioned, less than two weeks before Fine's death. It is a great, big work, freely 12-tone in its idiom, epical in its structure, tremendously dramatic in over-all effect. This score proves beyond a doubt that Irving Fine was on his way to becoming one of America's major composers if he had, indeed, not already arrived at that stature.

On the other side of the disc are two shorter works—the beautifully lyrical piece called *Serious Song: Lament for String Orchestra,* and the very early, Stravinskyan, neoclassical Toccata Concertante. Both are excellent achievements and well worth having on records—especially when they are so magnificently played and recorded—but they are not in the same class as the superb symphony. A.F.

FRANCK: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A*
†Ravel: *Sonata for Violin and Piano*
†Schubert: *Sonatina for Violin and Piano, in D, D. 384*

Péter Komlós, violin; György Miklos, piano. QUALITON Ⓓ LPX 1226, $5.98; SLPX 1226, $5.98.

FRANCK: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A*
†Debussy: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in G minor*

Erick Friedman, violin; André Previn, piano. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2907, $4.79; LSC 2907, $5.79.

Komlós and Miklos play the Franck with surging ardor, imperious drama, and an unfailing sense of structure. Theirs is a performance in the finest romantic tradition. Komlós, obviously a major violinist, commands all the color in the world and attacks his notes with arresting authority. The nuance and temperament which both he and his partner lavish on this popular Sonata cause it to blaze with vibrant life. There is something of Szigeti in this altogether exceptional playing.

Like Szigeti again, Komlós opts for a rather fast, rigorous tempo in the "blues" section of the Ravel, though he misses some of that veteran's wealth of color and sheer familiarity with the very elusive colloquial jazz language. Indeed, his entire reading of this Sonata, while impeccably thought out, impresses one as a bit on the straight, square side. It is good but not quite "endsville"!

In the Schubert, the two artists are back in their element, even if their bold, vigorous conception does sound unusually akin to one of the Beethoven Opus 12 Sonatas.

One very nice feature of the Hungarian Qualiton recording (I have heard only the stereo pressing) is the uncommonly forward placement given the piano. The change in balance never works against the violin line but rather enhances it by providing sturdy bass support.

One renowned music critic once described a heavy-handed interpretation of romantic music as comparable to "a tank going through a field of lilies." While Friedman and Previn certainly play too well to merit a similar charge, I must say that their approach to the Franck—with pistol-shot spiccato attacks, stretched-out rhetorical devices, and outsized dynamics—is built to oceanliner rather than to sailboat specifications. Both this work and the overside Debussy display the ultimate in bravura and anti-emotional fireworks: with due respect for the success with which Friedman and Previn realize their particular goals, this mode of performance is simply not for me. The ultravivid studio engineering throws floodlights on every scrape of the assured Friedman bow and magnifies each piston stroke of Previn's fingers. H.G.

HANDEL: *Concertos for Organ and Orchestra* (complete)

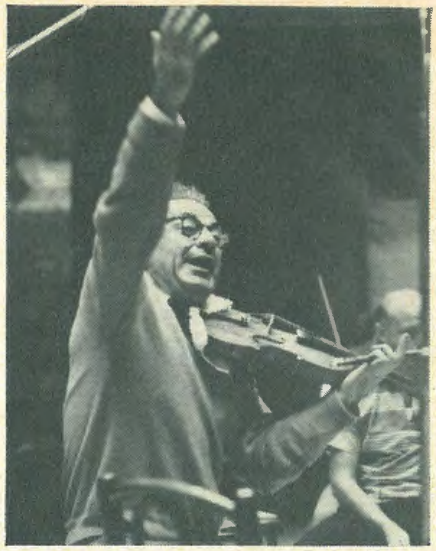
Eduard Müller, organ; Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger, cond.

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

HANDEL: *Twelve Concerti Grossi, Op. 6*

Chamber Orchestra, Alexander Schneider, cond. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 6172, $14.37; LSC 6172, $17.37 (three discs).

Alexander Schneider's appearances as a conductor on records have not often evoked in me the same degree of admiration called forth by his work as violinist and chamber music player. Here, however, with a group of about twenty expert string players, he turns in a performance that from a technical standpoint could hardly be bettered. The ensemble is exact in the trickiest places; some fast movements—final Allegro of No. 2, Presto of No. 5, first Allegro of No. 10—are played with a virtuoso unanimity. Almost everywhere Schneider seeks out the melos in the music: much of the time Handel's lines are beautifully molded by these singing strings. There are a few movements whose treatment is not



Handel à la Schneider—a dual role for the dynamic conductor/violinist.

persuasive. It seems to me that there is a hardness, an unseemly driving quality, in the finales of Nos. 1, 8, and (to a lesser extent) 12. The Polonaise of No. 3 is played in a heavy, peasantlike fashion, but Handel probably knew the dance only in its courtly form. In a couple of cases—second Allegro of No. 1, first Allegro of No. 3—the men take fast repeated-note themes in one bow, or else change bows so skillfully that it sounds like one bow. But this is probably contrary to the style: it is very likely that baroque composers counted on the fresh impulse given each note by changing the direction of the bow to enliven repeated-note figures.

The fugues are all played with verve and discrimination: not every appearance of the subject is underlined or thrust at you, as it so often is when performers act as though all that stuff between statements of the theme were just filling. Schneider conveys the special character of some movements effectively. In No. 5, for example, the jaunty quality of the first Allegro is delightfully caught, as is the playfulness of the last. The first Allegro of No. 9 gets a cheery, lively performance; its Gigue is played with all the grace and charm immanent in this fine music. Schneider makes dramatic pauses in the Allemande of No. 8, but they come off well; a similar attempt in the Andante Larghetto of No. 2, however, seems overdone.

Some listeners may find the tone of the concertino—Schneider and Felix Galimir, violins, Charles McCracken, cello—a little juicy for their taste. It does seem to me that these artists use a constant, marked vibrato that is much more suitable to nineteenth-century than to baroque music. It is especially noticeable, however, only in slow sections, and there aren't many of these for the concertino alone. The tone of the tutti does not have this fault, as a rule: only the Siciliano of No. 8 is played overexpressively. For the rest, and for the most part, this is a highly enjoyable reading of some of the most beautiful orchestral works of the baroque period, very well recorded in both versions. N.B.

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HAYDN: *Concertos: for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E flat; for Horn and Orchestra, No. 2, in D*
†Hoffmann, Leopold: *Concerto for Flute and Orchestra, in D*

Helmut Schneidewind, trumpet (in the Trumpet Concerto); Erich Penzel, horn (in the Horn Concerto); Valerie Noack, flute (in the Flute Concerto); Consortium Musicum, Fritz Lehan, cond. MACE Ⓓ M 9039, $2.50; MS 9039, $2.50.

This is a delightful record, far preferable to the recent Turnabout release containing the two Haydn works and the same composer's Oboe Concerto. The D major Flute Concerto used to be attributed to Haydn too (it is catalogued as H. VIIf: D1), but it is now known to have been written by Leopold Hoffmann (or Hofmann), an Austrian composer and Kapellmeister who lived from about 1730 to 1793. This Concerto is a bit of a bore, especially its interminable first movement, but Valerie Noack, though occasionally breathy, does very well by it, and manages some poetic touches in the slow movement.

The two Haydn works are nicely done. Erich Penzel's reading of the Second Horn Concerto is both sensitive and straightforward, and Helmut Schneidewind gives a lovely performance of the Trumpet Concerto, with fine tone, elegant phrasing, and impeccable intonation. a few tinkles of continuo can be heard in the Hoffmann piece, and would have been welcome too in the Horn Concerto, but for the most part the accompaniments directed by Fritz Lehan are clean, stylish, and sympathetic. The recording is warm and well balanced.

Discussing Haydn's life in 1796, when the Trumpet Concerto was composed, the liner note mentions with an air of surprise "a new love (at 75)"; this was indeed quite an achievement for a man who was born in 1732. B.J.

HAYDN: *Quartets for Strings, Op. 54; No. 1, in G; No. 2, in C; No. 3, in E*

Juilliard Quartet. EPIC Ⓓ LC 3931, $4.79; BC 1331, $5.79.

This release serves as recording baptism for the Juilliard's new second violinist, Earl Carlyss, who replaced Isidore Cohen in December 1965. The change in personnel has in no way hurt the group; the same exquisitely balanced ensemble sound and authoritative precision that characterized the quartet in the past are still there. If anything, they sound even better—a warmth of expression occasionally wanting in previous recordings permeates this new disc.

The works themselves are gems. Poignant, energetic, rich in harmonic surprises, the three quartets are on a par with the more frequently played Opus 76 collection.

As for the performances, one could ask for no more. Fast movements are infused with demonic thrust, yet are ever elegant. It is in the slower movements, however, that the Juilliard really shines. Perhaps the most impressive playing is in the adagio of the C major Quartet, a brooding, introspective kind of lament. The performance is one of controlled intensity, filled with noble pathos. This is music making of the highest order—a model of dynamic balance and perfect articulation that still remains freely expressive and intimate.

Vox's projected series of the complete Haydn quartets, now partially fulfilled, offers competition from the Dekany Quartet (in a three-disc album which also includes Opp. 55 and 42). These are generally sound performances, a bit more relaxed than the Juilliard but also a trifle ploddish at times, even when faster tempos are employed. The principal difference is in the technical prowess of the Juilliard Quartet. The Dekany group has good ideas, often similar to their competitor's, but they don't quite have the finesse to carry them off.

Epic has provided lucid and spacious sound, untarnished by the harshness that afflicts the Vox recordings.

STEVEN LOWE

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 59, in A ("Fire"); No. 70, in D*

Esterházy Orchestra, David Blum, cond. VANGUARD Ⓓ VRS 1161, $4.79; VSD 71161, $5.79.

This is an astonishing record. After some of the performances the Esterházy Orchestra has perpetrated at recent New York concert appearances, the precision, body, and fire of its playing here provide a most welcome contrast. The works themselves are among the finest of Haydn's first eighty symphonies. No. 59 was written in the late 1760s (earlier than its numbering suggests). It probably derives its nickname, not as David Blum suggests in his liner from the character of the first movement, but from a play called *Der Feuerbrunst* to which it may originally have formed incidental music. No. 70 is especially notable for the contrapuntal skill of its slow movement, whose main theme is constructed as a canon in double counterpoint, and even more notable for its Finale, most of which forms a triple fugue outstanding in its strength and driving vigor.

Not long ago Mercury issued an excellent recording of No. 59 conducted by Dorati, but this new Vanguard is even better. In the end movements Blum equals the standards set by Goberman's Haydn performances in liveliness and style (there is a clear harpsichord continuo, by the way), and surpasses them in textural clarity and rhythmic poise. He is not afraid of really fast tempos, and the Finale strides along with rare panoply, but lyricism is not lacking either. The slow movement truly sings, and the subtle rhythmic structure of the third movement's trio section is beautifully realized. The minuet itself, thematically related to the slow movement, is equally good.

In No. 70, a still greater work, Blum's superiority over his rivals is even more clear-cut. Some may feel that the humor of the trio could have been left to speak for itself without the little portamentos Blum applies, but personally I find the effect delightful, and the rest of the performance is impeccable.

The conductor is helped by an outstandingly lifelike recording, which allows full scope to his exciting dynamic contrasts and his lithe, pouncing accents. I cannot remember when I last heard a Haydn record to match this one. B.J.

HINDEMITH: *Mass, 1963*
†Schoenberg: *Dreimal Tausend Jahre; De Profundis*

Whikehart Chorale, Lewis E. Whikehart, cond. LYRICHORD Ⓓ LL 161, $4.98; LLST 7161, $5.98.

It's the merest coincidence, I think, that the last works of both Schoenberg and Hindemith should have been written for unaccompanied chorus, but in any case it provides Lewis Whikehart with an excuse for coupling them on the same record. The only trouble is that their musical value is in inverse proportion to their length. Both the Schoenberg pieces are short, concise, consistent—and very different from one another, in spite of the fact that both spring from Schoenberg's identification with exiled Jewry. *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* is concerned with a contemplative vision of the Return *De Profundis,* on the other hand, is a setting (in Hebrew) of Psalm 130, which proclaims Israel's faith in God and in His power to redeem His people from persecution and misery. Here Schoenberg uses not the calm four-part homophony of *Dreimal Tausend Jahre,* but the subtle and sinewy mixture of speech and song that he had developed for the great choruses of *Moses and Aaron,* to symbolize both the voice of God and that of the children of Israel. The result is dramatic in the extreme—even more so than it appears in this performance—but the drama comes entirely from Schoenberg's direct response to the words and their meaning.

This kind of intensity is precisely what I feel to be missing from the Hindemith work, in spite of its determined use (not to say exploitation) of a wide range of choral techniques and effects. I do not share the total rejection of Hindemith fashionable in some circles, but there was certainly a falling-off in inspiration in his later music, and nowhere more than in this Mass, written for the Vienna Chamber Choir in 1963. In fact, in spite of its use of the Renaissance medium of the unaccompanied chorus, it seems to me the apotheosis of that later anomaly, the "concert Mass." Perhaps it might make more of an effect if the Whikehart Chorale sang its uncomfortably chromatic lines with more spontaneity of phrasing and more attention to the shape and weight and meaning of the words. As it is, I have to admit that I was pretty bored.

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inhibits musical expressiveness. The contralto line seems weaker than the rest, and the basses are not always strong enough to provide a functional underpinning to the harmony. There are audible tape joins occasionally, which is excusable, and some distortion (in the Credo, for example), which is not. Keen Hindemithians will of course want this only available recording of the Mass, but others might do better to wait for a more impressive version to appear. J.N.

HOFFMANN, LEOPOLD: *Concerto for Flute and Orchestra, in D*—See Haydn: *Concertos: for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E flat; for Horn and Orchestra, No. 2, in D.*

JANACEK: *Chamber Music*

Concertino for Piano and Chamber Ensemble; Capriccio for Piano (Left Hand) and Chamber Ensemble (on D 427/DST 6427). *Mládí, Suite for Six Winds; Nursery Rhymes for Voices and Instruments* (on D 428/DST 6428).

Hilde Somer, piano; Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Julius Rudel, cond. DESTO Ⓓ D 427/428, $4.98 each; DST 6427/6428, $5.98 each (two discs).

Both these records, which bring back to the Schwann catalogue works which should never have been allowed to disappear from it, originated at last summer's Caramoor Festival. If they represent fairly the standard of performance to be heard there, they are an excellent advertisement for Mrs. Rosen's legendary institution at Katonah, New York.

They are also a pretty good advertisement for the music of Leoš Janáček, which I suspect may not be as well known in the U. S. as it deserves. This is partly because the heart of Janáček's later work (and all his best work *is* "later") lies in his operas, and the American operatic scene, with honorable exceptions, is not conducive to a wide or adventurous repertory. But although it is true that one cannot really grasp Janáček's stature without experience—preferably in the opera house—of works like *The Cunning Little Vixen* and *From the House of the Dead*, the man's unique personality does shine through even the lesser creations of those extraordinary last years. It seems to me that there is something in his make-up comparable with that of Ives—if one can imagine an Ives infinitely better equipped to give expression to his individual vision. Here is the same transcendental pantheism, so intense that it threatens to become inarticulate, combined with an affection for the familiar and the indigenous. Janáček's roots, of course, lie in the speech and song of his native Moravia, not those of New England; and he was able to forge from its rhythms and inflections a much more consistent style than Ives ever achieved (or perhaps wanted to).

But one can sense in both, I think, the same reckless determination to embrace the most diverse experiences of humanity and nature. I am thinking, for example,

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*Audio Magazine, June, 1957

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of the third movement of the Capriccio Janáček wrote for the one-armed pianist Paul Wittgenstein, where a village-band theme alternates with the sort of sounds on the brass that stones might make if they tried to speak to one another. This Capriccio, composed in 1926 at the same time as the *Glagolitic Mass*, is the toughest of these four works, if only because its brass sonorities are harsher and less conventional, but it is perhaps also the most rewarding, once one has learned to "read" it. The more frequently played Concertino, composed a year earlier, seems to me to suffer from the characteristic Janáček fault—an excess of contrast. Relying more heavily on contrasting moods and materials than on development, Janáček succeeds only in weakening the would-be transcendental effect of his final climax. But it is a fine and individual piece all the same, and Hilde Somer plays it with brilliance and understanding—though I could wish the rhythm of her final solo outburst was more accurate.

The works on the other record are both in a considerably lighter vein, even if the tenderness of *Mládí*'s slow movement strikes quite deep. This is a suite of four movements for a wind sextet of rather unusual composition: flute (doubling piccolo), oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and bass clarinet. The soloists of the Caramoor orchestra are outstandingly good, especially (however invidious it may be to single one out) the horn-player, Brooks Tillotson. Janáček's demands are pretty merciless, but he fulfills them with unfailing skill and sensitivity.

The *Nursery Rhymes* on the other side were inspired by the children's page in the newspaper *Lidové Noviny*, where they used to appear with witty but quite unassuming drawings by Czech cartoonists of the day. These drawings are reproduced in the score and also, I'm glad to say, in the text that accompanies the record. They are nothing much as art, but they do give one a further key into the world of Janáček's settings for a group of nine voices (used in various combinations) and a splendidly eccentric choice of ten instruments (including ocarina!). I'm not certain that the peasant humor of the original words translates too effectively into English; though the job has been done probably as well as it could be, there remains something slightly incongruous about these barnyard antics described in the accents of urban New York (or London for that matter). Anyhow, in default of the admirable old Supraphon recording, we must be very grateful for this one, which certainly conveys the work's unaffected high spirits.

The final tribute, of course, must go to Julius Rudel, who conducts all four of these works in what seems to me like very authentic style. Apart from a slight waver on the piano tone at the beginning of the *Concertino* and some distortion in the *Nursery Rhymes* the recording is good. J.N.

LISZT: *Reminiscences de Norma; Hexameron Variations on the March from Bellini's "I Puritani"*

Raymond Lewenthal, piano. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2895, $4.79; LSC 2895, $5.79.

A bit of clarification is in order about the heading above. The *Hexameron Variations* are so-called because they resulted from the joint enterprise of Henri Herz, Sigismond Thalberg, Johann Peter Pixis, Carl Czerny, and Chopin, with Liszt officiating in an extended introduction. The overside *Norma Reminiscences*, in contrast, are pure Liszt.

With due respect to Lewenthal's often technically awesome playing, I wonder whether he may not have missed his true vocation. The pianist's annotations for this set are as delightfully smart-alecky and as fascinatingly informative as the ones for his previous Alkan collection and his recital programs. Their verbal brilliance suggests a latent Victor Borge. If Lewenthal ever decides to forsake the wretched life of a concert pianist, he has another career open to him. As it is, one wishes that the pianist had some of the color and projection of the writer: the present *Norma* paraphrase is extremely sober. Everything considered, Alfred Brendel's old Vox edition made much more of this splashy nonsense.

But that *Hexameron* with Lewenthal's accompanying treasure map is great fun. H.G.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 8, in E flat*

Erna Spoorenberg (s), Magna Peccatrix; Gwyneth Jones (s), Una poenitentium; Gwenyth Annear (s), Mater gloriosa; Anna Reynolds (c), Mulier Samaritana; Norma Procter (c), Maria Aegyptiaca; John Mitchinson (t), Doctor Marianus; Vladimir Ruzdjak (b), Pater estaticus; Donald McIntyre (bs), Pater profundus; Leeds Festival Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra Chorus; Orpington Junior Singers; Highgate School Boys' Choir; Finchley Children's Music Group; London Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ M2L 351, $9.58; M2S 751, $11.58 (two discs); Ⓣ M2Q 876, $11.95 (double play).

To be a success, a recording of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand" has to be a big success. Not only is a conductor required who has the enormous measure of the work. Not only do vast vocal and instrumental forces have to be drilled to a high level of precision and of sheer sound production. Even if both these requirements are met, they will go for comparatively little if the recording fails to do justice to the huge, resonant climaxes in which the score abounds.

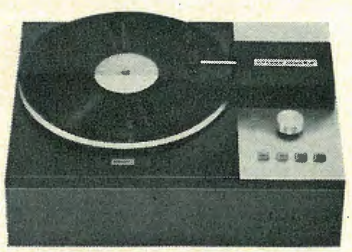
In the Columbia recording under review, all three requirements have been, for the first time, fully met. The antique Epic version recorded live under Eduard Flipse at the Holland Festival more than a decade ago fulfilled the first condition only partially, and the third not at all. The Abravanel/Utah version released more recently by Vanguard represented a distinct advance on all three counts, and it must therefore continue to be considered a competitive recording of the work. But in my judgment, this new release, in which Leonard Bernstein leads not the New York Philharmonic but the London Symphony Orchestra, clearly supersedes it as the best version currently available, and indeed as the best we are likely to have for a very long time.

As at his performances in New York a year ago, Bernstein triumphantly fills the emotional profile of the music with a richness of expression that is always exciting and always true. He also succeeds in achieving what Abravanel's otherwise admirable reading, and magnificent live performances by Horenstein and Charles Groves, have not achieved: he makes Part II hang together and sound like a real Part II, and not like three separate movements. In this setting of the final scene from Goethe's *Faust*, Mahler's close adherence to the repetitive verbal rhythms runs the risk of excessive sectionalization, but the breadth of Bernstein's conception magisterially surmounts this danger.

The orchestra gives as fine an account of its part as I have heard, and the massed choral forces span their extremes of dynamics and expression with sensitivity and ample power. Ideally, the solo parts call for voices of Nilssonian size but, failing that, the present line-up is a very acceptable one. The three sopranos keep a good, clean line, the altos and the baritone and bass are rich and firm, and tenor John Mitchinson's heroic tones produce some thrilling moments, particularly at the ecstatic *"Jungfrau, rein im schönsten Sinne"* passage.

All this is presented in a recording which replaces the knife-edge clarity of the Vanguard with a much warmer ambience. If you want to learn, say, the second alto choral part by ear, the Vanguard is the one to go for, but the Columbia is better suited to the engulfing character of the music. It is both warm and brilliant, and it accommodates the triple *fortes* with majestic ease. Almost inevitably, one or two climaxes sound as if they have been slightly held back by the engineers, but this has been done with great skill a page or so before the actual *Höhepunkt* so as to disturb the effect as little as possible.

This is a superb production, and I am bowled over by it. In only one respect, and that a controversial one, do I think it reasonable to cavil at the conductor's interpretation: Bernstein's gradual broadening of tempo through the big choral development in Part I is a questionable procedure, and it brings back the *Veni, creator spiritus* motif at a speed anti-organically ***slower*** **than** that of the beginning of the Symphony. To me, Abravanel's handling of this passage is formally more satisfying. On the other hand, it could be argued that Bernstein's holding back is exactly what is needed to give the start of the recapitulation the overwhelming weight it needs. Probably this is the sort of question one can only be sure about after



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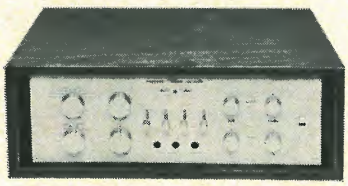

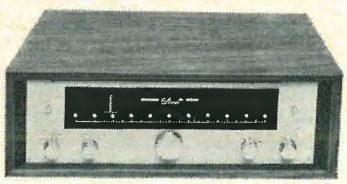

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living with an interpretation for some time. In any case, Bernstein's reading is far and away the finest over-all realization of the work in my experience. Abravanel achieves a commendable and valuable degree of accuracy; Bernstein achieves sublimity, and that is much more to the point. B.J.

MENDELSSOHN: *Symphonies for Strings: No. 9, in C; No. 10, in B minor; No. 12, in G minor*

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. OISEAU-LYRE Ⓓ RG 467, $4.79; ZRG 5467, $5.79.

The twelve symphonies which Mendelssohn composed for performance by his family string ensemble are works of his youth. So, for that matter, was the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture, which is certainly one of the composer's masterpieces. While not quite on that exalted level, these charming works are most assuredly not to be written off as juvenilia. Indeed, they are quite surprisingly passionate for a youth of fourteen, and their neglect is quite unforgivable.

It would be difficult to imagine more eloquent performances than the ones given here by this superb thirteen-piece British ensemble. Marriner and his men produce an unusually sonorous, yet never strident, collective tone and give the listener the best of both the grand-orchestra and chamber-music worlds. There is something Toscanini-like about the fastidious rhythmic interlocking and tautly expressive phrasing they offer, and also about the fine-grained adjustments in balance which bring such pathos to the deceptively calm surface of the music. It's a beautifully engineered recording too. H.G.

Mendelssohn at thirteen—a year later he wrote these symphonies.

MIHALY: *Songs on Poems by József Attila—See Dávid: Quartet for Strings.*

MOZART: *Divertimento No. 17, in D, K. 334*

Cleveland Orchestra, Louis Lane, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6324, $4.79; MS 6924, $5.79.

It is not often that an assistant conductor of a major orchestra is given the opportunity to record with it, and in the kind of repertory that is the particular bailiwick of the boss, but that is what we have here. The Cleveland strings play with their customary singing tone, the winds with their bull's-eye intonation. If there is sometimes not enough contrast between *piano* and *forte*, and if in matters of phrasing and accent there is not always quite the finesse to which Szell has accustomed us, this is still a big-league performance.

The work has been previously recorded by a string quartet with two horns, which is probably what Mozart had in mind, and a string orchestra with horns. Lane has the interesting idea of allotting some of the first-violin material to a solo fiddle. This works especially well in the Variations: in the second one, for example, the solo violin plays the first section the first time, but several or all the first violins play its repeat; this procedure is reversed in the second section. Rafael Druian, the orchestra's concertmaster, plays his solo passages beautifully. There is wonderful stuff in this work, particularly the Variations; the imaginative second Minuet, with its unexpected touches, including the pathos of the first Trio; and the delightful Rondo. All of it is done justice to in this fine performance, which seems to me to

be almost on a par with Karajan's on DGG, with the Berlin Philharmonic. First-rate sound. N.B.

MOZART: *Don Giovanni*

Claire Watson (s), Donna Anna; Christa Ludwig (ms), Donna Elvira; Mirella Freni (s) Zerlina; Nicolai Gedda (t), Don Ottavio; Nicolai Ghiaurov (bs), Don Giovanni; Walter Berry (bs), Leporello; Paolo Montarsolo (bs), Masetto; Franz Crass (bs), Commendatore; New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. ANGEL ⓓ DL 3700, $19.16; SDL 3700, $23.16 (four discs).

A disappointing issue: stodgy conducting, patchy casting. No doubt there are solid reasons for its release, but it is the sort of production which, to an outsider, seems inexplicable—why another indifferent *Don Giovanni* in such a crowded field?

I know in what high regard Otto Klemperer is held, and with what good reason. But I do not think that the effect of this reading is traceable to mere taste in the matter of tempos. It is just boring. The overture starts out with a magnificently weighty statement of the opening measures, but as the allegro molto thuds along a measured, slow, inflexible course, we wonder if the music is ever really going to go anywhere. It doesn't: the finales are well built, but most of the time one just waits for the numbers to hurry up and end. The opening scene will, I think, pinpoint the quality of the performance: it is very slow (intolerably slow, in my opinion, in the *"Fuggi, crudele"* duet), and it develops as a piece of musical structure rather than as a scene—it is certainly the least dramatic version of the scene on records. There may be those who will value the approach, but for me it is simply unoperatic—listen to these recitatives and ask yourself if one has any sense of characters holding a conversation, as distinct from singers executing notes and words.

No doubt a brilliant all-round cast would have put the reading in a different light, if only by commanding a larger share of one's attention. But here we have an Anna who is a perfectly musical, intelligent singer, but one with a rather pallid, whitish sound with nowhere near the requisite thrust—the first section of the *"Non mi dir"* is pretty and better articulated than most, but the *"Or sai chi l'onore"* does not begin to have the strength and security it needs, and this contrast pretty much tells the story of her singing in the role. Then there is a mezzo-soprano Elvira. One must respect the fact that Ludwig is able to maneuver through the part (even with the *"Mi tradì"* transposed a half-step, with the rather nasty progression required to do so, the role is hard enough for a soprano, let alone a mezzo), but one is not compelled to cotton to the results, which are rather weighty and harsh—and of course there is no question of floating the top A's in *"Ah taci, ingiusto core."* Mirella Freni too sounds a bit sluggish and weighted as Zerlina—*"Batti, batti"* is just nudged along, with many attacks pushed from a trifle below, and no dash in the runs. A warm, round sound, of course, but I am disappointed that her Zerlina is not more personable and light-handed.

The men are not much of an improvement. Walter Berry is perfectly solid as Leporello, but in a monochromatic, rather bangy way, heavy-handed and unfunny. Nicolai Gedda is closer in most respects to solving Ottavio's arias than he came in the Aix-en-Provence recording, but for some reason he still misses them —there is no real flow in the singing, there are sudden changes from falsettoish *pianissimos* to bursts of *forte*, the runs are done in a flat, uninteresting way (Klemperer is no help). Perhaps Gedda is trying too hard to invest them with variety, but he isn't really capturing most of the niceties he's after, and is missing some of the basics in the process.

Franz Crass is a strong Commendatore, though again a shade disappointing; like some other Germanic singers, he seems to feel he must nasalize when he starts to sing Italian. Montarsolo's Masetto is downright bad; the vocalism is rough, labored, and unbeautiful, and the characterization a horrid bag of buffo clichés.

This leaves us with the essential matter of Nicolai Ghiaurov's Don, and of whether or not it is remarkable enough to save what is otherwise an undistinguished set. The answer depends, I should say, on just how high a value one places on the basic beauty, freedom, and size of his singing. There can be no quibbling with the brave sound he makes

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on *"Finch'han dal vino"*—in fact, almost any passage one selects will show a round, rolling tone, and nearly all the role's big moments lie in the meaty part of his voice.

But there is a great deal more to the Don than wonderful vocalism (though God knows we've had enough not-so-wonderful vocalism to assure Ghiaurov of a permanent welcome), and the Ghiaurov Don strikes me in much the same way as his work in other challenging roles, whether in the theatre or on records. That is, it seems immature, incomplete, and not at all thought-through. There is even a faintly unpleasant attitude underlying parts of his work: "I am The Voice. Listen. Don't ask questions." His idea of a dramatic point is a line sung very loudly, or rendered in an emphatic parlando. The recitatives give us a lunkish, inelegant picture of the Don—a Don who would scare off the likes of a Zerlina, who would get a snooty cold shoulder from Elvira, and who would be snubbed at parties by an Anna or Ottavio. At the same time, there is nothing genuinely obscene or antisocial about this Don, either; it is not a question of making a mistaken point, but of making no point at all.

It follows that even in his singing, there are things to be caviled at—errors of omission. There is a lack of change and color, a tendency to let everything be served by the same dark, lovely tone, rendered loudly or softly as the score demands. Just as his characterization is mostly nothing more than generalized temperament, so is his singing mostly unvaried sound—the elements are inseparable.

No doubt all this is a little severe: if we had this sort of Don from an artist of lesser voice, we would call it a solid, satisfying job. And it is. But for Ghiaurov, it is only the beginning of what he can do with the role, and for this recording it is not enough of a salvage job. C.L.O.

MOZART: *Symphonies: No. 36, in C, K. 425 ("Linz"); No. 39, in E flat, K. 543*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON Ⓓ LPM 19160, $5.79; SLPM 139160, $5.79.

For years, one of the best recordings of the E flat Symphony was Böhm's version made with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Since that is no longer listed in the domestic catalogues, it is good to have Böhm's reading of the work available again, particularly in so fine a recording as this one. He is apparently keenly aware of the drama and intensity of the slow Introduction, and fully conveys all the other special qualities of this work—its mellow, autumnal flavor as well as its wit. There are one or two spots where the orchestra, beginning a *forte* passage, achieves its full intensity not on the first beat but just after it (Introduction; F minor section of the Andante), but otherwise I can find no fault in this performance. With first-class orchestral playing and gorgeous sound, this joins the Karajan, Klemperer, and Szell versions as one of the top-notch recordings of K. 543.

The *Linz* is on an equally high plane. There are a few passages where Böhm's ideas about phrasing or dynamics differ from those in the standard scores, but his are always tasteful and in the Mozartean style. The Adagio here is exquisitely beautiful, and, as in K. 543, the orchestral balances are perfect and the sound lovely. This *Linz* is a worthy companion, it seems to me, to the Bruno Walter and Klemperer versions. N.B.

PROKOFIEV: *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 1, in D flat, Op. 10; No. 2, in G minor, Op. 16*

John Browning, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2897, $4.79; LSC 2897, $5.79.

PROKOFIEV: *Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 1, in D flat, Op. 10; No. 3, in C, Op. 26; Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in A minor, Op. 28*

Gary Graffman, piano; Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. (in the Concertos). COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6325, $4.79; MS 6925, $5.79 [the Sonata from Columbia ML 5844/MS 6444, 1963]; Ⓣ MQ 861, $7.95.

Graffman and Browning are basically pianists cut from the same (red-white-and-blue) cloth. Both favor a razor-sharp, ultra-efficient kind of pianism, and both show a predilection for a monochromatic approach when it comes to interpreting Prokofiev. Each plays with a secure, rather than particularly propulsive, rhythmic drive, and neither displays particular interest in letting the less caustic elements of the music come to the fore. If you like your Prokofiev with a slight Rachmaninoff flavor (e.g., Malcolm Frager's now deleted RCA Victor version of the Second Concerto, or—in lesser degree—Richter's scintillant Artia performance of the First), these versions may strike you as pallid.

There are differences between the two artists, however. Graffman is more natural and straightforward than Browning in his approach to the humorous First Concerto. He permits that quirky recurrent solo theme with the repeated Fs to have its jaunty, impetuous head. The constantly ironic Browning, on the other hand, indulges in self-conscious, fragmentary stop-go mannerisms. Furthermore, Graffman has the considerable advantages of a miraculously pointed clarification of the orchestral part by George Szell, plus wide-range sound that is both brilliant and airy. Leinsdorf parallels Szell in accuracy but not in character, while the RCA engineering in this case is distinctly tepid. Browning's stringent, objective approach to the Second Concerto—a more sinister and macabre work by far than its companion pieces

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—does have something to be said for it, but I am not the one to say it, for I far prefer the sunnier, less acrid readings by Frager and Bolet (Remington also deleted). Even Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer's account with Munch from an earlier Boston regime (recently reissued on the inexpensive Victrola label), while also not particularly colorful, sounds like the rainbow spectrum itself in comparison to Browning's icy account. My advice: wait for Ashkenazy.

The Graffman/Szell No. 3 (and the reissued solo sonata) shares the bright extrovert character of their First. The performance can be recommended along with the Janis/Kondrashin, and François/Rowicki, Gilels/Kondrashin, and Browning/Leinsdorf (Capitol) editions. H.G.

RAVEL: *Rapsodie espagnole; Pavane pour une Infante défunte*—See Falla: *El Amor brujo.*

RAVEL: *Sonata for Violin and Piano*—See Franck: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A (Qualiton version).*

SCHOENBERG: *Dreimal Tausend Jahre; De Profundis*—See Hindemith: *Mass, 1963.*

SCHOENBERG: *Suite for String Orchestra, in G; Six Songs, Op. 8; Friede auf Erden, Op. 13*
†Brahms: *Quartet for Piano and Strings, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 25* (orch. Schoenberg)

Irene Jordan, soprano (in the Songs); Ithaca College Concert Choir (in *Friede auf Erden*); Columbia Symphony Strings (in the Suite), Chicago Symphony Orchestra (in the Piano Quartet), Robert Craft, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ M2L 352, $9.58; M2S 752, $11.58 (two discs).

Of the four works included in this album, only *Friede auf Erden* (1907) is well known. It employs a Christmas poem by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, is set in a subtly dissonant style, and is beautifully expressive and very rich in its exploration of vocal-harmonic color. It has been recorded a number of times, but the new version ranks among the finest performances and best recordings of the lot.

Writing to René Leibowitz in 1947, Schoenberg said, "Almost every composer in a new style has a longing back to the old style." The Suite for String Orchestra is one of a considerable number of works wherein Schoenberg satisfied that longing. It was composed as a didactic piece for student orchestras, but, as Craft observes, it goes far beyond the competence of any student group. It opens with a drily rhythmical Ouverture wherein Schoenberg proleptically thanks Stravinsky for climbing aboard his bandwagon many years later. Its Adagio is a weird paraphrase of *Verklärte Nacht*, but its last three movements—Menuet, Gavotte, and Gigue—are among the most brilliant, zestful, and tunefully entertaining evocations of eighteenth-century sophistication achieved by any modern innocent. Together these three movements may well constitute Schoenberg's most successful exercise in creative musicology.

The little known Opus 8 represents a genre much in vogue among German composers in its period—the song cycle for solo voice and orchestra. Three of the six songs are to texts by Petrarch, two are from *Des knaben Wunderhorn*, and one is by Heinrich Hart. The Hart song, *Natur*, with which the cycle opens, is a marvelous bit of Wagnerism—Brünnhilde's immolation in five minutes, but none the less complete for its brevity. The other five songs are not so much Wagnerian as closely post-Wagnerian, the last of them, *Das Wappenschild*, in a dreadfully empty and bombastic way. Still, the cycle is worth hearing, and not merely as a historic curiosity. It is superbly sung by Miss Jordan, and she is well accompanied.

The *locus classicus* for information on Schoenberg's orchestration of the Brahms piano quartet is, by coincidence, a letter to the writer of this review, received in 1939 and included in Erwin Stein's recently published collection of Schoenberg's correspondence. Pierre Monteux planned to play the piece at a concert of the San Francisco Symphony. I was writing the orchestra's program notes at that time and asked Schoenberg for a statement to be included in the program book. The nub of his reply is as follows: "My reasons: 1) I like this piece; 2) it is seldom played; 3) it is always very badly played, because the better the pianist, the louder he plays and you hear nothing from the strings—I wanted once to hear everything, and this I achieved." The composer continued: "My intentions: 1) to remain strictly in the style of Brahms and not to go further than he himself would have gone if he lived today; 2) to watch carefully all these laws which Brahms obeyed and not to violate any of those which are known only to musicians educated in his environment."

The arrogant mysticism of Point No. 2 under "intentions" cannot, in the nature of things, sustain a reply, and Point No. 1 under "reasons" will meet with general approval. All the rest is demonstrably nonsense.

The Brahms Piano Quartet in G minor is not seldom played, and it is not always very badly played. It is perfectly possible to obtain an excellent balance between piano and strings in this work; in fact, good balance is far more common than bad.

"To remain strictly in the style of Brahms and not to go further than he himself would have gone if he lived today" is, of course, a contradiction; if you remain strictly in Brahms's style, you do not bring him up to date. The excuse that in orchestrating a dead composer one limits one's self to what he would have done if he were alive today is precisely the excuse that Stokowski used to employ in justifying his arrangements of Bach, but is even less valid with refer-

ence to a relatively recent composer like Brahms.

Schoenberg did not tamper with Brahms's harmony, and he would have been the first to condemn as impertinence any effort to extend Brahms's harmonic fabric in the direction of what he might have done if he were alive today. Harmony is sacred, but instrumentation, in this philosophy, is necessarily something adventitious, really external to music, and capable of being altered without altering the essentials of the composer's thought. Nobody knew better than Schoenberg that this is utter rot, and there is no better example of its falsity than his orchestration of the Brahms Piano Quartet in G minor.

The piece is early Brahms and rather light in texture; the more symphonic it is made to sound, the more it is traduced by the orchestration. The use of such very unBrahmsian percussion instruments as the xylophone, glockenspiel, and bass drum is a clear confession of the fact that Schoenberg could not find proper orchestral equivalents for the crispness and accent of Brahms's writing for the piano. In general, what is airy, racy, and pointed in Brahms becomes heavy, soggy, and overblown in the Schoenberg version. A.F.

SCHUBERT: *Sonatina for Violin and Piano, in D, D. 384*—See Franck: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A* (Qualiton version).

SCHUBERT: *Songs*

Seligkeit; Geheimes; Rastlose Liebe; Im frühling; Frühlingsglaube; Frühlingstraum; Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen; Nachtviolen; Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Der Jüngling an der Quelle; Die Vögel; Lied der Mignon; Gretchen am Spinnrade; Erlafsee; Lachen und Weinen; Auflösung; Wohin?; Der Neugierige; Trock'ne Blumen; Ständchen.

Judith Raskin, soprano; George Schick, piano. EPIC ⓓ LC 3933, $4.79; BC 1333, $5.79.

In the few years since her matriculation into the first ranks, Judith Raskin has set very high standards for herself and for her audiences. Her attributes are by now familiar: a fresh, young, appealing voice, ability to spin the long phrase, simplicity and clarity most welcome. There was a Mendelssohn/Mahler disc last year (in which the Mahler was particularly good), and now we have some very familiar Schubert songs for her to explore.

Here is beautiful singing, and acutely sensitive pianism too, from George Schick. Were we still in 78-rpm days, there would have been no difficulty about giving a positive and forthright recommendation: "Put on almost any side, and you are set for three or four minutes of delight." It is only when one listens to ten, twelve, twenty of these

Continued on page 108

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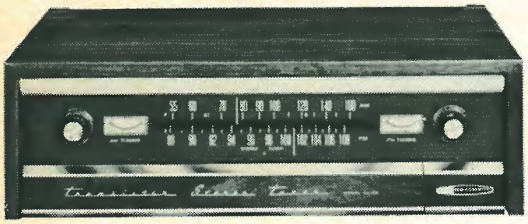

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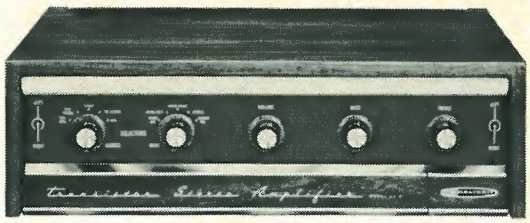

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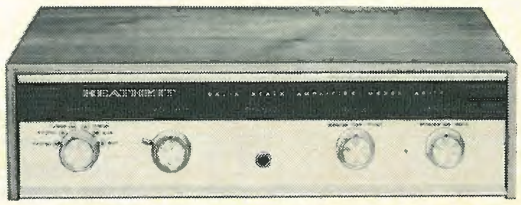

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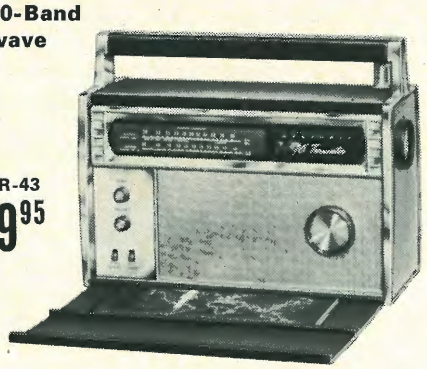

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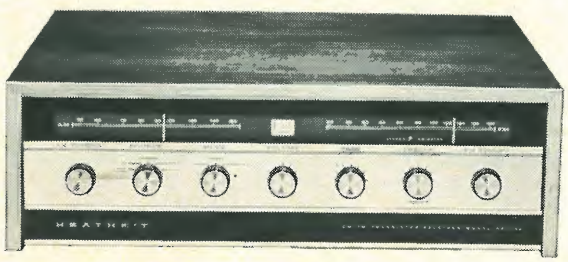

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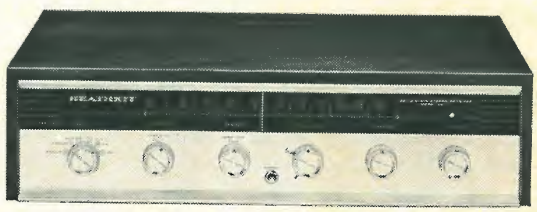

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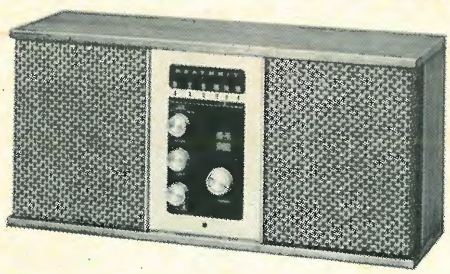

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CIRCLE 46 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A BATCH OF ONE-ACT OPERAS, IN BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN TASTE

by Conrad L. Osborne

THERE WAS A TIME, not at all long ago, when the operatic public at large was aware of the existence of one one-act opera: *Cavalleria rusticana*. The Italian intermezzos had long since fallen from view, and the nineteenth century simply didn't have much use for small, short forms, at least in opera.

The return of the one-act opera—composition of new ones, revival of long-forgotten ones—has unquestionably been part of our reaction to romantic elephantism. In this country, it has also been part of the spread of opera through small companies and workshops; limitations in funds and facilities become the conditions of composition. The two most successful composers of opera today (at least in the English-speaking world), Menotti and Britten, have both written extensively in the form.

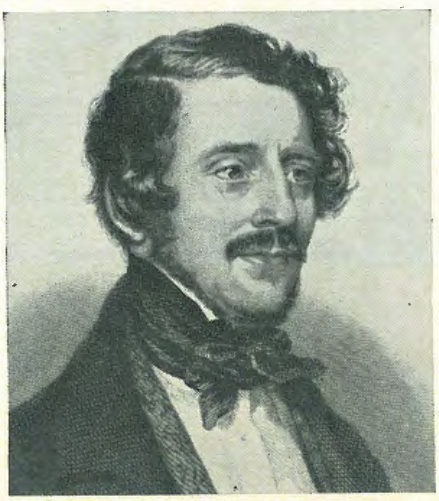
The batch of one-acters at hand offers a fortuitous cross-section of the literature: there are two eighteenth-century examples, one Italian, one French; one nineteenth-century, a farce based on a French *vaudeville*; and two twentieth-century pieces, both from English composers and one of them a children's work.

This last is Malcolm Williamson's *The Happy Prince* (based on the Oscar Wilde tale), and it is in many respects the most interesting of the lot (Argo NF5/ZNF5). It is not only an opera for children to listen to, but for children to participate in as well—they form part of the chorus and can even be assigned certain of the solo roles. The story is the one of a young prince who knows nothing but the pleasures of life until, following his death, he is placed in the form of a statue on a pedestal, from which he can view the misery of his city. He enlists the help of a swallow to carry the jewels and gold of the statue to despairing people—a ruby to the mother of a sick child, a sapphire to a starving writer and another (they are the Prince's eyes) to a poor matchgirl. . . . But the swallow dies, and the townspeople throw both the bird and statue, now stripped of its adornments, into a furnace. They see, though, that the statue's broken lead heart will not melt, and in a brief apotheosis a quartet of angels proclaims that the heart and the dead bird are the most precious things in the city.

The problem, clearly, is to tell the story without getting sloshy about it. In fact, Williamson (who has also written an opera on Graham Greene's *Our Man in Havana*—it had some success in London a few years back) has done a lovely piece of work. While his writing is recognizably tonal and "melodic," it is rather austere too, and not at all "down to the children's level." The result here is a touching little opera, one whose musical demands are not simple but whose physical requirements are such as to put it within the range of possibility for many small groups. The performance is excellent, being distinguished by a beautiful piece of singing from April Cantelo in the role of the Swallow.

The other English contribution is *Savitri*, a piece by Gustav Holst based on a fragment of the *Mahabharata* (Argo NF6/ZNF6). Holst is a capsule history of our twentieth-century revolt: first he was infatuated with Wagner, then he was uninfatuated with Wagner, and thereafter wrote primarily in small forms—*Savitri* is a chamber opera. It concerns a woman whose husband is claimed by Death; she confronts Death and welcomes him as "The Just One." Death, moved, offers to grant her any wish except that for her husband's life—she pleads for life in a sort of superexistential sense, and when Death agrees she says it is useless for her to live without her husband. Rendered thus meaningless, Death recognizes the jig is up, and yields the husband back to life.

The score is well made and full of telling effects in the chamber orchestration. The feeling it leaves, though, is that of a composer who has a great deal to say but has decided to suppress it—Wagner is still skulking about in the background, a genie in a bottle. The performance (under the direction of the composer's daughter, Imogen Holst) is first-rate orchestrally (the English Chamber Orchestra) and in the assumption of the title role by Janet Baker, although several high notes are so much thinner than the rest of her voice as to give one pause. The other singers (Robert Tear and Thomas Hemsley) are ordinary, but will do. *Savitri* is preceded by four of Holst's *Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda*. These are, again, knowledgeable, ingenious, and rather rarefied; one admires what the composer can do with female voices and harp accompaniment, and wonders just why he wanted to do it. They are sung by the Purcell Singers in that ethereal, spotless-white tone that is appropriate to such material, I guess.



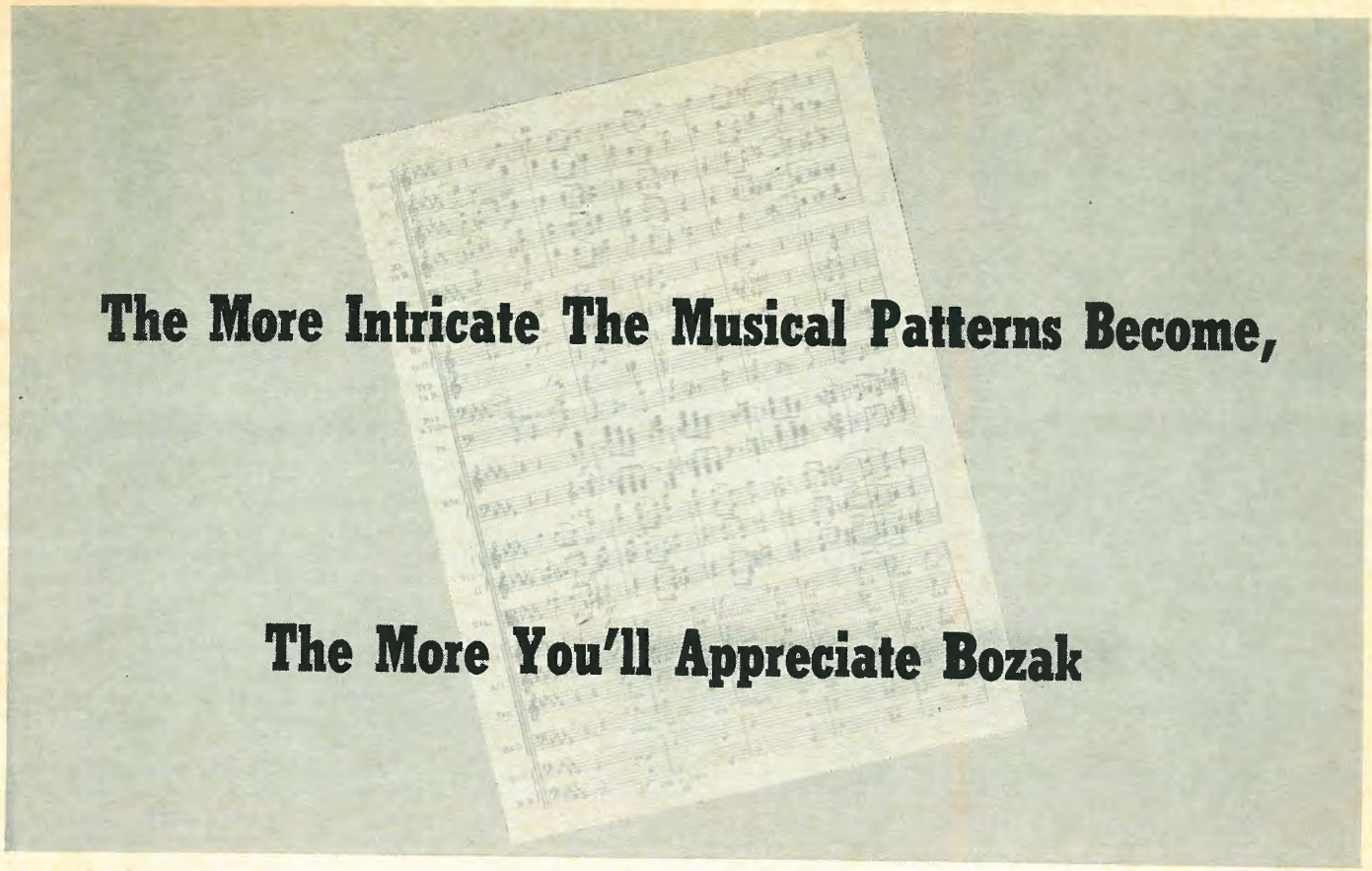
Donizetti's Il Campanello affords special, and surprising, delights.

Donizetti's *Il Campanello* is the nineteenth-century piece. It is a delightful opera, far superior to its companion, one-acter *Betly*. Here is the eternal business of the old gentleman marrying a girl young enough to be restless; in this case, though, the girl is not interested in compromising the arrangement, and her rejected young suitor, who is something of a ne'er-do-well and a practical jokester, is left to stir up trouble on his own. To this end, he appears and reappears at the couple's front door on their wedding night, in a series of disguises—the old man is an apothecary, and it is contrary to law for him to refuse admittance to any caller who rings the nightbell (the *campanello*). At the end, the new husband is whisked off in a coach, still without his night of sleep or of, well, non-sleep.

It is a shame the performance (on DGG LPM 39123 or SLPM 139123) is not better, for there is much more to be gotten out of the piece, both vocally and dramatically, than is dreamt of in the rather strait-laced musical philosophies of conductor Ettore Gracis and principals Emma Bruno de Sanctis, Alfredo Mariotti, and Alberto Rinaldi (the last in the gloriously endowed baritone role of the intruding rival). A performance on the Cetra label once circulated here, and with a good portion of the Cetra catalogue due for re-release in this country it might be worth a wait to see if a more adequate *Campanello* doesn't turn up.

Last and least, we have our two eighteenth-century works. The first is Rinaldo da Capua's *La Zingara* (Turnabout TV 4033 or TV 34033S), a pair of intermezzos à la *La Serva padrona*, and the second is Antoine d'Auvergne's *Les Troqueurs* (Société Francaise du Son 174154/SXL 20154), a pastoral precisioty about a wife-swapping scheme which, as one might expect in a French entertainment, never gets down to cases. The D'Auvergne is the more bearable of the two, for at least the performance and recording have polish; and while there is nothing distinctive or memorable about the piece, it is well enough presented to stand as a historical reference point if that's what you're after. The Da Capua is even slighter as a work, and its generally inadequate performance is given an only adequate recording.

On and on the stuff drools—the second-rate entertainment of its time, available in quantity for second-rate listening in our time. The Da Capua does have two advantages: 1) it does not matter a whit in which order the sections are played; and 2) it is cheap.



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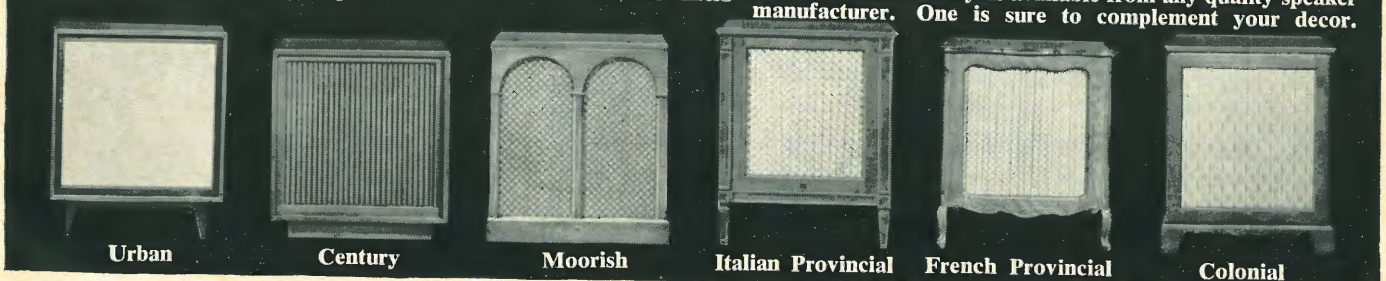

Continued from page 101

miniature masterpieces at one sitting that a shade of doubt appears. It is about Miss Raskin's emotional spectrum. There is too much sameness, too little differentiation, in her approach to material having a wide variety of content and mood. Take an easy example—the Night Violets that pulse after dark, the buds of spring, the dried-out flowers at a grave . . . surely each needs a different temperature that we don't get here. There is a basic (and agreeable) norm of 98.6 Fahrenheit that is made to serve too many conditions. Plenty of charm; not quite enough revelation.

One must not be too greedy. If you want Schubert well sung and well played, if you like Miss Raskin's singing (and it is easy to like), and particularly if you take just three or four songs at a time, you will find much to enjoy here

GEORGE MOVSHON

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9, in C, D. 944*

SDR Symphony Orchestra (Stuttgart), Carl Schuricht, cond. VANGUARD EVERYMAN Ⓓ SRV 218, $1.98; SRV 218SD, $1.98.

Carl Schuricht has shown himself, elsewhere on records and in concert, to be a better conductor than he appears here. Undoubtedly hampered by a second-rate German radio orchestra, he has contented himself with a rather routine reading of this score. Even at "budget" prices, the sound and performance on this record do not meet current standards, and the advantages of stereo here do not outweigh Josef Krips's fine reading in mono with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw on Richmond. P.H.

STRAVINSKY: *Perséphone*

Vera Zorina, speaker; Michele Molese, tenor; Ithaca College Concert Choir; Texas Boys Choir of Fort Worth; Gregg Smith Singers; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. COLUMBIA Ⓓ ML 6319, $4.79; MS 6919, $5.79.

Perséphone has remained something of a neglected child among Stravinsky's balletic works, party because it requires performing forces beyond the resources of most ballet companies. Commissioned in 1933 by the dancer Ida Rubinstein, to a text by André Gide, *Perséphone* has also carried a reputation as an "unsuccessful collaboration." Gide was most unhappy about Stravinsky's treatment of his text, and the composer felt called upon to publish a manifesto defending his syllabic approach to text setting, with its resultant distortion of normal stress accents.

Despite Gide's indignation, the work is good Stravinsky, containing some of his most immediately attractive music; while it may not achieve the delicate balance among superficially disparate elements found in such a work as *Oedipus,* every measure is full of characteristic subtlety and inventiveness. To many listeners, the only serious drawback comes from permitting Perséphone's part to be freely declaimed over the musical accompaniment—it rarely seems other than an intrusion. (Stravinsky's recent comment on this: "Sins cannot be undone, only forgiven".) Fortunately, this new stereo recording makes it much easier to listen "around" the speaker and concentrate on the music.

The first recording of *Perséphone* (still available as Pathé FCX 412), directed by André Cluytens, remains unsurpassed for idiomatic delivery of the French text, and its musical execution was reasonably satisfactory, enough so that it was not really displaced by the composer's own 1957 version (Columbia ML 5196, mono only), made following concert performances with the New York Philharmonic. Despite moments of superior orchestral playing, the latter enterprise was flawed by the soggy, unhomogeneous singing of the Westminster Choir, and further compromised by the use of a small women's chorus instead of the prescribed boys' choir.

The new Columbia version represents a notable improvement over the earlier effort in nearly every respect. The Gregg Smith-trained choruses are musically alert, and their sound is firm and well blended. Columbia's West Coast orchestra plays accurately, if rarely with the individual distinction of some of the

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Philharmonic players. And Stravinsky, who seemed much constrained towards sluggishness by his 1957 chorus, here keeps things moving to excellent effect (only in the final chorus does 1957 seem superior in firmness and propulsion); as in many recent performances, he exceeds his original metronome markings almost throughout. Zorina reads very competently, and I'm sure she will forgive me if I frequently find myself mentally "filtering" her out so that I can listen to the "background" music.

Indeed, so much about this recording is so good that its few flaws are the more regrettable. The otherwise crystalline sound lets us down in the passages with timpani ostinato, which come out too loud and boomy. And then there is Mr. Molese, who occasionally makes us quite forget that he's basically an "Italian tenor"; for example, the aria with trumpet in Part II comes off superbly (the rhythmic incisiveness and the accenting in the orchestra here are specialties of Stravinsky the conductor). Unfortunately, he also offers a good deal of crooning and portamento, and compounds these stylistic shortcomings with more egregious musical ones: insecure rhythm and inexact intonation. The helping hand of the tape editor is sometimes apparent, especially in the aria at the end of Part I, but minor inaccuracies remain, and one small disaster: an early entry near the beginning (*"C'est aux Nymphes . . .,"* after No. 3 in the score) is only "corrected" four measures later, by an audible splice that omits half a beat of the orchestral part—the sort of thing that really has no place in such a supposedly definitive project as Columbia's Stravinsky series. (I would suspect something similar at the climax of the aria with trumpet, which doesn't correspond to the score either, but can hear no evidence of monkey business; has this been rewritten?) For the best performance of some of these tenor passages, then, you will have to go back to the 1957 version, where Richard Robinson offers less voice but more musicianship and experience with the style.

For the greater part of its duration, however, this is a superior performance of a major work. Columbia provides complete text and translation, plus an abridged and uncredited reprint of Robert Craft's notes for the 1957 recording.

DAVID HAMILTON

SZABO: *Trio for Strings*—See Dávid: *Quartet for Strings.*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Sextet for Strings, in D minor, Op. 70 ("Souvenir de Florence")*

Boris Kroyt, viola; Mischa Schneider, cello; Guarneri Quartet. RCA VICTOR Ⓓ LM 2916, $4.79; LSC 2916, $5.79.

One of these days George Balanchine or some other choreographer may find in this Sextet the inspiration for a fine ballet. Like other examples of the "classical" Tchaikovsky, such as the Suite in G and the Serenade, the emotional neutrality of this music (in contrast to the composer's popular symphonies and concertos) could inspire excellent dance.

The subtitle *Souvenir de Florence* means little—the score is more Russian than Italian, as Shirley Fleming comments in her notes. The scoring reportedly gave Tchaikovsky some trouble, the intimate idiom being rather alien to his nature. All too often, the six strings gain resonance through doubling rather than by free interplay of instrumental lines. Most of Tchaikovsky's musical ideas could have been presented equally well with four players instead of six.

This performance by the Guarneri Quartet and half of the Budapest Quartet (whom RCA Victor coyly identifies as "two distinguished colleagues and friends") rather emphasizes the weighty sonority of the score. Part of the fault, I feel, should be laid to the recording engineers, whose close microphone placement results in a tone that is too heavily projected, even in the softer passages. Musically, the performance conveys much simple delight, and its style achieves a nice balance between the "classic" Tchaikovsky and the Russian flavor of the score.

P.H.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 6, in E minor; Five Variants of "Dives and Lazarus" for String Orchestra and Harp*

Utah Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel, cond. VANGUARD Ⓓ VRS 1160, $4.79; VSD 71160, $5.79.

Some commentators have primly demurred at interpretations of Vaughan Williams' shattering Sixth Symphony that relate it to the Second World War. In his annotations for this fine issue, Sidney Finkelstein is more courageous and more sensible. If anything is about anything, this music is an emotional and philosophical reflection on world-wide cataclysm. It is in no naïve sense illustrative. But its first and third movements speak in unmistakable terms of violence and destruction, of cynicism and the swallowing up of beauty; its second movement unerringly evokes fear; and its astonishing Epilogue, which in thirteen minutes of very moderate tempo rises only once or twice to mezzo-forte and never beyond, is a harrowing image of the nihilism which sits in the hearts of those who make war and which they inflict on the human tools they make it with.

Of such a theme Abravanel's performance is fully worthy. He has studied the work till he has it in his bones, and he has the measure of its fury, its terror, and its fleeting first-movement vision of peace. The orchestra plays superbly. There is no sign of the slight undercharacterization of accompaniment figures that marred its Carnegie Hall performance last September. For good measure, there is an attractive performance of the lovely pastoral piece, *Five Variants of "Dives and Lazarus,"* which Vaughan Williams wrote for the 1939

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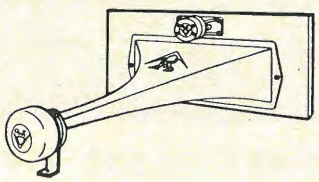

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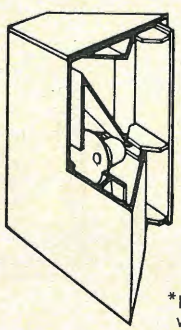

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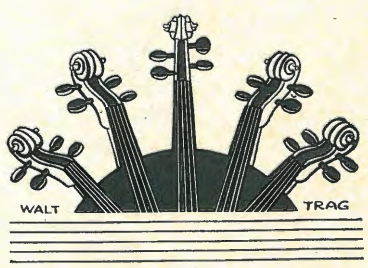
CIRCLE 54 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New York World's Fair. And the recording is excellent in both stereo and mono.

It would be nice if I could just say "Buy it" and leave it at that. But there is competition to be considered in the shape of the mono-only recording made by the London Philharmonic under Sir Adrian Boult about ten years ago. To details, then. Next to Boult's, Abravanel's tempo for the opening pages of the Symphony is a fraction too deliberate—there is not enough of urgency or desperation in these headlong measures. For the bulk of the movement honors are even, and Abravanel certainly yields nothing to the English conductor in his handling of the most "English" passage in the whole score—the radiant E major recapitulation of the subsidiary theme. In the second movement Abravanel seems to me distinctly preferable: in his interpretation the wailing string figures attain a fiercer, more human plangency than they do in Boult's more withdrawn reading.

But it is in the Epilogue that the two readings part company completely, so that I am compelled to cast my vote for the Boult in spite of its more dated though still acceptable recording quality. In a short speech included at the end of the London record, the composer pays tribute to the really soft playing in this movement. As he says, it is "not merely not playing loud"—it's "a positive, sensitive *pianissimo* full of meaning and tension." Boult's conduct of this eerie music rivets the attention unfalteringly, and at the "end," if so definite a word can be used, the music, in deep yet chillingly empty preoccupation, wanders away, floats off, evanesces.

Abravanel's performance, by contrast, merely stops; and throughout the movement his *pianissimo*—not merely in volume, which could be a matter of recording, but in spread of tone—approximates to Boult's *mezzo-forte*. Indeed, in common with other Abravanel recordings I have heard, what this one seems to lack is a capacity for excess. Perhaps thinking of the technical limitations of his players, he has not dared, as Boult triumphantly does, to hover for thirteen minutes on the brink of inaudibility. But Abravanel's musicianship has already taken him so far that I am sure he is capable of that last supremely difficult push into the impossible and the truly sublime. Meanwhile, for its second movement alone, and also for many beautiful touches elsewhere, and for *Dives and Lazarus,* this record should be in the collections of all who love Vaughan Williams. B.J.



Recitals & Miscellany

GERAINT EVANS: *Operatic Recital*

Handel: *Berenice: Si, tra i ceppi. Semele: Leave me, radiant light.* Mozart: *Le Nozze di Figaro: Non più andrai. Don Giovanni: Madamina. Die Zauberflöte: Der Vogelfänger. L'Oca del Cairo: Ogni momento.* Beethoven: *Fidelio: Ha! Welch'ein Augenblick;* Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Prologue.* Donizetti: *Don Pasquale: Un foco insolito.* Verdi: *Otello: Credo. Falstaff: L'Onore! Ladri!* Britten: *Midsummer Night's Dream: Bottom's Dream.* Mussorgsky: *Boris Godunov: Tchelkalov's Aria.*

Geraint Evans, baritone; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Bryan Balkwill, cond. LONDON Ⓓ 5994, $4.79; OS 25994, $5.79.

The pity of this ill-conceived recital is that while we know Geraint Evans to be an estimable artist in material that is congenial to him, this program seems constructed to give us only a momentary glimpse of his powers and then to show us what a very wide range of material is not congenial to him.

The best of it is certainly the Mozart, and particularly the *"Non più andrai,"* which has great spirit and lift, and the Catalogue aria, which is a worthy sample of his shrewd, funny Leporello. There is also a light, gay feeling about the *Pasquale* aria that is most welcome, and I imagine the singer is splendid in the role.

But what on earth is Mr. Evans doing in roles like Tonio, or in music like the two Handel arias? The truth is that the minute he must apply himself to music which depends for its effect on beauty of tone, smoothness of line, and finish of technique, he is out of home territory. The Handel is muddy and throaty, the runs barked out beefily and the sustained line of the *Semele* aria done with nowhere near the requisite precision or poise. The *Fidelio* aria is no better—there is no punch or thrust, and the repeated Ds (which should lie in the fattest section of such a voice) are unsteady and ill-focused. The *Pagliacci* Prologue is spread and effortful, with no suspension or ease in the *cantabile* sections, and capped by a ruinous A flat and G. The *Credo*, which goes only to F sharp and does not call for much line or control of dynamics, is better, but still more of an attempt than an achievement. I do not understand why either the Britten or the Mussorgsky selections should be snatched from context for an aria recital—they make no effect at all, and it is certainly the first time that I have ever seen Tchelkalov's little announcement referred to as an "aria." The piece from Mozart's unfinished *L'Oca del Cairo* is short, lively, and undistinguished.

To complete the rout, the accompaniments are no bargain: plonky and weak in the Beethoven, insensitive and literal in the Leoncavallo (listen to the lack of care at *"Un nido di memorie"*), sloppy in the *Falstaff* excerpt. A shame that Mr. Evans should be represented by such a poor disc, when a program tailored to his strengths could have been among the more interesting recital records of the year. C.L.O.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY: *"The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Treasury of Immortal Performances"*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 79.

PILAR LORENGAR: *Operatic Recital*

Puccini: *La Bohème: Sì, mi chiamano Mimi. La Rondine: Chi il bel sogno di Doretta. Madama Butterfly: Un bel dì, vedremo. Turandot: Tu che di gel sei*

cinta. Gianni Schicchi: O mio babbino caro. Dvořák: *Rusalka: O, Silver Moon.* Charpentier: *Louise: Depuis le jour.* Bizet: *Carmen: Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante. Les Pêcheurs de Perles: Comme autrefois.* Massenet: *Manon: Gavotte.*

Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Giuseppe Patane, cond. LONDON Ⓓ 5995, $4.79; OS 25995, $5.79.

I particularly enjoyed the French side of this recital, and most especially the *Louise* aria, which receives what seems to me its loveliest performance in years, with the suspended high phrases beautifully floated and controlled, and let out with a wonderfully fresh, soaring quality at the one or two climactic moments.

It is that gorgeous top that is Pilar Lorengar's greatest strength. The low notes, in truth, are a little weak and fuzzy, and when she presses for volume in the lower and middle areas of her voice the tone often becomes rather tremulous and overblown. There is some danger, I suppose, that she may be tempted to opt for the heavier spinto roles, rather than to sing as a full-bodied lyric soprano, in which repertory she is easily in control. The Micaëla aria is excellent, with a thrilling top B; and while neither the *Pêcheurs* nor the *Manon* excerpt has quite the final magical flip that seems to come to only a handful of experts in the French repertory, they are still very good, the Gavotte topped off with a convincing run to the top D.

The Puccini is also certainly good singing, invariably persuasive in the high climaxes. Miss Lorengar does tend to fly a bit away from herself, though, in the direction of a somewhat hectic, restless sound, and for this reason I like best the *Rondine* piece, which is high enough and lyrical enough to stay on the best side of her singing. The lovely *Rusalka* aria, sung in Czech, is good (and even captures some of that characteristic Slav sharp-focused tone, like it or not) but does not have the sweeping turn up into the high phrases that separates the great versions from the good ones.

The recording is reasonably good, though the orchestra is too engulfing at points (the building from *"Ma quando vien lo sgelo"* in the *Bohème* aria, for instance), and it seems to me that if the singer had been caught with greater clarity and definition, and then persuaded to pull in the reins just a bit, a better recital might have resulted. Still, a record of many beauties, and worth a listen, if you're not already choking on duplications of the Puccini selections. C.L.O.

ELISABETH SOEDERSTROEM: *"Jenny Lind Songs"*

Folksongs: *Allt under himmelens fäste; Tänker du att jag förlorader är.* Lindblad: *En ung flickas morgonbetraktelse; Manntro; Aftonen; Am Aaernsee.* Josephson: *Serenad; Tro ej glädjen; Sjung, sjung, du underbara sang.* Berg: *Herdegossen.* Thrane (arr. Ahlström): *Fjällvisan.* Mendelssohn: *Frühlingslied; Auf Flügeln des Gesanges; Der Mond.* Schumann: *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai; Die Rose, die Lilie; Röselein, Röselein; An den Sonnenschein.* Benedict: *Greetings to America.* Jefferys: *Last night in England.*

Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Jan Eyron, piano. LONDON Ⓓ 5949, $4.79; OS 25949, $5.79.

Jenny Lind (1820-87) was the most sensationally popular serious vocalist in history. The greatest box-office triumphs of a Callas or a Sutherland are trivial compared to the Lind mania of the mid-nineteenth century—which was firmly established even before the immortal entrepreneur Phineas T. Barnum added his own characteristic touches to Jenny's conquest of America. And to this day, people who could not name you one other famous singer (save possibly Caruso) will rouse dimly at the name of Jenny Lind and remember something—probably something completely untrue, as that she sang in California in Gold Rush days, or that she made fabulously rare cylinder recordings.

Elisabeth Söderström, we are told by Frank Hedman in the accompanying leaflet (which includes complete texts and translations), "has, in these songs, not endeavored to impersonate the Swedish Nightingale of a century ago. Her ambition has been to present a picture of

her repertoire and the atmosphere she created around her person."

This, I submit, is precisely what she has not done.

Lind retired from opera before she was thirty; but her concert repertory continued to center about the great showpieces of opera and oratorio, along with display pieces composed for her by her accompanist and conductor (later Sir) Julius Benedict. Her specialty was pyrotechnics. She had a trill considered remarkable in an age when everybody could trill. Her upper range extended easily to F and G, and she was apt to take up a summer residence on these extreme notes. In particular she was noted for her ornaments and cadenzas, which she composed herself, to the lavish praise of the critic Chorley, the composer Meyerbeer, and the teacher García.

In every concert she included one or two simpler lyrical numbers by way of contrast; and Söderström has chosen to make a whole meal of these appetite-refreshers. She sings exquisitely, with great purity of tone and line; but this "atmosphere" would have cost P. T. Barnum a fortune.

The minor Swedish romantic composers, Adolf Fredrik Lindblad and Jacob Axel Josephson, are occasionally appealing (indeed, Lindblad's *Manntro* is something of a charmer), but a full side of them blurs into amiable indistinction. The biographical connection of Lind with the Schumanns, whose work she publicly supported, is significant; but this hardly lends interest to a woman singing two isolated excerpts from a male song cycle. The Thrane song, with its delicate echo effects, gives the only hint of Lindian display (and comes off admirably). The band which most successfully calls up the mid-Victorian atmosphere is Benedict's *Greetings to America,* a truly Great Bad Song well worth rediscovering ("For Song has a home in the hearts of the Free . . .").

This is a record of largely minor and monotonous vocal music, exceedingly well sung (and accompanied). It has very little to do with the evocation of Jenny Lind; but, as the stripper sings in *Gypsy,* "Ya gotta have a gimmick." Barnum would doubtless have approved.

ANTHONY BOUCHER

HENRYK SZERYNG: *"Four Great Violin Concertos"*

Violin concertos by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, and Prokofiev.

Henryk Szeryng, violin; London Symphony Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, Antal Dorati, conds.

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

THE BEST SELLERS

a special survey prepared by BILLBOARD

This Month	Last Month	CLASSICAL
1	1	**OPENING NIGHTS AT THE MET** Various Artists. (RCA Victor)
2	7	**CHOPIN: Piano Recital** Van Cliburn, piano. (RCA Victor)
3	—	**WAGNER: Die Walküre** Birgit Nilsson, Hans Hotter, et al.; Vienna Philharmonic, Georg Solti, cond. (London)
4	6	**PUCCINI: La Bohème** Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Seraphim)
5	5	**MAHLER: Symphony No. 7** New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Columbia)
6	3	**LEONTYNE PRICE: Prima Donna** RCA Italiana Orchestra, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. (RCA Victor)
7	8	**CHOPIN: Waltzes** Artur Rubinstein, piano. (RCA Victor)
8	—	**ORFF: Carmina Burana** Soloists, Chorus, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (Columbia)
9	—	**BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5** New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Columbia)
10	—	**CHOPIN: Piano Recital** Artur Rubinstein, piano. (RCA Victor)

		THE LIGHTER SIDE
1	1	**The Monkees.** (Colgems)
2	2	**Dr. Zhivago:** Soundtrack. (M-G-M)
3	3	**The Supremes:** A' Go-Go. (Motown)
4	—	**The Sound of Music:** Soundtrack. (RCA Victor)
5	4	**The Mama's and the Papa's.** (Dunhill)
6	5	**Herb Alpert:** What Now My Love. (A & M)
7	—	**Sergio Mendes:** Brazil '66. (A & M)
8	—	**Herb Alpert:** Goin' Places. (A & M)
9	8	**The Beatles:** Revolver. (Capitol)
10	7	**Lou Rawls:** Soulin'. (Capitol)

the LEES side

The Great Becaud

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN the French and American popular song are many and substantial. Until quite recently, the American song was meant to be danced to. The French is meant to be listened to, preferably in concert conditions. This means that the French songwriter has for a long time been able to deal with complex and difficult subjects that require the close and literate attention of the listener, whereas the American songwriter was forced to treat fairly superficially the subject of romantic love.

Not that French songwriters and singers eschew love. It is their favorite subject, as it is ours. But they have been able to deal with it in vastly different ways, looking at it more realistically, or more humorously, and on the whole more interestingly.

There is another difference between French and American songs. The origin of *most* of our best songs has been the Broadway musical. This means that the songs are usually fragments taken from larger tapestries.

Furthermore, because of the need to write songs that make sense in the context of a musical and can then go on to have a separate existence as love songs afterwards, many of them have a curiously unspecific quality. Because the French song is meant to be a complete story entity unto itself, it has, at its best, a satisfying quality (for those who speak French, at least) that our songs have never matched.

The French song is bigger and longer. It isn't hemmed in by the two minutes and thirty seconds limitation of the American recording industry. This is the requirement that each of our records, whether a single or a track in an album, be kept short in order that disc jockeys can wedge it in among the plethora of commercials that plague American radio.

Finally, there is this extremely important difference between the French and American song: the French song usually is written by the man who performs it, though not always. The great Charles Trenet not only wrote his own material; he was its most charming interpreter. Even those singers who have not written their own material—Yves Montand and the late Edith Piaf, for example—have worked closely with the composers and lyricists who did, and Piaf always made it a point simply to announce the names of the writers of a song before performing it. But most of the best of the French singers write their own stuff—Charles Aznavour, for example, and a brilliant young man named Adamo, who is the rage of the younger generation.

One of the best of the French songwriter-singers is Gilbert Bécaud, whom I met first about fifteen years ago when he was himself the pet of the French teen-agers. Like Aznavour, Bécaud was to some extent a discovery of Piaf. A pianist, Bécaud was accompanist to Piaf's husband, singer Jacques Pils. She encouraged him to become a singer, and he did.

Conservatory-trained, Bécaud became—to my mind, at least—one of the most striking of the postwar French songwriters. Thus far, only one of his songs has become a big hit in the United States, *Et maintenant*, which means, in effect, *And Now?* With rather good English lyrics by Carl Sigman (but nowhere as good as the French originals) it is known here as *What Now My Love?*

Like Aznavour, Bécaud has been concentrating in the last year or so on penetrating the American market—not only getting his songs into the market but getting himself into it as well. Some of his work is available on the Liberty label; some of it can be found in those few shops where you can buy imported records. In addition, Bécaud appeared at New York's Philharmonic Hall in 1965. So successful was this recital that he returned late last year for a two-week engagement on Broadway, a one-man show that impressed the New York critics.

Bécaud is a man in his early forties now—handsome and, by French standards, tall. As a performer, he writes and emotes and chews up the scenery a little too much for my taste. So intense is he in performance that a speculation runs around among those who worry about such things in France that he is "on something"—meaning pills or something stronger. He isn't. That's simply the way he works. In a recording studio—and he did an album in New York recently, under the direction of Liberty's Jack Tracy—he is calm and relaxed in manner, though the heavy emotionality of the singing remains undiminished.

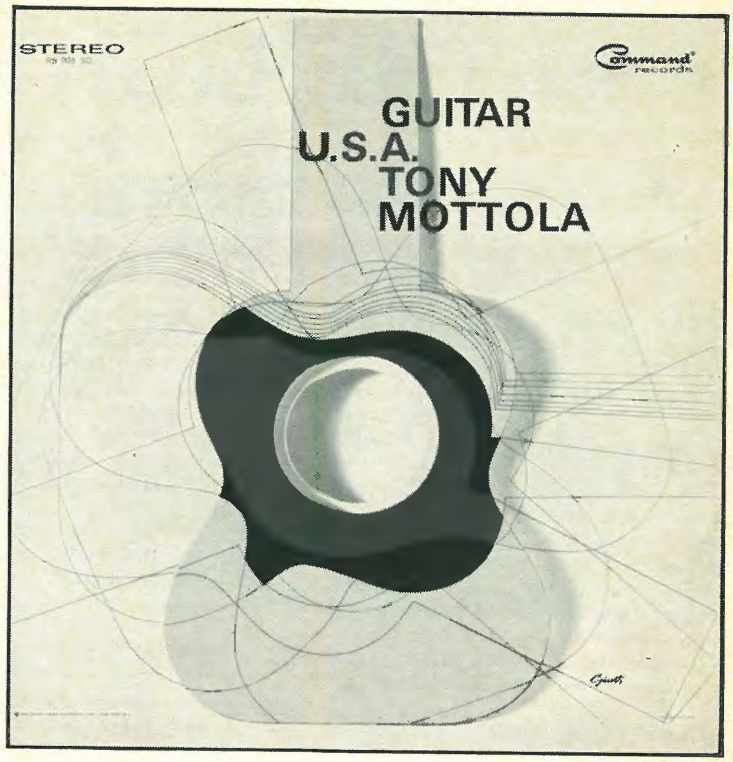
If Tracy's big project with Bécaud works out, he is likely to become very well known indeed to American audiences. The new album, which should be released very shortly, is in English. Bécaud has obviously worked hard on his English, and though an accent still is there, he knows the language well enough to give the impression that he knows what he's singing about.

Though Bécaud is not a lyricist, he picks good ones—at least in French; it remains to be seen whether his excellent and interesting melodies will be damaged or enhanced by American lyricists. His songs cover a wide range of subjects. When he produces a love song, it is a love song unlike anything we're familiar with by exposure to the American song tradition. One of the older ones, for example, *L'Absent,* is a startling piece of material about someone who is dead. Another one, *Marie, Marie,* is the love letter of a man in prison to his wife. In its evocation of the way in which the man has been dehumanized, it is a piece of material that should put a lump in the throat of even the most insensitive listener.

I think we're going to see and hear a lot more of Gilbert Bécaud in this country. Fine. He's a very gifted man.

GENE LEES

TONY MOTTOLA GUITAR U.S.A.



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CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE LIGHTER SIDE

reviewed by MORGAN AMES • O. B. BRUMMELL • GENE LEES • JOHN S. WILSON

JACKIE & ROY: Changes. Jackie & Roy Kral, vocals; Claus Ogerman, Charles Calello, or Oliver Nelson, arr. *Norwegian Wood; Didn't Want To Have To Do It; In My Life;* eight more. Verve Ⓓ V 8668, $4.79; VS 68668, $5.79; Ⓣ VSTX 368, $5.95.

Jackie & Roy are certainly the most interesting pop vocal duo around and have been for some time. Roy Kral does their imaginative vocal arranging and plays piano. Jackie Cain (Mrs. Kral) has a compelling sound and probably the most in-tune voice in the business. Years of performing together have caused the two to phrase as one, and it's fascinating to hear.

In this album, Jackie & Roy put their mark on rock-and-roll and folk-rock songs. The process works beautifully on several Beatles tunes, all excellently arranged by Charles Calello. Especially fine are *Can't Buy Me Love, And I Love Her,* and Jackie's solo on *Yesterday*. Most of the other selections are poor. It's always embarrassing to hear quality artists like this make a genuine effort to get something out of nothing songs like Phil Ochs's *Changes.*

However, because of the five Beatles songs on the album, it's worth your attention. M.A.

BOB LIND: Photographs of Feeling. Bob Lind, vocals; orchestra; Jack Nitzsche, arr. *West Virginia Summer's Child; Remember the Rain; We've Never Spoken;* eight more. World Pacific Ⓓ SP 1851, $4.79; SPS 21851, $5.79.

Singer Bob Lind is generally in the Bob Dylan mold, but he is equipped to make sense of himself when he wishes to. Lind's writing—all songs are original—appears to have a genuine streak of humor rather than the silliness that often passes as wit in this idiom.

Among the intelligible songs are *"B" Movie* ("It's a 'B' movie world and the cast is on vacation on location every day in Reno, Funtown, U.S.A.") and *San Francisco Woman* ("She's a San Francisco woman and she knows how to get by"), a song with enough references to non-civilian cigarettes to give Lind status among the hippies ("When she's down to seeds and stems . . ."). These songs and a few more are tight, energetic, and biting. Others meander.

Unfortunately, Lind has all the minuses common to his genre: an insensitive, monotoned voice and a total lack of attention to melody. Like Dylan's, his songs are static, using few notes of the scale and even fewer supporting chord changes.

It's sad that Lind's field does not require him to develop a sense of musicality, which evidently does not come naturally to him. Nevertheless, the strength of some of his songs gives him potential in that rather barren area of our pop music. M.A.

JACK MARSHALL & SHELLY MANNE: Sounds! Jack Marshall, amplified guitar; Shelly Manne, percussion. *Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"; All the Things You Are; S'posin';* eight more. Capitol Ⓓ T 2610, $3.79; ST 2610, $4.79.

To give this album the appreciation it deserves, one must first envision its two performers, guitarist Jack Marshall and percussionist Shelly Manne, recording it. As Marshall gathered around his guitar to play with impeccable grace, Shelly raced soundlessly between an incredible array of percussion instruments grouped around six separate microphones—Caribbean steel drum, timbales, bass drum and snares, temple blocks, loo-jon (which the excellent liner notes aptly describe as sounding like tuned rain drops), cymbals, castanets, boo-bams, wood block, mallets on tuned piano strings, wire brushes on a suitcase and cardboard, and more. In his spare time, Shelly clapped his hands and made strange vocal sounds. Though it must have been a wonder to behold, the effect is effortless, low-key, and absolutely charming.

From the soft-shoe treatment of *Sweet Sue* to the richness of Granados' *Spanish Dance No. 5,* the material is as distinguished and right as everything else about the album. Running through all of it is the infectious but never overbearing humor of Shelly Manne.

This is one of the finest albums of the year. M.A.

BILLY MAY: The Green Hornet. Orchestra, Billy May, arr. and cond. *Kato; Black Beauty; Do the Hornet;* 20th Century Fox Ⓓ 3186, $3.79; S 4186, $4.79.

No doubt this album is meant to promote the TV series—the stars and executives clutter up the set's raucous jacket. However, what the album really promotes is the irrepressible Billy May, who wrote, arranged, and conducted the score.

May brought his whacky sense of musical humor to bear on the *Green Hornet* theme, which is doubly played by two instruments I can't quite identify. I think they're harmonicas. Anyway, if the two instruments sound to you as if they're playing in unison, you're drunk. They're about a quarter-tone apart. If anyone but May pulled such a stunt, it would be disastrous. Instead it's hilarious. (Even his titles are funny: one selection is called *Guadalahornet.*)

Often the album has the flavor of the West Coast jazz of the Fifties. It's a flavor I'm fond of, and May uses it superlatively. This is a delightful, though not significant, album. In the interest of fair play, it must be pointed out that the album is also a gyp; 20th Century Fox Records gives you only twenty minutes of music for your money. M.A.

MARILYN MAYE: The Lamp Is Low. Marilyn Maye, vocals; Peter Matz, arr. and cond. *You're Gonna Hear From Me; Quiet Nights; Too Late Now;* nine more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3626, $3.79; LSP 3626, $4.79.

Though singer Marilyn Maye has had a highly successful nightclub career for some time, she's gotten a late start on records. This is her third album for RCA Victor, and her work has great presence and skill.

The arranger-conductor is Peter Matz, whose work is excellent. No other arranger touches him in regard to imaginative key transitions. However, Matz's writing here lacks a quality of translucence he has achieved behind other singers, and in many places the orchestra overrides the singing.

Though Miss Maye's singing is a bit too muscular and hard for my tastes, her talent and taste are impressive. M. A.

ROD McKUEN: Other Kinds of Songs. Rod McKuen, vocals; orchestra, Mort Garson, Anita Kerr, Lincoln Mayorga, or Tommy Morgan, arr. and conds. *The Summertime of Days; I'm Strong, But I Like Roses; The Hurtin';* nine more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3635, $3.79; LSP 3635, $4.79.

Rod McKuen, who sings and writes all his material, is a strange and powerful talent. His songs have grown in quality till one might say that he's now in full stride. In recent years, McKuen's fascination with the French song tradition

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CIRCLE 80 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Rod McKuen: a powerful talent combining rough edges with a soft center.

(far broader, more intense, and more literate than our own) led to a collaboration with the Belgian Jacques Brel. If it were not for McKuen's songs, I wouldn't have believed that the tradition could be transposed into English terms.

In McKuen's adaptation of Brel's *The Statue,* we hear the thoughts of a dead man to whom a statue has been erected in a park, where children come to gaze. "I wish I could get my hands on he who's made a hero out of me," the statue-spirit mocks itself, knowing he had lived with neither honor nor virtue, had gone to war only because he was bored, and got killed only because he was looking the wrong way. He ends softly, "I wish the children would stop looking at me." It's a stunning piece of material.

McKuen seems to have incorporated French devices as well as feeling into his own material. *Down at Mary's Old Time Bar,* co-written with Mort Garson, has a sad and desperate lyric sung to a quick, cheerful melody. The effect is disturbing. We hear a lilting, waltz-time calliope under the wistful lyric of "Open the Window and See All the Clowns/Smiles have been painted all over their frowns." Also striking are *Before the Monkeys Came* (did McKuen anticipate the Monkees TV series?), *Zangra,* and *The Summertime of Days.*

One song, *You,* could have been much stronger with a less trite arrangement. Of the four arrangers used, Lincoln Mayorga and Mort Garson do the best work. McKuen rarely writes a poor song, but certain selections here inevitably look pale next to the spectacular songs. As his writing gets better, McKuen's voice, rough edged around a soft center, grows more relaxed and free.

There is virtually no market today for pure-quality talent in the popular field. Yet somehow Rod McKuen is carving himself a place in this field that does not exist. Cynics will say he's the exception to the rule. Optimists will hope he's making room for other new quality artists. Sadly, a lot of people won't care one way or the other. If you care, this is a valuable album. M.A.

LIZA MINNELLI: There Is a Time. Liza Minnelli, vocals; orchestra, Ray Ellis, arr. and cond. *I Who Have Nothing; Stairway to Paradise; The Parisians;* eight more. Capitol Ⓓ T 2448, $3.79; ST 2448, $4.79.

Liza Minnelli appears to be singing a little better. She has a few good moments here. There's a bit less gasping, grating, and so on than usual. Perhaps this is due to the influence of her friendship with French singer-composer Charles Aznavour, who wrote several songs on the album plus a tribute to Miss Minelli in the liner notes.

Nevertheless, Miss Minnelli has yet to get all the way through a song without giving it a punch in the belly. It's difficult to believe she has much idea what she's singing about. But something's stirring. Let's see where she is five albums from now. M.A.

MOD CONCERT. Pro Arte Orchestra, George Vinter, cond. *The Merrymakers; Entrance of the Little Fauns; Under the Linden Tree;* eight more. Capitol Ⓓ P 8642, $3.79; SP 8642, $4.79.

There's only one selection of real worth on this disc, but that one piece is so magnificent that the album is a find for music lovers.

The piece is Canadian composer Robert Farnon's exquisite orchestration of the French folk song *A la claire fontaine.* Orchestration today is a field of giants. Yet Mr. Farnon towers tallest, and almost any arranger will attest to it. After hearing *A la claire fontaine*—originally written as part of Farnon's *Canadiana Suite*—you'll understand why. He transforms the charming little folk melody into one of the most fragile and moving of modern orchestral pieces. Fortunately, it is also well performed.

The rest of the album is blah light music similar to that put out by groups like the Boston Pops. It's too bad to have to spend several dollars for an album to get at one really fine track. But if you can afford the luxury, do it. M.A.

PETER NERO: On Tour. Peter Nero, piano; Barre Phillips, bass; Joe Cusatis, drums. *Sweet Georgia Brown, Autumn Leaves, Greensleeves*; four more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3610, $3.79; LSP 3610, $4.79.

One side of this disc, which is made up of excerpts from three of Nero's concert appearances, is given over to a twenty-one-minute medley of tunes from *Porgy and Bess,* a performance that puts a spotlight on the problem Nero faces when trying to apply a concert pianist's technique to what is essentially popular material.

These Gershwin tunes are certainly part of the cream of the pop repertory and Nero's performance, technically, is clean and vivid. But despite all the flash and furor which he uses to develop each tune, there is little relationship between his displays of technique and the material to which it is applied. Gershwin becomes lost in the flamboyance as Nero builds each tune—and, eventually, the

entire medley—to a series of climaxes that are reminiscent of one of those movie concertos in which the poor little kid from the lower East Side at last makes his triumphant Carnegie Hall appearance.

The short pieces that make up the rest of the disc show another side of the same problem: pop tunes, even treated relatively simply, are not very satisfactory concert pieces. At best, they are musical *hors d'oeuvres*. Nero gets around this to some extent by using some pieces as a basis for musical jokes (*Darktown Strutters Ball* in this case) and by throwing in a few jazz touches (Art Tatum, the earliest jazz influence on Nero, lurks in the shadows of *Willow Weep for Me*). But it's a thin diet and when Nero tries to disguise it with all that thick gravy he is apt to obscure even the essential merits of the tunes.

However, within this special area of pseudo-culture, Nero is a highly polished artist and it can at least be said for these performances that they have a beautiful sheen. J.S.W.

PERRY—KINGSLEY: The In Sound from Way Out. Electronic music created by Jacques Perry and Gershon Kingsley. *Unidentified Flying Object; Cosmic Ballad; Spooks in Space;* nine more. Vanguard Ⓓ VRS 9222, $4.79; VSD 79222, $5.79.

The idea of electronic pop music has lain just over the horizon for some time. In a sense, the distortions introduced into rock-and-roll during the editing process have already turned some of it into semi-electronic music. But this album, so far as I know, is the first one to make the full plunge.

Perhaps "plunge" is an exaggeration. The music is entirely tonal, even conventional. But it is played on electronic instruments, seemingly including electric organ, although the notes aren't very specific about this. It has overlays of electronic sound, and even touches of *musique concrète*—there are noises that resemble a baby's cry on one track, a lion's roar on another. This is done over a perfectly conventional rhythm section, including guitar.

One would be justified in expecting a puerile mishmash to emerge from all this, but—pleasant surprise—it doesn't. Jacques Perry is an experienced French experimenter in electronic music, and Gershon Kingsley is a capable American songwriter and arranger. Between them, they have created an album with its own silly charm. Indeed, some of the tracks are among the most amusing bits of music I've ever heard. The effect is akin to what you'd expect to hear if someone crossed conventional, but good, popular music with the sound track of the old science-fiction film *Forbidden Planet,* and the sound effects of the Alec Guinness comedy *The Man in the White Suit.*

It is perhaps brash of Vanguard to suggest in its album cover copy that this is the pop music of the future. But it certainly is a drily witty experiment with the music of today. This little oddity of an album is, I think, worth owning. G.L.

FRANKIE RANDALL: Going the Frankie Randall Way! Frankie Randall, vocals; orchestra, Billy May, arr. and cond. *Crazy She Calls Me; Isn't It Romantic; It Had To Be You;* nine more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3627, $3.79; LSP 3627, $4.79.

For all his professionalism, which is considerable, Frankie Randall has not yet formed a face of his own among singers. He continues to sound like a mixture of Bobby Darrin, Buddy Greco, Steve Lawrence, and the headmaster, Frank Sinatra.

The ingenious Billy May arranged and conducted this date for Randall. Because nobody drives a band home harder than May, it takes a powerful singer to stay on top of his arrangements. Randall falters from time to time. His best singing occurs in *Gravy Waltz,* where he manages for the most part not to sound like anyone else and in the ballad *Here's That Rainy Day.*

One senses in Randall a buried potential for individuality, but how long must we wait for it to emerge? M.A.

SYLVIA SIMS: Sylvia Is! Sylvia Sims, vocals; Kenny Burrell or Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Willie Rodriquez, percussion. *As Long as I Live; More Than You Know; I'm Afraid the Masquerade Is Over; How Insensitive; Smile; If You Could See Me Now; Meditation; Cuando Te Fuiste De Mi; God Bless the Child; Wild Is the Wind; You Are Always in My Heart; Brazil.* Prestige Ⓓ 7439, $4.79; S 7439, $4.79.

Singer Sylvia Sims is a quiet legend within the music business. She sings in a rich, golden voice of almost do-no-wrong grace. This is her first album in two years, and it marks her debut on Prestige Records. The occasion is marked in the liner notes with fond tributes by fans like Tony Bennett, Jack Jones, and Erroll Garner. If you're a long-standing Sylvia fan, be pleased. This is a superb album. Her material, listed above, is as impeccable as ever.

Things went so pleasantly on this record session that many of the tracks are first or second takes. Guitarist Kenny Burrell's support is strong and sensitive. It was the final record date of the late Osie Johnson, and he played himself proud.

Miss Sims is a great American artist. If you love good music and you're unfamiliar with her work, you have something quite special to look forward to in this album. M.A.

BARBRA STREISAND: Je m'appelle Barbra. Barbra Streisand, vocals; orchestra, Michel Legrand, arr. and cond. *Once Upon a Summertime; Le mur; I've Been Here;* nine more. Columbia Ⓓ CL 2547, $3.79; CS 9347, $4.79; Ⓣ CQ 862, $7.95.

Any substantial performer is followed by two groups: fans and dissenters. In Barbra Streisand's case, the two camps have a curious way of vacillating, so that last week's fan, disenchanted by some new Streisand offering, may get an argument from last week's dissenter, newly converted by that same offering. For the discomfited, this album probably will not settle the Streisand question. Again, she works on many levels.

It's true that Miss Streisand's success has set off an unpleasant melee of sobbing, shrieking girl singers. At the same time, she is associated with fresh material and superb orchestrations, and even the worst of her imitators put out albums with lush arrangements. While the Streisand boom has caused an unfortunate singing trend, it has also caused a heartening arranging trend.

French composer-arranger Michel Legrand wrote all but one (*What Now My Love* is arranged by Ray Ellis) of the charts for this all-French set. Legrand's writing is fine, though not so impressive as some of his other work, such as his score for *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.* Miss Streisand sings both in English and French. Her French is excellent. Among the best tracks are *Free Again, Martina, Autumn Leaves,* and *Clopin Clopant.* Unfortunately, Miss Streisand insists on screaming her way out of *I Wish You Love* and *What Now My Love,* lowering an otherwise tasteful level. In her soft moments, however, she never sounded better. Nat Shapiro's liner notes give a comprehensive picture of the material included.

This was a powerful album idea and, over-all, it's well executed. It's the best of the recent Streisand albums. M.A.

SYLVIA TELLES: The Face I Love. Sylvia Telles, vocals; orchestra. *It Might As Well Be Spring; Rain; Balanco Zona Sul;* nine others. Kapp Ⓓ KL 1503, $3.79; KS 3503, $4.79.

Of the three girl singers from Brazil who have tried to make it in the United States —Astrud Gilberto, Wanda da Sah, and Sylvia Telles—Mrs. Gilberto is the most successful. But Miss Telles is the best. Unlike Mrs. Gilberto and Miss da Sah, she has gone to the trouble to learn English really well, so that she sings the language with an ease that makes you think she understands the lyrics; Mrs. Gilberto sounds as if she memorized them with no comprehension at all, even though her English has somewhat improved since her first album.

But aside from that, Miss Telles is simply a better and more professional singer than either Mrs. Gilberto or Miss da Sah. All three of them sing flat, but Miss Telles does it less frequently and less flagrantly. Furthermore, she is at ease in North American songs. This album has mostly bossa nova settings, but in the few instances where Miss Telles ventures into other metric conceptions, she is still at home.

Her voice is intimate and soft and warm, as one would expect of a Brazilian. The arrangements range from good to excellent. The arranger isn't credited, which is unfortunate.

This, Miss Telles' second album for Kapp, is quite attractive. G.L.

JAZZ

BEN BAGLEY: "George Gershwin Revisited." Barbara Cook, Elaine Stritch, Anthony Perkins, and Bobby Short, vocalists; ensemble, Norman Paris, cond. *Nashville Nightingale; There's More to the Kiss than the XXX; Scandal Walk;* ten more. M-G-M Ⓓ 4375, $4.79; S 4375, $5.79.

What have we been listening to all these years? Ben Bagley has dug up uncelebrated Rodgers and Hart songs, uncelebrated Cole Porter Songs, and now uncelebrated Gershwin songs, all in his "Revisited" series. Here he proves for the third time that the songs we all know so well only skim the upper surface of the cream of their work. Like the previous releases in this series, there is nothing in this Gershwin collection that is likely to assume a place among the Gershwins' topmost tunes. But A-minus Gershwin is still the stuff that one can feed one's dreams on.

The songs in this collection, with two exceptions, come from the Twenties. Some of them sound all too much like the Twenties and are treated with loving appropriateness. Others have more lasting qualities. Inevitably, it is the novelty material that dates and the ballads (which might date with less creative treatment) that don't—*Feeling Sentimental* from *Show Girl* in 1929, *Three Times a Day* from *Tell Me More* (1925), and *Drifting Along with the Tide* (*George White's Scandals of 1921*) are worthy balladic survivors.

The two post-Twenties tunes in the set are *Back Bay Polka*, a four-part vocal dissection of Boston, and *Changing My Tune*, both from the 1946 film *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim*, released nine years after George Gershwin's death. It is disturbing that even after his death, when the public might be more consciously searching for any last gems from him, the appearance of songs as good as these could have gone unnoticed. In two very different ways—one is clever and catchy, the other gently romantic—they are exceptionally good.

Bagley has assembled an able and contrasting group of singers for the recording—Barbara Cook, an open, forthright, and wonderfully sure-voiced singer; Elaine Stritch for the worn, torn, whiskey contralto aspects; Anthony Perkins, subdued, unprepossessing, and, in the Twenties ballads, appropriately Whispering-Jack-Smithish; and Bobby Short, buoyant and bouncy but, at times, unhappily hoarse. The accompaniment by Norman Paris and a varying group of instrumentalists is as aptly atmospheric as one could wish. J.S.W.

COUNT BASIE & HIS ORCHESTRA: Broadway Basie's Way. Count Basie, piano; Basie band, Chico O'Farrill, arr. and cond. *A Lot of Livin' To Do; Everything's Coming Up Roses; Just In Time;* nine more. Command Ⓓ RS 33-905, $4.79; RS 905 SD, $5.79; Ⓣ C 905, $7.95.

Trends and tastes in the music business are so wildly erratic that a day—an hour—probably never passes that someone within it isn't certain he's losing his mind. In such crises, it's nice to know that there are still a few around like Basie and his band, who have been doing their thing, relentlessly, for thirty good years.

This album of Broadway songs (Basie's first for Command) is the liveliest of the band's recent discs. A great deal of the credit must go to Chico O'Farrill, who contributed the fresh and fluid writing and also conducted the date. This is O'Farrill's second explosion onto the New York music scene. The first occurred several years ago, when O'Farrill was a major composer-arranger for such bands as Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton, and Dizzy Gillespie. O'Farrill then relocated in Mexico for eight years.

In 1965 he returned to New York and Bill Basie snapped him. Here, O'Farrill displays his considerable talent by imparting his own flavor and energy, while at the same time writing in the tradition of great Basie arrangers such as Quincy Jones, Neil Hefti, and Billy Byers.

Though the album's momentum never flags, two highpoints are *Manie*, passed back and forth between Basie's piano and Roy Eldridge's trumpet. Eldridge, who surprised the music business not long ago by joining the Basie band, is featured again on the beautiful *Here's That Rainy Day*.

How do you make a tasteful, happy album that sells (the record is already on the charts)? Choose and tailor your material as carefully as Basie did here. Then to make it all work grab Chico O'Farrill before someone else does. M.A.

DUKE ELLINGTON: "The Popular Duke Ellington." Duke Ellington, piano; Cootie Williams, Cat Anderson, Mercer Ellington, and Herbie Jones, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, and Chuck Conners, trombones; Harry Carney, Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, and Paul Gonsalves, saxophones; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums. *Creole Love Call; Sophisticated Lady; Perdido; Black and Tan Fantasy;* seven more. RCA Victor Ⓓ LPM 3576, $3.79; LSP 3576, $4.79.

CARMEN CAVALLARO: "Plays Ellington." Carmen Cavallaro, piano; with guitar, bass, and drums. *Sophisticated Lady; Prelude to a Kiss; Day Dream;* nine more. Decca Ⓓ 4774, $3.79; 74774, $4.79.

As a practicing cynic, I will not be surprised if the great American public, given a choice of buying Duke Ellington playing his best known compositions or Carmen Cavallaro working his way over a similar program, chooses the Cavallaro interpretations by a comfortable margin.

The Duke Ellington set is not as good as it might be and the Cavallaro set is better than I expected it to be. Cavallaro is a soft, bland pianist who leans towards a strict, humpty-dumpty businessman's bounce or, in less openly rhythmic moods, a cocktail piano approach. These characteristics cover much of this disc

—but there is also a *Mood Indigo* that gets away from these confining hallmarks and, with the help of some pleasant guitar touches, demonstrates that there is a less simple-minded side to Cavallaro.

The Popular Ellington? Well, it could have been called *The All-Too Popular Ellington*. There are the Ellington war horses. The amazing thing is that, on some of them, the Duke has come up with new and attractive touches. *"A" Train* is a mixture of the contemporarily definitive band version with waltzing variations by the Duke; *I Got It Bad* is a magnificent one-chorus demonstration by Johnny Hodges of the ultimate milking process, assisted by the Duke's fill-in tickles; *Mood Indigo* catches one off-guard with newer, bluer harmonization than it has had in the past; and *Solitude*, done with a more positive beat than one expects, contains some gorgeous piano reflections by Ellington. Cootie Williams explodes from time to time and Lawrence Brown (not quite as pure-toned as he was before he became the latter-day Tricky Sam) mutters and soars. Aside from these pieces and these soloists, the war horses remain what they have been for some time.

Of course, any new thoughts of the Duke's are welcome, and possibly half this disc comprises such reflections. But from a programming point-of-view, there is so much Ellington of the past forty years that has not been updated, and well could be, that this persistence in rehashing the commonplace is stretching things thin. Among the might-have-beens are *Echoes of Harlem, Merry-Go-Round, Clarinet Lament, Carnegie Blues, Serenade to Sweden, Balcony Serenade, Cotton Club Stomp*, and—oh well. J.S.W.

KING FISHER AND HIS ALL-STARS. King Fisher, trumpet; Don Thomson, trombone; Brett Lockyer, clarinet; Barry Bruce, piano; John Bartlett, bass; Will Dower, drums. *Jazzology Swing; Buddy Bolden Blues; Someday Sweetheart;* others. Jazzology Ⓓ 13, $4.98; S 13, $5.98.

Let's say you are a trumpeter and your father is Freddie (Schnickelfritz) Fisher, the comedy trumpeter whose main claim to fame forms a footnote in the Glenn Miller story—a footnote that reads: when the Miller band played the Paradise Restaurant in New York in 1939 it got second billing to the Freddie (Schnickelfritz) Fisher band. On the other hand, your name is actually Eddie Fisher. How do you get away from the dual implications? Answer: You go to Australia and bill yourself as King Fisher (begging the pardons of Joe Oliver and the world of ornithology).

The startling thing is that, out of all this escapism, King Fisher emerges as an unusually good and imaginative trumpet player plowing the traditional vineyards. It is not an easy task but he carries it off well, assisted by a fine group of Australians, the most notable of whom is Don Thomson, a trombonist with a touch of Teagarden spiced by spurts of broad blowsiness. Fisher has a warm, light attack, slightly reminiscent of Doc Evans but with a quality of its own. The band is a product of a complete cycle in Australian jazz. Originally it was Thomson's Riverside Jazz Band which Fisher joined in 1960 and then led for several years as Fisher's Jazz Band. It has since broken up; this recording was made at a recent reunion of the group. It's good enough to keep—the band, that is. J.S.W.

JOHN HANDY QUINTET: "The 2nd John Handy Album." John Handy, alto and tenor saxophones; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Mike White, violin; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums. *Dancy Dancy; Theme X; Blues for a Highstrung Guitar; Dance for Carlo B; Scheme #1.* Columbia Ⓓ CL 2567, $3.79; CS 9367, $4.79.

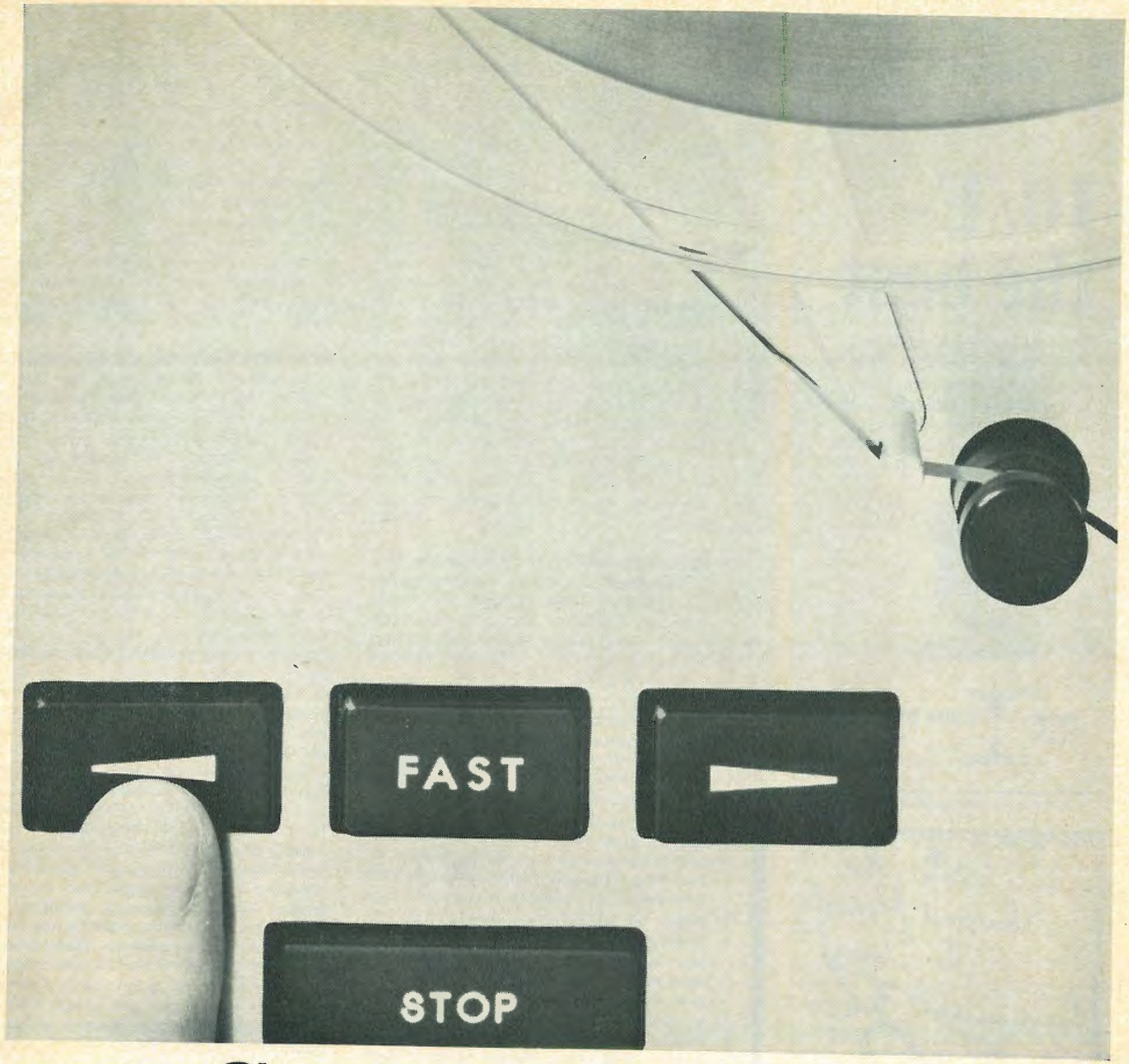
The first album by Handy's Quintet (Columbia CL 2462/CS 9262) was a provocative introduction to this unusual group. However, because it was made up of only two long selections, both in a somewhat similar vein, it was a limiting program.

This second disc is a much more satisfying indication of the range of the quintet. The five pieces go from airy gaiety (*Dancy*) and soft, graceful melody (*Carlo B*) to discordant non-jazz (*Scheme #1*). One piece, *Theme X*, is very much like *If Only We Knew*, which covered a full side of the first LP. It is better for being shorter. Handy comments in the notes that the recorded versions of these tunes are shorter than the treatments he has been playing in clubs and that he finds these shorter versions both better and more satisfying. If only other long-winded jazz musicians would make this discovery!

Mike White, the violinist who was very impressive on Handy's first disc and whose presence gives the group much of its distinction, is, if anything, even more striking this time. He creates an effect on *Dancy* that seems to combine Stephane Grappelly and Django Reinhardt and shows a flair for breaks that are both unusual *and* melodic on *Blues for a Highstrung Guitar*. This piece ostensibly focuses on guitarist Jerry Hahn but his best moments come in the twisting, slithering use he makes of bent notes on *Theme X*. Handy's lyricism and grace are constantly in evidence although, in moments of agitation, he has a tendency to become shrill and shrewish. J.S.W.

ANDREW HILL: "Smoke Stack." Andrew Hill, piano; Richard Davis and Eddie Khan, basses; Roy Haynes, drums. *Wailing Wall; Ode to Von; Not So;* four more. Blue Note Ⓓ 4160, $4.79; 84160, $5.79.

Add the name Andrew Hill to that distinguished line of pianists that stems out of Luckey Roberts, James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, and the stride school of Harlem in the early Twenties and, through Duke Ellington, continues to Thelonious Monk, Cecil Taylor, and Randy Weston. Hill, of course, has absorbed—and shows—the influence of other recent pianists as well, most notably Bill Evans. But his relationship to



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the stride-Ellington-Monk line is highlighted again and again in this set.

Using two basses on all but one piece, Hill develops his piano lines over a variety of complex rhythms. Frequently he is playing over two contrasting bass patterns that help to drive and lift his own ideas in a way that the standard rhythm section could not achieve. His progressions are usually strong and stately at first, building towards low-keyed turmoil. At his most characteristic, he creates roiling, Monkish melodies that develop the kind of surging flow one would look for in Bill Evans. Unlike Evans, who often wanders off into ethereal moods, Hill remains a positive force—a pile driver with the ability to coax and sing. He shares much of the creative space on these pieces with Richard Davis, a compelling and original bassist. The trio selection, *Verne*, is essentially a duet in which bass and piano stroll along beside each other, each singing his own song—a fascinating conjunction. J.S.W.

CHARLES MINGUS: "Live at the Jazz Workshop." Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; John Handy, alto saxophone; Jane Getz, piano; Charles Mingus, bass; Danny Richmond, drums. *Meditations, New Fables.* Fantasy Ⓓ 6017, $4.98; 86017, $4.98.

It's all very well to be an explosive genius—which Mingus is—but the public is being gulled when the genius surrounds himself with routine performers and gives them the better part of an LP on which to lay bare their deficiencies. This disc, recorded at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco, is made up of two selections, each slightly more than twenty-three minutes long. The only points of interest are contributed by Mingus himself—a gorgeous bit of cellolike bowed bass on *Meditations* that is nostalgic and haunting, and a brief, three-minute plucked bass passage on *New Fables* that separates two long, tedious saxophone solos by Clifford Jordan and John Handy. Handy does not appear on *Meditations,* which, aside from Mingus' superb bass work, is devoted to an even less inspired solo by Jordan and some routine piano mulling by Jane Getz. J.S.W.

SHIRLEY SCOTT: Roll 'Em. Shirley Scott, organ; orchestra, Oliver Nelson, arr. and cond. *For Dancers Only; Little Brown Jug; Stompin' at the Savoy; Tippin' In;* six more. Impulse Ⓓ 9119, $3.79; S 9119, $4.79.

There's the germ of a promising idea in this set but everybody quit too soon. The promise is in the concept of having so skillful and well-grounded a contemporary arranger as Oliver Nelson write arrangements of big-band classics, making Shirley Scott, one of the more sensitive jazz organists, the focus of a band loaded with first rate players. The promise is fulfilled to a considerable degree with Nelson's writing on *Roll 'Em, For Dancers Only, Sophisticated Swing,* and *Sometimes I'm Happy.* He has kept the feeling of the originals while brightening them with his own voicing ideas—there's a particularly sparkling updating on *Roll 'Em.*

Miss Scott fits well into the big-band setting. But the big-band concept is lost sight of in her solos. She goes on at great length (often just organ and rhythm are heard), while the other very capable soloists, who could have freshened the set with solo variety, sit tacit. The other six numbers are simply trio performances—i.e., organ solos. The big band feeling is gone while the shrilling of the organ becomes pretty monotonous. It might have been better to throw this away, start all over, and do the job right. J.S.W.

BUD SHANK: "And the Sax Section." Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Bob Hardaway, Jack Nimitz, Bill Perkins, and John Lowe, saxophones; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Bob Florence, arr. and cond. *Summer Samba; On a Clear Day; Sidewinder;* nine more. Pacific Jazz Ⓓ 10110, $4.79; 20110, $5.79.

The possibilities of the saxophone section were first explored in the Twenties by the Six Brown Brothers, who worked for lively novelty effects. Since then, saxophone ensembles have had a steady but quiet history in jazz. Benny Carter has been the most consistently brilliant writer for saxophones (following in the path of Don Redman, his predecessor as arranger for the Fletcher Henderson band, who pointed the way with his use of clarinet trios in his writing for Henderson).

From Henderson, one moves quite logically to the Goodman saxophone section, a beautifully creamy group under Hymie Schertzer's leadership. Artie Shaw's saxophones helped to swing his band, Jimmie Lunceford's saxophones achieved a splashy depth that was extended by Stan Kenton's handling of reeds and, of course, there is the ultimate in saxophone sections, Duke Ellington's incomparable five-man team (taken, it should be noted, at almost any period and with almost any five men). This is the tradition on which Shank's group is based. They have created over-all, a very good record.

One key to its success is Bob Florence, who wrote the arrangements. He came to the task after almost a decade of demonstrating himself to be the most perceptive writer of propulsive big band arrangements on the West Coast, Gerald Wilson notwithstanding. I suspect Florence might be able to write arrangements that would make even the Kenton band swing. In any event, he works with a swinging approach here and he has an excellent group of saxophonists to carry out his charts. He shows a surprising and unexpected predilection for Kemp-like ensemble runs which work beautifully in this context. Shank, of course, gets most of the solo space and carries it off pleasantly. But the liveliest and most piquant contributor is the unheralded John Lowe on bass saxophone, who produces jovial, break-'em-up burps at appropriate occasions. J.S.W.

TOOTS THIELEMANS: Contrasts. Jean (Toots) Thielemans, harmonica and guitar; orchestra, Don Sebeksy or Jack Andrews, arr. and cond. *Makin' Whoopee; Big Boy; Bluesette;* nine more. Command Ⓓ RS 33-906, $4.79; RS 906SD, $5.79.

Almost without question, the most accomplished harmonica player in the world today is not Larry Adler but a Belgian virtuoso named Jean (Toots) Thielemans. Thielemans has turned the instrument into a genuine musical instrument, something Adler never quite accomplished. He plays by a technique of puckering as if he were about to whistle, blowing (or sucking) through each individual hole of the instrument, and working the button by which the instrument is shifted a half-step upward with astonishing cleanliness and facility. By varying the pressure of wind, which of course activates the little metal reed that creates each note of the harmonica, he even gets a clear and delicate vibrato. By blowing too hard into the instrument or, alternatively, letting the air support drop, he manages to bend notes as easily as if he were singing or playing a conventional horn or reed instrument. The only reason I know how he plays the damned instrument is that he once showed me—during the period when he was playing guitar with George Shearing—as we walked up Chicago's State Street at four o'clock in the morning. I promptly bought a harmonica like his (he uses an ordinary $13.00 Hohner chromatic instrument). Only then did I realize how great is Thielemans' accomplishment in making the harmonica into something much more than a folk toy. The composition with which he demonstrated the instrument, incidentally, was one of the Bach unaccompanied violin sonatas; and, I might add, he played it superbly.

Thielemans has composed hit songs (*Bluesette,* for one) and he has made good albums. This album seems to be taking on the proportions of a hit, partly due to the virtuosity and beauty of his jazz soloing on *Makin' Whoopee.* The whole album isn't up to the standard of this one, alas, though there are some other quite good tracks, such as *Summer Samba.* But this track illustrates what an admiring fellow musician meant when he said of Thielemans recently: "I've never seen a cat play as if the instrument were part of his body like that." Every musician's instrument is, to a greater or lesser degree, an extension of his body. But Thielemans at his best really does sound as if the odd little instrument, almost invisible in his hands, was as much a part of him and as responsive to his musical whim as one of his fingers. An *amazing* player.

He plays guitar and whistles on some of the tracks. He plays guitar well, though with nothing like the astonishing originality and ease with which he does the harmonica. He whistles rather poorly. I wish somebody would make an album with this man playing harmonica all the way, and up to his own best standards. If you haven't heard Thielemans, you've missed something unusual and exciting. G.L.

FOLK

MICHEAL MacLIAMMOIR: I Must Be Talking To My Friends. Argo Ⓓ RG 493, $5.79 (mono only).

Here is an honest-to-God tour de force. Micheál MacLiammóir, something of a Renaissance man in that he writes, stage designs, and acts with impeccable skill, has already served Oscar Wilde and his works to perfection on discs. Here he presents a one-man entertainment that is far more than an hour's elocution. A consummately witty and informative narration links together poems from Yeats, excerpts from Joyce and Shaw, the last speech of Robert Emmet, and material culled from Ireland's long and tragic history into a glowing tapestry that seems to capture the quintessence of that supremely colorful country. No review can possibly do justice either to MacLiammóir's artistry or the power of his material. It is theatre of the very highest order. O.B.B.

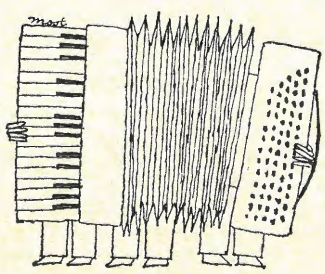
DAVE VAN RONK: No Dirty Names. Dave Van Ronk, vocals and guitar; David Woods, guitar and rhythm accompaniment. *One Meatball; Song of the Wandering Aengus; Statesboro Blues;* ten more. Verve Folkways Ⓓ FT 3009, $3.79; FTS 3009, $4.79.

Recently there has emerged a strange new breed of folk singers. Urban intellectuals for the most part, they choose to sing Deep South country blues. Just why they should want to do such a thing is a question best answered by the artist and his conscience. The temptation is to applaud as one might for a dancing bear: not because he dances well, but because he does it at all.

The most representative and perhaps the best of this group of waltzing bears is Dave Van Ronk. On this, his tenth album for Folkways, Van Ronk shows a style all his own, and ironically enough, not with his blues singing. His treatment of *Alabama Song,* from the Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht opera *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny,* is acid-etched, and at times inspired.

Of the blues tracks, Van Ronk sings with most authority on *One of These Days,* a sophisticated piece by Mose Allison. Lead guitar on this band is played by David Woods, easily the most tasteful musician to come out of the folk herd.

In all, Van Ronk acquits himself well. He proves you don't have to be black to sing blues; still, the last dancing bear I saw was in a circus. M.A.



THEATRE & FILM

BOCK & HARNICK: The Apple Tree. Music by Jerry Bock; lyrics by Sheldon Harnick; orchestrations by Eddie Sauter; original Broadway cast. Columbia Ⓓ KOL 6620, $5.79; KOS 3020, $6.79.

Had anyone told me a year ago that I would be saying Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick might relieve, if not save, the Broadway musical from its own dismal, redundant, pallid, wearisome mediocrity, he'd have encountered raised eyebrows and a smile of polite mockery. Yet, judging by this score, that may be the case.

Until now, Bock and Harnick have embodied all that is dull about Broadway scores. Their score to *Fiddler on the Roof* (ask any musician who has been forced to try to do something interesting with it) is worth remembering only for its conspicuous mediocrity. But they are growing. Very obviously, they are growing.

Not that *The Apple Tree* score is a masterpiece. But it has moments that are gems. Bock is at last developing into a composer with a sense of melodic shape, of contour and warmth; and Harnick is growing into an honest-to-God lyricist instead of a clever tinkerer with words who can fit syllables to notes rather the way you do the *New York Times* crossword puzzle. In the song *Eve* he shows a moving perception of the nature of man to woman, the exasperating character of the odd affliction we call love. I used to say the man was capable of witty lyrics (his background of writing supper club material stands him in good stead here in *It's a Fish*), but hopelessly awkward when he was required by the nature of the material to write something romantic. But *Eve* is an excellent and successful ballad. Even here, mind you, he puts touches of mockery into the writing. But that's all right. It was the odd mixture of sentimentalism and contempt for it that made Lorenz Hart the great lyricist he was.

People came away from *The Apple Tree* complaining about its structure—three short musical plays, rather than one show. The need to keep on rekindling interest is the problem and flaw of all omnibus shows. But whatever the problems of this show as a whole, its songs are very good.

Two important assets to the album, and obviously to the show, are the singing of Barbara Harris, whose emotional range is astonishing, and the arrangements of Eddie Sauter. Aside from her facility in slipping into wildly opposite characterizations, even in song, Miss Harris actually sings well. She can be close and warm and natural, which comes as a relief from the stiff belting of most Broadway show singers. And Mr. Sauter, one of the least understood and appreciated of American arrangers, gives us lovely relief from the neo-Robert Russell Bennetisms that afflict most musicals.

This is not the best of Bock and Harnick. It's only the best to date. On the evidence of it, the best is yet to come.

G.L.

CAHN & VAN HEUSEN: Walking Happy. Music by James Van Heusen; lyrics by Sammy Cahn; original Broadway cast. Capitol Ⓓ VAS 2631, $5.79; SVAS 2631, $6.79.

It is difficult for an American writer to conceive of material and dialogue for British characters. He must have a wide knowledge not only of differences in vocabulary but in subtleties of inflection. It's tough enough in prose; it's tougher in lyrics. And if the project in question is a musical comedy, the music, too, must reflect the patterns of speech. Lerner and Loewe did it—and brilliantly—in *My Fair Lady*. Cahn and Van Heusen haven't done it in *Walking Happy*, a musical comedy based on the play *Hobson's Choice*.

Hobson's Choice is set in Lancashire, where the natives speak in an accent that is quite special. Nothing in the music or the lyrics (excepting the rather too frequent expression "by gum") indicates that Cahn or Van Heusen spent much time with this rather odd, rich, and distinctly picturesque speech. For that matter, even British actor Norman Wisdom, surprisingly, doesn't seem that familiar with the peculiarities of the North Country speech. You don't pronounce it "by gum," of course; it's closer to "ba goom."

The score is musical—one would expect nothing less from the gifted Mr. Van Heusen. Nor are the lyrics weak: Mr. Cahn is much too able a wordsmith for that. And one of their songs, *Walking Happy*, which is very good indeed, will probably become a standard. The album is even a pleasant whole to listen to, thanks in part to Larry Wilcox's orchestrations. But the whole thing lacks edge, that sharp focus on subject and character that made *The Most Happy Fella* and *Guys and Dolls* such masterpieces. Both of them dealt with regionalism, be it noted.

Cahn and Van Heusen are among our very best songwriters. But, for me at least, they've yet to pull it off in the theatre.

G.L.

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BY R.D. DARRELL

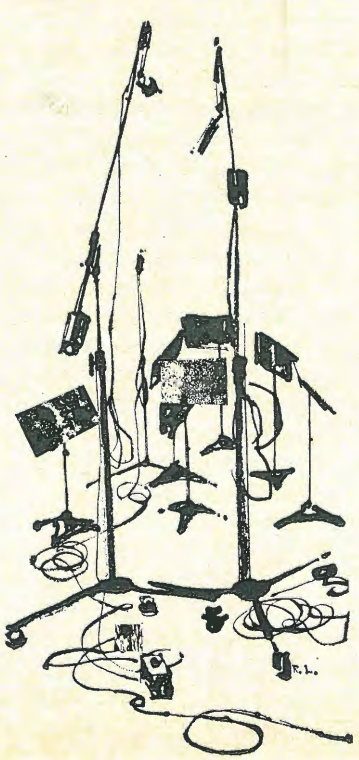
THE TAPE DECK

Rallying Round the Old Standard. Only tape collectors in the know may have caught the implications in the tape listing accompanying HIGH FIDELITY'S review, last December, of Poulenc's *L'Histoire de Babar* (the tale of the little elephant who has long delighted children and their parents too) as recorded for Angel under Georges Prêtre. And even some tape connoisseurs may have suspected a typo in the tape order number. But no, the designation definitely *is* ZS 36357, and the "Z" definitely does indicate a 7.5-ips tape speed. (For good measure there are three simultaneously released Capitol pop reels—topped by Lou Rawls's striking "Soulin'" on ZT 2566, $7.98—which also mark a return to the old standard speed.)

Now, of course, there's little likelihood that Angel/Capitol, the foremost exponent of 3¾-ips open-reel technology for both serious and pop music, has changed a policy which has proved itself to be so successful in the last couple of years. But it also seems that the company does not plan to limit its output to slow-speed tapes. In any case, the 7.5-ips medium's ultra-widerange potentials are indeed well exploited by Poulenc's delectable music, and perhaps even more impressively by the coupled Harsányi score for Grimm's *Story of the Little Tailor*. The latter is scarcely as charming, but its only seven instruments, plus percussion, are sonically more pungent and incisive—qualities of which the superlative stereo recording makes the most. The engineering is exceptionally good too in its freedom from oppressively close miking of narrator Peter Ustinov and its corresponding fine balances of speech and music volume levels.

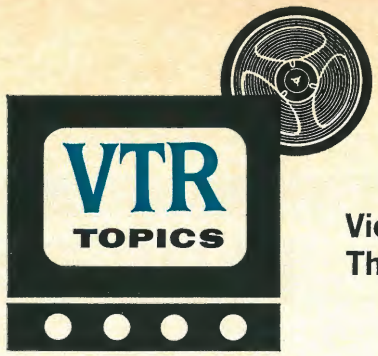
Golden Girls. I suspect that even serious music lovers tend to shun anything that sounds as sternly musicological as "Music of the High Renaissance"—and I know for sure that many sound fanciers tend to shy away from tapes of recordings that date back several years. Hence, this very special pitch: I'd like to inveigle as many listeners as possible into at least playing a bit of Archive ARC 3153, 47 min., $7.95, in which the Collegium Terpsichore revives a whole batch of little dances and dance suites by Michael Praetorius, Erasmus Widmann, and Johann Hermann Schein. Yes, this music was written some three centuries ago; and yes, these recordings first appeared on discs in 1961. So what? The dance tunes and rhythms sparkle with a springtime freshness, and the largely unfamiliar timbres and sonorities of the robustly realistic recording are wholly captivating. (If for nothing else, this reel would be indispensable for its revelations of what a five-man lute ensemble—playing three different sizes of instruments—can sound like.) Indeed, all is ineffable delight—I mention in particular only Widmann's charming personalizations (of his varied galliards, pavanes, bourrées, etc.) as Magdalena, Anna, Regina, Sophia, Agatha, and Clara. Truly "golden girls" these, who surely will never quite "come to dust" while this music keeps their names so radiantly bright!

Six Times Nine. While some insatiable Beethovenians impatiently await the imminent transfer to tape of the last of Steinberg's symphony series for Command, others are rejoicing in the Ampex announcement that its Von Karajan/DGG series is now available as a boxed set, DGU 101, at $36.95—which represents a saving of nearly $10 over the cost of the separate reels. Personally, I enjoy being able to make my own idiosyncratic choices of just the right interpreter for each of the individually differentiated works, but if I *had* to choose just one of the six integral sets now on tape, I think it would be the recent Szell/Clevelander version for Epic (E7C 846, 3¾-ips, $23.19). Certainly several of the six earlier 7.5-ips versions of Szell performances have won firm places in my "ideal" Beethoven library, and the slow-speed editions are extremely good technically—as they also were for the only other complete 3¾-ips tape set, Klemperer's for Angel (although there not all the original recordings were as effective as Szell's). The Epic set has a further attraction for budget-conscious collectors in that it is priced lower than any other except the special bargain-listing of only $19.95 for the warmly expressive Krips readings on Everest.



To Banish Loathsome Silence . . . Every once in a while some irate citizen fulminates against the contemporary prevalence of background, mood, or "wallpaper" music and today's habitual practice of non-listening. In fact, a genuine craving for just enough pleasant sound to defend one from silence and a feeling of loneliness existed long before it could be satisfied as easily as modern technology has made possible. Remember the avid acceptance of disc-changing mechanisms when those first came along? For that matter, remember the purpose for which Bach's *Goldberg* Variations were commissioned!

A fascinating modern analogue is the "Astrostereo" program devised to soothe airline passengers and help them to pass the time in long flights. Ampex is building up a considerable library of such programs on open-reel tapes, which, since they're normally confined to recordings by a single company (for copyright reasons, I suppose), also can serve as super-samplers of that company's repertory. I've just been listening—attentively too, at least for the first part of over three hours—to one of the best of these, the American Airlines Classical Program No. 3, Vanguard CW 3, 3¾-ips, 190 min., $23.95. And while I've long been accustomed to finding Vanguard releases, on tape or disc, of genuine distinction, I'm impressed all over again to find the lofty Vanguard musical and technical standards maintained so well even here. But I'm enraged as well as delighted by this gargantuan concert of some twenty-two selections by fourteen composers: only five of the ten Vanguard albums represented here are available on tape in their original form. And I would especially like to hear, all by themselves, the reels of Janáček opera preludes conducted by Mackerras, Dvořák's Op. 81 Quintet with Peter Serkin as pianist, and the five Beethoven Cello Sonatas with Janigro and Demus.



by Norman Eisenberg

Video Tape Recording— The Prospect Before Us

To most Americans, video tape is perhaps best known for the "instant replay" feature of televised football games. But like high fidelity (which originated in great part on the sound stages of the movie industry) or like audio tape (which was initially used in commercial broadcasting), video tape appears destined to find its way into the home —in a form and at a price that will transform it from a tool of the professional to a plaything for everyman.

This expectation arises amid the upswing of interest in video as a whole (color TV, mobile TV, new channels, community systems, closed-circuit TV). As yet the significance and ultimate effects of all the current ferment cannot possibly be gauged or even guessed, but it plainly bears watching—and that is what this column proposes to do each month. In the context of television generally the video tape recorder will have a particular impact: it offers the means to document the course of video—that is, anything that appears on your TV screen can be captured on tape and played back at will.

But TV-taping, while itself an exciting prospect, is not the sole appeal of video tape. Just as in audio, where a new "sub-industry" evolved to supply prerecorded entertainment for playback on home tape machines, so it is expected that before long we will be getting sight-and-sound productions for video machine playback. These releases—opera, musical comedy, plays, concert performances, maybe historical events—will either be sold or leased (as feature films often are). Indeed, the very first such audio-video tape already has been released (see "News & Views," November 1966), and we hear informally that several recording companies are studying this new field. Presumably then, it won't be too long before you can decide, one evening, you'd like to see and hear *Rigoletto* without leaving the house. Okay—out comes a reel of tape, and on go the VTR and the television set. The experts promise too that the picture can be in color and the sound can be stereo—with the facility for piping it through your own playback system.

Need more incentive for VTR? There's plenty. With an electronic camera jacked into the VTR, you are set up at once to film any action that your camera focuses on. The results are taped and may be played back immediately—without any developing or processing—through your TV set. If you like, you can monitor while you film—by watching the TV set. And, with a microphone jacked into the video machine, you will pick up sound too, automatically synchronized with the picture. So far, this instant-sound-movie feature has been limited to indoor use—both the camera and recorder must be plugged into an AC outlet for power. However, we are promised—some time this year—battery-powered portables that will enable you to take video tape out of doors.

The camera feature, of course, suggests limitless applications—many of which already are under way in business, industry, and education: remote monitoring of processes, studying activities for analysis of flaws, piping—by means of a series of linked TV monitors—a demonstration or lecture throughout a building. In the home, this facility can have a unique function as an electronic baby-sitter. That is to say, a camera can be installed in the nursery and wired to your audio-video system. Then, by flicking a switch, you can observe what's going on from your easy chair. A nice substitute, perhaps, for the commercials on late-TV viewing?

How to make a scene
(that everybody will love you for)

a. With this Sony TV camera you can film almost any scene

b. Record it in both sight and sound with this Sony video tape deck

c. See and hear it on this large screen Sony monitor/receiver

Total cost of this Sony TV Studio $1340

It's as simple as A, B, C to enjoy this year's most enjoyable product, the home video tape recorder. You can produce instant movies in sound of memorable family events. Tape TV programs off the air. The compact, low cost Sony Videocorder® has hundreds of uses in business and education.

You can enjoy an hour's video tape for less than the cost of an hour of processed black & white film. There's no processing cost and you can erase and use the tape over and over again. It's instant movies in sound. This instant visit your Sony Videocorder dealer or write for details. The Videocorder is the only quality, low-priced video tape recorder available for immediate delivery. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, L.I.C., N.Y. 11101

Products pictured above include: **A.** VCK-2000 Camera ensemble (solid-state camera, microphone, tripod) $350. **B.** CV-2000D Videocorder deck, compact video tape recorder in handsome walnut-finish cabinet, $695. **C.** Model CVM-2300U 22" (measured diagonally) monitor/receiver, $295. *The Videocorder is not to be used to record copyrighted materials. Prices suggested list.*

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ADVERTISING INDEX

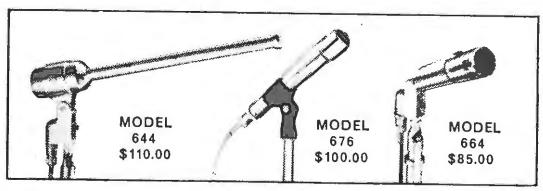
How does this 7 FOOT MONSTER help you to better tape recordings?

The giant microphone shown here is the biggest microphone in captivity! The Model 643 is also the most directional microphone sold today. It helped E-V win the first Academy Award for microphone design in 22 years.

But beyond this, the 643 has been one of our most effective field research tools, offering a far-reaching insight into the nature of directional microphones, and their applications.

An obvious result of 643 research is our unique Model 644. Same E-V Cardiline™ principle*, but only 16 inches long. It reaches up to twice as far as any other general purpose unidirectional microphone to give you better long distance pickups than were dreamed possible a few years ago.

And this same basic research stimulated the development of our new Model 676 cardioid microphone. It uses the Continuously Variable-D® cardioid principle (a creative development from our exclusive Variable-D patent*) to provide smoother cardioid action—in a smaller unit—than any other comparable model.



But let's not ignore the most popular cardioid microphone of all, the Model 664. Here's where the Variable-D principle got its start. And since the introduction of our seven foot laboratory, the 664 has been further refined to offer better value and performance than ever before.

From such startling microphones as the 643, come continuing basic improvements — and the tools you need to significantly improve your tape recordings. Only E-V provides this kind of design leadership. With an E-V microphone you have a big head start toward better sound. After all, we're at least seven feet ahead of everybody else!

Model 643, $1,560.00. Normal trade discounts apply on list prices shown.

*Cardiline Patent No. 3095084. Variable-D® Patent No. 3115207

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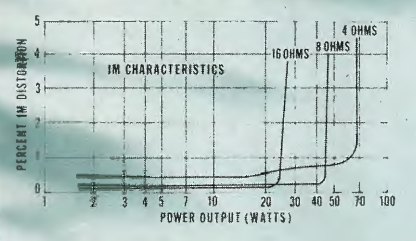
"WE HAVE COME TO EXPECT HIGH PERFORMANCE FROM SHERWOOD and...

the S-8800 did not let us down. The tuner section, with its high sensitivity and very low distortion, is among the best in the business—clean and responsive. FM Stereo comes in loud and clear and, as the curves plotted at CBS Labs show, with very ample separation. The usual increase in distortion, when switching from mono to stereo in receivers, was in this set just about negligible. We would say that Sherwood has come up here with another typically 'hot' front end that makes FM listening a sheer joy.

"As for the amplifier . . . comparing the results with the specifications, it is apparent that the S-8800 does provide the power it claims, and this—for a popularly priced combination set—is considerable. A glance at the IM curves, for instance, shows how much power the S-8800 will furnish before it runs into any serious distortion problem at all three impedences. . . . For rated power bandwidth distortion of 1%, the curve ran below and above the normal 20 to 20 kHz band; and the 1-watt frequency response was virtually a straight line in this area, being down by 2.5db at 40 kHz—fine figures for a receiver . . .

"Those heavy percussion and crisp castanets will come through with just about all the *con brio* the performers have put into them."

*As appeared in HIGH FIDELITY Magazine Equipment Reports by CBS Labs. November 1966 issue.



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