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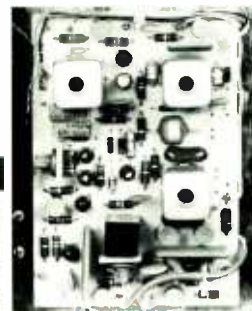
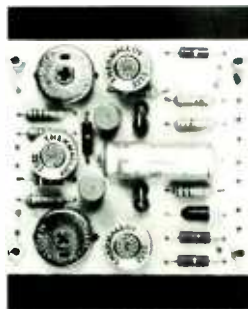


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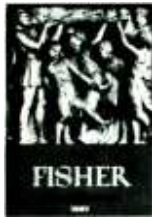
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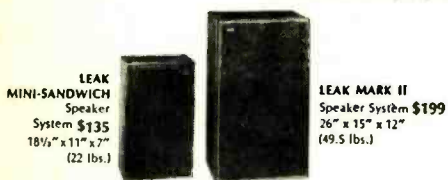
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Popular Improvements

SIR:

Congratulations on the two major editorial changes in your December issue. It is good to be able to read Gene Lees in HIGH FIDELITY and I am delighted that you are at last putting increased emphasis on popular music.

The changes in your tape-review format provide welcome additional information. For reel users like myself, the inclusion of tape numbers with record reviews is particularly handy for quick reference to a recording about to appear in reel-to-reel form. Separate reviews of tapes never did make much sense to me—after all, the performance remains exactly the same as on the disc edition.

Charles H. Henrie
Bloomsburg, Penna.

Further Wagnerian Thoughts

SIR:

I enjoyed tremendously the fascinating November 1965 issue devoted to Wagner. The article "The Phantom of the Festspielhaus" was excellent and I agree almost wholly with the late Wieland Wagner's theories. Although the discography of your A-plus critic Conrad L. Osborne was also a grand piece of work, I have just one suggestion for him (I know I'm only thirteen and probably shouldn't be telling informed adults what to do, but . . .): please don't overstress the importance of historical Wagner recordings when judging today's singers.

In comparison with Jon Vickers' performance of the *Walküre* Act I finale, I find Melchior rather bland and artless—even tasteless in a few places. When I listen to Vickers' "Nothing! Nothing! *Neidliches Stahl!*" and then his fabulous "aus der Scheide, zu mir!" (with an exciting crescendo and break on "mir"), I come away exalted—I'm in Hunding's hut and can really see the sword shine! But with Melchior I'm only listening to another performance.

I hope Mr. Osborne will not be indignant—I still have the utmost respect for his reviews. Perhaps the negative effect of Melchior's performance could partially result from the way Toscanini conducts, which is too fast at the end, or from the recorded sound, which is atrocious even for 1941.

David S. Deveau
Acton, Mass.

SIR:

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Osborne's plea that the superb 78-rpm recordings by Lauritz Melchior be re-

issued. Surely Melchior is as great a singer as Caruso or Gigli and much of the material they recorded is readily available.

Is it possible that Odyssey, Columbia's new budget label, will feature Melchior's Columbia recordings? And, hopefully, the best of the 78-rpm recordings by Traubel, Pons, Steber, and Kirsten, all of which are currently reposing in the limbo of Columbia's vaults?

Jim Cartwright
Denton, Texas

Further Osbornian Thoughts

SIR:

Perhaps your man Mr. Osborne should not be subjected to reviewing *bel canto* opera recordings. His reviews of *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Semiramide* (January 1967), two once popular works that were more or less stifled by Wagner and superseded by Verdi, show not the slightest instinct for the forms, the aesthetic intentions, the achievements of these works. Mr. Osborne finds *Semiramide* an example of "phony grandeur, ridiculous contrivance, and people 'bringing down the house.'" On the other hand, he can run on and on for endless reams about the music dramas of Richard Wagner.

Isn't HIGH FIDELITY guilty of reviving a tiresome, hundred-year-old heresy in putting newly revived Donizetti and Rossini recordings into Osbornian hands? After being deprived of the pleasures of this music for so long, are we to see it crushed out *again* because it doesn't sound like Waltraute's Narrative? Some of us find *Semiramide* a masterpiece, a final, unerring summation of the florid style, a beautiful, pure music that asks nothing of significance and everything of technique.

Far from feeling, as your learned critic does, that listeners ought to wait for London to release a single record of highlights, I feel outraged that the London recording of *Semiramide* is so brutally cut. It ought to have been done on four records instead of three, with all the wonderful music for the tenor and the second soprano (Azema) restored. But with critics like Mr. Osborne in the ascendency, the Rossinians must be grateful for what they get. I, at least, am willing to forgive London for slicing up *Semiramide* if it will turn its attention now to *La Donna del Lago* and *Otello*.

David Johnson
New York, N.Y.

SIR:

Conrad L. Osborne's review of London's *Semiramide* is only too typical of what can pass as a meaningful analysis of a recorded operatic performance nowadays. One reads that the reading of the overture is "soggy," that the recording "shuffles," and, worse yet, that Joan Sutherland's singing is "gummy" and "mealy-mouthed!" This sort of writing is a downright ludicrous use of nonmusical terms to describe musical situations.

One might also suggest that Mr. Osborne read the libretto before he passes

Continued on page 8

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LETTERS

Continued from page 6

off Miss Sutherland's rendition of "Bel raggio" as "limp." If by "limp" Mr. Osborne refers to the lack of "fire and thrust" in Miss Sutherland's performance, I suggest that he read the text of "Bel raggio"—which calls for no more fire and thrust than Marguerite's "Il était un roi de Thulé," an aria of similar mood and content. If this is the sort of workmanship we can expect from a critic of Mr. Osborne's stature, then something is rotten in the state of record reviews.

Wayne Johns
Carlisle, Penna.

SIR:

Having read every review by Conrad L. Osborne of the major recordings of Joan Sutherland, I find the praise considerably outweighed by the criticism. While there's a lot to be said for constructive criticism, it would seem that Mr. Osborne's reviews have been more along the lines of harping than anything else. Certainly 100 per cent rave reviews would tend to become tedious but between this and Mr. Osborne's critiques there would seem to be a satisfactory middle ground. If Mr. Osborne is unhappy with Miss Sutherland as a performer, perhaps someone else should be found to review her future recordings.

Patric Schmid
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Osborne replies: Our "bel canto" enthusiasts are guilty of the very error of which they accuse me—a blanket judgment (in their case favorable) of the entire early nineteenth-century romantic aesthetic. No one bothering to re-read my earlier reviews (I have just done it—a delightful evening's occupation!) can accuse me of an anti-Donizetti/Rossini bias: vide, just to cite an example or two, my opinions on Mosè, or Cambiale di matrimonio, or Linda di Chamounix, or the complete Lucia. But our correspondents' cause is hardly served by simple-minded enthusing over each new piece brought to light. Donizetti's Il Campanello, for example, is a delightful one-act comedy; Betly, a companion piece, is a wretched potboiler. Mosè, Tell, and, to a lesser extent, Otello, are impressive works; by comparison, Semiramide is a hunk of exhibitionistic dross. To maintain that they are all of equal importance and merit is no more sensible than to maintain that all the early operas of Verdi equal the best of Macbeth.

Beyond this, the Messrs. Johnson, Johns, and Schmid offer some interesting ideas of critical premises and processes. Somewhere out of the depths of Tovey or J. W. N. Sullivan, Mr. Johns has dragged the discredited proposition that one may not apply nonmusical terms to musical works. But readings of overtures can most certainly be "soggy," and singing can assuredly be "gummy" and "mealy mouthed": short of extended technical analysis (of the sort which would be suffered only by another critic or singer), such terms constitute our only

means of description. And regardless of the mood and content of a piece, the singing of it must never be limp. I think my review makes it clear enough that my comments about "thrust and fire" apply to Miss Sutherland's singing on the set as a whole, and not to the "Bel raggio."

Mr. Johnson and I agree on two points: 1) that the music of Semiramide "asks nothing of significance" (hear, hear!); 2) that London ought to have given it a more thorough presentation, so that the work might at least make its own case. If the "heresy" of which he accuses me is that of considering the operas of Verdi and Wagner as superior, on the whole, to those of Rossini and Donizetti, I plead guilty. Mozart's are superior to Paisiello's, too, which does not mean that there is nothing worth hearing in Paisiello, but only that we should preserve a semblance of perspective in our judgments.

As for Mr. Schmid, he simply feels that Miss Sutherland's recordings ought to be reviewed by someone who likes them better than I. An extraordinary basis for criticism, and there isn't much one can say, beyond the fact that it is of course true that singers like Miss Sutherland, of conceded importance and expertise, may sometimes unconsciously be judged by a standard one would not apply to performers whose gifts are more slender. Perhaps that is a grave injustice, but it seems fair enough to me.

Janáček's Greatest

SIR:

I recently saw Leoš Janáček's opera *The Makropoulos Case* at the San Francisco Opera. The performance was one of the greatest theatrical and musical experiences of my life and, all partisanship aside, I think San Francisco and the Opera's general manager, Kurt Herbert Adler, deserve hearty congratulations for presenting this magnificent opera for the first time in America.

To my knowledge there is no available recording of the opera. Can't somebody—EMI or London perhaps—be persuaded to tape the work with Marie Collier? Her interpretation of Emilia Marty, the opera's 342-year-old heroine, is a brilliant vocal characterization.

John C. Lewis
San Rafael, Calif.

Program Makers

SIR:

Had cartridge tape recordings been included in your January editorial ["The LP as Program Maker"] the discussion could have been carried on for days. The way tape cartridges are programmed at present, a listener has to sit through the entire tape or else. Attempting to find any particular selection on a tape presents problems too annoying even to begin to solve; changing from an unfinished tape to a fresh tape results in a situation similar to arriving late at the opera; and catching the end of the tape

Continued on page 12

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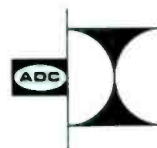
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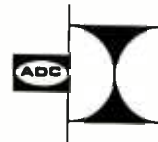
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CIRCLE 76 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 8

before it starts all over again is a pain. My lovely turntable keeps revolving and the tone arm waits patiently for me, no matter how long it takes me to come to the rescue.

None of the cartridges I have includes any program notes whatsoever; and with the contents listed only on the cartridge itself, one is at a complete loss. I have a tape of two guitar concertos unfamiliar to me and I still don't know which is which. Tapes almost need an announcer.

*Don E. Manning
Chicago, Ill.*

Sir:

Please allow this experienced collector to take issue with the following phrase of your January editorial: "After all, it is not really very difficult to raise a pickup and lower it to another band. . . ." *provided* that you are playing a Columbia, Capitol, London, or Vox pressing of the late 40s or early 50s.

Why must the scrolls separating the tracks of present-day recital LPs be so very, very narrow? Our turntable is on an end table next to the divan and under a strong lamp; but it takes the firm hand and strong nerves of a younger person than myself to lower the needle into those tiny separating bands.

Name withheld by request

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?

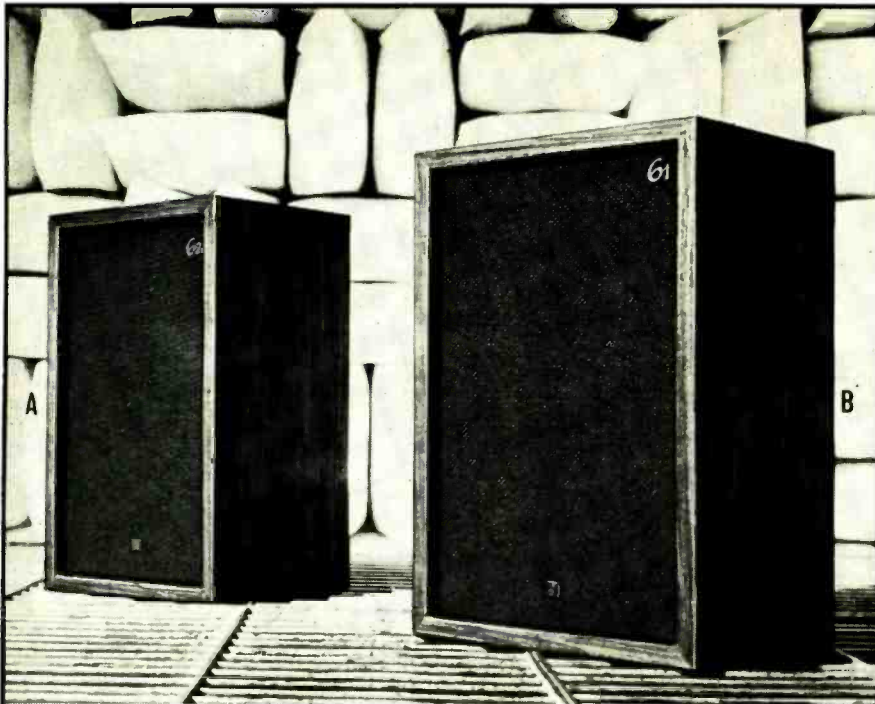
*Rudley M. Smith
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

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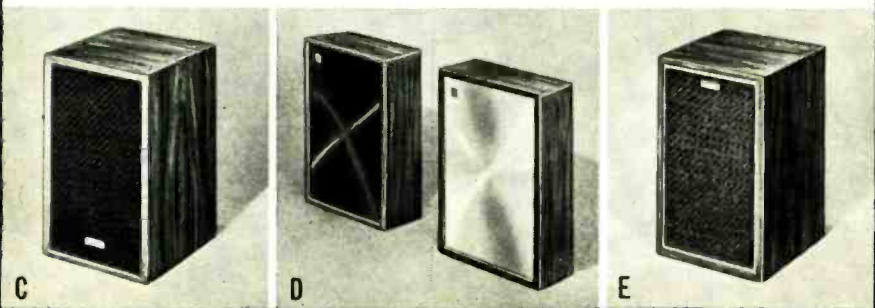
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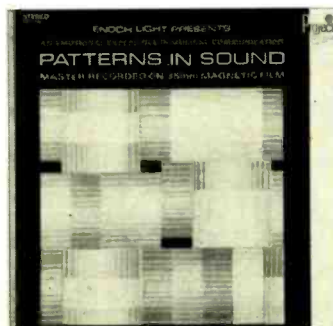


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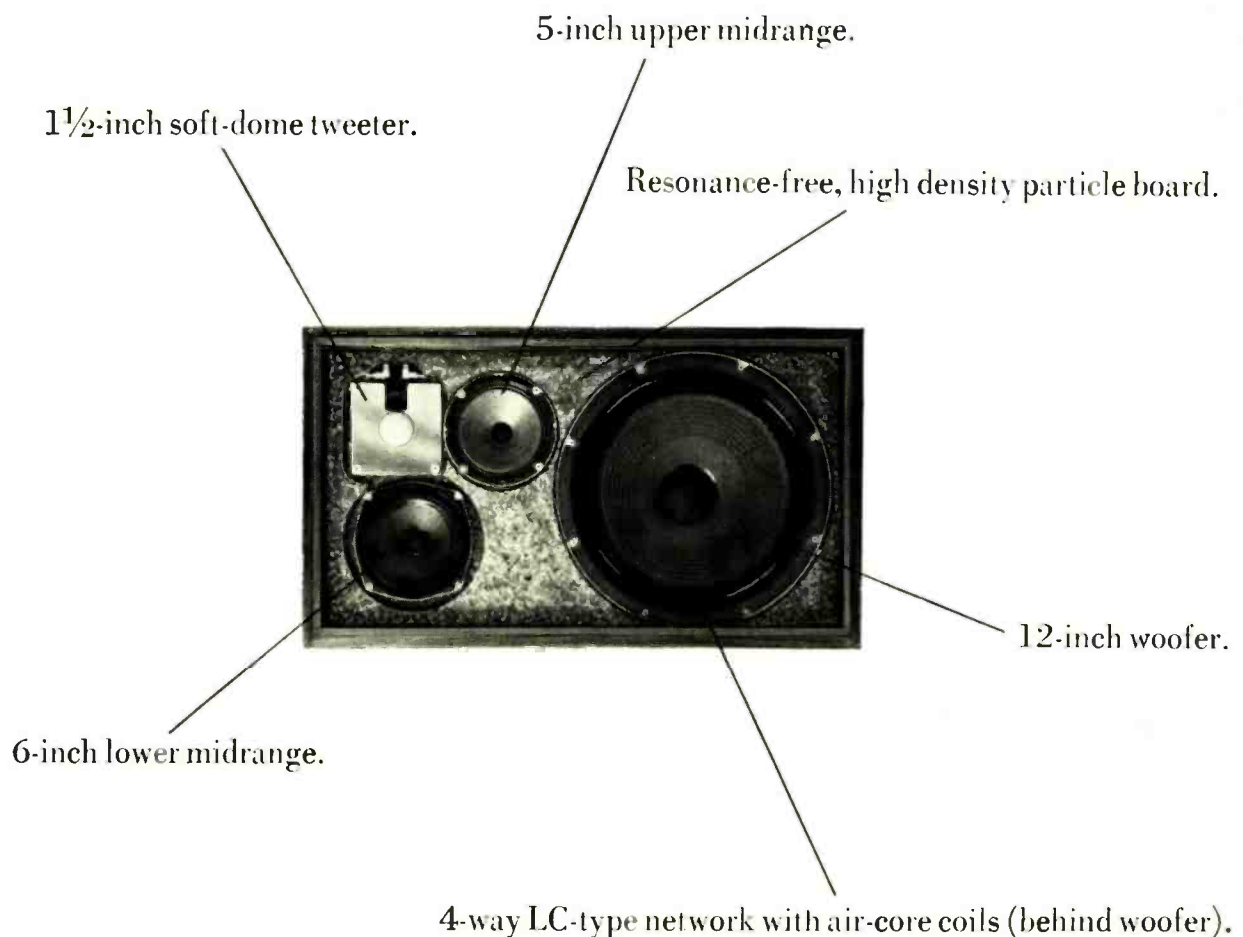
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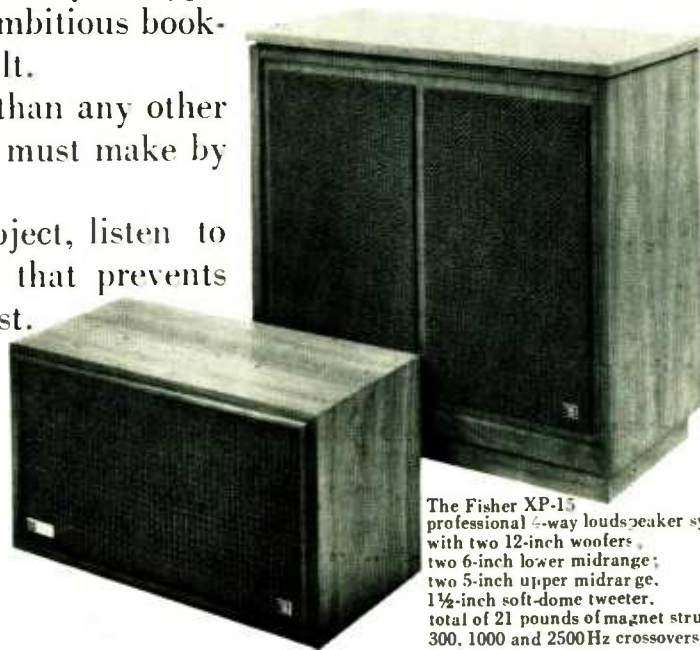
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NOTES

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



A NEW RING EN ROUTE— KARAJAN'S WALKUERE

BERLIN

Recording companies are generally hospitable to the press, but for its Karajan *Walküre* Deutsche Grammophon really outdid itself. DGG's main office in Hamburg brought fifteen journalists from various distant points in Europe to Berlin, put them up at the Ambassador, gave them tickets to Karajan's concert performance of the Bruckner Eighth with the Berlin Philharmonic, invited them to the final *Walküre* recording session the next morning, then wined and dined them at a luncheon attended by members of the cast.

Living in Berlin, I missed out on the junket aspects of the event, but as compensation I got admitted to a number of sessions, rather than just the final morning's work on Wotan's farewell. On several days, sitting up in the choir loft of Berlin-Dahlem's Jesus-Christus-Kirche and facing Karajan with his podium up near the pulpit, I reflected that more than a common profession binds together orchestra men of all nations, for looking down I could see what the conductor could not: some of the musicians with long stretches of rests had placed alongside their Wagner a magazine or a tabloid newspaper; one wind player had seemingly lost himself in an article about Sean Connery bearing the huge headline ZERO-ZERO-SEX. When I returned to the same vantage point with all my foreign colleagues at the official visiting session, such little touches of peripheral color had somehow entirely disappeared.

The project had begun months before and had proceeded one act at a time, with Régine Crespin as Brünnhilde, Jon Vickers as Siegmund, Josephine Veasey as Fricka, Thomas Stewart as Wotan, Gundula Janowitz as Sieglinde, and Martti Talvela as Hunding. Actually this recording marks the first completed step towards the new Easter festival which Karajan will inaugurate this year in Salzburg; all the singers on the recording will participate at Salzburg, but the live performances there will have complete double casting. To cut down rehearsal time at the festival, once all the high-priced talent has been assembled there, Karajan will have

Continued on page 18

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 16

all his soloists provided with copies of the Berlin tapes in advance, for study purposes. He will also make a film about the Salzburg production of *Walküre*. Audiences emerging from Salzburg's Festspielhaus will be able to buy DGG's discs of those tapes, hot off the presses. So will New York audiences later, when the entire Salzburg production (with one change: Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde) reassembles at the Met later in the year.

Cool Is the Word. No two ways about it, Karajan at work presents a fascinating spectacle. In a black jersey, slacks, and loafers, waiting to give a downbeat, his baton seems to grow out of his right hand and his arms extend as elegantly relaxed as the blades of a parked helicopter. Even in the most vehement moments of a Wagnerian climax, one can see that he conducts without tensing most of the muscles involved in his movements. I have no doubt that this rare control of energy expended does much to explain how he can maintain his staggering schedule—and how, at fifty-eight, he looks, moves, and acts like a man many, many years younger.

He seemed to enjoy switching from language to language in dealing with his polyglot forces, and his own personality seemed to change with each shift, dropping one complex of inflections and gestures to take on another one according to the language employed. With Mme. Crespin, of course, who had on scarlet wool stockings, he spoke French. Late one day I heard him—he had just listened to a brief playback—remark to her, quite offhandedly, "Incidentally, I need another Ho-yo-to-ho from you." Just as casually, Mme. Crespin shrugged, said "*Bon.*" and mounted to the choir loft. With Karajan, beneath, back on his podium, and with the entire Berlin Philharmonic between conductor and singer, a Brünnhilde's battle cry was produced such as one hears only rarely indeed. Mme. Crespin seemed to enjoy letting go, aware that she had no more singing to do until next morning. At the end she announced contentedly, "*Je suis morte.*" took her score, and disappeared.

That final morning, Karajan, all smiles and charm, met for an unhurried chat with the press, talking mainly of the forthcoming Easter festival, after which we left him and went to hear a few tapes. A few minutes later Karajan breezed in in a breezy tweed jacket, said good-bye to some, blew a kiss or two to others, descended the church steps, and with the young conductor Claudio Abbado whom he'd collected en route got into a chauffeured car. An aide frowned at his watch, shook his head, and said, "His plane takes off in forty-five minutes"—but one somehow felt no doubt that he would make it.

PAUL MOOR

Continued on page 22

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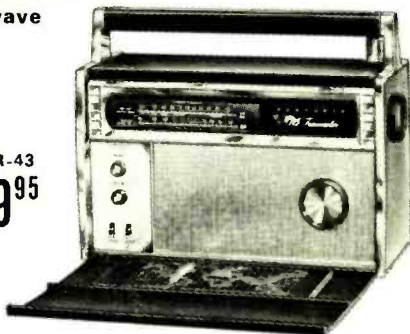
C Silhouette Solid-Body Guitar . . . 2 Pickups

Modified double cutaway leaves 15 frets clear of body; ultra-slim fingerboard — 24 1/4" scale; ultra-slim neck for "uniform-feel"; Torque-Lok adjustable reinforcing rod; 2 pickups with individually adjustable pole-pieces under each string; 4 controls for tone and volume; Harmony type "W" vibrato tailpiece; hardwood solid body, 1 1/2" rim, shaded cherry red. 13 lbs.

D "Rocket" Guitar . . . 2 Pickups . . . Hollow Body Design

Single cutaway style; ultra-slim fingerboard; ultra-slim neck, steel rod reinforced; 2 pickups with individually adjustable pole-pieces for each string; silent switch selects 3 combinations of pickups; 4 controls for tone and volume; Harmony type "W" vibrato tailpiece; laminated maple arched body, 2" rim, shaded cherry red. 17 lbs.

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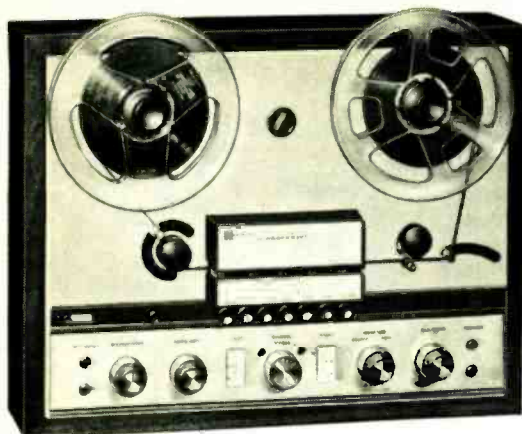


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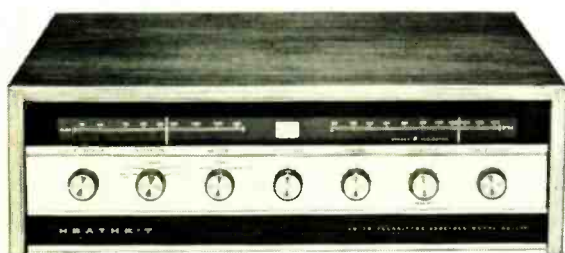


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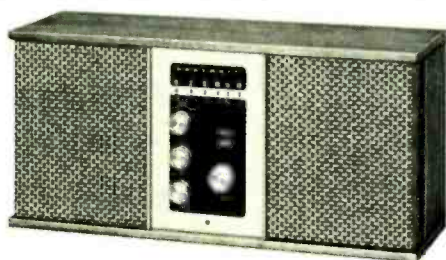
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Kit GR-36
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Kit AS-16
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Handles 10 to 25 watts of program material. Features wide 45 to 20,000 Hz response; 8" acoustic suspension woofer with 6.8 oz. magnet; 3½" tweeter with 4.8 oz. magnet; high frequency level control; 8 ohm impedance; 1500 Hz crossover frequency; assembled walnut veneer cabinet has scratch-proof clear vinyl covering for easy cleaning. Measures 10" H x 19" W x 8½" D. Speakers are already mounted; just wire the crossover and connect cables — complete in one or two hours! 17 lbs.



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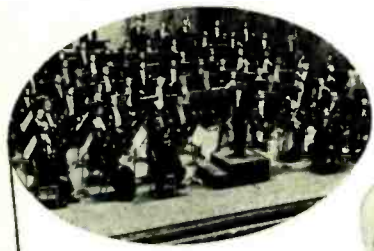
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CIRCLE 65 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 18



Barbirolli Does Brahms In the Musikverein

"With a conductor of Barbirolli's stature up in front, no player will be satisfied with merely doing his duty. You just can't help throwing yourself into making music." These words were spoken by Walter Weller, the Vienna Philharmonic's concertmaster and first violinist of the Quartet whose name appears on a number of Decca/London recordings. We were seated in a control room in the Vienna Musikverein, having just listened to a playback of the first movement of Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

The sessions for this first of a projected EMI series of Brahms's orchestral recordings were being held midway between a West German tour Sir John had just made with the Hallé and a visit to Prague, Warsaw, Leningrad, and Moscow on which he was about to embark with the BBC Symphony. From the moment work began (just a few days after the conductor's sixty-seventh birthday, incidentally) it was apparent that this recording would be far from a routine operation. Sir John insisted on attention to the most minute details, gave specific bowing instructions to the string players, adjusted the balance of the various orchestral sections with the utmost care, and even borrowed a cello from one of the players to demonstrate a bar or two himself. And the more demanding the leader, the more responsive the men seemed to become.

The Sine Qua Non. The orchestra's respect for Barbirolli's craftsmanship was quite clear—perhaps in particular that of the string players. Indeed, a long-time dedication to chamber music, and especially that for strings, provides a clue to the Barbirolli style. While he himself refuses to define that style ("I assure you I don't know in which way my movements and gestures contribute to the sound that emerges from the orchestra—and I'm firmly convinced a conductor is born, not made"), he does agree that his emphasis on the cleanliness of the strings, as the nucleus of the orchestra, has a good deal to do with the effects he achieves. He says, in fact, that he'd make training as a string quartet player obligatory for aspiring conductors.

This attitude probably explains too the very close working relationship between Sir John and Ronald Kinloch Anderson, who was in charge of EMI's recording crew here. At one time a member of the Robert Masters Piano Quartet, Mr. Anderson is described by Sir John as "a fine musician whose critical judgment is to be completely relied upon." Apparently, a Barbirolli curricu-

Continued on page 24

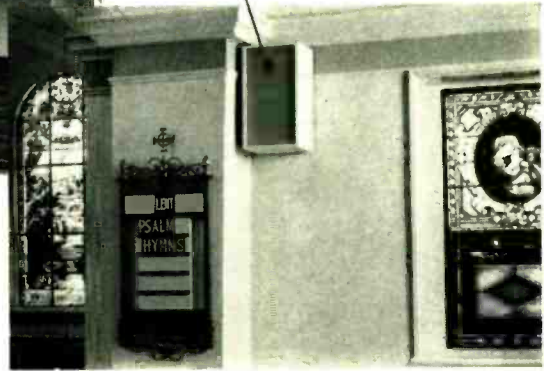


AR-2^x's

COURTESY AEOLIAN-SKINNER ORGAN COMPANY

The AR-2^x loudspeakers marked by arrows—there are 16 in all—are part of a synthetic reverberation system installed by the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company in St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C. This system corrects building acoustics that are too "dead" for music.

Listeners are not even aware of the speakers (which simulate normal hall reflections), since the sound of the organ and chorus is completely natural. AR speakers were chosen by Aeolian-Skinner because of their full range, undistorted bass, absence of false coloration, and reliability.



AR INC.

SPEAKERS ARE USED PROFESSIONALLY WHERE LIVE MUSIC IS THE IMMEDIATE REFERENCE—BUT THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR THE HOME.

AR-3

Folk singer Phil Ochs, sitting on the stage of Boston's Jordan Hall, checks Elektra's master tape for a concert album he has recorded there. The tape will become Elektra record EKS-7310, (mono EKL-310) "Phil Ochs in Concert."

The artist and recording staff must listen for technical as well as musical quality, and therefore require loudspeakers that provide the most natural sound possible—no bass where there shouldn't be any, no "speaker sound." AR-3's are used.

AR speakers are \$51 to \$225. A catalog of AR products—speakers and turntables—will be sent free on request.



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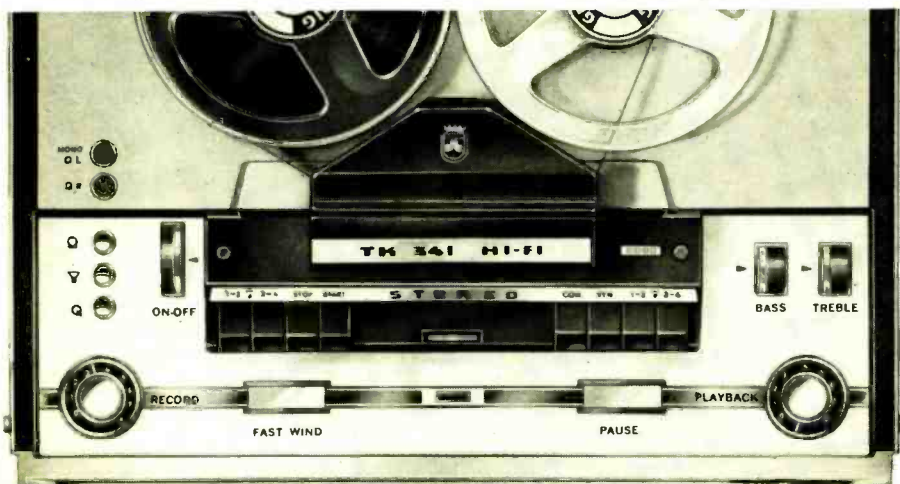
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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 22

lum for recording directors would also require a chamber music course.

Direct Descent. After the completion of the Brahms Second there was time left for the taping of the *Academic Festival Overture* and someone was dispatched to the Vienna Philharmonic's archives room to bring a score for the conductor. It was noticed that Sir John kept staring at the first page, on which were inscribed the dates of past performances and the names of the men who had led them. Suddenly he looked up, obviously moved: "It's right here... the very first conductor to perform this Overture in this hall with this orchestra was Hans Richter." (Richter, of course, first established the Hallé as an orchestra of top rank, and Sir John regards him as his most distinguished predecessor.) The visitor from Manchester handled the Vienna Philharmonic's eighty-five-year-old score almost caressingly.

KURT BLAUKOPF

LONDON

CBS's New Look— Boulez in Britain

CBS's interest in acquiring "a European image"—very welcome on this side of the Atlantic—was demonstrated recently by its recording here of several Debussy orchestral works with Pierre Boulez conducting. There was novelty all round. The sessions were Boulez's first in London. The orchestra was neither the BBC Symphony nor the London Symphony (both of which Boulez has often led) but the New Philharmonia, making its debut recording for CBS. The hall was new too. Instead of the usual locales at Kingsway, Walthamstow, or Watford, CBS had chosen the Barking Assembly Hall ten miles to the east of London.

I took for poetic license the statement of CBS record producer Tom Shepard that the place had not been much used for recording "since Edison," but in fact the only sessions anybody knew anything about had been held a number of years ago. Surprising really, for once engineer Helmuth Kolbe had got his microphones properly placed the sound came over cleanly and with atmosphere. Microphone placement was not a major problem as it happened. There was the violins' demand that the stage curtains be drawn (a draft down the back of their necks, they said), to which Kolbe was reluctant to give in—remembering no doubt that the notorious counterparts at Walthamstow have spelled "curtains" in more senses than one for some projects. And the facilities (rarely lavish in municipally owned halls) were even more cramped than usual. There was not even a separate room to serve as a control booth, and Kolbe had to have it set up

Continued on page 26

AR Extends Turntable Guarantee From 1 to 3 Years



AR TURNTABLE GETS ITS FINAL TESTS: Operator checks each AR turntable as it comes off the production line. Turntables must conform to professional NAB Standards for rumble, wow, flutter, speed accuracy, and speed regulation in order to pass.

Increase Applies Retroactively to Present Owners

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

Covers All Repair Costs

The new guarantee, like the old one, covers all repair costs plus U.S. freight charges to and from the factory and a new carton when necessary. AR turn-

tables are guaranteed to meet NAB specifications for professional broadcast equipment on rumble, wow, flutter, and speed accuracy.

Move Criticized

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

Speaker Guarantee Extended to 5 Years in 1961

In 1961 the AR speaker guarantee, which has the same features as the turntable guarantee,

was also extended retroactively to its present five years. Mr. Allison pointed out that here, too, the increase of protection was meaningful, since the return rate of most AR speaker models over the 5-year life of the guarantee is almost one per cent.

The price of the 2-speed AR turntable—\$78 including an oiled walnut base and transparent dust cover—remains the same.

This isn't a real newspaper clipping, but the extended guarantee is entirely real.

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

CREDITING BOYCOTT

Continued From

requiring him to file a return on which he would pay special session taxes.

It is generally expected that some kind of a base, probably a sales and income tax, will be enacted.

The Governor, T. Tiemann, said he is expected to introduce a tax bill which calls for a special low-rate income tax.

The current law provides \$2 million from the general fund, the state million for retirement funds for park building and of Agriculture for new uses.

This is a percentage of the total amount of taxes, including income, cigarette, and insurance.

Tax Increase In

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First, the 62's aluminum cone is very light, absolutely rigid yet freely suspended, following the audio signal with great accuracy thus providing better transient response, better attack and recovery characteristics.

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CIRCLE 52 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 24

in the foyer opening directly off the hall. The hall itself is exactly square, but on the whole this proved an advantage, with the instruments well spaced while within good winking distance of the conductor.

Atmosphere and Analysis. Shepard was specially pleased when, in rehearsing *La Mer*, Boulez's feelings about balance exactly duplicated those of Kolbe at the control panel. There were, of course, minor adjustments as the session progressed. "Could we have a little more tone at the beginning?" asked Shepard when Boulez's idea of an opening *pianissimo* proved a mere whisper. Boulez resisted in the nicest possible way (his radiant good will has to be seen to be believed), and his remarks gave a clue to his whole approach to the work. "For me it is important," he said, "that one does not really hear the music when it begins." Then, fearing (wrongly) that his English had been misunderstood, he added, "One has no sense of the beginning."

And one didn't—rather, the sound seemed simply to well up into one's consciousness. Conducting with the flat of the hand as if working out some complicated new swimming strokes, he charmed the players from the start. The New Philharmonia and Boulez had played *La Mer* together in a recent television performance, but it was as though they had known each other many years. The strings, smoother and more flexible than those of rival British orchestras, drew the conductor's special praise. "They respond as one instrument," he said, and certainly on this occasion the players' long experience of working in the recording studio (before the "New" was added to their name) seemed to be paying off.

The takes were long—as far as possible complete movements—in line with Boulez's insistence that the evocative side of Debussy's music should have proper expression. He did not hesitate, however, to analyze the playbacks in the most minute detail, and to explain fully the specific modifications he wanted made in subsequent takes. I remembered what he had told me on an earlier occasion when I had asked about the famed precision of his ear. He then gave as illustration his preparation of a 12-tone Schoenberg orchestral work. He would prefer never to have heard it before, he said, and certainly he would always avoid hearing a recorded performance first. Yet in rehearsal, he claimed without suspicion of boasting, he would be able at any point in any chord to pick out any instrument playing inaccurately, say an oboe or clarinet a semitone out. That same phenomenal power of aural analysis he applied to the Debussy—admittedly less taxing than a Schoenberg work—and this without ever seeming to fuss or upset the essential mood.

The other Debussy works to complete the record are *L'Après-midi d'un faune* and *Jeux*. Boulez's next engagement in

London for CBS will be with the BBC Symphony this spring, when it is planned to record Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, Stravinsky's *Firebird* Suite, and Berg's Chamber Concerto. Later in the year Boulez will have some sessions with the London Symphony.

EMI's Elgar. EMI's most recent major project has been a first complete recording of Elgar's secular cantata *The Music Makers*, to the poem of O'Shaughnessy. It is a rarely played work nowadays even in England but, as EMI has demonstrated with a number of issues recently, it is possible to have commercial as well as artistic success with rare Elgar. Certainly the number of public requests for the work has been amazing. Sir Adrian Boult, who conducted for Menuhin's new account of the Elgar Violin Concerto, also directed *The Music Makers* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. The contralto soloist is Janet Baker, an automatic choice after her success in the Barbirolli versions of *Sea Pictures* and *The Dream of Gerontius*.

Other EMI sessions have been with the Melos Ensemble. A Schumann rarity, his *Fairy Tales* for clarinet, violin, and piano, will be coupled with a Weber trio not yet recorded. A Poulenc coupling, already taped, will include a trio and his Sonata for Clarinet and Bassoon, while sessions on Janáček have included the Concertino, *Mladi*, and a piano suite, *In the Mist*, played by Lamar Crowson.

Argo's Maw. Another rarity but a work that could well achieve wide currency through a recording is the First String Quartet of Nicholas Maw. It has just been recorded for Argo by the Aeolian Quartet, and marks Maw's first major appearance in the record lists. In idiom Maw is comparatively conservative, but the word to emphasize here is "comparatively"; in this quartet—an intensive single-movement structure lasting nearly forty minutes—it is what he says rather than how he says it that compels attention. There is no self-consciousness whatever, no sense of a young man putting on a cloak too heavy for him, when the seriousness and purposefulness of the writing echoes late Beethoven. Plainly the repeated hearings made possible by a record will enable us to tell whether initial impressions are right.

At the sessions in Decca/London's Hampstead studio Maw worked in close collaboration with the recording manager, Michael Bremner, and with the players themselves. His comments were often exacting, and the Aeolian players responded with warm understanding, their job made no easier by the very texture of the writing, which allowed tape cuts in a very limited number of places. Coupled with this long work will be a quartet by another young composer, Hugh Wood. The record is being sponsored by the British Council.

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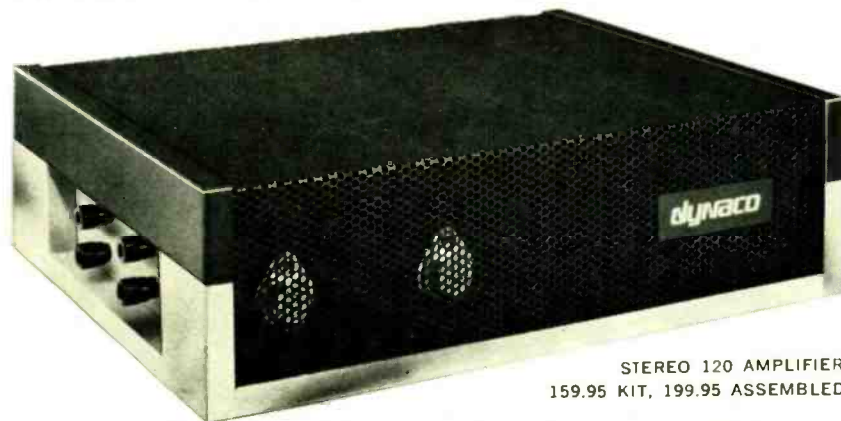
Our sole concern is sonic perfection. We don't follow the herd in engineering, styling or promotion. Fads, status and "revolutionary new sounds" never enter our planning. We avoid regular model changes and the planned obsolescence they engender. We take the extra time to do things **right the first time**. That probably ex-

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CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

VIDEO TAPE INVADES THE WORLD OF OPERA

VIDIOTAPE has moved up from football games to grand opera as a training tool. Boris Goldovsky, operatic stage-director, producer, and teacher, now uses "instant playback" via a compact Ampex videotape recorder which permits his pupils to see themselves as others see them and benefit by the experience.

Director of the Goldovsky Opera Institute for promising young artists, Goldovsky had noticed that when the singers of his Opera Theater viewed video tape re-runs of their performances on local television stations, they became acutely aware of their weak points. This led to the thought that a videotape recorder would be a valuable aid in teaching operatic acting. Since the Ampex VR-7000 records pictures and sound on the same tape, they are perfectly synchronized for immediate or repeated playback through a television set.

Goldovsky first tried video training at the Oglebay Institute in Wheeling, West Virginia, last August. He also plans to use the VTR "to show our pupils video tapes made by successful opera singers. The students' own performances of these very same scenes will be videotaped and played back immediately to permit a comparison and an evaluation."

Some tapes will include comments by Goldovsky, analyzing in detail what his pupils are seeing. Recording of these demonstrations has already begun at Goldovsky's "Studio 95" in Carnegie Hall. Nancy Williams, of the Metropolitan Opera Association, and Ronald Holgate, well-known star of numerous Broadway musicals, have both made instructional video tapes for Goldovsky's training program.



Opera trainees Carolyn Kimball, left, and Marylyn Mulvey study replay on Ampex VTR while instructor Boris Goldovsky analyzes a performance.



General Electric's Stereo Library comes in a long low console; plays up to 27 hours continuous tape.

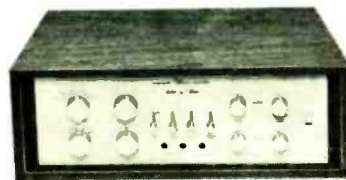
AUTOMATION, AUDIO DIVISION

WOULD YOU LIKE to be able to play your records or tapes without first having to remove them from your shelves? General Electric and Seeburg (the jukebox manufacturer) have each announced storage/playback/programming systems, the one for tapes, the other for discs. GE's unit, the GE Stereo Library, handles more than twenty-seven hours of continuous tape programming, about the time it would take to play all the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky—or 540 three-minute pop tunes. The long, low console has eighty-one two-track tape channels, each of which plays for twenty-two minutes. You can run them in succession or dial any desired program. In addition to this unusual tape setup, the Stereo Library contains a turntable, an AM/FM stereo receiver, two microphones, and speaker systems. The anticipated "average retail price" is \$1,300.

Seeburg's Select-O-Matic Record Playing Mechanism, currently being simplified and modified for use as a component in a home stereo system, was originally developed for the Seeburg Stereo Music Centre, a background music system replete with a stereo amplifier and speakers. Stripped of these, the mechanism is expected to sell around the \$500 mark. It accommodates and



Marantz components are too good for most people.



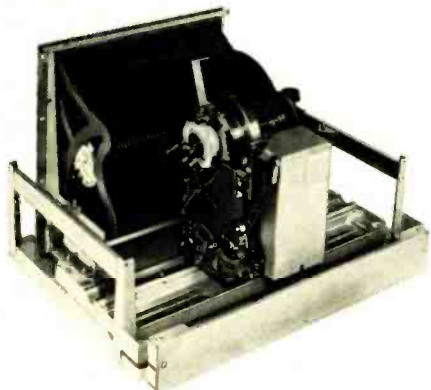
Are you one of the exceptions? For the most astonishing set of specifications you've ever read, write "Exceptions," Marantz, Inc., 37-04 57th St., Woodside, New York 11377, Department A-11

marantz
A SUBSIDIARY OF SUPERSCOPE, INC.

The Marantz components illustrated, top to bottom: SLT-12 Straight-Line Tracking Playback System • Model 15 solid-state 120-watt Stereo Power Amplifier • Model 7T solid-state Stereo Pre-amplifier Console • Model 10B Stereo FM Tuner

CIRCLE 51 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

plays both sides of fifty vertically stored LPs intermixed with Seeburg's own 16-rpm records. Through combinations of pushbuttons, you can pre-select any number of sides you want—as in a jukebox—and you can also reject a record. To interject a side into your original programming, however, you first need to cancel the original program (via another button) and start reprogramming from scratch. Also, as in jukeboxes, you cannot determine the sequence in which the record sides will play; sequence is determined by the order in which



Heart of Seeburg system is mechanism that stores, plays 50 records automatically. Unit comes in a cabinet, with choice of separate speaker systems.

you have stacked the discs in the magazine. Push A-1, A-5, and A-3, and you will hear the sides in the sequence A-1, A-3, and A-5.

The records rotate on a vertically mounted hysteresis-motor turntable, suspended in a genuinely shock-resistant system. We can testify to this, having pounded the top of a Seeburg Music Centre with our fist; the stylus, playing sideways and tracking at 2 grams, didn't jump.

NEW LIFE FOR HIGH FIDELITY SHOWS?

OUR OCTOBER editorial, "Audio Fairs—A Call for Investigation," made some highly critical comments about the recent state of high fidelity shows—crowded quarters, acoustical limitations, and all that. We are happy to note some announcements from the Institute of High Fidelity that suggest an amelioration of these conditions for the future. The New York show, for example, seemed almost to have settled permanently into the unsuitable confines of the New York Trade Show Building. Now we learn of its move this fall to the lower floors of the Statler Hilton, which have recently undergone a complete renovation for shows and exhibitions. The dates will be Wednesday through Sunday, September 20-24.

Any deficiencies of the Los Angeles shows arose not from location (the cottage facilities of the Ambassador Hotel are ideal) but from timing. They had traditionally been held in the spring, before most manufacturers were ready to unwrap their new wares. From the visitors' viewpoint, one found primarily those models that had been advertised and sold since the previous fall. From the exhibitors' viewpoint, the hoopla occurred at the very time when there is a general lull in consumer buying and seldom stimulated sufficient sales to make the expense worthwhile. The new fall dates will presumably make everybody happy: October 25 through 29, again Wednesday through Sunday.

Rumors have also been heard that a Canadian High Fidelity Show is being discussed somewhere in the higher echelons. We understand that since the demise of these shows, sales of high fidelity equipment in Canada have not kept pace with those in the U.S.—which should certainly provide the catalyst to manufacturers contemplating an exhibition in Montreal or Toronto.

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS



NORELCO ADDS CASSETTE TO RADIO

A versatile radio, combined with the Carry-Corder tape cassette system, is Norelco's latest product offering. The radio operates on either six flashlight cells or AC voltage, and delivers FM, AM, short-wave, and aircraft-band reception. The top of the set holds the tape cassette system which can be used to record live or off-the-air and can play right through the radio. The whole setup weighs 10¼ pounds, and can be fitted into an automobile with an accessory mounting bracket. Known as Model L962, the system lists for \$229.95, which price includes batteries, carrying case, and mike for the recorder.

CIRCLE 145 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KENWOOD ANNOUNCES NEW LINE



Newest addition to the Kenwood line is the TK-140, a solid-state AM/FM stereo receiver rated for 130 watts music power. The tuner uses field-effect transistors and has five IF stages. The amplifier section has a claimed power bandwidth from 20 Hz to 30 kHz and what Kenwood calls a "blowout-proof, automatic circuit breaker to protect power transistors." Supplied in a walnut-finish case, the TK-140 costs \$339.95.

Kenwood also has introduced the lower-powered (30 watts) TK-40 receiver in combination with the Model S-40 speakers. The receiver accepts signals from



phono and tape units, as well as providing AM and FM/stereo reception. The speaker systems are compacts, Kenwood's first offering in this product area. A pair of the S-40 speakers costs \$79.95; the receiver alone sells for \$189.95; you can buy the trio for \$249.95.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



1. Now...a remarkable demonstration.



2. This is the BSR McDonald 500...



3. precision engineered in England.



4. So perfectly counter-balanced



5. ...it will play upside down!



6. Here's proof...you see it...



7. turning over to a complete...



8. upside-down position. Still playing.



9. Featured at leading hi-fi stores.

Did you catch this amazing act on the Johnny Carson "Tonight" Show?

This almost unbelievable demonstration of the tracking ability of the BSR McDonald 500 automatic turntable is being telecast on the popular NBC-TV Johnny Carson "Tonight" Show as well as the "Today" Show starring Hugh Downs. It demonstrates the BSR precision engineered automatic turntable doing a complete 180° turn . . . while it continues to play a record perfectly even when it reaches the completely upside-down position! (The secret is the tone arm that is perfectly counter-balanced horizontally and vertically!) See this remarkable automatic turntable and see its many other unique features. Write for free literature.



Precision crafted in Great Britain
BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913
CIRCLE 88 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EQUIPMENT *in the* NEWS



ARVIN OFFERS PORTABLE TAPE

Arvin has brought out a new portable tape recorder (Model 57L19) that comes in a high-impact plastic case fitted with a recessed luggage handle. A two-speed machine (1 $\frac{7}{8}$ and 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ ips), it can run on six D-cells or standard AC power. Maximum reel size is 5 inches. Features include push-button operation, capstan drive, separate volume and tone controls, and a record-level meter. A remote-control mike, an earphone, recording tape and take-up reel, batteries, and AC line cord are included in the price of \$74.95.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EIGHT ANTENNAS FROM JERROLD

Jerrold has introduced eight new Paralog-Plus antennas, claimed to be more powerful for color TV and stereo FM than the firm's earlier Paralog series. The models range in size from the PIX-35 with four driven elements to the PIX-225, with ten driven and nine parasitic elements. All come with both 300-ohm and 75-ohm outputs, except for the smallest which is a 75-ohm type but which can be ordered as the JPP-35 in a 300-ohm version.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



MARTEL/SJB SHOWS HOME CARTRIDGE PLAYER

From the SJB division of Martel comes word of a tape cartridge player that handles both the 4-track and 8-track endless loops and is designed for use in the home. The

new PHS-648 is a three-piece system in luggage-type housing. The center unit contains the tape player and its electronics; the stereo speakers are separate units. List price is \$159.95. Other SJB models include tape cartridge sets for automobile installation and in versions for 4-track, or 8-track, or both. The top of this line is the Model 603M/48FM, which includes a built-in FM radio and lists for \$169.95. A spokesman for SJB said recently that "we feel that both systems (4-track and 8-track) will be around for years to come. During this time we believe a compatible 4 plus 8 machine will be the best solution. . . ."

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

BLONDER-TONGUE ADDS ANTENNAS

New FM and UHF-TV antennas and accessories have been announced by Blonder-Tongue. A novel item is the U-Ranger assembly (\$8.95, list) which may be added to existing Blonder-Tongue VHF/FM antennas to enable them to receive UHF signals. Prices for VHF/FM models start at \$13.45 list.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW BIG ONE FROM HARTLEY



Latest addition to the Hartley Concertmaster speaker systems is the Model V which uses a 24-inch woofer driven by a 14-pound magnet. Midrange and highs are handled by a second speaker which is crossed over at 350 Hz. Both are housed within an oiled walnut enclosure that is 39 inches high, 29 inches wide, and 18 inches deep. Price is \$600.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



CHANNEL MASTER OFFERS NEW ANTENNA

An antenna, designed for "FM-only, stereo specifically" has been announced by Channel Master. Known as the Stereo-Probe, the new design uses series-fed folded dipoles that are claimed by the company to be the highest-gain broadband FM antennas available. Yet, says a company spokesman, "because the principle employed permits simplified construction, they are priced as much as \$15 lower (list) than the antenna types they outperform." Three models have been announced: the 4408-G (shown here), the smaller 4409-G, and the yet smaller 4410-G.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Every reel of **BASF**...the world's finest recording tape



**...NOW
comes
in the
world's
finest
tape
package**

BASF's remarkable new "Perma-Store" library box is our gift to you each time you purchase a reel of BASF tape. With it you can build a modern tape library that looks as good as it sounds . . . without spending a penny extra. Keeps your tapes permanently protected, organized and accessible. No question about BASF quality . . . it's been the world's finest for over 30 years. BASF tape is ageless . . . completely unaffected by temperature,

humidity or time. It will provide superb sound reproduction, year after year. And, you get many extras with BASF tape . . . red and green leaders at opposite ends of each reel, switching foil at each end, etc. BASF tape, in its remarkable new package, must be seen (and heard) to be appreciated. Buy BASF tape and see for yourself.

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(at no extra cost)

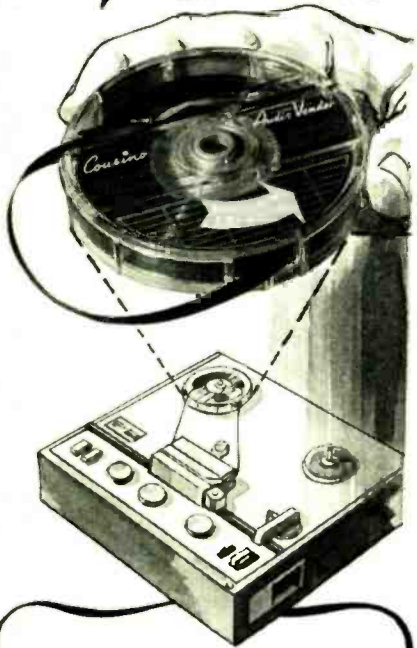
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■ Inside, your BASF tape is sealed in a sturdy, reusable "inner circle" box, complete with tape index



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Ideally Suited to Record . . . stereo music • data for sleep learning • language study material • or whatever repetitive message or music suits you.

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CIRCLE 20 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S REISSUES

BACH: *Cantatas: No. 4, Christ lag in Todesbanden; No. 182, Himmelskönig sei willkommen; No. 46, Schauet doch und sehet; No. 65, Sie werden aus Saba alle kommen.* Soloists, Instrumentalists. Westphalian Singers and German Bach Singers, Wilhelm Ehmann, cond. (in Nos. 4 and 182); Soloists, Barmen Singers, Chamber Orchestra, Helmut Kahlhöfer, cond. (in Nos. 46 and 65). Vanguard Everyman Ⓞ SRV 225/226, \$2.50 each (two discs); SRV 225SD/226SD, \$2.50 each (two discs) [Nos. 4 and 182 from Cantate 641218/651218, 1963; Nos. 46 and 65 from Cantate 641204/651204, 1961].

Just about two years ago Cantate, a small German label with a distinguished catalogue accenting stylistically authentic performances of the baroque choral repertoire, knuckled under to the business pressures attendant upon high artistic purpose and limited finances. Its records, which were hard enough to come by under ordinary circumstances, subsequently disappeared—even from those shops specializing in imports. Last fall Vanguard made the welcome announcement that it was preparing to recirculate the Cantate list and the first installment is now at hand.

Thirty-six Bach cantatas, many of them otherwise unavailable, formed the heart of Cantate's repertoire. Here are four, performed with great skill and conscientious artistry. The disc containing Nos. 46 and 65—two magnificent works with some of Bach's most vividly effective music—is particularly noteworthy for splendid instrumental work and Kahlhöfer's sensitive conducting. The only possible cause for grumbling would be the somewhat thin tone of the vocal soloists and the chorus, but this does not seriously disturb one's enjoyment of a superb performance. Nos. 4 and 182 are well done too, but the competition for No. 4 is keen: the Turnabout version boasts superior soloists and, in the high-price category, Robert Shaw on RCA Victor leads a very strong performance.

The engineering on the Cantate discs was excellent and Vanguard's pressings are also first-rate: the sound is warm and intimate with a fine stereo layout. Notes, texts, and translations included.

BACH: *Music for Organ.* Helmut Walcha, organ. Archive Ⓞ KL 306/10, \$16.37; SKL 1306/10, \$16.37 (four discs) [from various Archive originals, 1956 and 1962].

The works in this useful collection were all recorded on the organ of St. Laurens Church in Alkmaar, Netherlands. It is a beautiful, versatile instrument and one that Walcha obviously knows intimately, so great a variety of tone color does he have at his command. Twenty-one pieces comprise the set and only the

Choral Prelude "Wo soll ich fliehen hin" is small-scaled. All the others—the preludes, toccatas, passacaglias, fantasias, and their accompanying fugues—are mighty cornerstones of the organist's repertoire. (Also included but not mentioned on Archive's leaflet are Trio Sonatas Nos. 1 and 6.) Walcha's thoughtful interpretations miss some of the drama in these works perhaps, but there is immense musical enjoyment to be had from his eloquent and carefully executed performances.

The pieces recorded in 1962 naturally have a slightly richer acoustic than those originating from 1956. Whether these latter performances are in true stereo or not, Archive does not divulge, but on all five discs the sound is consistently satisfying. A biography of Walcha is included along with a history and complete specifications of the organ, but not a word about the music.

HANDEL: *Chandos Anthems: Nos. I-VI.* Soloists; Instrumentalists; Collegium Musicum of Rutgers University, Alfred Mann, cond. Vanguard Everyman Ⓞ SRV 227/29, \$7.50; SRV 227SD/29SD, \$7.50 (three discs—also available separately at \$2.50 per disc, mono or stereo) [SRV 227 from Cantate 645201/655201, 1964; SRV 228 from Cantate 645202/655202, 1965].

One of Cantate's last projects before the money ran out was this set of Handel's *Chandos Anthems* (only six of the twelve seem to have been actually recorded; Anthems I and V on Vol. 3 of the series are, I believe, only now appearing for the first time). The works were composed around 1717 for the Duke of Chandos, a lord of fabled extravagance who maintained an excellent staff of musicians at his grandiose Palace of Cannons on the edge of London. Using Psalms as texts, Handel experimented with a very small chorus and orchestra, dividing each into three parts—there are no chorus altos or violas. While the music is hardly overpowering, it is full of typical Handelian melody and dramatic contrasts, and points interestingly to the oratorio style of his later years.

With Handel scholar Alfred Mann leading expert musicians, the performances could not be more authoritative—certainly every attempt is made to approximate Handel's original forces of not more than twenty-four participants. Tenor Charles Bressler has most of the solo music, and he compensates for thin vocal resources with a good sense of style and a better than average florid technique. Helen Boatwright handles her soprano assignments most appealingly, while orchestra and chorus perform admirably. The sound is fine, although stereo separation is rather extreme.

Continued on page 38

CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

Dual 1019 Auto/Professional
Turntable. \$129.50.

Dual 1009 SK Auto/Professional
Turntable. \$109.50.

Dual makes the world's finest turntables. Both of them.

One is the Dual 1009SK. Unexcelled for sheer precision and performance by any turntable in the world. Which is only natural. Because it's a Dual.

The dynamically balanced tonearm of the 1009SK tracks flawlessly as low as 1/2 gram. The accuracy of its continuously variable stylus force adjust assures that any cartridge will track exactly at the force you set. And the accuracy of its Tracking-Balance Control (anti-skating) also assures that the stylus will track with equal force on each wall of the stereo groove. Exactly as its manufacturer designed it to track.

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Dual's powerful, utterly silent Continuous-Pole motor rotates the record at constant speed, regardless of voltage variations or the number of records on the platter. And its rotating single play spindle, still another Dual exclusive, eliminates record binding, slippage and center hole wear.

These are some of the identical features that have earned the incomparable Dual 1019 the ultimate endorsement . . . selection by virtually all the leading audio critics for use in their own personal and professional systems.

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Pre-Amp/Control Center with Studio Flexibility



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At C/M Laboratories we haven't had to change our basic circuit design since we introduced our first product, Model 35D solid-state amplifier.

That's because, when we designed the Model 35D, we put into it all the knowledge we had gained in a previous decade building high-reliability solid-state devices for aerospace applications.

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For Performance As High As The State Of The Art Permits . . .



575 Hope Street, Springdale, Connecticut

*Reviewed in High Fidelity, August, 1965

**Reviewed in High Fidelity, September, 1966

Detailed specifications on request.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Continued from page 36

MOZART: *Le Nozze di Figaro; Don Giovanni; Così fan tutti.* Soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Glyndebourne Festival (1934, 1935, and 1936 respectively), Fritz Busch, cond. Turnabout © TV 4114/16, TV 4120/22, TV 4117/19; \$7.50 each three-disc set (mono only) [from HMV originals, 1935-37].

MOZART: *Die Zauberflöte.* Soloists; Chorus, and Orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Turnabout © TV 4111/13, \$7.50 (three discs, mono only) [from various HMV originals, 1938].

Few complete opera sets dating from the 78-rpm era have managed to survive both LP and stereophonic upheavals quite so triumphantly as these four Mozart Society performances—a tribute to the artistic and business acumen of Walter Legge, who conceived and produced the project for the English HMV label. In this country the sets have seldom been out of reach for long. RCA Victor introduced American collectors to these performances via seventy-nine shellac discs in the late Thirties and early Forties, and when LP arrived RCA promptly effected a transfer to vinyl. After HMV and Victor split up in the Fifties, the records were unobtainable for a while, but eventually they reappeared as imports on the Odeon label. Now available domestically once again, the legendary performances are ready at hand to be sampled by another phonographic generation.

From the very first, critics dwelled upon the superb homogeneity of the vocal ensemble and the elegant orchestral nuances achieved by Fritz Busch and Sir Thomas Beecham instead of singling out strengths and weaknesses of individual singers. This was just as well in the case of *Figaro*, which—recitativeless and with some extremely variable vocalism—is the weakest of the lot. *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Flute*, however, need no apologies for their age—they still offer formidable rivalry to the stereophonic competition. While one may not find the sound of John Brownlee's Giovanni and Helge Roswaenge's Tamino exactly beguiling, and although Heddle Nash's Ferrando is often downright painful (just to name three of the singers here who never particularly appealed to me), these questionable aspects seem relatively unimportant in the face of the brilliant musical totality achieved by Busch and Beecham. And if you are looking for stand-outs, there are Ina Souez's Donna Anna and Fiordiligi and Gerhard Hüsch's Papageno—performances which, in my opinion, are still unsurpassed. The space limitations of this department prevent a lengthy examination of each set, but readers who require a more detailed analysis are directed to Conrad L. Osborne's Mozart Opera discography in the November 1965 issue.

Turnabout's pressings (in manual sequence) are of excellent quality, comparing favorably to the Odeon/Electrola

discs; and to top off the bargain, there are librettos and a uniformly handsome packaging. (The sixth side of the *Flute*, by the way, has an extra bonus: a sprightly performance of Mozart's *Freemason Cantata*, K. 623 and the duet "*Lasst uns mit verschlungenen Händen*" with tenors Hugues Cuénod and Jean Giraudeau, baritone Gérard Souzay, and J. V. Meyer in charge of the chamber orchestra.) All in all a remarkable buy.

SENA JURINAC: *Operatic Recital.* Sena Jurinac, soprano; various orchestras and conductors. Odeon © HQM 1024, \$4.79 (mono only) [from various HMV originals, 1950-55].

The natural warmth and gracious dignity of Sena Jurinac's silver-pure voice generate a tremendous appeal. These qualities, coupled with her lovely musicality, have always made her an ideal Mozart singer, and here we have three of her finest Mozart roles represented: a melting Countess Almaviva ("*Porgi amor*" and "*Dove sono*"), her breathlessly impetuous Cherubino ("*Non so più*" and "*Voi che sapete*"), and the slightly more abstract beauty of Ilia in *Idomeneo* ("*Padre! Germani! Addio!*" and "*Zeffiretti lusinghieri*").

On Side 2 there is Marzelle's aria from the complete *Fidelio* under Furtwängler, an aria and duet (with Peter Anders) from *The Bartered Bride*, and "*Adieu forêt*" (sung in German) from Tchaikovsky's *Maid of Orleans*. Each selection brings plenty of fine singing but the two Smetana items are the prizes—the bittersweet nostalgia of Marie's aria followed by the back-arching petulance of the duet is enough to send any critic's armory out the window.

Postscript: Jurinac's German Odeon recital disc (80805) comprises substantially the same material as the present English import save for the Tchaikovsky, which is replaced by the love duet from *Madama Butterfly* (again with Anders).

CHRISTA LUDWIG: *Lieder Recital: Songs by Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, and Mahler.* Christa Ludwig, mezzo; Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim © 60034, \$2.49; S 60034, \$2.49 [from Angel 35592/S 35592, 1959].

Side 2 of this recital is particularly enjoyable. At this early stage of her career Miss Ludwig was most at home with dreamy, nocturnal songs containing a touch of tragedy, and the hushed lines of Strauss's *Die Nacht*, Brahms's *Die Mainacht*, and Mahler's *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* are gorgeously handled. Elsewhere she tends to be either bland interpretatively (albeit awe-inspiring vocally on Schubert's *Die Allmacht*) or depressingly coy (the humor of *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt* is laid on pretty thickly). An uneven but nonetheless interesting documentation of a great artist still in her formative years. Fine sound, texts, translations, and Gerald Moore.

PETER G. DAVIS



The man with the golden ear

17½ cubic feet of sound in your living room requires two basic essentials. The first is a Golden Ear to catch every nuance. The second, rather obviously, is a permissive wife. Some men have both (unbelievably) and have installed the actual Altec A7 "Voice of the Theatre"® in their living rooms. This is the same system that has become standard for recording studios, concert halls and theatres.

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The same crossover network. ■ Frequency response is unbelievably wide (beyond the range of human hearing, if that's of any interest). The midranges are "in person" and that's where 90% of the sound is. Bases don't growl and groan. Trebles don't squeal. ■ Styling? The hand-rubbed walnut Valencia has a delicately curved wood fretwork grille. The oak Flamenco is pure Spanish. Send for your '67 Altec catalog or pick one up from your dealer. Compare. Buy. If the wife complains, tell her about your Golden Ear.



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SPECIFICATIONS—FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 35-22,000 Hz; **IMPEDANCE:** 8/16 ohms; **CROSSOVER FREQUENCY:** 800 Hz; **DIMENSIONS:** 29¾" H. x 27½" W. x 19" D. (Flamenco is two inches lower); **COMPONENTS:** 416A 15" low-frequency speaker with a frequency response of 20-1600 Hz and a cone resonance of 25 Hz; 806A high-frequency driver; 811B high frequency sectoral horn with 90° horizontal and 40° vertical distribution; N800G dividing network with continuously variable HF shelving attenuation. **PRICE:** 845A Valencia, \$333; 848A Flamenco, \$345.

CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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Is this your **BEST BUY**
among automatic turntables?



Tubular aluminum tone arm has adjustable counterweight, resiliently mounted to prevent resonance

Automatic anti-skating assembly neutralizes side pressure on stylus ... prevents distortion and uneven record wear

Cueing/pause control lever raises and lowers tone arm safely over any groove.

Built-in precision stylus pressure gauge, with knurled, optical-type dial.

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Built to unsurpassed standards... this very successful compact unit, bearing the Garrard name, is a source of utmost satisfaction and continuing pride in any music system. For complimentary Comparator Guide describing all five new Garrard automatics, write Garrard, Dept. AC-2, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.



Two interchangeable spindles for sure, safe, gentle handling of records (a) short—for single record play (b) long—for intermix automatic play when desired.



The Toscanini Legacy

THE IMPERIOUS LITTLE MAN paced up and down his dressing room, his features awash with hopeless resignation. "*O, per Dio,*" he sighed in a tone of rueful irony, "one day there will be no more Toscanini, no more Toscanini. He will be dead. *Morte. Poo-o-o-r Toscanini.*" His husky voice faltered under an idea so dire as to be almost unspeakable: "... And orchestras will play badly!"

Toscanini has been dead for a decade, and our orchestras do not, by and large, "play badly." Yet, in a sense, much of our present-day musical excellence is owing to the ceaseless toil of this man's long lifetime. Certainly, as we commemorate his hundredth birthday this month, we are conscious that the *Eroica* we hear in concert halls and on records is purged (hopefully forever) of Victorian rhetoric and Bülow's black gloves—or, as the Maestro himself put it, "not Napoleon, not Hitler, but *Allegro con brio!*" And that inviolate Toscanini credo, "Play as written," is given at least lip service and, gratifyingly often, much more. Clarity, economy, improved technical standards... these were Toscanini's ideals, and they remain his legacy.

Yet no legacy is unperishable if it is untended. In the thirteen years since the last Toscanini concert, lassitude and indifference have begun to grow in his garden of music. His endless spadework and uncompromising vigilance were sorely needed in his own time—and are sorely missed today. It behooves us to guard our inheritance.

Fortunately, even without the first-hand personal force of the concert hall Toscanini, his air-checks, kinescopes, recordings, and rehearsal transcriptions are far more than mere faded mementos of past glory. Their sound is quite adequate to transmit the reason for his legendary preeminence. Unfortunately, the finest portion of this heritage has not yet been made available to the general public. It includes performances of familiar pieces that far surpass those already issued, both in audibility and inspira-

tion; marvelous re-creations of repertoire that would at last set straight erroneous notions that Toscanini's sympathies were limited to a few standard works; complete rehearsals—of opera and symphonic music—which would give supreme pleasure to ordinary listeners and infinite enlightenment to professional musicians. His quest for more drama, more comprehension, more subtlety... his frequent admonitions to "put blood" can be plainly heard in these documentations of his work. They must not be allowed to languish and eventually disintegrate with time. Their systematic transferral to metal molds will preserve them for future generations. Surely this is not asking too much.

Toscanini's musicianship represented more than mere cleanliness and scholarship. It had a certain morality. He was always in reverence of the great composers, but never allowed himself to be intimidated by them. While many a modern record lets us hear a fourth bassoon part or the like with improved clarity, few let us see a work with Toscanini's elemental directness. Who, for example, has paralleled the flaming idealism of his Beethoven Ninth? Who can furnish a Verdi so full of melisma? Or a Wagner so noble and free of pretense? Even his flaws were instructive. They were the lapses of a man who was fully involved in the drama of human events, not those of a decorous observer surveying life with antiseptic detachment. Ideas without goals interested him not at all, and a statement of music similarly without direction and commitment was, for him, an abortion.

So then, we have a choice. Will we celebrate Toscanini's centennial with a formal bow, and pass on? Or will we make the event a meaningful one? Now is the time to re-air his kinescopes, to study his rehearsal techniques, to survey his greatest performances. We have today the facilities to bring his art and the great humanity at its core to millions who have never encountered them. Let us have action.

APPOINTMENT



TOSCANINI'S POSTWAR RETURN TO LA SCALA
AFTER YEARS OF EXILE—RECALLED ON THE MAESTRO'S
CENTENARY BY AN INTIMATE OBSERVER

IN MILAN

BY GEORGE R. MAREK

IT TOOK TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS and four stops, at each of which something went wrong, but the plane finally got to Rome. It landed at Ciampino, on a steel mattress spread there by the United States Air Force, and slid exhausted to a stop. I hobbled out and smelled for the first time the air of Italy—that aromatic amalgam of *espresso* and gasoline, warmed by sunlight. There were the pines of the Via Appia in proud and pristine green (alas, they are no longer pristine) and they looked as if no menacing airplane had ever passed over them. It was quiet at the airport. No bus, I got a lift to town with an UNRRA jeep.

It was April 1946 and I was there to cover the reopening of La Scala and the return of Arturo Toscanini to the scene of his early triumphs. Rome, though it had been only slightly damaged, showed the aftershock of war. People darted rather than walked, and at the slightest noise the children looked fearfully into the sky. Beggars were ubiquitous. There were no private automobiles (except the cars of the military forces), no streetcars, no buses, the only means of transportation being open trucks, using some evil-smelling oil as fuel, on which men stood crowded together. Many shops were closed, but there were stalls in the streets selling strawberries, the perfume of which mingled with the crude oil. At a few stalls women sold home-baked, tough-looking brown bread and displayed a sign, "Ugly but good." Yet, in spite of the grim reminders, how beautiful was the city, so much more beautiful than it is now! I was dazed by it. I smiled at everybody, and most people smiled back. I was a "passionate sightseer" (to use Berenson's phrase) and I saw the beauties of the city practically alone. It was like a private showing of Rome.

But how could one get to Milan? Virtually all of the bridges had been destroyed, no civilian trains were running—yes, there was one which took thirty-six hours, if it did manage to get there—and of course there were no commercial flights yet in service. I finally wangled a seat on an American troop-transport plane. We left Rome under an azure sky and an hour later came down in Livorno. Because of a flooded airfield in Milan, the plane could not continue. When and if there would be a later flight to Milan, no one could say. Another civilian and I went to town and by luck found a taxi driver. He was willing to take us to Milan—but





In August 1943 a bomb fell directly on the theatre; in July 1945 rebuilding began

he gave us to understand that he had black-market gasoline, and he wanted for his fare "molti soldi." This large sum turned out to be thirty American dollars. Had I known what the trip would entail, I might not have had the courage to undertake it.

It started pleasantly. The fields were fresh, the castles on top of the Tuscan hills glittered, the bells in the church steeples chimed punctually, children waved and shouted "sigarette." On the road I saw walking ahead a young girl carrying an amphora on her head, quite in the old tradition. She was singing and as we drew nearer I was somewhat disillusioned to make out that what she was singing was *Begin the Beguine*. Then we had to cross the Apennines. It began to pour, fog closed in, and the roads became pockmarked with deep holes. Out of the fog rumbled huge army trucks, often barely avoiding collision with the one curious taxi groping its way through the murk. It took endless hours before we got to Milan deep in the night.

WHEN I WALKED AROUND the city the next morning, I found the contrast with Rome deeply depressing. This was a city which had seen war, and the wounds were still wide open. Three-quarters of Milan had been destroyed by fire raids. One could not walk many steps without coming upon a heap of rubble or a house ripped asunder. Some buildings seemed hale from a distance, but getting nearer one could see that there was nothing behind the walls—like reality turned into a stage set—and the window frames with their black borders appeared to be in mourning. The people, most of them, did not smile.

There had as yet been almost no tidying up. The penalty of Fascism was a fatigue so cynical that it

had perhaps caused as much damage as the bombs. The Milanese stood around among the debris or they walked in the famous Galleria, its roof no longer there, and discussed which of the dozen parties they were going to vote for, who was going to help them, whom they could get to do the hard work, and how best to put their new-found democracy to their own personal use.

At that time, barely a year after the end of the war, the contempt for law was ubiquitous. What you wanted you could obtain only by bribery, though the bribing was done with Italian grace. Everybody had an angle. It was smart to be shifty. There was not enough milk for the children; but if you wanted whipped cream, you could get it at the best restaurants at fantastic prices. Sugar was nonexistent, but at three dollars and a half a pound it could be found quickly. If you had to stay longer in a hotel room than the law allowed, well, the *Portiere* would arrange it for the proper number of cartons of American cigarettes, a more potent currency than money.

Yet these weary people had rebuilt La Scala. And in one short year.

In August 1943 a bomb had fallen directly on the theatre. Nothing was left of the interior: stage, sets, seats, roof, everything was gone. Only the outer wall, or part of it, still stood. Prompted by American initiative and fed by American funds, rebuilding was begun in July 1945. The square in front of La Scala was still charred and sooty as if the flames had been extinguished only a moment ago, and the battle ended the day before. Leonardo's face on the statue was still blackened. A week before the opening, rubble still obstructed the main entrance. On one door there were fastened a few faded flowers

and a sign proclaiming that on this spot an anti-Fascist had been shot. What a strange contrast—the ruined square and the new-built opera house.

Yet inside all was ready—new seats covered in red plush, a new hand-tooled roof, a chandelier as effulgent as those used in the princely days.

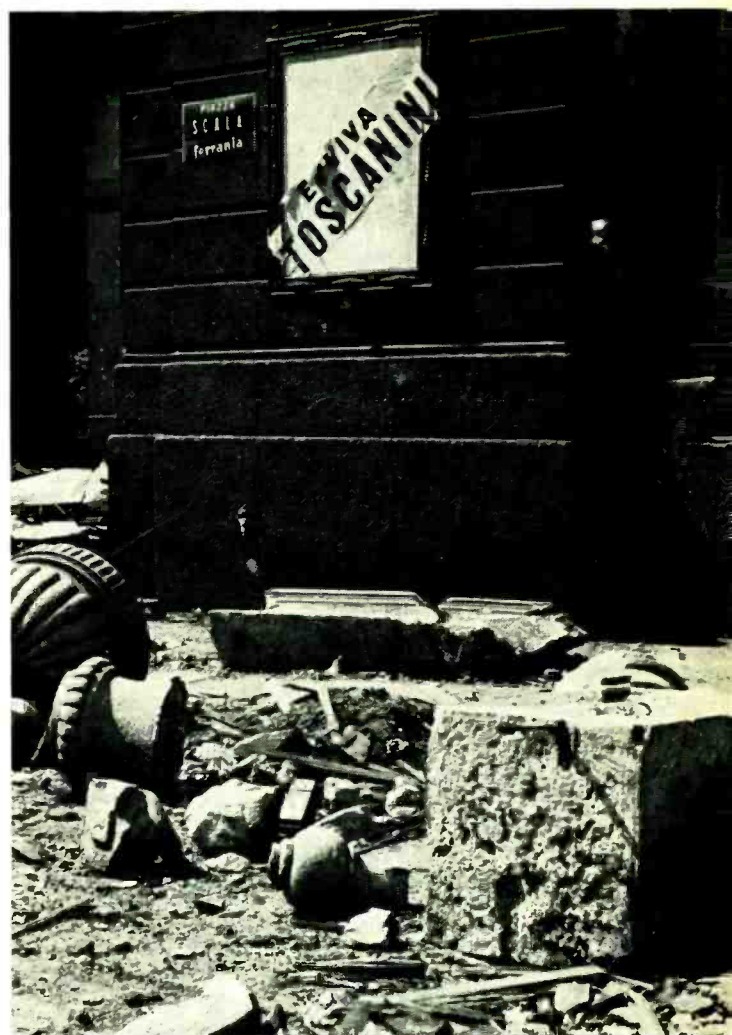
TOSCANINI was back in Italy for the first time since 1938. Mussolini had tried hard to retain him for Italy. But Toscanini wanted no favors from Il Duce. After visiting Palestine twice and attempting to create in Lucerne (along with Bruno Walter, Adolf Busch, and other exiles from Nazism) a musical center like Salzburg and Bayreuth, both of which were by then in Hitler's hands, he had had his passport withdrawn by the Fascists. When David Sarnoff invited him to head the NBC Symphony, Sarnoff was able to get him out of Italy only through the intervention of Joseph Kennedy, then U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain.

Now, eight years later, he had returned to give the first two of seven La Scala inaugural concerts, the proceeds from which would go for further reconstruction and for the replacement of stage sets ravaged by fire. Tickets for the series of seven concerts cost fifteen thousand lire. At the prevailing exchange, this was equivalent to one hundred and seventy dollars, a tremendous fortune for an Italian. But the concerts were sold out.

The week Toscanini arrived, all the bookstores featured Toscanini biographies—inexpensive little pamphlets, reasonably well printed on wood paper, and all denying that any Italian except Mussolini (dead for over a year) had ever meant to insult the Maestro. One little book was entitled *The Man of the Hour* and was published at the same time and by the same publisher as another paper-bound volume of purportedly "palpitating interest" entitled *The Men Who Are Responsible for the Italian Catastrophe*. There was even an anemic picture magazine back in business—the Italians love picture magazines—which displayed Toscanini on the front cover with the caption "The Wizard Returns."

Toscanini's son, Walter, had brought along with them both a huge supply of cigarettes and a supply of strings for the violins. He guarded his father carefully: only a few old friends saw him. When Toscanini appeared at the theatre for the first rehearsal, a little girl, a pupil of the ballet school, very pink in a pink dress, handed him a bouquet of roses and made an old-fashioned curtsy. When he leaned over to thank her, she ran away with new-fashioned speed. The orchestra received him standing, somebody was all ready to make a speech, the men were pale and tense, but he waved away any demonstration, raised the baton, and got down to business. He was nervous and swallowed hard.

I had heard divers rumors about the Scala orchestra. Some people said it was totally undisciplined. Others alleged that there were Fascists among the men who would sabotage the concert. Still others



A week before the opening, rubble lay everywhere . . .



but on the night itself, the house shone in splendor.



With children, the great man could always be benign.

predicted that the Maestro would pack up and leave as soon as he realized how poor the players were. Well, nothing like this happened. And if the orchestra turned out to be not so good as those to which Toscanini had become accustomed, it turned out to be a body of men who from the first rehearsal on played like angels. Or, if you like, like men possessed by devils. The old man stood there and dug the music out of these mesmerized instrumentalists. He sang for them, he begged and pleaded, he sighed and called himself the most unfortunate of mortals. Now and then he would fold his arms and glare at one member of the orchestra as if the player had insulted him, Toscanini, personally.

After they had finished rehearsing the first number, the overture to *The Thieving Magpie*, for which he demanded utmost precision by the strings—"play it like light, light, light champagne"—the musicians broke out into loud "Bravos!" Toscanini stopped them and said, "Not *Bravo*, *Da Capo!*" After one rehearsal which went badly, Toscanini went down

into the auditorium and paced up and down the whole center aisle of the theatre, unseeing in a world of his own. He then sank down on a chair and sat motionless for what seemed a quarter of an hour. His agony was so real that the few people still in the house did not dare to move or talk. But the next day he was back at work in great good humor.

One of the compositions he had programmed was *La Mer*. Even with the NBC Symphony or the New York Philharmonic, *La Mer* was always a stormy affair, for the score contains certain woodwind effects which Toscanini heard in his mind and could never obtain to his satisfaction. At one point during the rehearsal of *La Mer* he looked around in despair. There was a velvet rope behind him on the podium; he bent down and hit his head on it. But he never let up and never stopped working until almost reluctantly he could say "*Bene.*"

DURING THE REHEARSALS one workman was putting finishing touches of paint on a frieze high up in the last balcony, quite unconcerned with the music. Since the rehearsals were closed and no one except a very few friends was admitted, one journalist got an idea. He dressed up in overalls as a workman, sneaked in, pretended to be busy with the painting, and listened. The incident was revealed and was written up at length in the newspapers.

Those newspapers were then one-sheet affairs, and a new edition seemed to come out every half-hour. The headlines proclaimed, "Toscanini's Secret," "What Toscanini Said" (he had of course said nothing, but that did not stop the journalists), and the day before the first concert one paper printed in the upper right-hand corner (where our weather notices usually are): "Toscanini has renounced his fee to help rebuild La Scala. How about some of our industrialists doing likewise to help rebuild Italy?" The day of the concert, a newspaper appeared with a banner headline across its width: "Thus Toscanini Reopens Tonight the Old and Glorious Scala Reborn." Underneath was a large photograph of the concert in full swing with a conductor bearing only a slight resemblance to Toscanini. The photograph was of course faked.

La Scala printed an official program for the series of seven concerts "*per la ricostruzione del teatro.*" The elaborately and beautifully done booklet was expensive; there went on sale immediately an *unofficial* program, badly done at half the price. In spite of precautions, tickets went into the black market and reached prices ten times the official price. Visitors from all over Italy rushed around trying to get hotel rooms. Soldiers arrived from various stations, mostly in jeeps.

On opening night the theatre shone like a new engagement ring, all diamantine and with all the lights turned on in a city long used to darkness. Everything was in place, the carpets laid, the mirrors polished. Even the traditional uniforms of the ushers had been brought from storage. They were



In a weary Milan, he walked with his son, Walter.

TEATRO ALLA SCALA

• •
CONCERTO DEL MAESTRO **A. TOSCANINI**

SABATO 11 MAGGIO 1946

PROGRAMMA

- PARTE I** - G. Rossini - LA GAZZA LADRA - Ouverture.
- » - GUGLIELMO TELL - Coro dell'Imeneo
- » - Danze dell'Opera (passo a sei - atto I)
e ballabili dei Soldati - atto III)
- Mosè - PREGHIERA - (R. Tebaldi - J. Giardino -
G. Malipiero - T. Pasero)
- G. Verdi - NABUCCO - Ouverture (Coro degli Schiavi)
- » - VESPRI SICILIANI - Ouverture
- » - TEDEUM
- PARTE II** - G. Puccini - MANON LESCAUT - Intermezzo ed atto III
(M. Favero - G. Malipiero - G. Nessi
- M. Stabile - C. Forti)
- PARTE III** - A. Boito - MEFISTOFELE - Prologo

SOLISTI

MAFALDA FAVERO - RENATO TEBALDI - JOLANDA GIARDINI - GIOVANNI MALIPIERO
TANCREDI PASERO - MARIANO STABILE - GIUSEPPE NESSI - CARLO FORTI

dressed in black tights and wore great silver chains which made them look rather like wine stewards.

Unlike Italian audiences in general, this audience started to arrive an hour before the concert. Most of the men were dressed in business suits but the women wore evening gowns, their coiffures as obviously new-made as the theatre. Italian audiences have a habit of standing until the last possible moment, greeting their friends with much hand waving and studying the boxes through opera glasses. They finally sat down, but immediately jumped up when Toscanini entered. There was a roar of acclamation. The conductor raised his hand for silence. In vain. Finally, he started the first bars. At that, there was such loud and vehement shushing in the house that you might have thought a rocket was plowing through La Scala.

Toscanini's program for the opening concert (reproduced above, from the badly printed unofficial copy) consisted of Italian music, some of which had first been heard at La Scala and all of which was familiar to Scala habitués. The soprano in the Rossini *Mosè* was a very young singer who had already made a name for herself in Italy: Renata Tebaldi, the voice glorious and full of ardor. Mafalda Favero, a beautiful singer, sang Manon, and the bass was Mariano

Stabile, one of Toscanini's favorite artists, who had sung Falstaff under him in Salzburg and previously at La Scala. The same program was repeated on May 14. On May 23 (repeated on the 25th) the second program, including the much rehearsed *La Mer*, was presented, and on June 24 and 27 the seventh, and final, program was given under Toscanini's baton.

The last number of the first concert was the Prologue in Heaven, from Boito's *Mefistofele*. It is a rousing and spectacular scene which ends with a fanfare. It brought an ovation which made all previous demonstrations sound timid. The audience screamed "*Bravo Arturo!*"—feeling by this time no longer constrained to calling him Toscanini. He came out a number of times, until a photographer tried to take a flashlight picture. That ended it.

The concert was broadcast and was also transmitted by loudspeaker to the majestic square in front of the Duomo, where formerly Mussolini had harangued the crowd. There twenty thousand people now stood. Similarly, people stood in the Piazza della Scala, around the grimy monument. Many of them had stood there three years previously, had watched the Scala burn, and had seen the night watchman crawl from the theatre, white with dust and weeping.

TRANSISTORS ON TRIAL



fact and fancy in the solid state

Oyez, oyez. The court of inquiry is now in session to consider the question. is it true what they say about transistors? The charges range from malfeasance in office to high infidelity.

The Judge: In weighing the evidence and the arguments about to be presented, consider that the allegations against solid state were perhaps inevitable. After all, the tiny transistor has literally driven the vacuum tube off the stereo stage—and the tube *was* electronics from the time it started two generations ago. What's more, there's no denying that a good many lemons figured among the earliest solid-state products. Add a fear of the unfamiliar to the painful memory of the unsatisfactory and you have fertile soil for rumor-mongering.

Prosecutor: Exception. It has not yet been established that our accusations are "rumors." Besides, even old wives' tales generally have some truth.

Defense: But that doesn't mean we have to go on repeating them. And anyway, the exception doesn't prove the rule.

Judge (rapping his gavel): We will proceed in an orderly fashion. These claims and counterclaims have been building up for four years now and it's time we sorted fact from fiction. The prosecution will state its case, point by point, and the defense will reply. Gentlemen, proceed.

Allegation 1. Transistors are less reliable and fail more often than tubes.

WE MIGHT SIMPLY hoot this out of court except for the fact that the early transistors *were* unreliable. But it has been plain for some time now that transistors are inherently far *more* reliable than tubes. There is no wasting operation, like the steady boiling away of the heater in a tube. There is no high temperature to put a stress on the internal structure. (There is, indeed, very little "structure" at all in a transistor.) Moreover, the susceptibility of some types of transistors to a sudden overload of current has been much reduced, both by increasing their overload capacity and by more intelligent circuit application. This does not mean that a transistor never fails, but it does mean that failure is extremely rare.

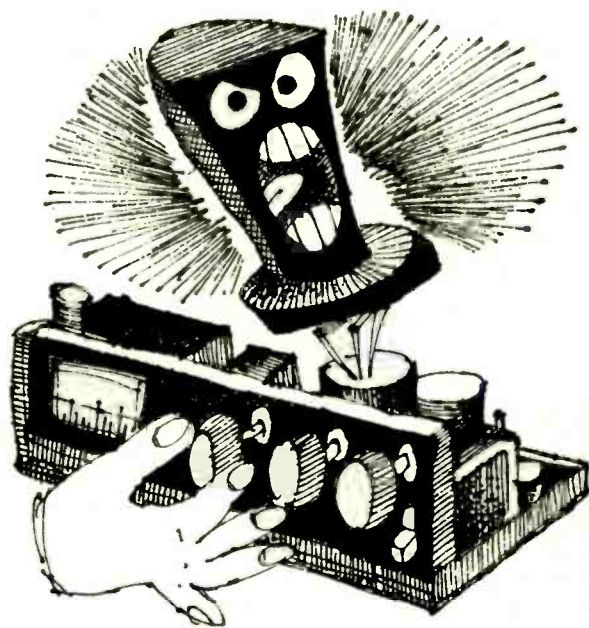
Telling evidence of the reliability of transistors is their universal use in computers (some electronic brains use as many as 500,000 transistors). If transistors failed at even a fraction of the rate of tube failure, such computers would be impossible to operate. The same dependence on transistors goes double in spades for the electronics used in space. Here tubes never had a foothold, and they are just about unthinkable in the fantastically skillful telemetering developed to guide space vehicles and get information back from them. The extremely rigorous demands of space electronics have accelerated the solid-state technology—and as a by-product audio has benefited tremendously.

Allegation 2. Tube amplifiers sound "warm," transistor amplifiers are "cold."

THIS IS ONE easily tagged as nonsensical. Whatever these terms mean, an amplifier has no business sounding either "warm" or "cold." In fact, to characterize reproduced sound in such terms is to admit to distortion in that sound. Really good amplifiers have no audible character of their own, whether they are tube or transistor; one could be substituted for the other with no detectable difference in sound, assuming that both were being operated well within their power ratings.

We would guess that this allegation is based on long years of listening to a (slowly deteriorating) tube amplifier driving a low-damped speaker system. If you change from a tube amplifier with a low damping factor (relatively high output impedance) to a transistor amplifier with a higher d.f. (very low output impedance—and it is about impossible to make a transistor amplifier any other way), the speaker drive provided by the transistor amplifier will be relatively "tighter" and the mid-bass will sound less full. But it also will undoubtedly sound a lot better defined and more natural.

Of course, a designer can deliberately change the characteristics of a transistor amplifier to make it sound any way he wants. It's no trick, for example, to make it sound "warm"—but that "warmth" will generally be distortion.



Allegation 3. Transistorized components have inherently noisy controls.

THIS IS ANOTHER misconception. The amount of noise produced by a control depends mostly on the

quality of the control. There is no general reason why a transistor circuit should make any given control sound noisier than a typical tube circuit would. In some cases it might work the other way: the high impedance of most tube inputs could make some kinds of noise sound louder than does the low impedance of most transistor inputs. But, to repeat, it really comes down to the controls themselves. If you find a transistor amplifier with noisy controls, you should suspect the manufacturer of penny pinching in the control department.



Allegation 4. You can blow up your output transistors in a fraction of a second by shorting the amplifier's speaker terminals or the cables connected to them.

IN THE EARLY DAYS of transistors (and it's still the case in cheap equipment) this was all too true. Today, however, any quality transistor amplifier provides some protective circuitry or device that prevents such catastrophes. You will see some guarantee to this effect in the advertisements of most solid-state amplifiers. And the protective circuits do work: the amplifier either shuts itself off, or at worst will blow one of its own easily replaced fuses.

Allegation 5. Since transistors have very low input impedance, they are unsuitable for the input circuits required for pick-

ups, tape heads, tuners, and high-impedance microphones.

THERE IS A GRAIN OF truth in this belief, but it can lead to the wrong inferences. Transistors—with the exception of the new FETs (see below)—generally do have a low input impedance, and 1,000 ohms (a typical value) would produce very bad results from most magnetic pickups, tape heads, and high-impedance microphones. But a transistor input stage can be given almost any desired input impedance by the use of negative feedback, which not only reduces distortion but enables an amplifier designer to use transistors in any portion of the circuit. Moreover, the new field-effect transistors can have very high input impedance, just like vacuum tubes. The FET in fact has the desirable characteristics of tubes without their limitations. For instance, as an input device for high impedance signal sources (such as crystal microphones, ceramic pickups, etc.) it operates with much lower noise. It can handle a wider voltage swing without distortion. And in the RF stages of FM tuners an FET is less prone to cross-modulation distortion on extremely strong signals. The FET is just one example of how the apparent "disadvantages" of transistors are being overcome by continued development.

Allegation 6. It is impossible, or at least very difficult, to add extension speakers and "third-channel" speakers to stereo systems that have transistor amplifiers.

AS FAR AS IT applies to the "third-channel," this statement is true of some transistor amplifiers and receivers. Always check with your audio dealer, or with the manufacturer, before connecting a phantom-third-channel directly across the stereo outputs of a transistor set. (If it can't be done, you may be able to use the preamplifier outputs and bridge in a separate mono amplifier for the A plus B channel.)

It is perfectly feasible, however, to add extension speakers per individual channel to a transistor amplifier in essentially the same way as on a tube amplifier. The main requirement in both cases is the same: the net impedance of all the speakers connected to the channel at any one time should equal the design load impedance. It is usually possible to connect two or three or four speakers in such a way that the total impedance is satisfactorily close to what the amplifier needs. Two eight-ohm speakers in parallel, for instance, total four ohms and should be connected to the four-ohm output. Four four-ohm speakers can be connected in series-parallel to total just four ohms, etc. Any audio dealer can help you work out the connection scheme best for you.

In any case, most recent solid-state amplifiers and

receivers have a feature that most tube units lacked: two separate sets of output taps that permit easy "no-calculating-involved" hookups of separate speaker systems—which may be readily controlled by a selector switch on the front panel.

Allegation 7. Transistors respond poorly in handling the high frequencies.

BETWEEN THIS belief, and the charge of inadequate bass frequencies, one wonders how a transistor set can make any sound at all! Again, this notion—which stems from experience with the earliest solid-state amplifiers—must be classed as pure myth. The first diffused-junction power transistors were exceptionally poor in response above, say, 7,000 Hz. But many types of transistors developed since then respond "flat" up to 100,000 Hz and beyond. We can thank computers for this improvement: the manufacturers of these devices created a demand for extremely high speed "transistor switching"—a feature germane to the very operation of a computer—and high-speed switching is related directly to high-frequency response. A transistor that fell off in response beyond 7 to 10 kHz would force a computer into a slow-motion crawl, in contrast to the super speeds attained by today's electronic brains. The transistor with phenomenal high-frequency response makes such speeds possible; it also lets the canny amplifier designer slap a healthy amount of negative feedback over the widest possible range for lower distortion, and makes for very smooth, extended, well-aired highs with excellent transient characteristics.

Allegation 8. Transistor amplifiers have high intermodulation distortion at the low power outputs used in most home listening situations.

THERE IS A POINT here, but it does not indicate the sonic horror implied at first glance. The statement is based on the bump-and-dip effect seen on IM distortion curves of many early and/or lowest-priced solid-state amplifiers and receivers. This effect, which is of course a rise in IM at the lowest output levels, is characteristic of certain types of transistors when pushed pretty hard—and in order to get good power output some types of transistors *do* have to be pushed hard, in "Class B" operation, which turns a lot of the available power from the supply into audio power.

But we have to look at the figures closely before we know whether an IM rise at low power has any significance. If the distortion goes from say 0.05% at 3 watts to 0.08% at 1 watt, the figures signify very little since the "rise" is far, far below

anything that could classify as audible distortion. On the other hand, a rise from 0.5% at 20 watts level to 2% at 8 watts level would be undesirable for serious high fidelity use; it could show up at times as a hardness or nasality in the sound. In any case, this effect has been reduced to the vanishing point in the past year or so. In many of the latest top-grade transistor amplifiers IM not only is as linear as in the best tube units but is virtually nonmeasurable, often falling at or below the residual distortion of the test instruments. This new low distortion comes partly from new transistors that are considerably more linear than earlier types, and partly from the development of radically new circuits, particularly output circuits. The designers have begun to make good use of the transistor's positive qualities. Techniques that are difficult or impossible with tubes, like multi-stage direct coupling, are common with transistors.



Allegation 9. Transistorized products are both more difficult and more costly to service than tube units.

TSK, TSK—and the pity of it all—getting used to what is new certainly can be a chore for some folks! The allegation stems from the wide use of circuit boards, heat sinks, encapsulated parts, and other novel construction techniques embodied in solid-state gear. Actually, the repairman faces only one important bother in handling transistor jobs. The practice of soldering transistors into the circuit makes it more trouble to replace one than to replace a tube, which simply pulls out of a socket. But even this difficulty is offset by the fact that,

in good equipment, you will seldom, if ever, have to replace a transistor.

Circuit boards can work for or against the serviceman, depending on how they are used. In some early transistor jobs the circuit boards were more or less "buried," and it could be a nasty chore to identify and replace individual parts that went bad. But the strong trend in the latest crop of amplifiers and receivers is to employ circuit boards easily removed *in toto*, for inspection, repair, or replacement. As a rule, all parts are readily identified right on the board. The ultimate in this area is the plug-in circuit board: if anything goes wrong in that part of the circuit, you simply pull out the entire board and plug in a new one. The most die-hard of servicemen surely couldn't object to such a technique. The only hitch is that plug-in boards come, as a rule, only in the top-grade, costliest audio units. Most of the mass-produced and inexpensive transistorized equipment is harder to service, but even here a conscientious service organization can do a competent job by following standard procedures of running down the clues of trouble, using signal-tracing techniques, and referring to the manufacturer's service manual.

Allegation 10. Transistors put out full power at one load impedance only—a fact obscured in transistor amplifier advertising, which suffers from a deceptive and confusing "numbers race."

TOO OFTEN TOO true, we agree. But this should not prejudice anyone against solid-state equipment. Rather it should alert the buyer to the need for reading the ads carefully and giving heed to test reports based on the standard 8-ohm measurement (as are those published in these pages) for reliable power measurements.

To explain further: many transistor amplifiers do put out more power at one load value than at other loads. Most often, it is the 4-ohm load that seems to yield maximum power. From a practical standpoint, this imposes a small problem on the amplifier buyer. If you own, or expect to acquire, a speaker of a certain impedance, you must also buy an amplifier that puts out the power you need when that speaker is connected. Actually, this is often a very slight restriction, or none at all, because power need depends on so many variables—including the room, your preferences in loudness, and the speaker efficiency—that you can determine it only within broad limits. In any event, the drop in power capability that results from a change in load impedance is generally no more than one-half or one-third—which hardly affects over-all loudness. Nonetheless, we agree that amplifier manufacturers ought to tell us how power capability changes with

load. At the present time some do and some don't.

It is worth noting that tubes are inherently much worse than transistors in this respect: distortion usually goes up sharply, and maximum power down, when an output tube is operated into the wrong load. It is the output transformer, with its multiple taps, that makes it possible for the vacuum tube to handle different speaker impedances. By using, in effect, a different output transformer for each impedance, different speakers can be matched to the output tubes. The "problem" we have here with transistors is a small price for getting rid of the output transformer.



Allegation 11. The prices of solid-state products have been set too high.

THE ALARM HAS gone out that the nasty audio industry is making John Q. Public pay for the research and development of solid-state equipment. And who, pray tell, has financed the R and D behind television, electric can openers, spray deodorants (and just about everything else we use) if not the consumer? The public—either directly through the price paid for a commodity or for services, or indirectly through taxes used by the government to finance technological projects—inevitably pays for the R and D that creates new devices.

It comes down in essence to this: how fast is the consumer being asked to pay for R and D? Manufacturers understandably tend to charge off R and D costs as fast as the market situation and customer relations allow. But since the audio components industry is intensely competitive, we can be sure that the cost of solid-state gear will tend to drop as the market becomes stabilized. This indeed is the classic trend. Of course, as in any product area, top quality in audio will continue to be relatively expensive.

BY EVELYN LEAR

*THE
OPERATIC*
JET SET

**A first-hand account
by the Metropolitan Opera's
newest American star.**



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK it takes two people (one speaking broken English) to count out several thousand dollars in five and ten dollar bills? Exactly three-quarters of an hour.

That was how long they had to keep the audience waiting for the last act of Alban Berg's *Lulu* in a South American capital. I was receiving my fee (less tax deductions and agent's fees) at the last of my five performances (only innocents imagine that you get paid before the last performance). It was a 5:30 matinee and time was pressing. I had a reservation on a plane leaving for California at 10:30. My husband, Thomas Stewart, was singing *Don Giovanni* in Los Angeles the following day and I didn't want to miss that.

At the end of the performance I escaped through a side door of the theatre, with the money stashed in a large manila envelope. Hours later, when Tom met me at the airport, I laid the envelope in his hands with a sigh of relief. Now the American bank tellers could take it over. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. . . .

And how did it begin? After I left the Juilliard School of Music in 1955, the Concert Artists Guild awarded me a Town Hall Recital. I was a success with the press and the public. Here was the beginning, I thought, of a stupendous career. I sat waiting six months for the next big break. An appearance with the Little Orchestra Society, some television, a leading role in a Broadway show that never made it past Boston, and that was all.

At this juncture Dr. Frederick Cohen, then Director of the Juilliard Opera School, suggested that my husband and I go to Europe and start all over again. With the aid of Fulbright Grants we enrolled in the fall of 1957 at Berlin's Hochschule für Musik. The fields turned out to be definitely greener abroad. After three weeks in Berlin, the general manager of the City Opera (now the German Opera, Berlin), Carl Ebert, heard my husband and engaged him as a leading baritone for a three-year contract, starting the year after his Fulbright Grant was completed. The following year I was hired, also for three years. It was an unprecedented event for both husband and wife (Americans at that) to be engaged in the same opera house, at the same time. A few years later we were both honored with the title of *Kammersänger* by the Berlin Senate—probably the first husband and wife team, and certainly the first American couple, to receive this distinction.

I made my debut at the Berlin Opera in April 1959 as the Composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and shortly thereafter sang my first Cherubino, and that was the start of my association with Mozart and Strauss. After the opera debut came a London concert with Sir Adrian Boult in the *Four Last Songs* of Strauss. This appearance was the beginning for me of many last-minute fill-ins for ailing colleagues, and I had to learn the songs in just five days.

American singers are trained never to say "no" to any opportunity; there are a dozen other singers waiting right behind you to say "yes, thank you" to



your "no, thank you." My wide musical background (how many other sopranos played French horn at Tanglewood with Leonard Bernstein conducting?), plus that wonderful American brand of courage, helped me in many a situation. Nowhere in the world is a singer so fabulously trained as in America. We start with healthy bodies and strong voices and receive a sound, well-based musical education in theory and harmony. Many of us study the piano or another instrument. I am grateful to my parents for encouraging me to do both. The American singer doesn't wait for someone to take him by the hand. He has a dream and this dream must be fulfilled.

WHY DID WE CHOOSE Germany, as so many opera singers did, and probably will continue to? Because the German-speaking countries have an abundance of theatres (in small as well as large cities) who hunger for talent. There are over sixty such theatres, wholly or partly devoted to opera, in West Germany alone, each with its own resident company playing ten months a year. They may not even compare in artistic attainment to some of our excellent college opera workshops, but they are on a professional level and they give the young singer a chance not only to learn but to perform six to eight roles a year. Many of the leading American artists singing at the Met now started in places like Karlsruhe, Ulm, Gelsenkirchen, etc.

All these German theatres are subsidized by their cities or provinces. How delightful for a managing director! Most of them have plentiful funds to experiment with new works, conductors, and singers. If the opera isn't a success, there may be a bit of moaning and groaning from the taxpayers, but it is soon forgotten and a new work is launched—this time, it is hoped, to resounding acclaim. One of the most comforting feelings about being engaged as a member of the ensemble is that you are paid for twelve months but sing only ten.

American singers in Europe, because of their unusual musical background, are often asked to sing modern opera. Because of his training, an American singer can learn a modern work in half the time it often takes a European singer.

In 1960, I was called upon by the officials of the Vienna Festival to take over and learn the role of Lulu in less than three weeks for a concert performance. I learned it, I sang it, and the sensational acclaim won me my first international breakthrough. This led, of course, to invitations to perform leading roles in the world premieres of modern works, very often at the openings of newly built opera houses. I was Jupiter's beloved in Giselher Klebe's *Alkmene* at the German Opera, Berlin, in its new house in 1961. Then came a Caribbean half-breed in Werner Egk's *Die Verlobung in San Domingo* at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich in 1963. Between these came my and Vienna's first staged performance of *Lulu*, in 1962 in the newly rebuilt Theatre an der Wien. This month, for my Metro-



Above, a dazzling *Poppea* in Monteverdi, below, a radiant Salzburg visitor with Figaro colleagues: reading left to right—Fischer-Dieskau, Gueden, Peter Lager, Sciutti, Evans, Dorothea von Stein.



Miss Lear as Lulu, with bass Paul Schöffler—and as Mrs. Stewart, with baritone Thomas Stewart.

politan debut, I shall be creating the role of Lavinia in the world premiere of Marvin David Levy's *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

Friends and relatives are forever envying me the various glamorous cities in which I perform during the year; Paris, Rome, Copenhagen, London, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, etc. International opera singers do have exciting lives, there's no denying it. Being an artist in Europe is almost like belonging to royalty; in hotels, in stores where one is recognized, in airports where the VIP treatment is especially delightful to a hot, weary traveler. Yet, we artists rarely see much more of a city than its airport, its second best hotel, and either the opera house or the concert hall.

I usually try to arrive the morning of the day before the performance. It gives me time to freshen up, unpack, look over my music, and be ready for the rehearsal that afternoon or evening. The next day there is usually a dress rehearsal in the morning, and in the evening the performance takes place. The next morning there you are, getting up at the crack of dawn, dashing madly to the airport, and going on to the next city. If the local press knows you are in town for longer than two days, you are invariably asked to pose in front of some local historic monument (there is your sight-seeing), and find your picture in the newspapers the next day, with the oddest remarks and naturally your name misspelled. Lear can turn up as Lee, Laer, Lier, but I really get mad when they call me Liar!

Journalists in some countries have a knack for asking the most delightful and unusual questions—such as, "Who do you think is the best conductor in the world?"

I invoke the Fifth Amendment.

"What is your favorite role?"

The one I am singing at the moment.

"Do you think the Beatles will have any influence on the future of opera?"

Not if I can help it.

"Do you prefer baritones or tenors?"

I married a baritone.

"Do you feel eating bockwurst and drinking beer has increased your knowledge of German?"

No, just my waistline.

"Do you think an opera singer should experiment with LSD?"

I think some of them already have!

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, traveling is pure torture for me; it is the only aspect of my career I really hate, and hotels are the bane of my existence. I have not as yet ever stayed in a hotel in which there wasn't some sort of repair going on; above, below, or right next to my room. It seems I always hit what they call the off-season, or at least this is the excuse that the hotel gives for making all their alterations at that time. I never unpack my bags when I am first shown to my room. Experience has taught me to wait a few hours, and sure enough, I hear that unmistakable hammering close at hand. I am escorted by manager, assistant manager, housekeeper, et al. until we find a room free from such disturbances. Unfortunately, it is not always possible, but I try to get back at management and everyone by vocalizing in my room, thinking that I can cause them a little distress too. However, the opposite is the result. Everyone stops working and listens; some timid knockings on the door and humble thanks are expressed. Music is the international language, and in Europe even simple vocalises are music.

Being an opera singer, I have lots of idiosyncra-

cies, but there is one in particular that my husband and friends tease me about. I have a small pillow made out of the softest goose down available. If my suitcase is crammed to overflowing, something gets thrown out and that pillow gets put in. I just cannot sleep with any other pillow. It can be bent and puffed up to fit the exact measurements of my head and neck. Anyone who has experienced hard, lumpy pillows in his travels will agree with me. A near catastrophe once occurred. After having sung Oktavian in the Vienna State Opera, I overslept the following morning. I madly packed my things together and barely made my plane. In my haste, it wasn't my music I forgot but my pillow, which was hidden under the hastily thrown-aside blankets. The hotel, after being frantically telephoned from Munich where I was singing Marie in *Wozzeck*, sent it on to me by special messenger. Until it came, my sweet dreams were nightmares.

Such things are inevitable because you do nothing all year but pack and unpack. One often leaves some small or large item out, even when starting to pack at home base. So when you arrive in the next city, there is that scurrying around for a wig, a pair of off-green evening slippers, or even a warm bathrobe. Somehow, the mundane stores that carry these articles are never near your hotel. All you see are the chic boutiques with clothes that make your mouth water every time you pass their windows. Instead of buying that gorgeous broadtail (you don't have enough money anyway), you settle for a five dollar raincoat, because it has started to pour and you forgot to bring one. Of course, when you return to your permanent home you will add it to the ten other raincoats you have purchased elsewhere in the world under similar circumstances. Anyone interested in second-hand raincoats?

THE OPERA AND CONCERT fans in every country vary. It is truly delightful to receive hand-written requests for autographed photos in which the writer expresses his great admiration for your art and humbly begs forgiveness for his audacity. However, some autograph seekers thrust an envelope in your hand without a word. When you arrive back in your hotel with about fifty such envelopes, you open them up. Inside these envelopes are five or six more envelopes and little notes inside of them, with the curt notation, "put in two photos—for friends." Then it's time to stop and think! Admiration is one thing, commercialism (two autographed photos of "Lear" for one of "Callas") is another.

Applause is to an artist what water is to a thirsty man. The Americans and Latins are the most enthusiastic audiences there are; the Germans are the most sophisticated and blasé—after all they can hear an opera every night of the year. Some Germans consider it almost sinful to start applauding until a few seconds after the last note of music has died away. But if they are really moved, they can applaud so wildly that you receive thirty curtain calls. And when

this happens, you know it is genuine, for there are no clagues in Germany.

I am rather proud of my flair and appetite for languages. I sing in French, Italian, Russian, German, English, Spanish, and Portuguese. When I was invited to give a recital at the important Spring Festival in Prague, I decided to add another one to my repertory. I selected a song by Dvořák and searched around for someone both to help with the pronunciation and to translate the meanings of the words. So I called up the Czech Embassy in West Berlin, and made an appointment with their cultural attaché. After some mysterious preliminaries and a few whispered words between the strong-armed guards, I was ushered into his office. He was extremely kind and rather touched. I doubt if he had ever been called upon before to do such a thing. I sang the song with great success, and after the concert I was surrounded by people speaking only Czech to me. It was a compliment to my pronunciation, but an utter disaster for my ego when I could only respond with "yes," "no," and "thank you!"

Actual performances can very often have unexpected, even alarming incidents. Although I have sung Lulu in most of the leading opera houses of the world, my virtuosity doesn't normally extend to revolver-shooting. In the opera, Lulu is supposed to shoot her husband with five shots. In one production in which I sang I used all my strength and squeezed the trigger at the proper cue. Not a drop of a bullet came out. I don't usually like to play prima donna in my work, but this time I pulled a real tantrum. If a proper gun were not provided me by the next performance, I would refuse to sing! A new and menacing-looking weapon was forthcoming. The crucial moment for its use arrived and I pulled the trigger. The shot almost knocked me over, and it sounded like twenty cannons. The real shock came, however, as I saw clouds of smoke billowing from the pistol's barrel in such profusion that none of us could see the conductor. The smoke was so dense we all coughed our parts instead of singing them—some of us actually on the beat!

Every singer has his own method of learning roles and individual songs for recitals. Nothing would be more heavenly than if we could have two or three months to learn a new role and concentrate just on learning; no performing. Like the good old days! But time is always of the essence. I have the advantage of being a pianist, therefore able to play all my accompaniments. However, a piano is not always accessible. Therefore, I tape my own accompaniments, without the vocal line, onto a small portable tape recorder, and it is my constant companion on all my trips, along with my pillow and my music.

If you are ever sitting in an airplane and you see a passenger across the aisle with a small tape recorder and earphones, it may not be a busy business executive catching up on his correspondence, but an equally busy opera singer learning his or her next role. We opera singers are today's jet-age gypsies . . . and perhaps tomorrow's Mach-2 Minstrels.

Torture Tests to check your cartridge

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

When a components manufacturer goes into the record business, you can be sure the result will be something special. One reason is obvious: an equipment company will naturally put out a disc of surpassing sonic quality if only to demonstrate the superior playback capacities of its own products. Another reason, less apparent but equally important, is the fact that a one-of-a-kind or a once-in-a-lifetime job encourages a kind of meticulous attention which may not always be bestowed on routine chores. A recent case in point was the musical excerpts release put out by KLH ("Music to Listen to KLH By"). Now Shure Brothers gives us a stereo disc of another sort, no less excellent technically and in some ways unique.

We'll confess that our first reaction on learning of the Shure TTR-101 (the letters stand for Trackability Test Record) was skeptical. Would a test record put out by a cartridge manufacturer be a fair means of evaluating other makes of pickups? Would it have any use beyond the obvious one of demonstrating the excellence of Shure's own new V-15 Type II? In fact, we deliberately set out to determine whether TTR-101 could prove itself against a "show me" attitude—even as a home music system would have to prove itself against the disc's sonic hurdles.

Those hurdles, it turned out, are considerable, and we know of no other test record, outside a few made specifically for laboratory-instrument use, that can more rightfully lay claim to the title "An Audio Obstacle Course." Side 1 leads off with a narrated introduction, then presents the sounds of orchestral bells, drum and cymbal combination, bass drum—each in successive steps of four rising levels of loudness. The higher levels represent enormous globs of acoustic energy modulated into the groove to test a pickup's ability to stay with such signals. Also on Side 1 is an ungrooved, slick-surface band for testing an arm's lateral balance, or degree of skating effect. Concluding the side are some grooves of silence, for testing hum, rumble, and surface noise.

Side 2 continues the ordeal with other rising-level tests, of an electric organ, a piano, an accordion, and a harpsichord. There is also a very useful band—not so much a test as a check-out guide—to help adjust one's system for channel balance and correct phasing of stereo speakers. The liner notes are comprehensive, clearly presented in nontechnical language, and outlined to make them easy to read while following the recorded signals.

Well, we decided that we had been shown. We will not say that our tests were completely exhaustive, but we do feel that they proved the merit of TTR-101 as test material for any home playback system (and incidentally provided an hour's fascinating entertainment). We tried the disc with an assortment of turntables, arms, and cartridges—these chosen at random from the usual sampling of current equipment we always have on hand. The total included three automatic turntables, four manuals, four separate tone arms, and eight stereo cartridges, including, naturally, the V-15 Type II. We mixed things up, of course, trying pickup A in arm A,

then in arm B, arm C, and so on. We also varied stylus tracking forces, antiskating adjustments, and overhang distances. We even pulled some nasty tricks, such as deliberately reversing channels into the preamp, setting the balance control way off, repositioning speaker systems in an effort to judge whether they might be a factor influencing the test results. Finally, we ran two identical combinations of arm and cartridge through two different amplifier-speaker setups.

The identity of the specific equipment used is not important—we are convinced that the results would be about the same with any other representative combinations of today's gear—but for the curious we cite a few examples of what we encountered. On any of today's automatics, for instance, it was obvious that the built-in antiskating adjustment does have a beneficial effect; it really works as claimed. On the AR turntable, there was no evidence at all of skating with the Shure V-15 Type II. The turntable used in the KLH-20 (a modified Garrard fitted with a Pickering cartridge) had no skating tendency at its recommended setting of 3 grams, and did have excellent tracking characteristics. The Marantz SLT-12 (integrated table, arm, and pickup) revealed no signs of skating and met all the other tests with flying colors. The Ortofon arm/cartridge combination needed a bit more tracking force than we had been using (2 grams) to become free of a slight skating tendency; it too then made it nicely through the obstacle course.

All of the setups we tried passed the first two test levels, and most managed at least to make it through the third level. This in itself raises an interesting question: if most cartridges and arms generally perform better at lower recorded levels, why aren't records cut at those low levels? The answer is to be found in the competitive race among record companies to outdo each other in the apparent "sonic yield" of their products. While this puts an added burden on the pickup and arm, the significant fact is that the better-grade current models are more than equal to the task. If, however, records were cut at lower levels, these high quality pickups then would have "less work" to do, and could be allowed to operate within their optimum performance range rather than close to the margin of that range. This not only would yield the best sound, but would also help protect the record and extend its groove life. Ironically, the poorer pickups and arms, such as those found on inferior phonographs, do stay in the loud-cut grooves—but only because of the heavy tracking forces employed, which, sad to say, wear out the grooves rather soon. And that is why the pop discs typically played on cheap phonographs (tracking at upwards of, say, 6 grams) begin to sound like hash after several plays.

Shure's TTR-101 has sure stirred up something!

"An Audio Obstacle Course." Development Engineering Department, Shure Brothers, Inc. Shure © TTR-101, \$3.95 (stereo only).

A modestly priced loudspeaker revisited.



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Slightly higher in the West

Two years ago, we introduced a new loudspeaker system, the KLH* Model Seventeen. We designed it to be the first modestly priced loudspeaker system that had wide range, low distortion (even at the lowest frequencies), and the ability to handle enough power to fill the largest living rooms. We also designed it, like all other KLH loudspeaker systems, to have an octave-to-octave musical balance that permits prolonged listening to all kinds of musical material without fatigue.

Two years ago, we said that the Model Seventeen brought a new distinction to speakers costing under \$100.

It still does.

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CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EQUIPMENT REPORTS

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

H. H. SCOTT 312C FM STEREO TUNER

THE EQUIPMENT: Scott 312C, a mono/stereo FM tuner. Dimensions: front panel, 15 by 4³/₈ inches; chassis depth, 11 inches. Price: \$294.95. Manufacturer: H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powdermill Rd., Maynard, Mass. 01754.



COMMENT: It is obvious that we didn't know how good tuners could be until the advent of solid-state. Here, thanks to transistorization, we have a tuner that is more compact than high-quality tuners once were, but which is easily one of the best ever made. And apparently the use of field-effect transistors (FETs) in the front end also can be credited with achieving an unprecedented high sensitivity, one which surprised even us and which, incidentally, does make a difference in the number of stations received and the clarity with which they come in. This is certainly a tuner for use in the most difficult of reception areas; stations seem to pop in all across the tuning dial.

The tuner also has a clean, open sound that strikes us as being limited only by the quality of the broadcasts themselves. Some other worthwhile features include: an adjustable muting circuit that can be set to suppress interstation noise without killing the weaker stations; a circuit safeguard against overloading from stronger stations; a high immunity to pulse noises (as from ignition and other nearby electrical sources); and what Scott calls a comparatron circuit, which prevents the automatic stereo section and its indicator from coming on when noise, rather than a true stereo signal, is being received. These circuits really work; the set not only responds to more stations than most tuners, but it pulls in fringe stereo without the sonic "whiskers" on loud passages that other sets have, and with generally more signal and less rushing noise on the second channel.

The front panel is styled in the black and gold of recent Scott units. Controls include a four-position function knob (off, normal, sub-channel filter, noise

H. H. Scott 312C Tuner

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
IHF sensitivity	1.35 μ V at 98 MHz, 2.3 μ V at 90 MHz, 2 μ V at 106 MHz
Frequency response, mono	+1.5, -2.5 dB, 37 Hz to 16 kHz
THD, mono	0.36% at 400 Hz, 0.4% at 40 Hz, 0.46% at 1 kHz
IM distortion	0.6%
Capture ratio	4.5 dB
S/N ratio	58 dB
Frequency response, stereo, 1 ch	+0.5, -3.5, 29 Hz to 16 kHz
r ch	+0.5, -3.5 dB, 34 Hz to 16 kHz
THD, stereo, 1 ch	0.7% at 400 Hz, 1.1% at 40 Hz, 0.9% at 1 kHz
r ch	0.58% at 400 Hz, 0.76% at 40 Hz, 0.78% at 1 kHz
Channel separation, left channel	32.5 dB at mid-frequencies, 12 dB at 15 kHz
right channel	35 dB at mid-frequencies, 15 dB at 15 kHz
19-kHz pilot suppression	42 dB
38-kHz subcarrier suppression	better than 80 dB

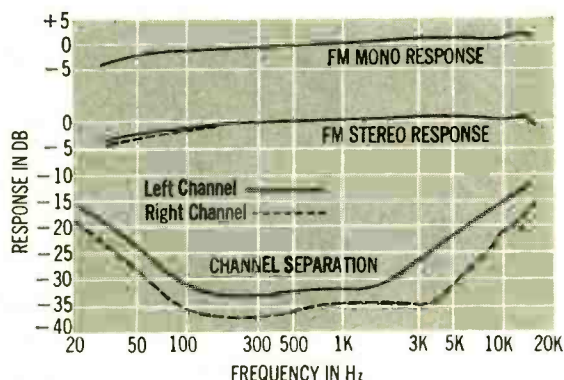
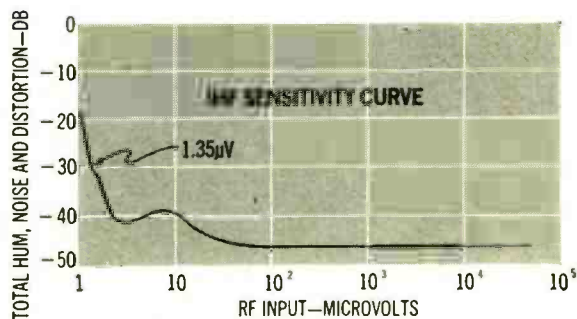
filter); a four-position selector (regular mono, mono with muting, automatic stereo with muting, automatic stereo); a three-position switch that lets you use the tuning meter to indicate signal strength, multipath distortion, and center-of-channel tuning; and of course the station tuning knob. There also is a stereo signal indicator and a front panel tape-feed jack, which also can drive high-impedance headphones. The multipath position of the meter switch may be used to help reorient the antenna for specific stations; instructions are spelled out in the owner's manual—itself well illustrated, clearly written, and handsomely printed.

REPORT POLICY

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

12 MONTHS CUMULATIVE TEST REPORT INDEX ON PAGE 64

The rear of the 312C contains the usual accouterments found on a tuner, plus a little more. There are two sets of stereo outputs (for driving two different stereo systems, or for feeding a stereo amplifier and a tape recorder at the same time). These outputs are controlled by a twin set of screwdriver adjustments which may be used, when installing the tuner, to match its output to that of other program sources in the system for a given setting of the master volume control. Another set of output jacks supplies a multi-path output for monitoring on an oscilloscope; this feature together with the scope patterns shown in the manual, would be of primary interest to professional users. The set has an internal antenna that should suffice for strong, local signals; otherwise it will accept 300-ohm twin-lead from an indoor dipole or an external antenna. The antenna terminals also can be used with 72-ohm coaxial cable without the need for a matching transformer at the set input.

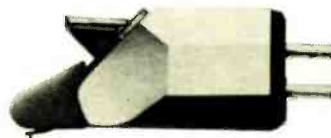


The 312C may be custom-installed, or may be used in an optional accessory case. The feel of the tuner is one of luxury, with smooth-acting controls and a generously proportioned tuning dial that includes a 0 to 100 logging scale. But best of all is the performance of this tuner. The test measurements (CBS Lab data are given in the accompanying charts) tell only part of the story. Use it, and listen to it through the high-quality playback system that it merits, and you'll soon discover that this is a tuner for the connoisseur, one which should gladden the heart of the FM enthusiast. Incidentally, the same tuner is available as a kit, Model LT-112B, for \$189.95. The kit version, thanks to the Scott-Kit packaging, prealignment of critical circuits, and exceptionally clear instructions, can be put together in about eight hours' time. Post-assembly alignment is done with the help of the set's own signal-strength meter and requires merely adjusting a few "cans." Side by side, we doubt that you could tell the difference between the factory-wired job and the kit version: they look alike, sound alike, work equally superbly. Each pulled in more stations more clearly, in mono and stereo, than we thought could be logged in our fringe area.

CIRCLE 140 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

EMPIRE 888E CARTRIDGE

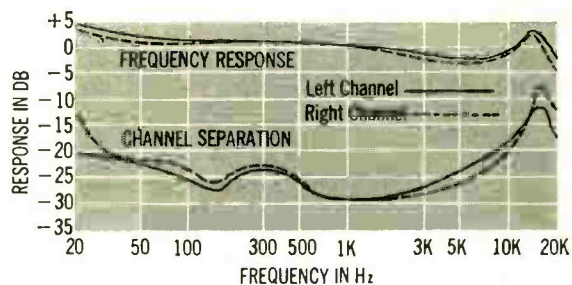
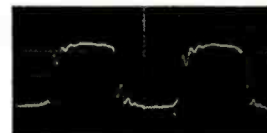
THE EQUIPMENT: Empire 888E, a magnetic stereo cartridge with 0.4- x 0.9-mil elliptical stylus. Price: \$25.95. Manufacturer: Empire Scientific Corp., 845 Stewart Ave., Garden City, L. I., N. Y. 11533.



COMMENT: The 888E introduces a new dimension elliptical stylus: 0.4- x 0.9- mil—which says, Empire, provides the advantage of an elliptical stylus (better response at the inner portion of the record groove) in record playing systems that require a somewhat higher tracking force than is recommended for the "standard" 0.2- x 0.9-mil elliptical stylus. In keeping with this design approach, the 888E necessarily sacrifices compliance, being rated for 12, as compared with, say, the 888PE which is rated for 20×10^{-6} cm/dyne. It is recommended for tracking forces from 0.75 to 6 grams—a range which encompasses just about any kind of phonograph equipment available. These specifications are not exactly state-of-the-art, but they are still very good, and indeed they are better than what many top ranking cartridges offered about three years ago.

In offering a pickup for a wide market, Empire has kept performance fairly high. The 888E's response, checked at CBS Labs, ran within plus or minus 2.5 dB from below 30 Hz to 20 kHz on each channel—with the typical peak near 14 or 15 kHz found in most magnetics. Channel separation averaged near 30 dB at mid-frequencies and 20 dB at 30 Hz and 10 kHz—better than average for a cartridge in this price range, and adequate for fully modulated stereo discs. Distortion ran about average, with more in the vertical response than in the horizontal response. The pickup tracked at an angle of 21 degrees. It needed $1\frac{3}{4}$

Response to 1 kHz square-wave.



grams of stylus force to handle bands 6 and 7 and the glide-tone bands of the CBS STR 100 test record—as compared with half that force required by the best (and most expensive) of today's cartridges. The signal output voltage of the 888E was 6.2 mV on each channel, among the highest ever obtained from a magnetic pickup and suited especially for overcoming less-than-ideal gain or signal-to-noise characteristics of the preamp inputs of low-cost sets. The square-wave

response of the 888E showed some slight ringing (this relates to the peak above 10 kHz), but the ringing was quickly damped and could not be detected in listening tests.

In fact, after listening to the 888E playing through a high-powered, wide-range system, we'd say that although it obviously has been designed to help upgrade a more modest system, there is little about its performance that needs any apologies. Its response is full, clean, and well-balanced; its stereo characteristics are excellent. This cartridge may have been brought out as a "bread-and-butter" product, but to our ears the bread is very fresh and the butter very creamy.

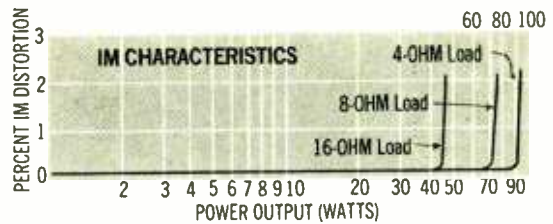
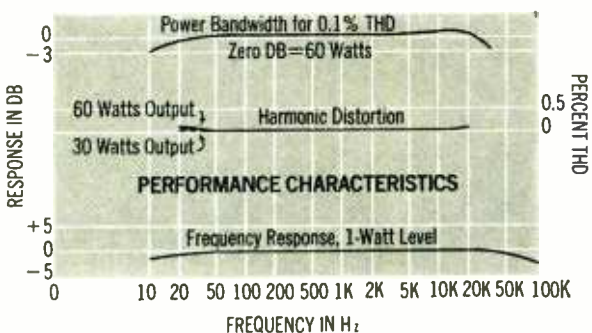
CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

MARANTZ MODEL 15 BASIC AMPLIFIER

THE EQUIPMENT: Marantz Model 15, a stereo basic amplifier. Dimensions: 15³/₈ inches wide, 5³/₄ inches high, 8 inches deep. Price: \$395. Model 14, mono basic (one-half of the Model 15), \$200. Manufacturer: Marantz Co., Inc., subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 37-04 57th St., Woodside, N.Y. 11377.



COMMENT: Marantz's second solid-state product is, logically enough, a powerhouse of a basic amplifier to go with the company's Model 7T preamp (reviewed here last month) or indeed with any other high-quality preamp. We emphasize high quality because the Model 15 merits being used with the best associated equipment. Its power capabilities are enormous, its distortion just about nonmeasurable, and its response so uniform that it can be drawn on a graph with a ruler. Construction, parts, and general attention to details are of professional grade; stability and reliability are excellent. It is, in a word, all Marantz which, as anyone who has followed audio knows, means it is among the very best.



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

Marantz Model 15 Basic Amplifier

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)	
l ch at clipping	60 watts at 0.12% THD
l ch for 0.1% THD	59.4 watts
r ch at clipping	63 watts at 0.44% THD
r ch for 0.1% THD	64.1 watts
both chs simultaneously	
l ch at clipping	60 watts at 0.12% THD
r ch at clipping	63 watts at 0.12% THD
Power bandwidth for constant 0.1% THD	10 Hz to 35 kHz
Harmonic distortion	
60 watts output	under 0.13%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
30 watts output	under 0.09%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
IM distortion	
4-ohm load	0.1% up to 80 watts output
8-ohm load	0.1% up to 64 watts output
16-ohm load	0.1% up to 40 watts output
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0, -1.75 dB, 10 Hz to 100 kHz
Damping factor	66.7
Input characteristics	Sensitivity 1 volt S/N ratio 76 dB

Because the Model 15 is actually two mono amplifiers sharing a common dress panel, each amplifier channel is completely isolated from the other, and the power supply for one does not have to do double duty (as in most stereo amplifiers). This may seem like unnecessary overdesign but it does make for rock-solid stability and for a stereo basic that not only meets its power specs hands down but doesn't flinch when both channels are driven at once. The driver and output transistors are protected by a special circuit that safeguards them against short, open, or abnormal reactive loading—the current is automati-

cally limited and a warning lamp comes on, but the amplifier is unharmed, and the program continues.

A glance at the CBS test data tells much of the story: clean, almost perfectly straight "curves" and excellent square waves at both low and high frequencies. But the real cream of this amplifier can be savored when it is driving high-quality speakers. As we've had occasion to comment on other top-flight amplifiers, with the Marantz you have a feeling that there just isn't an amplifier in the system; it's like listening clear back to the program source. What's more, the Model 15 can be counted on to drive any speaker system of any type or any impedance.

The front panel of the Model 15 matches that of the 7T preamp in size and finish, and the 15 may be ordered for cabinet installation or rack-mounting.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

KENWOOD TK-400 INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER

THE EQUIPMENT: Kenwood TK-400, a stereo integrated amplifier. Dimensions: 15¼ inches wide, 5¾ inches high, 12¼ inches deep. Price: \$199.95. Manufactured by Trio Corporation of Japan and distributed by Kenwood Electronics, Inc., 212 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010 and 3700 S. Broadway Place, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007.

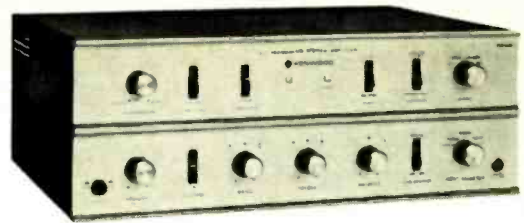
COMMENT: Kenwood's first all-solid-state separate amplifier is a versatile, medium-powered unit with better performance characteristics than we noted previously in the amplifier portion of a Kenwood tube-design receiver (HIGH FIDELITY, June 1964). Power is higher, distortion is lower, and response is wider and smoother.

The TK-400 has a full array of controls and enough inputs and outputs to meet most home music system needs. Knob controls include: volume; mode (left, right, stereo, reverse, and mono); power off/on; bass; treble; channel balance; input selector (tape head, phono 1, phono 2, tuner, aux). The bass and treble controls each are dual-concentric and friction-coupled so that you can adjust tone separately or simultaneously on each channel, as desired. The mode switch is tied to a pair of colored lamps which indicate what mode has been selected. In addition there are six rocker switches for low filter, high filter, phase reverse, speakers and phones or phones only, loudness contour, and tape monitor. A stereo headphone jack is on the front panel.

The rear contains the input jacks corresponding to the front panel selector, plus stereo outputs to feed a tape recorder. There also is a mono phono jack for supplying an A plus B signal to a separate mono amplifier—for center-fill or for piping a program to another room. The speaker terminals are the "universal" type—that is, for any rated speaker impedance up to 16 ohms. A grounding post, switched and unswitched AC outlets, the fuse-holder, and the power cord complete the rear complement.

The TK-400 is generously designed, with a fairly large, heavy-gauge chassis on which obviously high-quality parts are connected with more than usual care, noteworthy for a combination amplifier in this price range. The amplifier comes with its own two-tone metal cover and plastic feet; it thus can be installed "as is" or fitted into a custom cutout. We haven't run any "life tests" on this unit but it strikes us that a high order of reliability can be expected.

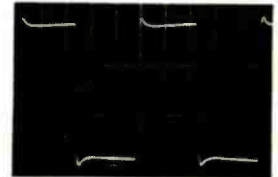
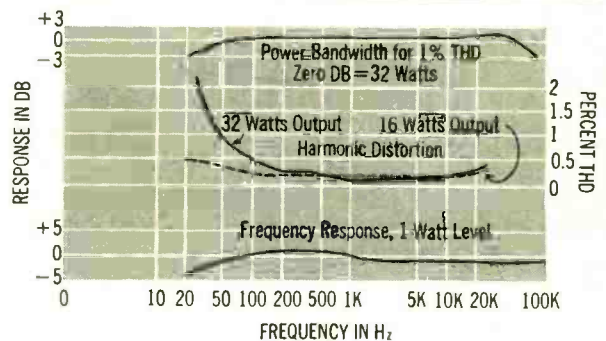
The test results from CBS Labs indicate that the



Kenwood TK-400 Amplifier

Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement	
Power output (at 1 kHz into 8-ohm load)		
l ch at clipping	29.3 watts at 0.15% THD	
l ch for 1% THD	32.7 watts	
r ch at clipping	34.5 watts at 0.11% THD	
r ch for 1% THD	28.2 watts	
both chs simultaneously		
l ch at clipping	24.5 watts at 0.14% THD	
r ch at clipping	28.2 watts at 0.13% THD	
Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD	19 Hz to 80 kHz	
Harmonic distortion		
32 watts output	under 1.1%, 40 Hz to 20 kHz	
16 watts output	under 0.5%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz	
IM distortion		
4-ohm load	under 5.6% to 39 watts	
8-ohm load	under 3.5% to 33 watts	
16-ohm load	under 1.8% to 22.5 watts	
Frequency response, 1-watt level	+0.75, -2 dB, 40 Hz to 100 kHz	
RIAA equalization	+1.5, -4 dB, 54 Hz to 20 kHz	
NAB equalization	+2, -3 dB, 52 Hz to 20 kHz	
Damping factor	24	
Input characteristics	Sensitivity	S/N Ratio
phono	2.28 mV	53 dB
tape head	2.9 mV	48 dB
hi-level	155 mV	70 dB

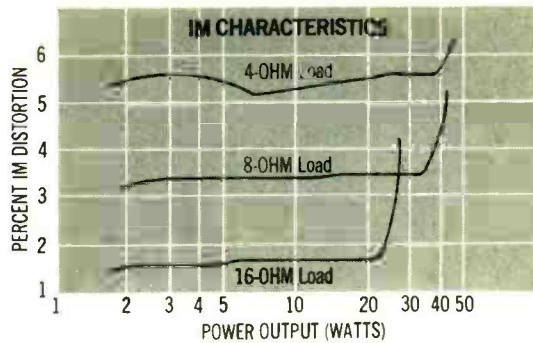


Square-wave response to 50 Hz, left, and to 10 kHz.

TK-400 has been designed, in the main, for clean response with medium-to-high efficiency speakers of 8 to 16 ohms impedance. The power bandwidth, and the frequency response were, for a unit of this class, remarkable, going beyond the nominal 20 kHz limit.

Harmonic distortion ran very low. IM distortion varied with the speaker load presented to the amplifier; as the charts show, the lowest IM resulted with the highest speaker impedance. The low-frequency response seems somewhat limited, especially for driving low-efficiency speakers, but it is adequate for most others. The TK-400 is a very serviceable amplifier with clean output and responsive controls. You'd have to spend significantly more money to go much better than this.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



ALTEC LANSING 848A SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Altec Lansing 848A Flamenco, a full-range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: width, 28³/₈ inches at bottom, 27¹/₄ inches at top; height, 27³/₄ inches; depth, 19³/₈ inches. Price: \$345. Manufacturer: Altec Lansing Corp., 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, Calif. 92803.

COMMENT: High styling, high efficiency, and high performance characterize Altec's Flamenco, a top-notch reproducer. The system consists of this company's A7 Voice of the Theatre elements housed in a striking enclosure, constructed for Altec by Hill-



craft Manufacturing (an L. A. firm which does all of Altec's cabinetry including a matching equipment storage unit). The Flamenco enclosure, made of oak, and faced with a wrought-iron grille that keynotes its Spanish styling, is also suitable for use with other Altec speakers. And the A7 elements themselves also come in other styles of enclosures.

Acoustically, the 848A is a two-way system: an Altec 416A 15-inch woofer and an 806A high-frequency driver coupled to a Model 811B sectoral horn, the two being linked via a Model N800G dividing network which provides electrical crossover at 800 Hz. These are the latest versions of very substantial, high-quality components that have proven themselves in use as studio monitors and in home music systems. In the Flamenco system, the assembly of high-frequency driver and horn is mounted above the woofer—in a special cutout that also serves as a port for bass-reflex action for the woofer. Connections are made near the bottom of the rear panel to screw terminals marked for polarity. A high-

frequency balance control is also on the rear panel. Nominal input impedance is 16 ohms, but the system can also be driven from 8-ohm taps (with only an insignificant 3-dB loss of power). Efficiency is very high, and the Flamenco can produce room-filling sound with very little gain from the driving amplifier. At the same time, it is rugged enough to handle just about any power levels you care to throw into it.

To allay any doubts that the Flamenco is merely "loud" let's say right now that it also strikes us as one of the cleanest sounding reproducers we've yet heard. It has a wide-open quality that is honest, well-balanced, and transparent. It also has a very wide response range that can handle anything from the lowest organ pedals to above audibility. In our tests, the bass output was clear, well-defined, and full down to 40 Hz, where a gentle roll-off seems to begin, with clean bass still audible—if at somewhat reduced amplitude—to just below 30 Hz. Doubling does not occur unless the speaker is driven abnormally hard—and it is not a very severe doubling at that. Upward from the bass, response is as smooth and clean as any we've heard, with virtually no directional effects until above 10 kHz. Tones as high as 13 kHz were audible off-axis of the system; 14 kHz was heard only on axis. This is better than most, and suggests the kind of free, wide tone dispersion you usually get from the very best, most expensive speaker systems. Response to white noise varied from smooth to very smooth, depending on the setting of the high-frequency control.

The stereo image furnished by a pair of Flamencos is excellent: on large ensembles you get the feeling of the instruments spaced all about the system, and an exciting panorama of sound is projected. A good deal of front-to-back depth, as well as side-to-side breadth, may be perceived. Everything sounds quite natural, and the speaker does not favor the voice over instruments, or one group of instruments over another. The Flamencos do take up some space in a room, but the degree of "sonic space" they offer in return is well worth it.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Pickering V-15/3 cartridge
Heathkit 295 Color TV



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DECATUR
Forbes Distributing
DOTHAN
Wiregrass Electronics
HUNTSVILLE
Electronic Wholesalers
Industrial Electronics
MOBILE
Electronics World
Specialty Distributing Co.
MUSCOGEE SHOALS CITY
Sound City Electronics

Arizona

GLENDALE
Marrit Electric
PHOENIX
Arizona Hi-Fi
Goway Dept. Store
Woolco Dept. Store
SCOTTSDALE
Empire Audio
Goway Dept. Store
TEMPE
Woolco Dept. Store
TUCSON
Save-Co. Dept. Store

Arkansas

PINE BLUFF
Relay House of Music

California

ANAHEIM
Anahim Electronics
Henry Radio
Save-Co. Dept. Store
White Front
AZUSA
Rancho Sound
BERKELEY
Cal Hi-Fi
Robert E. Lee
Pacific Electronics
Beverly Hills
Sound Center
CAMPBELL
Alco Home Electronic Center
CANOGA PARK
White Front
CARLSBAD
Cal Hi-Fi
CASTRO VALLEY
Audio Emporium
COSTA MESA
White Front
CORONA
Acorn-Gem
White Front
WEST COVINA
Save-Co. Dept. Store
CULVER CITY
Barney's
DOWNEY
White Front
FRESNO
White Front
BOLETA
Disco Fair
HERMOSA BEACH
Active Sales & Equipment
HOLLYWOOD
Hi-Fi Corner
Yale Radio Electric
INGLEWOOD
Acorn-Gem
Inglewood Electronics
Olsen Electronics
LA MESA
White Front
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Acorn-Gem
LOS ANGELES
ABC Premiums
Acorn-Gem
Bel Air Camera
Henry Radio
Save-Co. Dept. Store
Shady's Stereo Hi-Fi Center
Warco Sales
White Front
MONTEBELLO
Coastline
MOUNTAIN VIEW
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Audio Video Forum
Cal Hi-Fi
NORTH HOLLYWOOD
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OAKLAND
Fisher Electronics
White Front
ONTARIO
White Front
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Disco Fair
PACINA
White Front
PASADENA
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PICO RIVERA
Save-Co. Dept. Store
PLEASANT HILL
White Front
RICHMOND
Pacific Electronics

SACRAMENTO
California Radio TV Supply
Lafayette Electronics
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Stereo Showcase
PHOENIX
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Pro-Am Electronics
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Eber Electronics
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White Front
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Colorado

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Denver Sound Center
Empire Audio Exchange
Lloyd's Hi-Fi
CONNECTICUT
HAMDEN
Lafayette Radio Electronics
HARTFORD
Balfour Records
WEST HARTFORD
Lafayette Radio Electronics
NEW HAVEN
David Dean Smith
DELAWARE
DOWNEY
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Eban Camera Center
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Higgins-Smith
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Electronic Equipment Co.
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PENSACOLA
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SARASOTA
Dow Electronics
TALLAHASSEE
The Sound Shop
WINTER PARK
Frutcher Audio Labs

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ATHENS
Specialty Distributing Co.
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Specialty Distributing Co.
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Ralph's Hi-Fi
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SPRINGFIELD
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SPRINGFIELD
Norman Electronics

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BOZEMAN
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New Jersey

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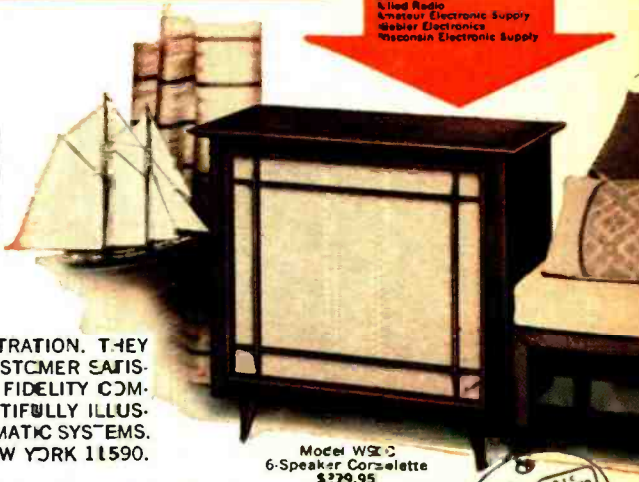
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Dmitri Shostakovich: new releases from Moscow afford a synoptic view.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE ARRIVED, THANKS TO MELODIYA/ANGEL

by Bernard Jacobson

THE MAKING AND DISTRIBUTION of recordings by Soviet musicians has always been something of a fly-by-night business. Records made within the Soviet Union itself, besides being often of mediocre technical quality, have enjoyed only intermittent availability in the West, and Western-made recordings by Soviet artists on tour abroad, perhaps because of the psychological strain involved, have frequently proved disappointing. Certainly a number of great records have emerged, but the radical change in the setup represented by Melodiya/Angel can only be welcomed.

After years of negotiation, Capitol and its associated companies abroad have now acquired exclusive distribution rights for all new recordings by Soviet artists made at home and abroad. This means that for the first time there is the prospect of orderly and integrated worldwide dissemination of recordings by one of the finest national groups of executant musicians to be heard today. What makes this even more exciting is the fact that, no doubt as one consequence of Khrushchev's shift of emphasis to consumer

goods, the technical standard of Soviet recordings has improved almost out of recognition within the last few years.

Privileges do not come without responsibilities, and Capitol has hereby taken a heavy weight on its shoulders. The make-up of the first releases on the Melodiya/Angel label leaves open the question whether it is fully aware of its responsibility. The repertoire selected is serious and important. Yet it is surprising, to take just one example, that the two Shostakovich symphonies included should be two of the three that are best represented in the U.S. catalogues already, while the magnificent Eighth Symphony lacks a good modern version. On the whole, the performances are splendid. Yet, again, it seems strange that the greatest Soviet conductor, Mravinsky, should be completely unrepresented in the initial releases. Still, record companies are seldom in a position to do exactly what they want: let us hopefully assume that these anomalies will soon be put right.

Meanwhile, three of the earliest Melodiya/Angel issues offer a stimulating

conspectus of the career of the one great composer to have been produced by the Soviet system. Dmitri Shostakovich. (He was only eleven at the time of the Revolution; Prokofiev was then twenty-six, and in any case he exercised his talents as composer and virtuoso pianist in the West until 1933, when he returned to Russia.) The four Shostakovich works involved span a period of more than thirty years, and two of them played a big part in his orientation towards the Soviet critics and public. It was the opera *Katerina Ismailova* (or *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*), composed in 1930-32, that first got him in difficulties with the cultural authorities, and it was the Fifth Symphony of 1937 that reinstated him. The other two works, the Ninth Symphony and the dramatic cantata *The Execution of Stepan Razin*, have had less momentous extramusical consequences, but they help bring the picture up to date—the cantata, which bears the opus number 119, is the most recent Shostakovich work to be recorded.

When *Katerina Ismailova*, based on a story by Leskov, was produced in Janu-

ary 1934, it started off as a great popular and critical success. Later, however, it raised a storm in official circles that seriously jeopardized Shostakovich's composing career. Almost exactly two years after its first production—two years in which it had been enthusiastically received in Western Europe and the United States—*Pravda* published a strongly condemnatory article. The grounds of disapproval were the allegedly confused and politically neutral ideology of the opera, its "vulgar naturalism," and its "aesthetic snobbism."

This attack may have been partly motivated by a feeling of guilt that a Soviet work of art could be so popular with perverted bourgeois audiences abroad, but it rested mainly on a tenet that Shostakovich had himself expressed in a statement to the *New York Times* in 1931: "Music cannot help having a political basis—an idea that the bourgeois are slow to comprehend. There can be no music without ideology." And so far from disputing the point, the composer publicly expressed agreement with *Pravda's* criticisms.

Shostakovich had once stated that his intention was "to acquit Katerina Ismailova." Listening to the opera now in this recorded performance by the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Drama Theatre of Moscow, one can perceive that his fundamental aim was to acquit the heroine by condemning the society in which she lives. Katerina takes a lover, murders her father-in-law, and connives in the murder of her husband. These are expedients acceptable neither to Western nor to Soviet ethics, but they are presented as actions to which she is driven by the inhumanity of her milieu. At any rate, the only sympathetic music in the opera, apart from the choruses of the suffering prisoners in the last scene, is Katerina's own.

Insofar as he clarifies this emotional distinction by purely musical means, Shostakovich has succeeded in his operatic aim. But for the rest *Katerina Ismailova*—unlike Janáček's dramatically similar *Katya Kabanová*—is not a really good opera. Too often the satirical means employed to underline the significance of the unsympathetic characters get out of hand. The consequent mixture of styles lacks either musical or expressive precision, and sometimes, as in the grotesque parody of the police in the seventh scene, the effect is that of Gilbert and Sullivan run wild.

This Soviet performance is a dramatic one, and it grows on one with repeated hearings. There is little in the way of vocal distinction. Eleanora Andreyeva's vibrato is so wide that it is often hard to tell exactly what notes she is singing, and her contribution to the scene of Sergei's flogging is the vaguest approximation to the written notes. However, she keeps reasonable control of her voice in Katerina's most important solos and, apart from sounding rapturous instead of bored at the beginning of Scene 3, she fully realizes the dramatic potentialities of her part. Eduard Bulavin is a suitably boorish father-in-law, frequently powerful of voice though again inexact of intonation; he spoils a few passages

by careless distortion of rhythm. The Aksinya and Sonyetka are fairly good and the Priest acceptable, but both principal tenors are bad: Vyacheslav Radziyevsky as Zinovy, the husband, belts away unmercifully in a thin, wearying screech; Gennady Yefimov as Sergei, the blackguard lover, starts well but tires before the last scene, where he indulges in some regrettable downward transposition. The best singing comes from the Old Convict in the last scene—I have been unable to discover the singer's name, so perhaps for the time being one may think of him as the Unknown Political Prisoner. Anyway, he is a fine deep bass in the grand Russian manner. But even he ruins the epic effect of his last phrase by coming off the final note much too soon. This is a fault that recurs constantly throughout the performance. It should perhaps be laid to the account of the conductor, who also allows far too many dotted rhythms in the orchestral part to degenerate into lazy triplets. Ensemble on the whole is good. The recording is like the performance: musically it disappoints by some unfortunate adjustment of the louder orchestral passages so that they sound softer than quiet solo phrases, but dramatically it captures action and atmosphere very well.

In his best-known single group of works, the symphonies, one of Shostakovich's most noticeable characteristics is a tendency to the monumental. Scarcely less evident is an almost schizophrenic alternation between a gaiety that sometimes becomes positively skittish and a lyrical vein that ranges from meditateness to sentimentality. Both the monumentalism and the range of moods suggest a parallel with Mahler, and in fact Shostakovich is more like Mahler than he is like any one other composer. But from the Fifth Symphony onward there is another important influence: Tchaikovsky. Apart from the general Soviet canonization of Tchaikovsky, there is in Shostakovich's case a special significance in Tchaikovsky's presence as a foil to Mahler: Shostakovich is a far more direct, more "first-order," composer than Mahler. Mahler, like Shostakovich, wears his heart on his sleeve; but whereas Shostakovich keeps his jacket on, Mahler proceeds to take his off and hangs it on a peg so that you shan't be quite sure the heart on display is his.

There is no distancing or lack of directness in Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. The score of this great work originally bore the heading "Creative reply of a Soviet artist to just criticism," and the composer has also described it as representing the development of a personality in the context of society. Kondrashin's new recording shirks none of the music's emotionalism. If at times his response to the score seems a shade superficial—as in his restless screwing up of tempo at figure 29 in the first movement, a good two pages before a mere *poco stringendo* marking—nevertheless his highly dramatic approach is more suitable than the coolness of some rival versions. Rowicki's performance still seems to me to come closest to the ideal, but Kondrashin is unsurpassed in his handling of the final climax, which

has a sense of inexorable triumph quite free from bombast. Orchestral playing and recorded sound are both excellent.

The Ninth Symphony, by comparison, is a bonbon, and a delightful one. Again there are questionable details in Kondrashin's performance—a serious one is his complete distortion of the rhythmic changes in the second movement, where he ignores Shostakovich's meticulous markings of quarter-note equals quarter-note, and instead makes one bar of common time sound like two bars of three-four. But the sheer joyous verve of the interpretation and the irresistible bravura of the playing give this version a distinct edge over Sargent's more sober-sided performance, and the recording is brilliant. The cantata on the other side of the disc is no mere piece of tub-thumping propaganda. A dramatic poem depicting the execution of a revolutionary hero, it is of course popular in idiom. Its sincerity, however, is unimpeachable, and—which is at least as important—it has moments of great beauty and dramatic force. The performance is full of conviction, and Vitali Gromadsky's bass solo is powerful and sensitive, if occasionally a trifle strained.

You may feel, like many critics, that Shostakovich has never lived up to the brilliant promise of his First Symphony. Or you may feel, as I do, that he did far better by reforming his style than he would have done by going on writing works like *Katerina Ismailova* and its predecessors—works which to my mind, for all their cleverness and musical inventiveness, are in the last analysis shallow and irresponsible. Either way, it is excellent that we should have the opportunity of making up our own minds on the subject. I look forward with pleasure to further illuminations from Melodiya/Angel.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Katerina Ismailova*

Eleanora Andreyeva (s), Katerina; Dina Potapovakaya (s), Aksinya; Nina Isakova (c), Sonyetka; Gennady Yefimov (t), Sergei; Vyacheslav Radziyevsky (t), Zinovy Borisovich; Eduard Bulavin (b), Boris Timofeyevich; Yevgeny Marimenko (bs), Priest; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Drama Theatre, Gennady Provatorov, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL © RCL 4100, \$14.37; SRCL 4100, \$17.37.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 5, in D, Op. 47*

Moscow Symphony Orchestra, Kyril Kondrashin, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL © R 40004, \$4.79; SR 40004, \$5.79.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *The Execution of Stepan Razin, Op. 119; Symphony No. 9, in E flat, Op. 70*

Vitali Gromadsky, bass, Leading Chorus of the Soviet Republic (in Op. 119); Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Kyril Kondrashin, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL © SR 40000, \$4.79; SR 40000, \$5.79.

DAS LIED VON DER ERDE—THREE NEW SETS AND THREE PERSPECTIVES



Mahler as director of the Court Opera in Vienna.

by William Malloch

“**W**HAT DO YOU think? Is this to be endured at all? Will not people do away with themselves after hearing it?” Gustav Mahler posed this question to Bruno Walter after his young disciple brought him back the freshly completed score of *Das Lied von der Erde*, “scarcely able to utter a word.”

Mahler was referring to *Der Abschied*, the famous half-hour-long farewell piece which ends the six-movement symphonic song cycle. The work was completed in Toblach in 1908 when the man who took this long look of farewell was only forty-eight years of age. Yet his daughter, Anna, recalls that “in some way, he was old; he looked completely spent.” Still, for the two years left him, he continued to spill himself, through the inkpot, into his last three works: *Das Lied*, the Ninth Symphony, and the uncompleted Tenth. Curiously, he made no effort to get them performed. The master of orchestration who, as Leopold Stokowski recalls, drove everyone to distraction at the Munich premiere of his Eighth with endless last-minute changes in instrumentation, never

lifted a finger to put these final works to the test, and yet *Das Lied* is his most perfectly instrumented work.

With the release of this current crop of three *Das Lied* recordings, the Schwann catalogue now boasts ten. Is anything to be gained from this surfeit? Well, yes, partly because with Mahler it’s always worth hearing things “a little bit differently.” But really and most substantially because one of the new issues—Leonard Bernstein’s reading with the Vienna Philharmonic, for London—seems to me to project the essential character of the work with such compelling rightness that one is led, like Mahler rediscovering the sweetness of “the habit of existence,” to relive the work as if one were hearing it for the first time and to experience its essential message.

It would be pleasant to say that Eugene Ormandy (Columbia) and Otto Klemperer (Angel) have placed *Das Lied* in a perspective sufficiently fresh to justify their recordings of the work, but for the most part they have not. Klemperer’s second recording of the work is a vast

improvement over his curiously stiff and unsympathetic earlier Vox recording with a Vienna ensemble, but these peculiarly heady Mahlerian emanations are simply not, shall we say, this conductor’s cup of tea. Klemperer’s earth is made of sterner stuff, and he not only stands squarely upon it, his feet are sunk well into it. In the present performance he seems about as involved personally as Brueghel’s farmer on the hillside watching Icarus fall into the sea. If Klemperer turns his back on the piece, Ormandy steps gracefully to the side each time Mahler charges his Taurus-like way. This is strange, because it’s well known that Ormandy is a Mahler lover. Yet here, his is strictly a Shaw-Allen Terry sort of affair.

Of the Angel soloists it can be said that the late Fritz Wunderlich sings excellently, though I think he too stops short of real involvement, and Christa Ludwig is sensitive, if with a voice a bit too light for the part. (Miss Ludwig also sings five other Mahler Lieder with orchestra on the fourth side of this two-disc album.) Columbia’s Lili Chookasian sings well, but like an operatic rather than a Lieder singer; her colleague Richard Lewis is really at home with his part, however, and his contributions are for me highlights of this set.

It’s curious to compare the Ormandy and Klemperer recordings, because combining the best parts of each might produce a highly interesting amalgam. Klemperer’s New Philharmonia winds, for example, chatter happily away, making sport with and something special out of each bit they are given to play, while his string players are stonelike and impassive in contrast to these wind players (the marvelous bittersweet cantilena for the violins in the opening *Trinklied* is tossed off as if it were just a little night-waltz music). Ormandy’s strings, on the other hand (highlighted, as usual in Philadelphia recordings), make many a sweetly spun turn of phrase, but the winds play as if they were reading yesterday’s newspaper rather than one of the most poignant pieces ever written.

The fact is that only Bernstein’s performance is whole. Every phrase, every bar of the work cries out for characterization, and only under Bernstein do we hear character sharply edged in both winds and strings. At first, during the *Trinklied*, one fears that perhaps Bernstein is a bit synthetic. Has he learned his lessons somewhat too well from Bruno Walter’s recordings and Mahler’s score? One has a faint feeling that Bernstein’s microscopic adherence to the letter of the score cannot be compatible with his wild passion, and one questions the latter’s genuineness. But such doubts are short-lived. Bernstein, with courage and without embarrassment, risks everything in this performance. And yet he does so while at the same time, as he

has not always done, keeping himself completely under control.

Literal-minded note-hungry score readers will have a field day plodding their way through this recording. But one can just as easily put the score aside, or throw it away, and be overcome by the sound of it all. For this is the finest registered recording of *Das Lied* I have ever heard. One misses nothing, yet the sound has a real bloom to it. For once, the singers do not sound as if they are singing in some boxed-off area, all safely protected from the onslaughts of the orchestra; they are there, in the pit, in the midst of a life-and-death experience with Bernstein, giving themselves to the last breath. In fact, a couple of times, both King and Fischer-Dieskau seem dangerously close to running out of breath, but it doesn't matter. Fischer-Dieskau sings a trifle sharp in a couple of spots. He really seems to have a little less voice to bring to bear on the subject than he did in his Kletzki-led recording—but again it doesn't matter. He sings the two "without expression" spots even more so in this recording than in his earlier one, to mention a good point. But by the time one has come to the *Abschied*, one isn't even thinking about noting such details.

One can, if one concentrates hard enough, listen to the Bernstein performance critically. One can see, for instance, that he has encouraged his players to maintain a great consistency of approach, to "stay in character," so to speak, throughout the performance. While in the Klemperer recording the winds do not invariably "double dot" the rising sixth-falling third figure in the first movement, or go at the turning figure in the last movement with any consistency, all such details are magnificently on point in the Bernstein recording. And yet there is not a neutral bar in it. All flows. And all flows as if this were a real, living performance and not simply a recording. Indeed, it is more than a performance; it is an experience that forces the suspension of all disbelief.

Mahler should have known, and must have known, that no one could possibly "do away with himself" after hearing *Der Abschied*; hearing it in fact makes it possible for us to feel once again that we are a part of that which does go on, in some way, eternally.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*

James King, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond. LONDON © OM 36005, \$4.79; OS 26005, \$5.79.

Christa Ludwig, mezzo; Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. ANGEL © B 3704, \$9.50; SB 3704, \$11.58 (two discs, including five Lieder with orchestra); Ⓣ Y 2S-3704, \$11.98. 3/4 ips.

Lili Chookasian, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. COLUMBIA © ML 6346, \$4.79; MS 6946, \$5.79.

ALL-STAR FAUST: SUTHERLAND, CORELLI, GHIAUROV



by George Mouvshon

SOMEONE UP THERE must have loved Gounod very dearly. Or otherwise someone down there. How else do you explain the *Faust* phenomenon? How could the eleventh-best (at a guess) French composer of his day have parlayed a gift for square and sugary melody, plus a capacity for hard work, into the most successful opera ever written? And *Faust* is that, by almost any yardstick. If it has recently fallen on hard times (and it has a way of coming back at you), it is still the universal opera, the one everybody knows. On its home ground, the Paris Opéra, the end of 1966 has brought *Faust's* 2,478th performance.

Gounod's inspiration may have been divine or infernal, but given reasonable artists—a few decent voices and a conductor—it works in the opera house. The story is clear and strong, there are a dozen melodies worth waiting for, the Garden Scene and the final trio are truly splendid. When you have a great cast and the performance takes fire, then you begin to see why all that end-of-the-century fuss was generated. *Faust's* heyday was a thirty-year span from about 1880 to 1910—when there were literally thousands of performances all over the operatic world: when Marchesi-trained sopranos (Melba, Farrar, Calvé, Eames) triumphed nightly as Marguerite: when other golden age singers wrought marvels as Mephistopheles, Valentin, and Faust: when the Met schedule drove critic Henderson to make his "*Faustspielhaus*" pun. There is a disc that recaptures some of the old-time *Faust* magic. It contains fifty minutes or so of excerpts, recorded around 1910 by Caruso, Farrar, Scotti, and Journet and reissued in England on Saga Heritage XIG8010. (the disc is not listed in Schwann but I have seen it in New York record shops). More graphically than any written account it shows why the opera fixed such a grip upon its age. There are other even better *Faust* excerpts from this period, but the thirteen sides here assembled present some-

thing like a condensed version of the opera.

Apart from such old-time singles, *Faust's* phonographic history has been spotty. In the 78-rpm era there were two "complete" versions by Beecham, one in English. Beecham was fine, but unlucky in his singers. There was an Opéra-Comique set, not memorable. The LP age brought a decent performance, now long deleted, on Columbia (Steber, Conley, Guarrera, Siepi, Cleva conducting) and an Angel offering (De los Angeles, Gedda, Borthayre, Christoff, Cluytens conducting) which was remade in stereo in 1960 with Ernest Blanc as Valentin. This last is the only available alternative to the set now under review: though it has some fine singing from Gedda and De los Angeles, it also has some low-level hamming from Christoff and uninspired conducting.

So ring in the new. A small hackle rises, *ab initio*. There is something off-putting about the line-up, a smack of Hollywood in the idea of a *Faust* with Joan Sutherland, Franco Corelli, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, three luminaries entirely outside the language, tradition, and style of the opera. But very soon the logical question asks itself: would anyone want an idiomatic *Faust* of the present day? Where is the French Marguerite, or heroic tenor, or singing bass capable of a world-class performance, one that people would pay for to have at home on a record? *Jamais. Rien. Personne*. So the heart bends a little to the current enterprise and one puts aside suspicion.

The first of the London virtues in this set is completeness. It contains the entire printed score, save only the last six bars (which are held to be spurious). All the traditional cuts are opened. Siebel comes back after the quartet, Marguerite sings her second aria at the spinning wheel (in Act IV). The most valuable restoration comes between the final *Faust*/Marguerite duet and the trio "*Anges*

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Classical

purs," but they are all worthwhile. There is also the complete ballet music in Act V though this is believed to be not by Gounod at all (some say Delibes). In the brochure accompanying the album Ray Minshull contributes an absorbing piece on the performance and textual history of *Faust*, and in an appendix you may find twenty-two sequences from Barbier and Carré's final libretto to which Gounod is known to have written music. These were either replaced by other material or cut out before the first performance. Minshull also reports that the manuscript score (in which the twenty-two musical passages are presumably contained) rests today in the possession of Gounod's granddaughter-in-law, who refuses access to scholars. It is estimated that the extra material would add an hour or more to the opera (which is already sufficiently long for some), and one understands why the cuts were made. But some of them, particularly a full-fledged mad scene for Marguerite in prison, seem fascinating in text.

Next virtue. The recorded sound is first-rate throughout, there is a feel of air and space, and a well-judged balance between orchestra and soloists. The stereo is imaginatively used, with Mephisto's position always carefully judged to the action. The quartet in the Garden Scene allows us to hear Faust making time with Marguerite in the left channel while Mephisto tries to avoid, in the right channel, entanglement with Martha. Excellent diversity-in-unity.

And next, and next among the set's distinctions. The chorus has obviously been trained to a high gloss and to my ear its French diction seems exemplary. The London Symphony Orchestra contributes warm and lustrous playing, tight ensemble, and excellent woodwind solos. The lesser principals are well cast. Margreta Elkins is a gentle and musical Siebel (she has an extra scene too, a duet with Marguerite in Act IV); Monica Sinclair gives Martha a true contralto quality which, though mildly hooty in solo work, adds an attractive timbre to the ensembles. And special congratulations to London on finding a genuine singing French baritone in Robert Massard, who presents a manly, eloquent, well-sung Valentin.

To me (others will quarrel) the performance of the set is Nicolai Ghiaurov's. There is a rich, full, luxurious gleam to the voice, and an acting "presence" that comes into the living room, the equal of which I have not heard. His French is his own (not really very good, but streets ahead of Christoff) and so is his nobility: this Mephisto is a gentleman; a foreign gentleman, perhaps, but a gentleman. You will have to go far back to find another basso who had the agility for "*Le Veau d'Or*" as well as the legato for the Act IV serenade.

Joan Sutherland would seem to be ideally cast as Marguerite, particularly since she has recently improved her diction and her pronunciation of French. There are pyrotechnics for her agility in the "Jewel Song," there are love duets and the "King of Thule" for her dramatic style, there is lots of silvery music for her lyric quality throughout the role.

But one must report sadly that she is not in her best voice here. Moreover, she has had a relapse into droopiness, a complaint of which it once seemed she was cured. In the two love duets (Garden Scene and Prison Scene) she sings out passionately. The soliloquy at the window is moving, but elsewhere things tend to listlessness. The "Jewel Song" doesn't really take off as it should, though she gives us the real trills and roudades as few others can. She doesn't seem to know that some things have to be "thrown away" (in the actor's sense) so that others can stand out more clearly. Take her first line in the Garden Scene, as she sits at the spinning wheel, "*Je voudrais bien savoir . . .*" (I would like to know who that young man is). The line should be easily taken, on the way to the Ballad that follows. But Bonyng's tempo is so deliberate, and Sutherland's tone so sad, that the scene is distorted. The "King of Thule" is a little anemic, the second (Act IV) spinning-wheel aria is again droopy, and even the final trio could use a bit more passion.

Nobody could find a want of passion in Franco Corelli, but he gives us other troubles. This tenor, who combines a shining voice with intensity and power, whose Calaf, Manrico, Turridu are marvelous to hear, is just no Faust. There is no sense of line, a wrong shape to so many phrases. "*Salut, demeure, chaste et pure*" is given the most un-chaste, most impure reading I have heard. "Chastity" is, in fact, belted out each time, if you'll pardon the expression; and the climactic high C is reached by way of an inelegant slide. Corelli is better in the ensembles, or at least you are less aware of his mannerisms. In the love duets and the final trio his intensity helps the music and the results are good.

At first hearing, I thought Bonyng's conducting seemed a little slack, but repeated playings have brought considerably increased respect. His tempos for Sutherland are far too slow, showing an excess of kindness for the singer and a lack of it for the music. But elsewhere he generates a good pulse and flow, a fine shaping of the orchestral line. The soldiers' chorus is suitably beefy and effectively so.

In sum, a *Faust* of many virtues, complete to the last hair, well conducted, beautifully played, imaginatively recorded, absorbingly annotated, with a fine performance by a great voice (Ghiaurov) another by a good one (Massard); yet a *Faust* bowed down by a languishing Marguerite and a sadly miscast hero.

GOUNOD: *Faust*

Joan Sutherland (s), Marguerite; Margreta Elkins (ms), Siebel; Monica Sinclair (c), Martha; Franco Corelli (t), Faust; Robert Massard (b), Valentin; Raymond Myers (b), Wagner; Nicolai Ghiaurov (bs), Mephistopheles; Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Choir of Highgate School: London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonyng, cond. LONDON © A 4433, \$19.16; OSA 1433, \$23.16 (four discs); ① LOW 90125, \$23.95 (two reels).

ALBENIZ: *Iberia* (complete); *Navarra*

Alicia de Larrocha, piano. EPIC © SC 6058, \$9.96; BSC 158, \$11.96 (two discs).

Inasmuch as Alicia de Larrocha's monophonic set of this music (on Columbia M2L 268) has long been considered standard, there is little need to say much about this remake. It has been given very live, clean stereo sound of the large, empty hall variety, and fortunately it has brilliance but none of the shallowness that has marred some of this pianist's other recent recordings. The music—among the most original, colorful, and technically demanding in the whole piano repertoire—is poetic and lovely. All of it is performed here in a manner such as to send one into rhapsody. The bright, detailed lift of De Larrocha's ostinatos, the pungent warmth of her cantabile, the grace, sparkle, and economy of her seemingly straightforward but deeply subtle interpretative address . . . all this confirms my conviction that the lady is one of our supremely great artists. H.G.

BACH: "*Bach on the Harpsichord and Clavichord*"

Concerto in F, S. 971 ("*Italian Concerto*"); *Little Prelude, No. 1, in C, S. 924*; *English Suite, No. 2, in A minor, S. 807*; *Twelve Little Preludes, S. 924-30, 939-42, and 999*; *Adagio in G, S. 968*; *Prelude and Fughetta in C, S. 870a*; *Fantasia in A minor, S. 922*.

Igor Kipnis, harpsichord (in S. 971, 924, and 807) and clavichord (in the rest). EPIC © LC 3932, \$4.79; BC 1332, \$5.79.

Highly accomplished playing here combines with rare stylistic insight to produce a record that should delight both musicologists and nonspecialist listeners. Igor Kipnis has a thoroughly attractive interpretative personality, and in this repertoire his bold embellishment of repeats carries unusual conviction. The program—a generous sixty-five minutes of it—is beautifully balanced, and there are no weak spots in it. Everything possible has been done to make this record an illuminating experience: instances are the playing of the first Little Prelude successively on the harpsichord and on the clavichord, and the inclusion of the G minor Stölzel Minuet before and after the Prelude No. 10 which Bach composed as a Trio for it. My only reservations about the playing concern a very occasional feeling of rhythmic instability and, in the *Italian Concerto*, a slight lack of positiveness in

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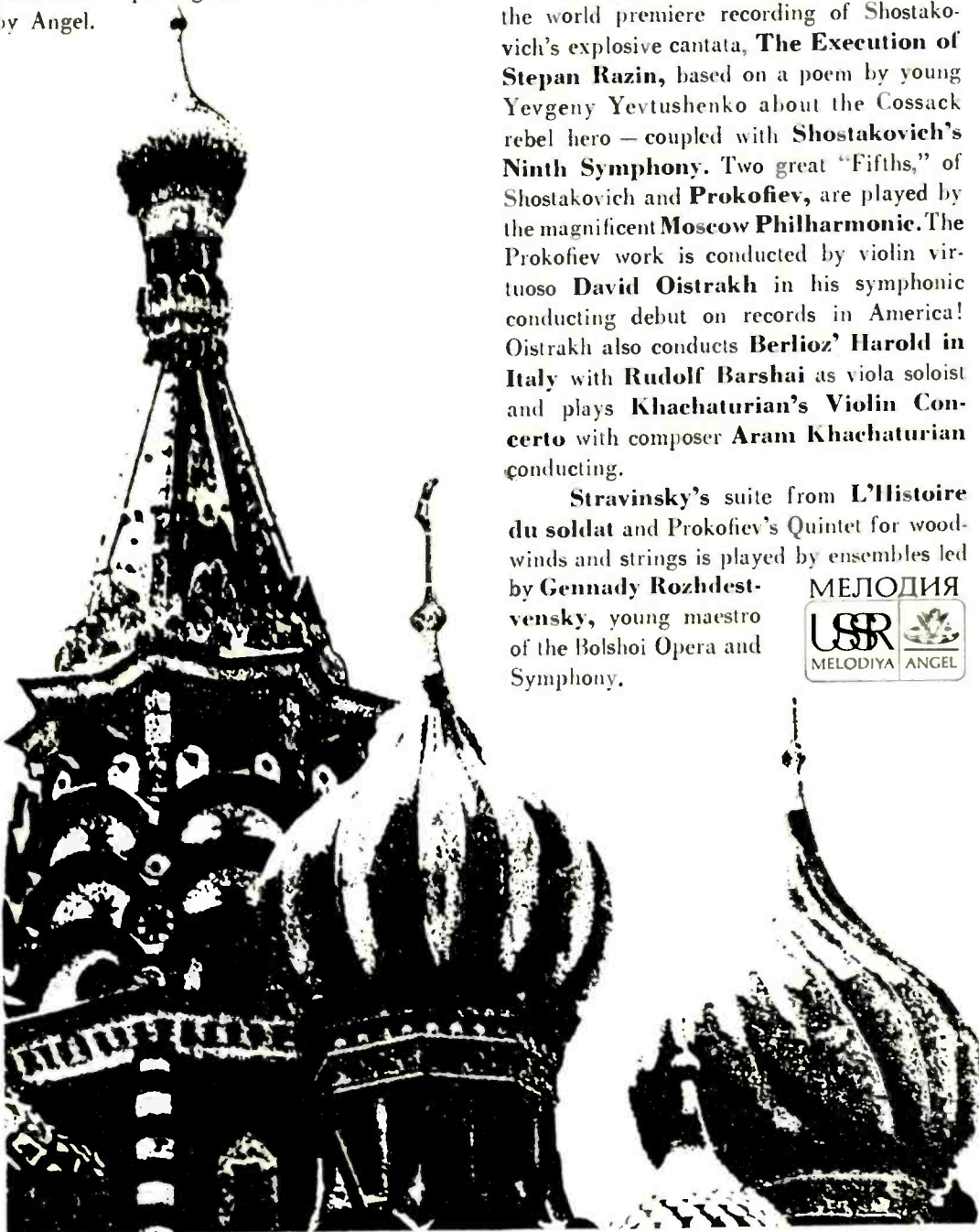
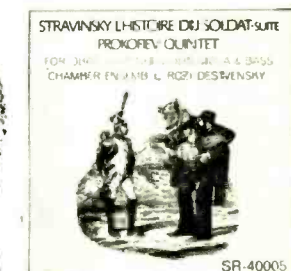
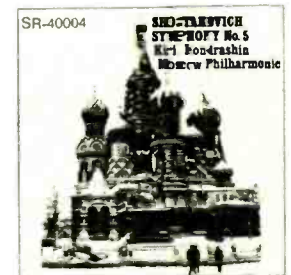
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Stravinsky's suite from **L'Histoire du soldat** and Prokofiev's **Quintet for woodwinds and strings** is played by ensembles led by **Gennady Rozhdestvensky**, young maestro of the Bolshoi Opera and Symphony.



the differentiation between tutti and solo passages. But these are minor matters and should deter no one from acquiring the disc.

The recording does full justice to the two fine instruments used (both built by Rutkowski and Robinette), and the clavichord's poetic and strangely touching quality is perfectly captured. More, please. B.J.

BACH: Suites for Orchestra: No. 1, in C, S. 1066; No. 2, in B minor, S. 1067; No. 3, in D, S. 1068; No. 4, in D, S. 1069

Marlboro Festival Orchestra. Pablo Casals, cond. COLUMBIA © M21 355, \$9.58; M2S 755, \$11.58 (two discs).

Casals' performances of the Bach Orchestral Suites gave me deep and unexpected pleasure when I heard them at Marlboro last summer. The French overture movements were not, of course, played like French overtures but read with completely literal—and therefore, in Bachian terms, illiterate—rhythms. The repeats were not at all varied. The continuo was entrusted to a piano, instead of a plucked-string instrument like a harpsichord, harp, or guitar. (Yes, why not a guitar?) The trumpets in the Third and Fourth Suites—and this was a drawback over and above what I was prepared for—played with a thick unfocused tone which clogged the textures disagreeably. Yet with all this there was a genius about the thing, a musicality, a warmth which in large measure disarmed me. And the virtues were not all big, vague, romantic-sounding ones such as those I have named: there was also an astonishingly youthful vigor which manifested itself not only in the unfussy mobility of the bass line but also in a willingness to play movements like Bourrées at gloriously, irresistibly devil-may-care tempos.

The performances on these records are substantially what I heard at Marlboro. Their merits and defects are much the same. Yet I am afraid that, without the inspiring presence of Casals himself and without the charm of the place to lull my purist quibbles to sleep, I find the defects looming proportionally far larger. On semi-vacation, surrounded by the green mountains of Vermont, I was willing and indeed moved to hear Bach the Casals way. But on a record, which has to be lived with all the year round, I prefer him the Bach way. And it really comes down again to those questions of rhythm and ornamentation. Casals clearly does not like jerky music—and the French style, in many contexts, was extremely jerky: Bach liked the French style and wrote in it. Casals doesn't like ornamentating melodic lines, and probably regards the practice as unfittingly frivolous: Bach accepted a whole tradition of embellishment, and expected his interpreters to follow it.

Thurston Dart's old mono discs are as likable as any performance of the Suites I know. But let me emphasize that the Casals version is streets ahead of anything Maazel, Klemperer, or the other

unregenerate members of the nineteenth-century school of Bach conductors have achieved. It may not be Bach, but it *is* music, and great music too. Apart from those trumpets, the orchestral playing is superb, and Ornulf Gulbranson is a fine flute soloist in the No. 2. The recording is unobtrusively excellent.

With the set comes a bonus LP entitled "Casals: A Living Portrait." Most of this is narrated in the Maestro's own voice. When it escapes from its tendency, infuriating in the first few minutes, to run music under the spoken word, this portrait is both impressive and touching, and the qualities it unforgettably conveys are those by which Casals himself sets greatest store: love and honor. B.J.

**BAX: Legend for Viola and Piano—
See Elgar: Quintet for Piano and
Strings, in A minor, Op. 84.**

BEETHOVEN: Piano Works

Sonatas for Piano: No. 28, in A, Op. 101; No. 30, in E, Op. 109; Allegretto in B minor; Bagatelle in C; Klavierstück in B flat; Lustig—Traurig.

Stephen Bishop, piano. SERAPHIM © 60035, \$2.49; S 60035, \$2.49.

Stephen Bishop, a young Californian who studied with the late Myra Hess, makes his official American record debut with this modest-priced release. I say

"official" in view of a now discontinued Bishop recital on an Odeon import. That record, containing Beethoven's *Pathétique* and Chopin's Barcarolle, among other works, circulated briefly several years ago.

The earlier sampling of Bishop's talent proclaimed him an interesting artist, and a most accomplished one. He has obviously put the intervening years to excellent use. In addition to the splendid technique which we have come to expect from instrumentalists of Bishop's generation, he has an altogether extraordinary fleet *pianissimo* which, I might add, is employed for extremely expressive effect. This cultivated, sophisticated kind of pianism is so especially British (think of Curzon, Solomon, even the Russian-born but long naturalized Englishman Louis Kentner) that I do not think I am doing Bishop an injustice in assuming that it is perhaps his most readily discernible legacy from Dame Myra. In all other respects, however, Bishop follows no dictates but his own (and, of course, Beethoven's). Contrasted to the flowing, easily proportioned Op. 109 of Hess, Bishop's is highly dramatic, sharply contoured, and, in sum, more masculine. At present, I find him at best in energetic movements such as the scherzo from Op. 109, the *alla marcia* and finale from Op. 101, which are presented with rugged rhythmic drive and faultless internal clarity. His re-creations of the more introspective portions are profoundly touching, most beautiful and mature, yet somehow I cannot help feeling that as Bishop gains experience, he will manage to convey the same magic more objectively. As it is, Bishop's present way, while by no means insincere or even mannered, verges on the overphrased and precious. Compare, for example, the first movement of Bishop's Op. 101 with that of Kempff. The latter's, to my taste, has just as much wisdom and *Innigkeit* as Bishop's but there is an added firmness, a surehandedness, an economy which can only come with a lifetime of playing.

The Sonata performances are fine, but what makes Bishop's new record irresistible is its inclusion of some rarely heard *Klavierstücke*, most notably the quirky little B flat effort of 1818 (which has really no implied tonality at all until its very end!), and the lovely B minor Allegretto (which comes from the same year, 1821, as the Op. 110 Sonata—and shows much of that work's gestation). Alfred Brendel made a record of the 1818 *morceau* last year, but the other three pieces are apparently recorded here for the first time.

The sound on my review pressing was very acceptable, though the volume was unusually low. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica")

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. LONDON © CM 9483, \$4.79; CS 6483, \$5.79.

Schmidt-Isserstedt's sobriety enables him to resist the temptation to "interpret" a

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**Why all the fuss
about a little screw?**

work once subjected to Furtwängler's misplaced metaphysics. Mengelberg's rhetorical "principles," and Von Bülow's black gloves (in the *Marcia funebre*). His performance is no less affecting for that—indeed, for me it bears the indefinable quality that separates a truly eloquent rendition from the merely estimable. The opening movement is militant and firmly molded. It begins with two opening chords that fairly crackle with expectancy and, despite a basic tempo rather more moderate than Toscanini's, the emphasis on finely mercurial balances and fastidious linear detail produces much the same kinetic effect. Schmidt-Isserstedt is perhaps a mite detached in the *Marcia funebre* (its reserve reminds me of the older Klemperer edition), yet compassion is not seriously wanting. A frothy, almost Mendelssohnian quality permeates the agilely paced scherzo. And while the conductor lets the pace go momentarily slack in the trio, the adjustment is made so judiciously that one is barely aware of any discrepancy. Schmidt-Isserstedt's finale is taut, wonderfully incisive, painstakingly transparent in the fugal passages, deliberate but never pompous in the coda. The Vienna Philharmonic's solo oboe is rather threadbare in tone, but otherwise the ensemble's chamber music grace purifies the score without any diminution of symphonic passion.

In sum, here is an *Eroica* seen as an entity. Its revolutionary qualities are given their due, but always within the realm of a subtle economy and classical proportion. As the disc is well reproduced—and, I might add, with no annoying turnover during the *Marcia funebre*—it seems to me quite the finest *Eroica* in stereo and one worthy of comparison with Toscanini's great 1953 broadcast performance on RCA Victor LM 2387.

H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 8, in F, Op. 93*
 †Mendelssohn: *Symphony No. 4, in A, Op. 90 ("Italian")*

Marlboro Festival Orchestra, Pablo Casals, cond. COLUMBIA © ML 6331, \$4.79; MS 6931, \$5.79.

Recorded live in the summer of 1963, these two standard symphonies make their belated appearances as part of a tribute to commemorate Casals' ninetieth birthday. The performances themselves are anything but standard. Both are played with magnificent care and proportioned delicacy (the Marlboro ensemble, after all, includes some of our finest instrumentalists, most of them distinguished soloists and chamber music players), and both reveal all sorts of illuminating details.

The Beethoven gets a rather intimate, even quaint sort of treatment here. Despite some really terrific tempos, the kind of vehement stress and high tension brought out by Scherchen and Toscanini are not Casals' goals. The phrasing is trim and classical, the prevailing atmosphere one of courtliness. The *Italian*



Symphony, on the other hand, is deliberate in its tempos, with a basic approach very much akin to that of Toscanini. Though the latter's 1954 recording (also largely from "live" material) is considerably brisker—though hardly whirlwind—both Casals and Toscanini manage to bring out a rustic vigor by their pointed and energetic phrasing. I question Casals' pacing only in the slow movement, which—though delightfully sharp and purposeful—is really *too* adagio in feeling. (It comes out a bit on the heavy side.) The final *Saltarello*, on the other hand, is remarkably effective in this rock-steady, rhythmic presentation, and as a whole the reading achieves a distinction comparable to that of the beautifully suave (and very dissimilar) Cantelli/Philharmonia reading recently reissued on Seraphim.

While I prefer the Mendelssohn to the Beethoven here, both performances have the conviction of total commitment. And if the sound lacks the machine-tooled perfection of a studio product, it is, nevertheless, highly realistic. H.G.

BOCCHERINI: *Trios for Strings: Op. 14: No. 4, in D; No. 5, in E flat; Op. 38: No. 2, in D; No. 3, in F*

New York String Trio. DOVER © HCR 5255, \$2.50; HCRST 7007, \$2.50.

Boccherini wrote twelve trios for the present combination of instruments (in addition to forty-eight others for two violins and cello), and in doing so made two points, at least, quite obvious. One is that in the clear, transparent atmosphere created by these three well-spaced voices, the interworking of parts is particularly pleasant to listen to (though the violin, to be sure, calls the tunes). The other point, somewhat paradoxically, is that these three instruments can produce a sonority surprisingly thick and muscular when scored in a certain way (it is almost hard to believe that the third variation in the finale of the Op. 14, No. 5, for instance, is performed by a mere trio).

Throughout, Boccherini, like the master he was, avoids sending his instruments on the useless errands which so many of his lesser contemporaries depended on to fill time and space. While these trios don't pretend to the dramatic (even symphonic) implications of Beethoven's Opus 9 (nor are the parts so individual and independent), they are remarkably varied in mood and technique, and every devotee of chamber music will welcome them.

The New York Trio (Gerald Tarack, Harry Zaratzian, Alexander Kouguell) is superbly in the spirit of things, and

would warm the heart of the Boccherini advocate who pleads in Cobbett's that the music "must not be played in [a] glib, indiscriminating manner." Stereo is appropriately spread. S.F.

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in D minor, Op. 15*

Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano; Munich Philharmonic Orchestra, Franz-Paul Decker, cond. ODEON © SMC 91337, \$5.79 (stereo only).

Bruno Leonardo Gelber is a twenty-five-year-old, Argentine-born pianist who is making a stir in Europe. If this recording is to be taken as representative of his work, he is very, very gifted. Although Gelber tears into the demonic double-note passages of the first movement with terrifying intensity, he prefers for the most part to treat this demanding work in the vein of symphonic chamber music. His opening passage blends into the orchestral framework with unobtrusive limpidity, and wherever appropriate (which is far more often than so many pianistic Tarzans would have us think) Gelber shades and shapes his phrases with exquisite colorations. Every note of his rendition gives evidence of innate musical awareness, a fine grasp of structure, and an aesthetic maturity that belies this artist's years.

The Munich Philharmonic, as led by Decker, supports with rich-toned enthusiasm, and the Odeon engineering is spacious and satisfyingly realistic. Bravo!

H.G.

CHOPIN: *Preludes (24), Op. 28*

Ivan Moravec, piano. CONNOISSEUR SOCIETY © CM 1366, \$4.79; CS 1366, \$5.79.

We have become accustomed to immaculate, note-perfect ease from our keyboard artists. Ivan Moravec gives us more than that: in such a fingertwister as the treacherous B flat minor Prelude, he accomplishes the impossible with terrifying ease, bursting upon us with a ferocious combination of baffling composure and crackling fervor. Then too, there is a sheer glamour, a daredevil mixture of perversity, adventure, and improvisational calculation in the man's keyboard manner. (And if you are wondering how something can sound improvisational and calculated at the same time, I am giving no explanations—just an admonition to listen for yourself.) I do not endorse every one of Moravec's ideas, but he manages his effects with awesome persuasion.

Many pianists play the preludes in the vein of a continuously developing dramatic cycle. Moravec does no such thing. While all kinds of textures and emotions are brought to the fore, he makes each prelude stand alone in monumental grandeur. The pauses—yes, even the pauses—have a lordly austerity. The cadenzalike No. 18 sounds more than

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4	10	BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5 New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Columbia)
5	—	TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1 Van Cliburn, piano; orchestra, Kyril Kondrashin, cond. (RCA Victor)
6	—	HANDEL: Messiah Soloists, Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. (Columbia)
7	—	BEETHOVEN: The Nine Symphonies Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, cond. (Deutsche Grammophon)
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THE LIGHTER SIDE

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5	—	Barbra Streisand: Je M'appelle Barbra. (Columbia)
6	8	Herb Alpert: Going Places. (A & M)
7	—	Born Free: Soundtrack. (Kapp)
8	—	New Vaudeville Band: Winchester Cathedral. (Fontana)
9	3	The Supremes: A' Go-Go. (Motown)
10	—	Gary Lewis: Golden Greats. (Liberty)

ever like suicidal despair, and the final D minor Prelude bristles with elemental defiance. About the only characteristic that could be improved upon is that of simplicity: though tenderness and poetry are rarely overlooked, I did feel that Moravec refused to let the beguiling message of No. 7 speak with its implied directness. All the rouge and theatricality notwithstanding, however, it is impossible to deny this recorded edition of the Chopin Preludes preëminence. It is, indeed, superb. H.G.

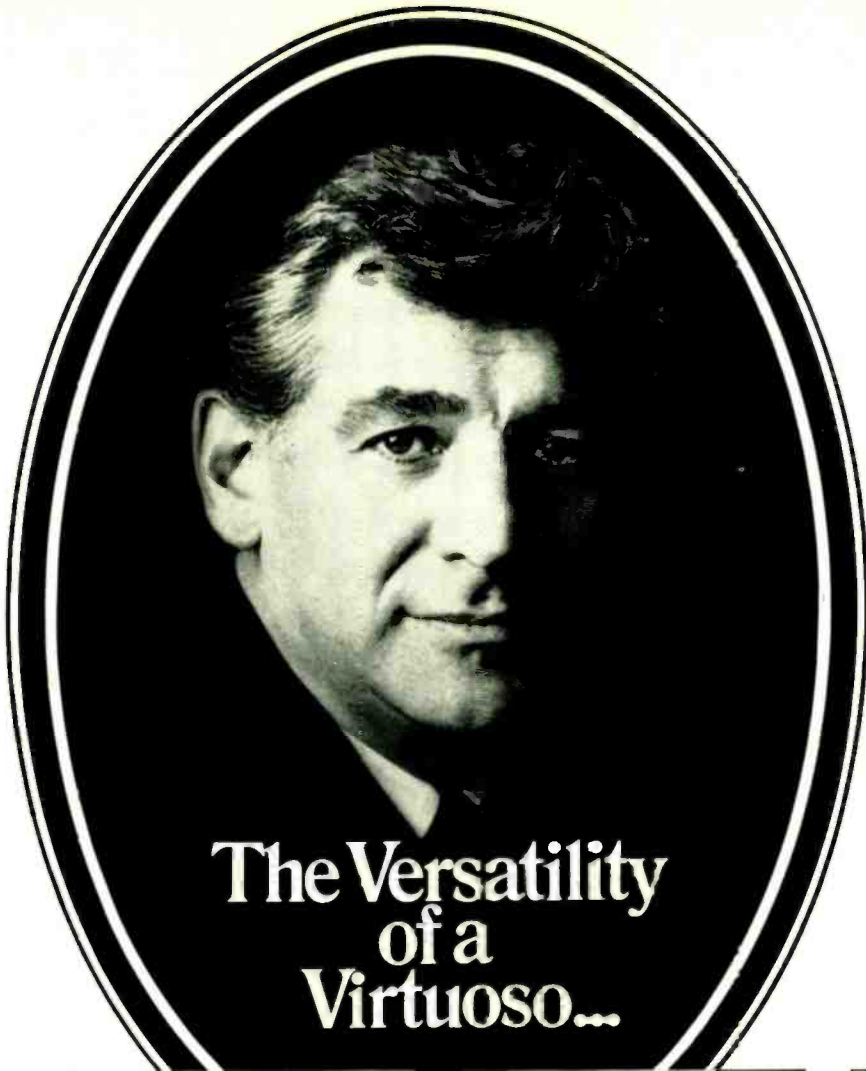
DEBUSSY: *Le Martyre de St.-Sébastien*

Felicia Montealegre, Fritz Weaver, speakers; Adele Addison, Virginia Babikian, sopranos; Marlena Kleinman, Joanna Simon, mezzos; Choral Art Society, New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. COLUMBIA © M2L 353, \$9.58; M2S 753, \$11.58 (two discs).

When we hear this work in the concert hall, what we normally get is either the suite of four orchestral movements (only a fraction of what Debussy composed) for D'Annunzio's play or else a concert adaptation by Germaine Inghelbrecht, in which most of the music is threaded, as it were, on a dramatic string excerpted from the central role, St. Sebastian himself. This has the advantage of providing some sort of quasi-dramatic continuity for the music to grow into and out of, but since it involves only one speaker (usually a woman, as D'Annunzio wrote the part for Ida Rubinstein) it gives a rather distorted view of the original context. Moreover, the practice of giving it in French is certainly a barrier to some listeners.

Bernstein has now attempted to do justice to both words and music by devising a version in which the dramatic continuity is entrusted to *two* speakers: the Saint (played by Miss Montealegre) and a Narrator (Fritz Weaver) who speaks the prologue, sets the scene, describes a minimum of the action, and in one scene assumes himself the role of Caesar. All spoken dialogue is in English, but the sung words remain in the original French (a translation is provided inside the album). This mixture of languages seems to me a perfectly easy convention to accept, if maximum intelligibility in English-speaking countries is the aim, though it shows up the poverty of D'Annunzio's imagination unmercifully. Leaving that on one side, though, I have to report that the use of two speakers is a double-edged device. The third-person narrator necessarily acts as a distancing element—a kind of filter between us and the total dramatic involvement that Debussy and D'Annunzio surely envisaged. It is for this reason that I think Bernstein's adaptation, though well intentioned, is fundamentally mistaken.

The basic flaw is in the work itself, of course. *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, psychedelic before the event, is religion for kicks. Lacking the profound psycho-

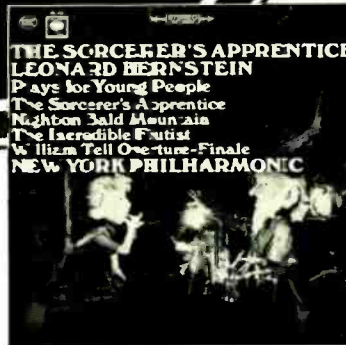


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logical insight and the strong but subtle dramatic structure of *Parsifal* (with which it has misguidedly been compared), it has a good deal more in common with Wilde's *Salome*. But whereas Wilde had the tact to present his story as a simple, if highly colored, case history, D'Annunzio claims in all seriousness to be giving us a modern version of a medieval *mystère*, an act of communal religious faith. Not even Debussy's music can make me swallow that.

Miss Montealegre and Mr. Weaver do what they can with the material at their disposal: it is not their fault if it all comes out as pasteboard, especially the Caesar-Sebastian confrontation in the third scene. The music is another matter. Some of it (notably the final vision of Paradise) is as bad as anything Debussy wrote, but the harmonic and orchestral subtlety of the Court of Lilies prelude, of Sebastian's dance on the coals, of the prelude to the Magic Chamber and the Virgin's song (exquisitely sung by Adele Addison), of Sebastian's mime of the Passion, and of his martyrdom (surely the most vivid musical orgasm outside the *Rosenkavalier* introduction)—all this is well worth having on records in Bernstein's firmly shaped and finely balanced reading. The orchestral playing is first-rate, and so too is the recording, apart from a tendency to overweight the bass: the double-basses sound too consistently like rogue elephants. The solo singing, with the exception of Miss Addison, is capable rather than breath-taking; the chorus produces firmer tone than its rivals on the Ormandy recording. At the end of the first scene there are some unpleasantly electronic bell sounds—appropriately synthetic, perhaps, but musically damaging. J. N.

DVORAK: *Quartet for Strings, No. 8, in G, Op. 106*

Vlach Quartet. CROSSROADS © 22 16 0071, \$2.50; 22 16 0072, \$2.50.

This pouring-forth-of-soul—a beautiful, emotional, time-consuming, and at times trying work—is a product of Dvořák's return home after his three years in America. With Opus 105 (which it actually predates) it marks the finish of his chamber music composition and in some ways its culmination; it is hard to understand why it is the least recorded of all the quartets.

The present performance is as spacious, loving, and as unhurried in execution as the work is in concept. Vis-à-vis the Kohon performance on Vox, it calls attention once again to the fact that European ensembles are much more prone to take their time, much less apt to emphasize the spectacular aspects of a score than are American groups. The Kohons are incisive and driving in comparison to the Vlach Quartet. If you are accustomed to the tighter, more focused kind of playing, you may grow restive during this performance; but give it a try: my hunch is that it may be closer to home. S.F.

DVORAK: *Symphonic Variations, Op. 78*—See Smetana: *Má Vlast*.

**ELGAR: *Quintet for Piano and Strings, in A minor, Op. 84*
†Bax: *Legend for Viola and Piano***

Leonard Cassini, piano: Aeolian String Quartet. DOVER © HCR 5260, \$2.50; HCRST 7012, \$2.50.

ELGAR: *Quartet for Strings, in E minor, Op. 83; Sonata for Violin and Piano, in E minor, Op. 82*

Alan Loveday, violin. Leonard Cassini, piano (in the Sonata); Aeolian String Quartet. DOVER © HCR 5259, \$2.50; HCRST 7011, \$2.50.

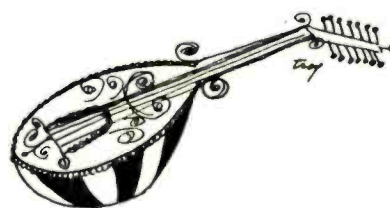
**ELGAR: *Quartet for Strings, in E minor, Op. 83*
†Sibelius: *Quartet for Strings, in D minor, Op. 56* ("Voces Intimae")**

Claremont Quartet. NONESUCH H 1140, \$2.50; H 71140, \$2.50.

A 1918 convalescence from a tonsilectomy provided Sir Edward Elgar with both the time and the inclination to compose a triptych of chamber music works. Although Elgar had written a wind quintet, some small violin and piano pieces, and a previous string quartet very early in his career, Opp. 82, 83, and 84 are his sole mature chamber works.

Many dyed-in-the-wool Elgarians reserve a special pedestal of praise for the rarely played Piano Quintet, now recorded for Dover. During its creation, Elgar became fascinated by a grove of dead trees and tried to conjure in his music the associated legend that the trees were actually the lifeless forms of monks struck by lightning while engaged in some blasphemous rite. Whether because of the programmatic connotations I do not know, but the Quintet (its first movement in particular) often comes close to drifting apart into isolated segments despite the composer's obvious use of cyclic form to provide unity. This effect is doubtless intensified by Elgar's rather gauche blocked-out way of treating the piano. Yet there is a great deal to admire here and even more in the Violin Sonata and String Quartet. In the latter compositions, a more active and tightly structural mode of architecture seizes the listener's attention from the outset—and holds it securely.

Dover's releases come from the small English Delta-Summit company, which has issued some very adventurous repertory as well as excellent performances of standard fare. These British artists



have a long standing kinship with Elgar's music. The Aeolian Quartet (an excellent foursome comprised of Sydney Humphreys and Raymond Keenlyside, violins, Watson Forbes, viola, and Derek Simpson, cello) is a direct descendant of the Stratton Quartet, which gave us the premiere recordings of the Quartet and Quintet back in 1933 when Elgar was still alive. (The group renamed itself "Aeolian" upon the departure from the group in 1942 of its leader, George Robert Stratton.) Nonesuch's entry, on the other hand, can boast no such blood ties. The Claremont Quartet is a highly proficient, enterprising group of young Americans intent upon approaching their repertory from a fresh vantage point—for which these artists should certainly be applauded. Yet I fear that they have fallen victim to the inherent American propensity for the "hard sell." True, their reading of the Elgar Quartet makes a far more arresting initial impression than does the more modest and retiring Aeolian effort, but ultimately the insistent aggressiveness of their interpretation, the obsessive urge always to be "going somewhere" musically, becomes wearisome. To see quickly how widely the Claremont people miss Elgar's unique musical message, play the two present performances of the Quartet's slow movement in quick succession. With the Aeolian, the mood is gentle, bucolic—an ideal realization of the specified marking *Piacevole* (*poco andante*): with the Claremont's rushed tempos and overdrawn dynamics, the innate gentlemanliness of the writing is immediately shattered. Even in the active outer movements—where the Claremont energy does pay certain dividends—a quick reference to the work of the more experienced Aeolian team reveals there a more subtle, rarified, and in sum more satisfying style of string playing. The splendidly engineered Nonesuch disc must be welcomed, however, for its restoration to the catalogue of Sibelius' *Voces Intimae*, absent ever since the excellent Budapest/Columbia entry was deleted.

The overside entries on the Dover issues are also the only available recordings of these works in the current catalogue. Alan Loveday, a British violinist who has recorded a wide range of literature ranging from Bach to John Ireland and Martinů, plays the Sonata with a firm, clean tone, a soaring line, and excellent poise. Leonard Cassini, a Hoffmann pupil and nephew of the celebrated Benno Moiseiwitsch, supports Loveday with ideal solidity and establishes a properly foreboding edifice around Watson Forbes's traversal of the atmospheric Bax selection, originally composed for the great English violist Lionel Tertis. (Cassini also furnishes the requisite ardor in the ungrateful Quintet.) All of these participants, in fact, sound like major artists.

Dover's sonics are good without being exceptional. I had an opportunity to compare the Quintet record with an imported pressing of same, and can testify that there is more sound in the original master than Dover's rather constricted transfer managed to realize. H.G.



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The third disc representing Farberman as a composer to enter the catalogue, this seems to me a bit of a disappointment.

It must be admitted that in one area Farberman shows genuine, if sporadic, facility; his experience as a percussionist enables him to deal with questions of sonority in an intriguing fashion. The Trio ("trio" in number of personnel only—the number of instruments employed by the percussionist exceeds two dozen), unfolds in a series of contrasting timbres and clusters of tone. From his *entrepot* of noise-making devices the composer creates a brain-tlingling montage of diverse scrapings, hammerings, bell-like tones, and pointilistic conversations between the piano and the vibraphone.

There are occasional touches of humor in the Saxophone Concerto (the bluesy glissandos in the *largo*), and a good dose of melancholy in the *Elegy*. Yet both suffer from a debilitating rhythmic flaccidity and threadbare melodic fabric.

Three States of Mind, a revised version of a piece prepared for Emily Frankel's American Dance Drama Company, is similar to the Trio in its pre-occupation with color, but it pales in comparison, as if washed too many times in a sonic washing-machine.

In the absence of any competition the performances must be taken as authoritative, despite some rather ragged scratching from the orchestra's strings. The sound is adequate but the surfaces are a mite noisy. STEVEN LOWE

GLUCK: *Orfeo ed Euridice*

Teresa Stich-Randall (s), Euridice; Hanny Steffek (s), Amore; Maureen Forrester (c), Orfeo; Akademie Choir; Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Charles Mackerras, cond. BACH GUILD © BG 686/87, \$9.58; BGS 70686/87, \$11.58 (two discs).

I suppose that every review of Gluck's *Orfeo* has to start with a summary, however brief, of the work's history, since someone somewhere will be coming to the opera for the first time. *Orfeo ed Euridice*, then, was originally composed for the Burgtheater in Vienna in 1762. Gluck, at forty-eight a fully mature opera composer, had already acquired something of a reputation as a reformer of the existing operatic conventions—namely those of the Metastasian *opera*



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seria, with its string of *da capo* arias arranged with more concern for vocal display than for psychological truth. In this opera, or *azione teatrale per musica* as they preferred to call it, Gluck and his librettist, Calzabigi, deliberately set a mere three characters—Orpheus, his wife Eurydice, and the godling Amor—against a statuesque background of choruses and dances, thus throwing into strong relief the human passions which the music so eloquently expresses.

When Gluck revised the work for a Paris production, in French, twelve years later, he made far-reaching changes which robbed it of some of this noble simplicity: the proportion of ballet was increased, while the roles of Eurydice and Amor were both built up to something like parity with that of Orpheus. Moreover the fact that French taste did not run to castrati meant that Gluck had to rearrange the central role for high tenor. This he did skillfully, of course, but although the recomposed recitatives are for the most part as effective as those of the original version, this is not always true of the arias: downward transposition (usually by a fourth) sometimes upsets the voice's relationship with the orchestra, and in those ensemble numbers which could not be transposed so far the vocal line often lies ungratefully. Against these defects the French version does offer, among its additional numbers, some of exceptional beauty (notably at the beginning of the scene in the Elysian fields) and a couple of brief but very effective codas to existing arias.

There is, it seems to me, no possible way of getting the best of both worlds. The virtues of each version, the original Italian and the revised French, are inextricably bound up with its limitations. Not that this has stopped conductors and other arrangers from having a shot at combining them. In fact the "Italian version" that we usually hear on stage today (and on records too, for that matter) is not Gluck's 1762 version at all, but a retranslation back into Italian of the French version, as modified by Berlioz and other less distinguished people to make the central role suitable for the female contralto voice.

Of course one can quite understand why conductors preparing a production for the opera house should want it to contain the best features of both versions: they can hardly present alternative versions on successive nights. But that is precisely what records can do, and it seems to me highly desirable to have each version available in its own right, so to speak, as nearly as possible as Gluck wrote it.

The French version of 1774 is already available in two generally authentic recordings—one with Gedda as Orpheus, the other with Simoneau—and now, for the first time, here is the real (i.e. Gluck's) Italian version. Or almost. Unfortunately, Charles Mackerras, who has evidently given a great deal of thought to problems of authenticity in the way of orchestration, ornamentation, and so forth, has allowed himself to be swayed by the illusory desire to make this in some sense the performance of the opera.

Accordingly, he gives us the "French" coda to "*Che farò?*" (admittedly a musical improvement) and includes the later interpolations at the beginning of the Elysian fields scene, which (though beautiful) badly interrupt the dramatic flow. Ideally this recording would have presented us only with Gluck's first thoughts, so that we could compare them with his more familiar, but not always better, second thoughts. Most of the time this is what it in fact does, but these two inconsistencies are regrettable. About "*Che farò?*" nothing can be done, but for anyone who wants to get the feeling of Gluck's original transition from Hades to Elysium, I would recommend that he skip from the end of the chorus of Furies in the middle of Side 2 straight to the beginning of Side 3, which starts with "*Che puro ciel!*"; by so doing he will lose the brief F major dance of blessed spirits that was in the original Italian version, but this is a small price to pay for dramatic continuity at this crucial point in the opera. And speaking of "*Che puro ciel!*" it is worth noting that this earlier version has a much more elaborate accompaniment than the revised one we are used to: Gluck's original conception of the Elysian fields had far more of an earthly springtime about it—so much so that it reminds one inescapably of Beethoven's *Pastoral*.

So much for the question of the two versions. But giving us an authentic account of the Italian one involves more than merely sticking to the text, and of this Mackerras shows himself very well aware. He has taken great pains to restore not only Gluck's original intentions in the way of orchestration, where they have become obscured (notably in the trombone doublings of the chorus), but also the conventions of vocal ornamentation which Gluck would have taken for granted from his singers. It is perhaps a little ungracious of him to pay no tribute to the previous editors of the Italian version, published both in the Austrian *Denkmäler* and more recently in the complete edition of Gluck's works (Bärenreiter), but it is clear that he too has put in a good deal of work on original sources—notably Domenico Corri's *The Singer's Preceptor*, which professes to transmit the ornaments sung by the original interpreter of Orfeo, Gaetano Guadagni. I have to admit that some of Guadagni's effects seem to me a bit excessive, especially in the finale verse of "*Chiamo il mio ben così*," but this may be because Maureen Forrester doesn't sing them with total conviction—and indeed why should she? Ornamentation is a very individual matter, and there is no reason why Guadagni's should suit her. But more important than the added graces in the arias, I think, is the handling of the recitatives. These have been given their full share of the *appoggiaturas* that form the natural musical counterpart to the Italian language's feminine endings. Occasionally, there may be doubt as to how a particular case should be treated, but of the principle there is no doubt whatever: this is the way recitative was sung, and to hear it sung badly, "as written," is in comparison intolerable.

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I hope that what I have written so far will make it obvious that no real comparison is possible between this *Orfeo* and any previous one in the catalogue. It presents us, faithfully except for the points I have mentioned, with a version of the opera which, although it is a product of Gluck's full maturity, has never before been available on records. That being so, it would be recommendable even if the performance itself were a great deal less distinguished than it is. Forrester brings genuine dignity of manner to the role of Orpheus, as well as a noble, if rather monotonous, tone color. My only complaint is that the quality of tone seems to entail a rather backward shaping of the vowels, as if she had swallowed an umlaut. Teresa Stich-Randall's singing is marred, as it seems to me, by a tendency to treat each note as a separate entity—a symptom, perhaps, of excessive care and a lack of real spontaneity. Here again the vowel sounds are scarcely Italian, and yet one has to admit that the result is stylish, even impassioned in its rather frigid way. Hanny Steffek gives us a very soubrettish reading of *Amor*—attractive apart from some rather odd intonation. Mackerras gets vivid singing and playing from his Viennese forces; each number is well characterized in terms of tempo, even though there is a certain lack of rhythmic shape. I find it odd in a conductor whose experience has lain so much in the opera house that he should give us quite so many old-style oratorio pauses between one number and the next (after Euridice's "*Che fiero tormento!*" for example) but perhaps the tape editor is to blame for this. In any case it is a small blemish, which scarcely detracts from the set's dramatic validity. J.N.

GOUNOD: *Faust*

Joan Sutherland, Franco Corelli, Nicolai Ghiaurov, et al.: London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonyngue, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 70.

**HANDEL: *Concerti grossi, Op. 3*
†Telemann: *Concerto for Oboe and
Orchestra, in F minor***

Collegium Musicum of Paris, Roland Douatte, cond. (in the Handel); Gunter Passin, oboe, Cologne Chamber Orchestra, Helmut Müller-Brühl, cond. (in the Telemann). MONITOR © MC 2100/01, \$3.96; MCS 2100/01, \$3.96 (two discs).

This set is presented as "the first complete recording" of the seven Concertos of Handel's Opus 3. The "new" seventh work is an F major Concerto apparently dating from 1734 and allegedly a reworking of materials from Op. 3, No. 4. The connection is so tenuous as to be practically undetectable by the naked ear, and though a score

has apparently been published by Bärenreiter I have so far been unable to find a copy. In any case this is a welcome addition to the discography, a vivacious piece not unlike the six canonical Op. 3 Concertos in character: that is to say, it is full of color, variety, and melodic and harmonic invention, without attaining the flawless stylistic precision that makes Opus 6 Handel's instrumental masterpiece.

The performances are somewhat above the average level I have come to expect from Douatte. He still lacks the mastery of style displayed by Wenzinger—the opening of No. 4, for instance, cries out in vain for double-dotting—but there is more than the usual Parisian amount of ornamentation in the solo parts and at cadences. The orchestral playing is crisp and most of the solo contributions—especially that of oboist Pierre Pierlot—are both sensitive and efficient. The recording is very clear and adequately spacious.

If Op. 3, No. 4 *bis* provides a substantial come-on for this set, the Telemann Oboe Concerto used to fill the fourth side has almost the opposite effect. This is a lovely work, but it is here given a limp, totally unsparkling performance; there is a much better version (by Nepalov and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra) to be had on Angel 36264. But, as far as Handel's Opus 3 is concerned, this new bargain-price set offers fair quality and exceptional value. B.J.

HANDEL: *Messiah* (excerpts)

Overture; Every valley; And the glory; Pastoral Symphony; Then shall the eyes; He shall feed His flock; Thy rebuke; Behold and see; He was cut off; But Thou didst not leave; Why do the nations; Hallelujah; I know that my Redeemer liveth; Since by man came death; Amen.

Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Norma Procter, contralto; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; John Cameron, bass; Charles Spinks, harpsichord; Philip Ledger, organ; London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, cond. LONDON © SPC 21014, \$5.79 (stereo only).

Here in this London Phase 4 disc is the answer to the Victorian's prayer. Amid the current revival of interest in what Handel—as distinct from Ebenezer Prout—meant by *Messiah*, those with monumental and gargantuan tastes are in danger of going un nourished. But now Maestro Stokowski comes up with an antidote to the picky provisionings of the stylists. Here are excerpts from *Messiah*—for the appetites of the monumentalists do not, paradoxically, extend to completeness—in all its old Crystal Palace glory, complete with portentous tempos, obese textures, and literal (and therefore quite unidiomatic) readings of the score. At the same time, any incipient stirrings of the historical conscience may be stilled by the one polite bow in the directions of the eighteenth

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and twentieth centuries—the inclusion of a continuo.

The soloists—especially Norma Procter—do well enough within their un-Handelian terms of reference, and the chorus and orchestra are thoroughly proficient. The problem of how to include “Why do the nations” without the chorus into which it modulates has at least been thought about—in fact, it is somewhat drastically solved by turning the piece into a *da capo* aria. But in general, by comparison with the way Colin Davis (and even such incomplete stylist as Scherchen and Boult) has shown us the music can sound, Stokowski’s ideas about *Messiah* are not even outrageous. They are just plain dull. B.J.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 82, in C (“L’Ours”); No. 83, in G minor (“La Poule”); No. 84, in E flat; No. 85, in B flat (“La Reine”); No. 86, in D; No. 87, in A*

Little Orchestra of London, Leslie Jones, cond. NONESUCH © HC 3011, \$7.50; HC 73011, \$7.50 (three discs); Ⓟ LCL 75014, \$7.95.

In the notes to this album Edward Canby points out that Haydn wrote these six “Paris” symphonies with large ensembles in mind (forty violins—a few more than current standards). Yet here we have Jones leading the smallish Little Orchestra in performances that are grace-

ful, friendly, and casually endearing but anemic in the light of what the music promises and what other conductors have provided.

A look at the competition is instructive. Ansermet’s complete set on London at least gives a partial clue to what can be done with these works. To this conductor’s credit, he uses a larger group and is thereby able to give the pieces greater weight and forcefulness. But, despite occasional flurries of energy, the performances drag beneath a boxy, metronomic beat, and there are far too many instances of orchestral slovenliness. Bernstein, on a Columbia disc containing Nos. 82 and 83, gives more than a clue—he gives the whole array of Haydn’s coarse humor, virile allegros, and passionate slow movements (especially the sensual *andante* of No. 83). But if amiability alone will suit your taste, then the Nonesuch set should suffice.

The sound on all three labels is good, though the Columbia and London versions have the edge in crispness and freedom from surface noise.

STEVEN LOWE

JOSQUIN DES PREZ: *Choral Music*

Motets: Ave Maria . . . virgo serena; Stabat mater; Alma redemptoris mater/ Ave regina celorum; Benedicta es celorum regina; Ave Christe immolate; Ave verum corpus; Planxit autem David.

Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland, cond. TELEFUNKEN © AWT 9480, \$5.79; SAWT 9480, \$5.79.

Considering Josquin’s unquestioned status, both in his own day and in ours, as the supreme composer of the High Renaissance, it is astonishing how few records there are of his music—and there are fewer still that do anything like justice to it. At first glance, then, it looked as though this record would be filling a long-felt need. It presents an exceptionally well-chosen selection of his motets, ranging from the relatively early double-texted *Alma redemptoris mater/ Ave regina celorum*, which interweaves the plainsongs of both those Marian antiphons, and the setting of *Ave verum corpus* for two and three voices, through the impassioned rhetoric of David’s lament for Saul and Jonathan and of the *Stabat mater* probably written for the court of Ferrara, to the majestic six-part sequence *Benedicta es celorum regina*. The only substantial portion of Josquin’s output of motets left unrepresented is the late group of four-part psalm-settings, which had so far-reaching an influence on the development of the motet in the sixteenth century.

The program is good, then, and so is the performance, within its limitations. But those limitations are pretty constricting. The Munich Capella Antiqua, founded in 1956, consists of four women and ten men, of whom two are exclusively instrumentalists, the rest principally singers. On the strength of this record I would judge their best qualities to be good intonation and a generally straightforward, unaffected approach to

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Played by Moritz Rosenthal and Sergei Rachmaninoff

DA 42—Record 2 (Played by Rosenthal) — Chopin; *Etude in G sharp minor, Op. 25 No. 6* — Borkiewicz; *Etude in D flat, Op. 15 No. 8* — Albeniz; *Oriental* — Chopin-Liszt; *Polish Song, My Joys* — Rosenthal; *Carnaval de Vienne, on themes by Johann Strauss* — (Played by Rachmaninoff) — Kreisler-Rachmaninoff; *Liebesfreud* — Rachmaninoff; *Humoreske in G; Barcarolle, Op. 10 No. 3; Polichinelle, Op. 3 No. 4; Etude Tableau, Op. 39 No. 6* — Tchaikovsky; *In the Troika, Op. 37 No. 11* — Mendelssohn; *Song without Words, Op. 67 No. 4* — Chopin-Liszt; *Polish Song, The Maiden’s Wish* — Bizet-Rachmaninoff; *Minuet (L’Arlésienne)* — Paderewski; *Minuet, Op. 14 No. 1*

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the music. This is vitiated, however, by some more specifically musical defects: a lack of line, a shallowness of rhythm, that tend to make their singing sound shortwinded and monotonous. The result is that the poise and power of the music is seriously impaired—and the general impression of hurry is compounded by Mr. Ruhland's incorrect interpretation of several sections in *proportio tripla*.

It is odd that the best performance should be of the piece which has least claim to be authentic Josquin. *Ave Christe immolate*, printed in 1564 as Josquin's, appears in a much earlier manuscript now in Vienna attributed to the obscure "Noel" (Bauldewijn). In this source it also has what is clearly the original text, *Ave caro Christi cara*. The likelihood is that Bauldewijn composed the piece, possibly under Josquin's supervision, during his few years (1509-1513) at the cathedral of Malines. It is certainly a beautiful piece, very much in Josquin's own late manner, and so nicely sung here that one feels tempted to give it to the greater master.

The instruments, it seems to me, add little to the general effect. The recorded sound, however, is very clear and natural. The jacket notes are as full and detailed as we have come to expect from Telefunken's "Musik und ihre Zeit" series.

J.N.

KUPFERMAN: Variations for Piano; Divertimento for Orchestra; Chamber Symphony

Morton Estrin, piano (in the Variations); Stuttgart Philharmonia, Harold Farberman, cond. (in the Divertimento); Prisma Chamber Players, Harold Farberman, cond. (in the Chamber Symphony). SERENUS D SRE 1017, \$3.98; SRS 12017, \$4.98.

The earliest of the three early works comprising Vol. 3 of Serenus' "Music of Meyer Kupferman" is in some ways the most remarkable—a 12-tone set of variations for piano composed in 1948, when Kupferman was twenty-two years old. Man and boy, I have suffered more boredom from 12-tone piano pieces by young American composers than from all other causes put together. But Kupferman's variations are beautifully and sensitively written; they respect the medium (or maybe it is Estrin who does); and you can actually tell the difference between this work and the thousand others of the same persuasion with which the Composers' Forum programs throughout the country are invariably cluttered.

The Divertimento (1948) is a breezy, brilliant, high-spirited, essentially tonal affair, very brightly orchestrated, as amusing as it is interesting and as interesting as it is instructive, especially in the department of instrumentation. The Chamber Symphony (1950) is one of the innumerable progeny of the like-named work by Anton Webern—atonal, full of spots of color and long-sustained individual notes. Even though it goes on for a too lengthy twenty minutes, it's a very nice piece, thanks in part to

Farberman's sympathetic and eloquent performance. A.F.

LISZT: Lieder

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome; Die Loreley; Vergiftet sind meine Lieder; Mignons Lied; Freudvoll und leidvoll; Der du von dem Himmel bist; Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh; Kling leise, mein Lied; Es muss ein Wunderbares sein; Die drei Zigeuner; Oh, quand je dors; Comment, disaient-ils; Enfant, si j'étais roi; Gastibelza (Bolero); Pace non trovo; Benedetto sia 'l giorno; I' vidi in terra; Go not, happy day.

Margit László, soprano; Maria Werner, soprano; Judit Sándor, mezzo; József Simándy, tenor; József Réti, tenor; Alfonz Bartha, tenor; György Melis, baritone; Zsolt Bende, bass; Kornél Zempléni, Magda Freymann, Pál Arató, pianos. QUALITON D LPX 1224/25, \$11.96; SLPX 1224/25, \$11.96 (two discs).

This album gives us at least a good start on a neglected area of repertory—while minor baroque composers are recorded to the last concerto grosso, major romantic ones are half-ignored, and even the more familiar of these songs exist on records in only scattered selections (the sole exception being the Fischer-Dieskau all-Liszt recital on DGG LPM 8793 or SLPM 138793, which unfortunately duplicates much of the material included here).

To enjoy these songs, it is necessary to put aside one's conception of the Great German Song as necessarily simple. Liszt writes elaborate accompaniments, he writes codas and cadenzas and recapitulations, he makes melodramatic settings out of what other composers treat as plain strophic songs, and in the case of the Petrarch sonnets, he writes virtual concert arias. Sometimes, the elaboration wrecks what would have been a charming piece; in *Enfant, si j'étais roi*, for example, a simple little sentiment, nicely caught and pointed in the early bars of the song, is finally destroyed by a sweaty, fevered climax.

But the vast majority of these songs are masterpieces—graphic, and affecting. To touch some of the points of the less familiar ones: *Im Rhein, im schönen Strome*, the same Heine poem (with one word change) used by Schumann for No. 5 of the *Dichterliebe*, is a lovely lyric song, marked by a magical rippling in the accompaniment. It is sweetly sung by a lyric tenor, Alfonz Bartha. *Die Loreley* is set as a dramatic ballad, with much interesting descriptive commentary, and a real storm in the piano part as the ships and their crews are lured to disaster. *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder*, along with *Freudvoll und Leidvoll*, prefigures the lyric side of Hugo Wolf—both are among the simplest of these settings, and among the most effective.

Liszt's *Kennst du das Land* does not have quite the sense of mournful longing that is in Wolf's, but is a moving setting nonetheless, with curious echoes of *Lohengrin* in it; it is assuredly as fine

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as Schubert's version. The melodramatic *Bolero* ballad, on a Hugo poem, is actually not a very good song, despite some surprising dramatic touches, simply because it takes so long to tell its moderately interesting tale (like some of the Loewe ballads); but it holds a fine opportunity for singers inclined towards dramatization, and has a little refrain ("Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne me rendra fou") whose harmonic progression could be straight out of *Wozzeck*. *Go not, happy day*, on a Tennyson text, is a most beautiful song on every count.

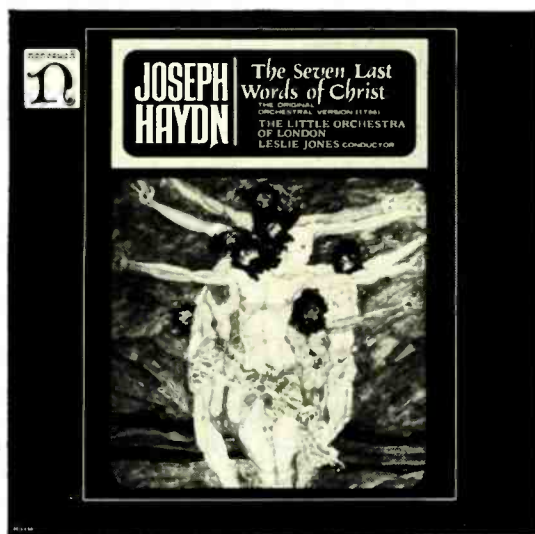
In a way, it is a shame that the performers constitute such a mixed bag, even though it means that generally the songs are undertaken by voices that are

at least appropriate. Margit László is of course an excellent artist, and here does an especially lovely job with *Freudvoll und Leidvoll*. György Melis, familiar from some previous Hungarian recordings and evidently no youngster, is also a first-class singer, and brings a warm, smooth sound to his two songs (*Es muss ein Wunderbares sein* and *Der du von dem Himmel bist*). Judit Sándor, though, who has four songs to sing, is an ordinary mezzo—not objectionable, but not memorable, either—and Jozsef Simándy, who also has four numbers, has a rather gritty time of it trying to scale his creaky tenor to music that should flow easily. Zsolt Bende, a barbed-toned dramatic baritone, does a reasonable job

with the big *Bolero*, and Jozsef Réti has some excellent moments in the Petrarch sonnets; these magnificent pieces, though, have yet to be recorded in their original high tenor keys—Réti is a tenor, but not a suicidal one.

The accompaniments, divided among three pianists, are never less than competent, and sometimes excellent; the sound is satisfactory. Notes and texts are printed, though the latter are given only in the original and a Hungarian translation, which limits their utility for American collectors. The only other drawback to the Hungarian origin of the enterprise is the fact that a couple of the singers do prosecutable things to the German and French languages. C.L.O.

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MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*

James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond.

Christa Ludwig, Fritz Wunderlich; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond.

Lili Chookasian, Richard Lewis; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 69.

MALDERE: *Symphonies: in D, Op. 5, No. 1; in A; No. 166, in D; No. 170, in E flat*

Les Solistes de Liège, Jean Jakus, cond.
ARCHIVE © ARC 3279, \$5.79; ARC 73279, \$5.79.

Pierre van Maldere (1729-1768), a Belgian violinist and composer, was known in his day for his stage works and instrumental compositions. The present works, which seem to date from the last decade of his life, reveal him as one of the many composers who were hammering into shape that exciting and popular new type of work, the symphony. He is by no means the least of them, though he is not in a class with early or middle Haydn.

To judge by these four works, he liked to keep his fast movements lively and bustling, whipping up excitement with running basses and tremolos. Although these are early Classic symphonies in form, Maldere is not afraid to toss in a little counterpoint now and then, as in the songful and rather expressive slow movement of the A major Symphony and the brilliant opening of the finale of Op. 5, No. 1. No. 166 has some embryonic Beethovenian touches in the first movement, and there are many other points of interest in these pieces, but by and large they are more important from the historical than from the purely aesthetic standpoint. The performances seem entirely competent; while the little oboe sallies in the first movement of Op. 5, No. 1 are partly buried, the sound is otherwise good. N.B.

MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony No. 4, in A, Op. 90 ("Italian")*—See Beethoven: *Symphony No. 8, in F, Op. 90.*

MOZART: *Così fan tutte*

Teresa Stich-Randall (s), Fiordiligi; Graziella Sciutti (s), Despina; Ira Malaniuk (ms), Dorabella; Waldemar Kmentt (t), Ferrando; Walter Berry (b), Guglielmo; Deszö Ernster (bs), Alfonso; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Rudolf Moralt, cond. WORLD SERIES © PHC 3005, \$7.50 (three compatible discs).

Even at a budget price this production has little to recommend it, especially in view of the powerful competition from several other editions, notably the Karajan and second Böhm versions, both on Angel. The most certain point of interest is the inclusion of two numbers that have been omitted from all other "complete" recordings: Nos. 7 (the duet for Ferrando and Guglielmo, "*Al fato dan legge quegli occhi*") and 24 (Ferrando's "*Ah lo veggio quell' anima bella*"). The former is quite a lovely piece, and welcome; the latter is a rather overextended and very difficult aria which is not well enough performed here to be anything but dull. Frustratingly enough, we still do not have a truly complete *Così*, for a quantity of secco recitative is cut, and so is Dorabella's second aria, "*E amor un ladroncello.*"

From the standpoint of performance, Teresa Stich-Randall's Fiordiligi is the only item of real interest. Her vocal sound and her treatment of the music are so individual, and so much a matter of individual taste, that it is perhaps best to say that she is in good representative form, and that Fiordiligi is of course one of the roles for which she is best known. Personally, I like the cold, secure thrust of her "*Come scoglio*" and her firm leading on the top lines of ensembles. I am less enamored of her way of rendering runs in a sort of staccato to get definition, or of bringing sustained passages to a virtual standstill by taking the vibrato out of the tone (a problem emphasized here by Moralt's very slow tempos). And because her singing relies so much on a fairly colorless, "straight" adjustment, not much sense of fun comes through. Her Fiordiligi is still an interesting, polished, highly professional piece of work, one that will satisfy her admirers.

That is more than can be said of the other individual contributions. Ira Malaniuk is an uninteresting Dorabella—no hint of teasing—with disqualifying insecurity above the staff. Graziella Sciutti, as might be expected, does some lovable things with the recitative, and renders her first aria with nice insinuation. But there are too many passages where she seems hard pressed to do more than just get out the notes.

Waldemar Kmentt is a charmless Ferrando—basically good vocal equipment, but not the technical proficiency to deal gracefully with the role, and often a thin, rather whiny tone. Walter Berry sounds dry and humorless as

Guglielmo—no snap, no liquidity. Deszö Ernster, the veteran of many a Wagnerian campaign who just sang his farewell performance, has had a distinguished career, and deserves something better than this ponderous, fuzzy-voiced Alfonso as a memorial. There is muddy, unidiomatic Italian from everyone concerned, with the exceptions of Stich-Randall and Sciutti.

The orchestral performance is solid, though hardly brilliant, but is thoroughly compromised by Moralt's leaden pacing. The sound ("compatible" stereo) is to my ears more compatible than stereo—perfectly decent, but beset by one or two instances of echo, and without the fullness and balance of the best true stereo. I was unable to get rid entirely of some topside distortion, despite several dial settings and stylus pressures, but this may be peculiar to the advance pressings.

All in all, I am afraid this set's appeal will be restricted to Stich-Randall fans or to collectors with enough curiosity about two previously unrecorded numbers to lay out the price of the set for them. C.L.O.

MOZART: *Early Symphonies, Vol. II*

Mainz Chamber Orchestra, Günter Kehr, cond. Vox © VBX 119, \$9.95; SVBX 5119, \$9.95 (three discs).

Less than a year ago Vox brought out Vol. I, which contained nine symphonies that Mozart wrote in his middle teens. Now comes Vol. II, with twelve works composed earlier, including three written at the ripe age of eight or nine. There is no point in pretending that any of these are masterpieces, but there is hardly one that doesn't have something of interest in it aside from the incredible *savoir-faire* of the child who composed them. Right in the very first one, K. 16, we hear the motto theme that haunted Mozart throughout his life (it turns up here in K. 45b too) and made its last, brilliant appearance in the finale of the *Jupiter* Symphony. Some of the slow movements (K. 43, 45a) are Italian serenades; one (K. 75) is an attractive operatic aria. A gain in maturity is apparent in K. 45—the composer is now twelve. Here there is a feeling for drama in the first movement; the next work, K. 45a, also has a relatively sophisticated and theatrical opening movement. There are playful, exuberant touches in K. 73, whose finale has some charm. K. 76, whose date is uncertain, has some rather imaginative harmonies in the first movement and a Minuet that is much above the routine. It is fascinating to see, in all these works, how even at this tender age Mozart never permits himself to become the slave of a rhythmic pattern: he will always manage to vary it before metrical monotony sets in.

The performances are straightforward but not of the type to make these works sound better than they are. There are heavy-handed moments (K. 22, Andante), a bit of ragged ensemble (K. 16, Andante), and a spot of poor balancing (K. 43, Andante). The strings have at

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times a tendency towards more vibrato than is called for by this music. But otherwise there appear to be no major faults in the playing. From the standpoint of performance, this does not seem to me to represent a gain over the old Concert Hall series, no longer available, or the Leinsdorf set for Westminster. The sound here, however, is livelier and has more presence, on the whole, even though the violin tone is still not entirely lifelike.

N.B.

MOZART: *Serenade for Winds, No. 10, in B flat, K. 361*

Wind Players of the American Symphony

Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, cond. VANGUARD © VRS 1158, \$4.79; VSD 71158, \$5.79.

Stokowski must be the dean of the world's regularly practicing conductors. In a couple of months he will be eighty-five, despite what some of the reference books say. (Nicolas Slonimsky has a photostatic copy of the entry in a London parish register showing the date of Stokowski's birth to be April 18, 1882.) Those of us who grew up musically when Stokowski was the director of the Philadelphia Orchestra are indebted to him for some of the most exciting experiences in a lifetime of listening. This is not the place to enumerate

his important contributions—or to discuss his shenanigans. One thinks of these things simply because one is reminded by the present recording of Stokowski's insatiable curiosity about all kinds of music. I remember hearing this inveterate transcriber of Bach conducting—from memory!—one of the Varèse compositions for large percussion ensemble, at a time when no other conductor of a major orchestra would dare, or care, to do such a thing.

Stokowski has never recorded much Mozart, and there seems to be none of his Mozart at all on discs presently available. I remember one recording by him of the *Symphonie concertante* for four winds and orchestra, which was a romanticized interpretation, as his Mozart and Haydn were wont to be. But it is still characteristic of this conductor that he does not always do things the same way. Here he evokes from his young players a tone that is rich but free from the supergloss that used to be a Stokowski trademark. Fast movements are played crisply and neatly, and everybody is always in tune. The balances are excellent, even the basset horn, that shyest of woodwinds, coming forward nicely when it should. There are, to be sure, as always with this conductor, a few idiosyncrasies: a slight retard at the end of the first Minuet each time that section is played (but none in the second Minuet); a change of tempo from theme to first variation in the sixth movement. Where Mozart calls for a double bass, Stokowski has a contrabassoon and two double basses. But these are small peculiarities in a performance that I enjoyed, on the whole, more than the one recently recorded by Klemperer for Angel. The sound of the mono version (I have not heard the stereo) is very good. N.B.

MOZART: *"The Young Mozart"*

Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum, Bernhard Paumgartner, cond. ANGEL © 36377, \$4.79; S 36377, \$5.79.

This disc comprises an interesting group of pieces: Mozart's first Divertimento (in E flat, K. 113), first Serenade (in D, K. 100), and first Cassation (in G, K. 63). It proves once more that to the naked ear no discernible difference in style or form is indicated by these titles. The Serenade and Cassation were written when Mozart was thirteen, the Divertimento when he was two years older. All are extraordinary works for a teenager, and in each there are a couple of movements that many a mature composer of that time would have been glad to sign. Such, for example, are in K. 100 the lively opening Allegro, which has some fascinating measures; the delightful middle Allegro with its solo oboe and horn; and the graceful finale; or, in K. 63, the charming Andante and the second Minuet, one of Mozart's early experiments in canonic writing. K. 113 is played in its original version, in which clarinets are prominent, written for performance in Milan. Both Paumgartner and his orchestra are in unusually good form here.

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There is considerable nuance in dynamics, plausible tempos (although the finale of K. 63 could be faster), and except for a few passages in K. 113 and K. 100, precision in ensemble. The sound is good too. N.B.

PROKOFIEV: *Betrothal in a Monastery*

V. Kaevenchenko (s), Louisa; N. Isakova (ms), Clara; T. Yanko (c), The Duenna; N. Korshunov (t), Don Jerome; A. Mischevsky (t), Antonio; J. Krutov (b), Ferdinand; S. Ilyinsky (b), Don Carlos; E. Bulavin (bs), Mendoza; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the K. S. Stanislavsky and V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre (Moscow), K. Abdullayev, cond. ULTRAPHONE © ULP 153/155, \$14.94 (three discs, mono only).

PROKOFIEV: *The Story of a Real Man*

G. Deomidova (s), Olga; M. Zvezdina (s), Anyuta; V. Smirnova (c), Grandmother Vasilisa; A. Maslennikov (t), Kukushkin; G. Shulpin (t), Grandfather Mikhailo; E. Kibkalo (b), Alexei; A. Eizen (bs), The Commissar; G. Pankov (bs), Andrei; M. Reshetin (bs), Vasilii Vasilyevich; et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre (Moscow), M. F. Ermler, cond. ULTRAPHONE © ULP 147/149, \$14.94 (three discs, mono only).

Ultraphone is not going to win any prizes for lavishness and sophistication in packaging and presentation, but there should, nonetheless, be some sort of award for this company, which has given us a close-up view of a powerful, grand-opera Tchaikovsky who would otherwise not exist for us (in *The Oprichnik*, *Maid of Orleans*, and *Yolanta*—three fine operas), and which has now clarified for us the reasons for Sergei Prokofiev's high European reputation as an opera composer. We always tend to suppose that the visible hunk of the iceberg is the significant hunk—until we scrape bottom at some unexpected point. Thus, though there was no reason to assume that *Love for Three Oranges*, *Flaming Angel*, and *War and Peace* represented the best of Prokofiev's operatic output, many of us assumed just that. And that places Prokofiev rather far down the list, for even the best of those works (*Love for Three Oranges*) is simply an entertaining, inventive comic piece, nothing more.

But here are two operas that significantly alter the picture: a comedy based on Sheridan's *The Duenna* which is a far more important opera than *Oranges*, and a Socialist Realism war epic which is, despite its obvious weaknesses, an honest and rather moving work. It is not a question of gaining a deeper understanding of Prokofiev's operatic aesthetics—it's a question of good operas and bad operas. *Semyon Kotko* is an incompetent embarrassment; *Story of a Real Man* is a competent, sometimes brilliant work of the same sort.

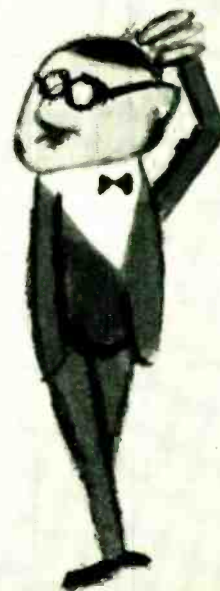
But *Betrothal in a Monastery* is the

real find. It is a magnificent piece of comic writing, in which the characters are unforgettably drawn by the music, in which lyric interludes of extraordinary limpidity are interspersed with episodes of comic routine that would honor the best of Laurel and Hardy. (An instrumental trio plays jauntily along; two players stop, but the third, on the bass drum, keeps flailing away. For some reason, it's funny.) *Betrothal* dates from 1940, which places it between *Semyon Kotko* and *War and Peace* among Prokofiev's operas. Its plot and characters could well have been formula—the proposition that mercantile folk sometimes try to arrange marriages for business' sake and that the younguns are likely to respond with almost any desperate deception (and will win out in the end) is not the freshest of all comic premises. But Prokofiev has not written formula music; he has seen the genuine comic core of every scene, every character, and has produced a score of unending invention, wit, and beauty. Nothing is let slip—the Spaniards are posterously intense about love and honor; the young lovers are impossibly resourceful; the mezzo-soprano is ridiculously protective of the virginity she doesn't want to keep; the hand-rubbing old merchants are grotesquely self-satisfied; the wine-making monks (Chartreuse, Benedictine, etc.) can hardly stand up unless a bag of money is in question, whereupon they perform their offices with extraordinary speed and severity. And so on. The score never lets up (or down)—it moves at a lightning pace, hardly giving one time to notice the color and shrewdness of the orchestration, the variety of the rhythmic scheme, the sheer loveliness of the love duets, confessional arias, incidental dances and choruses, or the way in which each character strikes just the right personal note every time he or she sings.

The performance is simply brilliant. There are no great voices, but there are listenable, serviceable ones, and they are in the hands of truly remarkable singing actors, performers who have you so absorbed in what they are doing that vocal quality becomes quite secondary to one's enjoyment of the proceedings. In fact, vocal quality is there when it is needed: both V. Kaevenchenko and N. Isakova sing with ample control and quite a pretty sound, with only a trace of the typical Russian female edginess, and A. Mischevsky is a first-class lyric tenor, with a good, full ring at the top. J. Krutov shows a strong, steady baritone in the role of the other young suitor.

The important role of the Duenna is very effectively taken by T. Yanko, and Mendoza's smug pomposity is beautifully presented by a fine character bass, E. Bulavin. But most extraordinary of all is the Don Jerome of N. Korshunov, who catches every inflection of this foppish, conceited, but ultimately likable old rascal with such fullness and spontaneity that I do not see how the characterization could be improved. The smaller roles are also appropriately taken, and everything moves with fine pace and with a spirit of true ensemble.

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Story of a Real Man is a very different species. This opera dates from 1948, and takes as its subject a Soviet flyer who loses his legs after being shot down, but who, through sheer force of will, inspired by the example of some of his fellow Russians during the darkest days of World War II, returns to his career as a combat pilot. The libretto is weighted down by some sentimental gunk and a quantity of all-for-the-dictatorship-of-the-proletariat blather, not unlike some of our own wartime radio programs and movies. Savor this exchange: *Colonel*: Thank you . . . Here she is. Mother Russia! With people like you, victory will always await us. *Alexei*: "Thank you" you said to me just now, Colonel. And I will say: thank you, to Grandfather Mikhailo, to you, my good wise professor, to you, my strong spirited Commissar. My friends, my native country, my dream has come true, and I am happy once more. I thank you!

It's slosh over here, and it's slosh over there. But what saves the thing is Prokofiev's obvious sincerity. He wrote the opera in the context of a time when there was nothing phony about such sentiments, and he seems to have written with true feeling, for the piece communicates in an entirely honest way. Through the strength and beauty of his writing, he makes us care about Alexei, makes us feel his suffering and his triumph. He does not create rounded people for us, for that is not his essential purpose. And of course he does not persuade us that Alexei's success is the result of the essential superiority and nobility of the system, which is implied here just as it is in all works of a propagandistic nature. But it would be a mistake to be put off by the mere fact that the people and ideas involved are Soviet ones; an American tends to laugh at the idea of presenting a Commissar in a sympathetic, idealized light. But Prokofiev's Commissar, a veteran of the Bolshevik revolution, is a well-drawn, meaty role, with a truly touching death scene. You can always call him The Old Prospector, if that helps.

The score is not consistently on a level with that of *Betrothal*, but it never descends to the formalized pap of *Semyon Kotko*, and it has some splendid moments. Nearly all the interludes are powerful passages of music, the set pieces which occasionally crop up are often effective ones, and the descriptive music (approach of an airplane, etc.) is first-class. There are weak patches, and there are some deletions on the recording, but the over-all effect is of an honest, well-written piece with several extended passages of real inspiration.

The performance is an adequate one if not much more. The title role is well handled by Kibkalo, a baritone with a firm, somewhat dry voice. Among the many supporting singers, perhaps the most impressive is the bass A. Eizen, who does an affecting job as The Commissar. As is often the case on Russian recordings, the female singers are just about unlistenable, but fortunately they have little to do. The chorus, as one might expect from the Bolshoi, sounds wonderful.



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The album's final side is occupied by extracts from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera/ballet *Mlada*—lush, impressive music, given imposing performances by the Moscow Radio chorus and orchestra, and by one of four briefly heard soloists, the baritone A. Bolshakov.

Betrothal in a Monastery is a must discovery; and if *Story of a Real Man* is something more of a special case, it is nevertheless well worth investigation.

C.L.O.

PROKOFIEV: *Quintet for Winds and Strings, Op. 39*—See Stravinsky: *L'Histoire du Soldat: Suite*.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5, in B flat, Op. 100*

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, David Oistrakh, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL © R 40003, \$4.79; SR 40003, \$5.79.

Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony—his finest, with the probable exception of the Sixth—here receives a performance that is as finely detailed as any I have heard. The textural felicities of the music, from the broad orchestral effects of the first and third movements to the piquant accents of the second and the delicate percussion writing of the closing pages, are tellingly realized. In terms of the playing he can extract from an orchestra Oistrakh certainly shows no lack of conducting skill, and the results are enhanced by an exceptionally clear and colorful recording of wide dynamic range.

Where this version is less satisfactory is in delineating the structural integrity and the organic growth of this large-scale but not at all sprawling Symphony. From this point of view the first movement is crucial, and a comparison of Oistrakh's sharply characterized but insufficiently interrelated episodes with the inexorable unity that binds the sections in Ansermet's no less vivid interpretation shows the difference between the gifted general musician and the master conductor.

B.J.

PURCELL: *The Indian Queen*

April Cantelo, soprano; Wilfred Brown, Robert Tear, and Ian Partridge, tenors; Christopher Keyte, bass; Raymond Leppard, harpsichord; Bernard Richards, cello; St. Anthony Singers; English Chamber Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. OISEAU-LYRE © OL 294, \$5.79; SOL 294, \$5.79.

This is one of the best Purcell records to be had. The play for which the composer wrote his "Essay of Musick" is a vile pseudo-historical hodgepodge by Dryden and his brother-in-law Sir Robert Howard, but Purcell was all too familiar with the problem of providing music for contemptible plays, and in this semi-opera (dating from the last year of his life) he succeeded once more in transcending his dramatic material. The score includes such well-known pieces as the

air and chorus "I come to sing great Zempoalla's story" and the exquisite soprano song "I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain"; but some of the less familiar numbers, like the duet "Ah, how happy are we!" and another soprano song, "They tell us that your mighty powers above," are no less beautiful.

The existing Music Guild record of this music, conducted by Anthony Bernard, was not quite complete, and was slightly rearranged in the matter of the succession of numbers. This new disc follows the original more closely—it uses an excellent edition which acknowledges Arnold Goldsborough's as its basis, but which no doubt owes much also to Charles Mackerras' own stylistic flair. The Music Guild version was more meticulous in assigning different roles to different singers—it employed nine soloists, where the Oiseau-Lyre makes do with five—but in a semi-opera this is a negligible point, since the actual drama was carried on in spoken dialogue and the music was not sung by any of the principal characters. In this respect the jacket surely errs in assigning "I attempt" and "They tell us" to Zempoalla and Orazia respectively: they are much more likely to have been sung by the ladies' attendants. Apart from that the presentation is excellent, with lively and informative liner notes by Charles Cudworth and an insert containing full texts.

Mackerras is an unequalled conductor of Purcell. Bernard's performance was competent, but it sounds dull by comparison with Mackerras' bouncy tempos, airy textures, and on-going rhythms, which are enlivened by bold and always convincing application of double-dotting and *notes inégales*. Bernard's version scores by the inclusion of a countertenor voice, but almost all the singing on the new disc is better. The three tenors—especially the rapidly progressing Ian Partridge—have fine voices, stylistic aptitude, and dramatic conviction; Christopher Keyte's handling of the bass roles is vivacious if occasionally a trifle gruff; and April Cantelo, though not in her most secure voice, throws off her embellishments in the later couplets of "I attempt" with a wonderfully light touch and an appearance of complete spontaneity.

Raymond Leppard's continuo is sparkling imaginative, the orchestra plays superbly, and the chorus is most impressive in its Act V section, "While thus we bow before your shrine," which demands and receives a majesty of phrasing reminiscent of parts of *Die Zauberflöte*. Congratulations to all concerned in this splendid release, including the engineers.

B.J.



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CIRCLE 22 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ROUSSEAU: Vocal and Instrumental Music

Les Muses galantes (excerpts); *Pygmalion*, (abridged); *Les Consolations des misères de ma vie* (excerpts); *Le Devin du village* (excerpts); *Marche militaire*; *Motet Quam Dilecta*; *Air à deux clarinettes*; *Romance du Saule*; *Daphnis et Chloé* (excerpts).

Vocal soloists: speaker (in *Pygmalion*); Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Roger Cotte, cond. PATHE © ASTX 347, \$6.79 (stereo only).

On the subject of the French language and its suitability (or lack of suitability) for being set to music, Rousseau was a man of many words and some whopping inconsistencies. After creating, in *Le Devin du village*, a light opera that was to help set the tone for the Opéra-Comique for years to come, he let fire at his countrymen (in 1753, the year of *Le Devin's* Paris premiere) the famous broadside declaring that "the French have not, and cannot have, a music of their own." He then went ahead to write a considerable amount of music that is more than passably French and boggles not at all at the problem of putting the language to music. Samples of all his major undertakings along this line are represented on this Pathé set (they are virtually nonexistent on any domestic label), and it is good to have Rousseau step out from the pages of history books into our listening experience.

Les Muses galantes prompted Rameau, who heard the opera's first performance in 1747, to remark that some of it showed the hand of a master and some the ignorance of a schoolboy. The instrumental interludes are quite Italian-baroque in spirit; but the intervening vocal sections performed here, in which the baritone sings a kind of lyric recitative over the barest accompaniment, turn Italian-born secco recitative into an effectively French medium. Nothing in this treatment of the voice gives a hint of things to come: either the tuneful "airs" of *Le Devin* (usually strophic) or the pure narration of *Pygmalion* (1775)—the work in which Rousseau carried his musical philosophy to its logical extremity and, believing the French tongue unmusical, simply did not set it to music. The orchestral background and interludes of *Pygmalion*, remarkably classical, keep pace with the "story," and are by turns dancing, delicate, and dramatic. Pathé's liner notes call this work a *lecture dramatique*: I don't know whether this is Rousseau's own term, but it is a good one.

The vein of early classicism in *Pygmalion* is even more pronounced in the overture to *Daphnis et Chloé*, the opera left in fragments at Rousseau's death. There is a use of dynamics here almost worthy of an offspring of Mannheim, and a fondness for contrasting instruments by groups—nothing subtle, but effective in a fundamental sort of way. (There is only one air included, jacket information to the contrary.)

Almost all Rousseau's vocal melodies, whether in the operas or random individual airs, are simple, squarish, and a bit earthbound (but not bad, for a schoolboy). He was no sophisticate when it came to the practice of what he preached, and therein lies an element of his charm. The album notes suggest that *Chanson nègre* (one of the *Consolations* collection) "is not without reference" to Rousseau's philosophy as expounded in the *Confessions*—the primacy of the state of nature, the myth of the noble savage, etc. This may be true enough. But this same simplicity, not deliberate, is evident elsewhere, and I for one would venture to ascribe it to certain limitations of musical imagination rather than to the dictates of philosophy. It is most pronounced in the two purely instrumental pieces included: the *March militaire*, a marionettish strut with oboes, fifes, and drums which might go straight into the score of *Wellington's Victory*; and the *Air for Two Clarinets* (according to the notes the earliest composition for the instrument known in France, coinciding approximately with the clarinet's introduction into the orchestra by Rameau in 1749), which is about on a level of complexity with Mozart's duos for basset horns. And it, like the Mozart duos, will go straight to your heart.

For all his rather engaging inconsistencies, there is one point on which Rousseau never gives an inch. In his *Lettre sur la musique française* (1753) he stated that polyphony and contrapuntal devices existed "like the porches of our Gothic churches, only to reflect disgrace on those who had the patience to construct them." (And this, three years after the death of Bach.) There is one perilous moment in the motet *Quam Dilecta* when soprano and mezzo approach something resembling counterpoint, but the onset of parallel thirds saves the composer from disgrace in the nick of time.

It is a shame, in view of the historical interest of this recording, that the singers don't do more to enhance the music. But with the exception of the authoritative tenor in *Daphnis et Chloé*, they range from the merely lackluster to the almost embarrassing. The instrumental contributions fare much better, and the marked stereo separation serves a purpose more often than not. S.F.

SCHUBERT: Sonatas for Piano: in A minor, D. 845; in G, D. 894 ("Fantasy")

Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON © LPM 19104, \$5.79; SLPM 139104, \$5.79.

Kempff's Schubert playing, while giving the composer's lyricism its due, has too a severity and Beethovenian explosiveness decidedly appropriate to these monumental, granitic sonatas. With one of the most resourceful pedal techniques in the business, and with a genuine colorist's range of supple nuance, Kempff also displays a biting articulation and exciting linear clarity which add profile and emotional thrust to his obvious in-

tellecual comprehension of what this music is all about. In virtually every aspect, I find it extremely hard to fault these masterful interpretations. I have always preferred Kempff's classical sense of proportion (as exemplified on an early monophonic London LP) in the A minor Sonata to the finely played but less clear-headed view displayed by Sviatoslav Richter (Monitor) and that preference is sustained, even though the new version is a shade more tensely paced and less solidly reproduced in DGG's good though slightly "toppy" recording. It may be remembered too that the Richter and the older Kempff rendition—both enjoying two full LP sides—included the first-movement exposition repeat here pruned for obvious reasons. (One can also note that Peter Serkin's G major Sonata for RCA Victor was accorded two sides.) But for sheer magnitude, and a sense of personal utterance, these superlative Kempff performances seem to me unbeatable. Never have Schubert's oft touted, oft disparaged "Heavenly Lengths" sounded more to the point than they do here. H.G.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Katerina Ismailova*

Soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Stanislavsky and Nemirov-Danchenko Musical Drama Theatre, Gennady Provorov, cond.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 5, in D, Op. 47*

Moscow Symphony Orchestra, Kyril Kondrashin, cond.

SHOSTAKOVICH: *The Execution of Stepan Razin, Op. 119; Symphony No. 9, in E flat, Op. 70*

Vitali Gromadsky, Leading Chorus of the Soviet Republic (in Op. 119); Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Kyril Kondrashin, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 67.

SIBELIUS: *Quartet for Strings, in D minor, Op. 56 ("Voces Intimae")*—See Elgar: *Quartet for Strings, in E minor, Op. 83.*

SMETANA: *Má Vlast* †Dvořák: *Symphonic Variations, Op. 78*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent, cond. SERAPHIM © IB 6003, \$4.98; SIB 6003, \$4.98 (two discs).

Here is a second budget-priced *Má Vlast* but one which offers little competition to the fine reading by Ancerl and the Czech Philharmonic released last fall on Crossroads. Sir Malcolm Sargent at no time suggests the rhythmic vitality or melodic contour of the Czech performance. Nor does he persuade the musically

well-endowed Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to perform at its potential best: most of the time the orchestra responds with an almost turgid mass of *mezzo-forte* sound, well played but with little stylistic or textural distinction.

By spacing *Má Vlast* on three record sides instead of four, as in the case of the Czech version, there is room for Dvořák's fine *Symphonic Variations*, of which this is the only current recording. The performance, however, betrays the same shortcomings as that of the Smetana cycle. P.H.

STAMITZ, JAN VACLAV: *Orchestral Trios, Op. 1: No. 1, in C; No. 5, in B flat; No. 6, in G; in C minor, Op. 4, No. 3*

Members of Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Milan Munclinger, cond. CROSSROADS © 22 16 0005, \$2.50; 22 16 0006, \$2.50.

It is probably impossible today to sense the original impact of the world's first virtuoso classical orchestra. But testament abounds—from Mozart on down—as to the finesse and superb control of the ensemble at Mannheim, founded under the noble patronage of the Elector of the Palatinate by Jan Václav Stamitz (1717-57). In the first bright light of the classical era (Bach not yet dead but already forgotten), Europe was agog over an orchestra which could swell a crescendo from a *piano* "like a breath of spring" to a *forte* "like thunder"; which could execute the most delicate figurations; which could create a breathless tension with tremolo figures in the low strings lying like the rumblings of a volcano beneath the high voices of the violins.

When Jan Stamitz composed for his orchestra, he let it do all the things it could do best. These orchestral trios—despite the fact that they were designed also as trio sonatas, to be played by three solo instruments—tell us a great deal about what was going on at Mannheim and why everyone who went there came away marveling. They also bear out the statement made by Charles Burney that Stamitz's was a mind "refined by culture without being stifled by it."

The performances are excellent—both pungent and flexible. S.F.

STRAVINSKY: *L'Histoire du Soldat: Suite* †Prokofiev: *Quintet for Winds and Strings, Op. 39*

Chamber ensemble, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, cond. MELODIYA/ANGEL © R 40005, \$4.79; SR 40005, \$5.79.

Both of these ballet scores for chamber ensemble represent aspects of their composers' output which up to now have not been much in favor in the Soviet Union. That they are now recorded in that country seems to imply that the official Soviet line is broadening so far as modern music is concerned.

The *Histoire* needs no comment at this



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late date. Rozhdestvensky gives it a brisk, brilliant, not very profound but quite acceptable performance; he is one of the few conductors on earth who takes Stravinsky faster than Stravinsky.

Prokofiev's Quintet for oboe, clarinet, violin, viola, and bass is not very well known, although Schwann lists two previous recordings of it still available on American discs. It is one of Prokofiev's strongest, most dramatic and powerful scores, and it indicates how he might have developed if his return to the Soviet world and its doctrine of "socialist realism" had not deflected him. The work was written in Paris in 1924 for a small ballet company which used a chamber ensemble rather than an orchestra. The title of the ballet was

Trapeze, and one gathers that it was a highly abstract affair. Actually, the music Prokofiev wrote for it doesn't sound like ballet material at all; and in 1927 he added two more movements to the original four to produce a pure concert work of striking and magnificent profile.

The performance in the Quintet, as in the *Histoire*, is good but not excellent; both performances lack edge and tension. There can be no question, however, about the excellence of the recording. A.F.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Engene Onegin* (excerpts); *Pique Dame* (excerpts)

Melitta Muszely, soprano; Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; Gott-

lob Frick, bass; Bavarian State Orchestra, Meinhard von Zallinger, cond. ANGEL © 36376, \$4.79; S 36376, \$5.79.

Two generous sides give us a fair sampling of the "popular" Tchaikovsky operas, sung in German, with principals one might have encountered on a good night at the Bayerischer Staatsoper over the past few years. Further, the selection is not overly predictable—especially in the case of *Onegin*, where the duel sequence and *Onegin's* little ballroom arioso stand in for more familiar highlights.

Onegin fanciers are directed to the MK-Artia excerpts disc, which is more extensive, at least as well sung, and in the original Russian. The *Pique Dame* selection is a good one though, and here the competition is less imposing. Followers of the late, lamented Fritz Wunderlich will be happy to have his rich, sensitive voicing of Lenski's second aria on the *Onegin* side, and while his voice is not quite as free on top in the *Pique Dame* music, it is exactly the right timbre for the role of Hermann, and he brings considerable color and temperament to his interpretation.

Melitta Muszely sounds like a solid, second-string German lyric soprano—rather limited in color and not always precise in attack. But she is perfectly competent and musical, and rises above an ordinary level in the big Neva scene of *Pique Dame*. Hermann Prey sings attractively, and makes an especially good thing of Yelesky's aria in *Pique Dame*; in *Onegin*, the head line of his technique precludes some of the needed punch, and his treatment of the music is a bit precious. Gottlob Frick does a reasonably good job with the Gremin aria, though he loses some firmness and focus when he sings at moderate volume above the staff.

The orchestra plays well. In both operas, more urgency from Von Zallinger would not be amiss—one appreciates the lyric, restrained approach taken here, and realizes it undoubtedly works very well in the context of a production for a medium-sized house, but it still seems the more overtly dramatic moments could do with extra emphasis. Good sound, notes and texts. C.L.O.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Orchestral Suites:* No. 1, in D minor, Op. 43; No. 2, in C, Op. 53; No. 3, in G, Op. 55; No. 4, in G, Op. 61 ("Mozartiana")

Hugh Bean, violin; New Philharmonic Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY © OL 3118, \$14.37; SR 39018, \$17.37 (three discs).

That Tchaikovsky's four orchestral suites have stayed relatively unplayed and unrecorded is, I suppose, a tribute to the persistent status of symphonic form. Though his last three symphonies may average out to better listening than the suites, it certainly is not *that* much better. There are movements in the present works—all written in the period between the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies—that

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show the composer in his fullest command of orchestral tone and rhetoric. The fact is underlined by Dorati's vivid approach to the music, by the Philharmonia's responsive playing, and above all by Mercury's sumptuous sound.

There are, to be sure, a few notably dull stretches, such as the variation movement of the Fourth, *Mozartiana* suite. Mozart himself had, of course, a far narrower color range to work with than Tchaikovsky, and was perhaps no better a melodist: but his absolute economics as a variegator served him better than reams of sugarplum orchestration. However, the waltz from the Second Suite, for instance, seems at least as appealing as the *Sleeping Beauty* or *Nutcracker* specimens, though the freshness is probably in its favor. And the *Elégia* and *Valse Mélancolique* from the third anticipate the *Pathétique's* luxuriant despair.

Indeed, none but the most obdurate heart can fail to admire the splendid affinities between Tchaikovsky's and this album's gifts of sonority. And over and over again, during the nineteen movements of these suites, we are forced to face facts: no composer, in winning a listener's ear, has better understood the sheer strategy of instrumentation—including such niceties as the special uses of pizzicato, or when to double strings and woodwinds as against leaving them alone. Even some bits of technicolor counterpoint are impressive.

Symphony orchestras may need more of this kind of sound in the battle for survival. LOUIS CHAPIN

TELEMANN: *Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra, in F minor*—See Handel: *Concerti grossi, Op. 3.*

WAGNER: *Orchestral Music*

Der fliegende Holländer: Overture; Rienzi: Overture; Lohengrin: Prelude; A Faust Overture.

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell cond. COLUMBIA © ML 6284, \$4.79; MS 6884, \$5.79; ① MQ 806, \$7.95.

Rienzi: Overture; A Siegfried Idyll; Die Meistersinger: Prelude; Prelude to Act III; Dance of the Apprentices; Lohengrin: Prelude.

Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian State Radio, Carl Schuricht, cond. VANGUARD EVERYMAN © SRV 220, \$1.98; SRV 220SD, \$1.98.

If ever an orchestral performance on discs has approached perfection, Szell's *Lohengrin* Prelude is it. I was held completely spellbound by the sheer magic of orchestral texture, the controlled movement of beautifully shaped melodic lines. The other three pieces in this collection all bear traces of Szell's mastery, although the *Flying Dutchman* Overture arouses more admiration for the virtuosity of the Cleveland Orchestra than for the turbulent content of the music, and the *Rienzi* Overture is almost too refined, lacking the crude theatricality

it needs. In that most un-Wagnerian *Faust Overture*, however, Szell's affinity for the Schumannesque style produces the best performance of this strange work that I know of on records. Integral to the impact of all the performances here are the superlative playing of the orchestra and the manner in which its clear and precise sound is spread wide and resonantly in Columbia's engineering.

The Vanguard offering is simply not in the same class. Although Carl Schuricht is an able conductor, worthy of being better known, he is here up against an extraordinary maestro at his best and he is confronted with an inferior orchestra. As it is, Schuricht's *Siegfried Idyll* has a tenderness and mastery of the pace of this difficult score often lacking in other performances. But the inadequacies of the orchestra and the sparse sound Vanguard has accorded it stack the cards too heavily against him. P.H.

Recitals & Miscellany

RICHARD BONYNGE: "*Overtures to Forgotten Operas*"

Donizetti: *Roberto Devereux*. Rossini: *Torvaldo e Dorliska*. Maillart: *Les Dragons de Villars*. Offenbach: *La Fille du Tambour-Major*. Verdi: *Giovanna d'Arco*. Hérold: *Zampa*. Wallace: *Maritana*.

London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonyngé, cond. LONDON © CS 6486, \$4.79; CM 9486, \$5.79.

Forgotten? Not really. More like mislaid. In the course of an operagoing vocation neither as long nor as voracious as some others, I have managed to take in four of the seven above, two of them (in concert performance) during the last year. But *Les Dragons* was new and compelled a trip to the reference shelf—Aimé Maillart (1817-71) was talented but loved pleasure too well; the title of the opera is about soldiers rather than beasts. The first theme of *Roberto Devereux* will be instantly identified as *My Country 'tis/God Save the King/Queen*; and Rossini, a master server-up of last night's cold cuts upon fresh platters, used echoes of *Torvaldo* (1815) again the next year in *Otello* and other bits in *Cenerentola* the year after that.

The quality of the music ranges upward from *Maritana*, a nuts-and-bolts thing with one fair tune, to the peak of *Zampa*. What a fine piece that is, as good as any prime example of Weber, who inspired it. If the Bonyngé-led performances have not the Beecham sparkle, the Toscanini intensity, or the Arthur Fiedler momentum, they are nonetheless clean, warm, and thoroughly acceptable; and the stereo is top-flight London.

GEORGE MOVSHON

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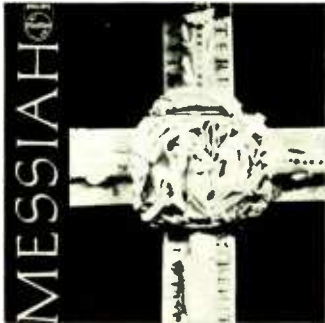
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CAPELLA CORDINA: "The Ars Nova"

Super cathedram/Presidentes; Je voi douleur/Fauvel nous a fait (Motets from *Roman de Fauvel*). Vitry: *Douce play-sance/Garison; Tuba sacre fidei/In arboris*. Machaut: *S'il estoit nulz/S'amours; Se quanque amours*. Senleches: *En ce gracieux tamps*. Solage: *Fumeux fume*. Matteo da Perugia: *Le greygnour bien*. Jacopo da Bologna: *Lux purpurata/Diligite iustitiam; O cieco mondo*. Giovanni da Firenze: *Per larghi prati*. Maestro Piero: *Con dolce brama*. Landini: *Giovine vagha; Sy dolce non sono*. Donato da Firenze: *L'aspido sordo*. Ciconia: *I cani sono fuora*. Andrea di Giovanni: *Sotto candido vel*.

Capella Cordina, Alejandro Planchart, cond. EXPERIENCES ANONYMES © EA 83, \$4.98; EAS 83, \$5.98.

Everyone who knows the earlier records in the Experiences Anonymes "Music of the Middle Ages" will be glad to see the series resumed. The present volume fills a real need—while some music of the fourteenth century (the century of Philippe de Vitry's "new art") has found its way on to records, we can still do with a great deal more. The contents of this program have been planned with an eye to the music's quality and real insight into the development of the two great national schools, the French and the Italian, and their eventual mingling: it is a particularly nice touch to end the French side with a Gallicized Italian, Matteo da Perugia, and the Italian with an Italianized Belgian, Johannes Ciconia of Liège. Things like this, and the general quality of the jacket notes (the only flaws are in some of the translations from the Latin) show that the enterprise was in knowledgeable hands.

The performances, however, leave room for reservations. The voices of the Capella Cordina, a group based at Yale, sound for the most part insufficiently trained for the demands this music makes on them, and this deficiency is made worse by Alejandro Planchart's apparent insensitivity in the matter of tessitura. Too often the women are asked to sing parts that lie at the very bottom of their range; the result is a feebleness of tone at odds with the often declamatory nature of the vocal lines. When one does hear a good voice in the best part of its register the effect is startlingly different: Donald Brown, for instance, sings Jacob de Senleches' *En ce gracieux tamps* beautifully, but this is almost the only time that we are given an opportunity to hear him.

The instrumental playing in this often rhythmically complex music is adequate, though there is a certain lack of phrasing and some poor ensemble. On the whole it is the simpler, less rhetorical pieces, like Machaut's lovely ballade *Se quanque amours* (in spite of the voice's uncomfortable tessitura) and Landini's *Giovine vagha*, that fare best. Neither the declamatory motets nor the roistering canonic *caccie* are so happy. Did the gentlemen who sing *Con dolce brama* even realize

how splendidly obscene the text is? It doesn't sound like it.

But in view of its contents this record makes an important contribution to our knowledge of the musical history of the period, and at least some of the performances make clear why the music is still well worth hearing. J.N.

ANTAL DORATI: "Paris: 1917-1938"

Satie: *Parade*. Milhaud: *Le Boeuf sur le toit*. Françaix: *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra*. Auric: *Ouverture*.

Claude Françaix, piano (in the *Concertino*); London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. MERCURY © MG 50435, \$4.79; SR 90435, \$5.79.

Older generation modern-music fans, who have long admired the 1917 ballet *Parade* by Erik Satie, Jean Cocteau, and Pablo Picasso, will squeal with delight to know it is once again available on discs. The younger generation may not see what it's all about.

The *Parade* of the title is a circus parade. All manner of clowns, acrobats, dancers, and such give little teasing samples of their work before an appreciative crowd. But the crowd mistakes the parade for the circus itself, buys no tickets, and completely ruins the enterprise. Such was Cocteau's plot. Picasso's costumes were among the most sensationally complicated examples of three-dimensional cubism in history, and it is difficult to understand how anyone moved about in them. Satie's music started the whole Parisian folklore movement: it is full of music-hall tunes and street songs, along with dead-pan fugues and other evidences of learning, all handled with lightness and charm. The score is also full of the special audacities of its period, including the sounds of a typewriter, an automobile horn, and a pistol.

The Parisian folklore aspect of Satie looked forward to The Six. His clarity and simplicity gave an important cue to Virgil Thomson. His typewriters, auto horns, and pistols predict John Cage. And it is now apparent that Satie also had much in common with Charles Ives. He was the first of a new type: the Iconoclast as Foxy Grandpa.

Satie's Parisian folklore is contrasted on this disc with one of the works it directly inspired—Milhaud's *Le Boeuf sur le toit*, that famous fantasy on Brazilian folk tunes which sounds as if its composer had never gone any further from the center of the world than St. Germain. The comparison between the two works is most instructive. The Milhaud is so much more highly elaborated, so complex in its polytonal texture and tricky orchestration; it will not do merely to dismiss it as fun and games, as does Felix Aprahamian in his jacket notes.

Parade and the *Boeuf* are the main things. There are also two short pieces—the crisp, flawless, crystalline *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra* by Jean Françaix, wherein the composer's daughter, Claude, serves as soloist, and the *Ouver-*

ture by Georges Auric, which sounds like something Sir William Walton might have written after dining on escargots.

The performances are superb. The Milhaud has been recorded many times before, but never with such brilliance and effectiveness as here. The registration in the grooves is in keeping. A.F.

JEROME HINES: "Operatic Saints and Sinners"

Berlioz: *La Damnation de Faust: Devant la maison.* Boito: *Mefistofele: Ecco il mondo: Son lo spirito che nega.* Gounod: *Faust: Le Veau d'or: Vous qui faites l'endormie.* Meyerbeer: *Les Huguenots: Piff Paff. Robert le Diable: Nonnes qui reposez.* Rossini: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia: La calunnia.* Verdi: *Don Carlo: Ella giammai m'amo. Nabucco: Del futuro nel buio discerno: Tu sul labbro.* Simone Boccanegra: *Il lacerato spirito.*

Jerome Hines, bass; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Nello Santi, cond. EPIC © LC 3934, \$4.79; BC 1334, \$5.79.

It's a good bet that no opera singer alive gets to wear a beard more often than Jerome Hines. It is twenty years and more since he began his Metropolitan Opera career and he found maturity almost at once. He soon became the most familiar, certainly the most visible, of all the father figures of that controversial organization. Twenty or thirty times a season he enters and stands, grave and hirsute, six foot-and-some tall; and he dispenses—as appropriate—compassion (in the forms of King Mark and Padre Guardiano), remorse (Boris Godunov, Jacopo Fiesco), admonition (Ramfis, Zaccaria), sheer evil (Silva, Méphistophélès) or just a great deal of information (Gurnemanz, Pimen). He has been a steady and solid performer for two decades.

The excerpts here recorded amount to a generous selection from Hines's current repertoire and a few things he would doubtless like to do on stage, like the Meyerbeer roles. It would have been very pleasant to report that the disc is an unalloyed success; but that is not possible. We do not have before us that tall, commanding stage presence; we have the voice alone, indeed the voice magnified (by a piece of bad judgment in the control room). And for all the good musical sense, strong characterization, care with words—in both languages—there are clearly things wrong with the voice as used at present. There are mannerisms disturbing in a singer in his prime (do not guess Hines's years from his gray beard): he slides up into many high notes, slides down into many low ones. Too often the tone spreads, almost into a wobble. There are doubtful dynamics; much of the singing is just plain too loud to fit the perspectives of the recording. A real pity.

The best things are the more introspective songs like the *Don Carlo* and *Boccanegra* arias; the worst, to my taste, are the athletic ones, the three Mephistos (Berlioz, Boito, Gounod). The old-fashioned balance does not help

things. Santi's muscular accompaniments are unduly suppressed, and the voice is the more naked thereby.

A quibble please about the title slapped on this disc by Epic's a & r men: there are no saints at all and only three sinners. (two of them complex and sympathetic), among the operatic characters portrayed here. A devil, yes; the others are ordinary and fallible people like me and, presumably, you. GEORGE MOVSHON

GWYNETH JONES: Operatic Recital

Beethoven: *Ah! perfido. Op. 65. Fidelio: Abscheulicher! Wo eilst du hin?* Cherubini: *Medea: Dei tuoi figli.* Wagner: *Der*

fliegende Holländer: Traft ihr das Schiff. Verdi: *Il Trovatore: D'amor sull'ali. La Forza del destino: Pace, pace.*

Gwyneth Jones, soprano; Vienna Opera Orchestra, Argeo Quadri, cond. LONDON © 5981, \$4.79; OS 25981, \$5.79.

A major voice, without question, and if the relatively minor problems can be solved, Gwyneth Jones should be an important soprano for some years to come. The quality is quite full and lush, the size apparently ample, and there are no obtrusive breaks or bobbles as the voice moves up and down the scale. At the moment, it is a little paunchy—the adjustment which serves

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CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

her so well in the middle apparently doesn't quite do the trick at either end of the range, for the top tones are thinner and narrower than the rest of her voice, and the bottom fades almost into nothingness.

One suspects that the fat timbre of the middle is somewhat overweighted, for the voice tends to move a bit sluggishly, and there seems to be difficulty in maintaining a firm line at less than a *forte* level—the *Medea* aria fails to come off because of this inability really to control and shape the music in a tessitura that is constantly touching around the top A. But the ring and quality of the voice denote the authentic article; Miss Jones certainly has the potential to gain a place in the grand succession.

That does not mean that this recital is entirely effective on its own terms. It is spotty. I like best the *Holländer* and *Forza* extracts; the vocal weight is correct for both, and the former shows a promising dramatic instinct. Elsewhere, where the voice is required to move more, to display some alacrity and latitude in shading, the results are less satisfactory. Neither of the great Beethoven arias has much urgency or shape, and in fact the "*Abscheulicher!*" is quite slack and careful, broken up for breaths in a crude way, while the "*Ah! perfido*" goes its course without much pointing or sense of ups and downs.

In short, what the record brings us is some fine vocal sound with lots of hopeful potential behind it. The accompaniments are rich-sounding (some wonderful horn tone in the *Fidelio* aria), but tend to drag along with the singer's phlegmatic tendencies. The disc is one of the best-engineered recital records yet to come from this company. Notes (thumbnail plot synopses—to what purpose?), but no texts. C.L.O.

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Czech Philharmonic Chorus, Musici Pragenses; Prague Chamber Harmony. CROSSROADS © 22 16 0065, \$2.50; 22 16 0066, \$2.50.

If you just happen to be looking for a smooth fifty minutes of social music from the Czech contemporaries of Haydn and Mozart, look no further. The choral works, while they grow pretty saccharine, do qualify as "rarities" in the record catalogue at least. They are trimly performed, as are the instrumental pieces.

S.F.



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CIRCLE 33 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Farnon of England

ONE OF THE MOST interesting developments in the last quarter century of popular music has been the enormous advancement in the art of orchestration—arranging, if you prefer.

When, around 1940, Artie Shaw used a string section, flutes, and a French horn in his recording of *Frenesi*, it was considered distinctly unusual; some thought a little pretentious. When Morton Gould made an album of popular songs using symphonic instrumentation, that too was considered overblown.

Gould and Shaw were simply men ahead of their time. Today, the "innovations" of that period have become the commonplace. The Shaw record seems modest in its ambitions, noteworthy chiefly for its historical significance. The Gould records (the album was called *After Dark*, and it was issued on 12-inch, 78-rpm discs) stand up surprisingly well. Still, they seem tame. What was the fuss? Today, scarcely a singer makes a recording without strings, and even "classical" woodwind sections.

Gould was an unusual man in that he was one of the few arrangers of the time (perhaps the only one) with both an understanding of popular music and training in large-orchestra writing techniques. There has been a virtual explosion of such skills since then. Today, an arranger who isn't at ease writing for the full panoply of symphonic instruments just isn't considered in control of his craft.

Precisely because exceptional writing is no longer unusual, we are in danger of losing sight of how much of it is going on. People listening to a Barbra Streisand album may note casually in passing that the music is "arranged by Peter Matz" without perceiving how important his handiwork is to the emotional effects they derive from the record. There is less danger of such oversight with Nelson Riddle on Frank Sinatra albums because he has been reasonably well publicized. But there are countless other brilliant arrangers whose names are scarcely noticed—Marty Paitch, Ralph Carmichael, Jack Marshall, Billy Byers, Frank Hunter, Torrie Zito, Don Costa, Chico O'Farrill, Pat Williams, Larry Wilcox, Marty Manning, Claus Ogerman, Don Sebesky. The point is that we just didn't have men like this in 1940; now the woods are full of them.

The work these men do amounts in most instances to recomposition.



Often they will take a trite, maudlin melody and, by sensitive reconstruction of its harmonic foundation, give it at least the illusion of real freshness and beauty. If you listen deeply into many of these arrangements, you will hear some startlingly beautiful harmonic movements, compelling uses of inner voices, interesting and original instrumental combinations.

The spiritual father of many of our best arrangers is a young man—he's only 39—from Georgia named Marion Evans, who in turn is an indirect aesthetic offspring of still another arranger, Robert Farnon of England.

Evans, who got fed up with "writing music by the pound," as he put it—meaning turning the stuff out in ridiculous quantities and with inadequate time to work on music *qua* music—quit the business to earn a tidy living in the stock market. Lately, however, he seems to have heaved a sigh and is once more writing; he just did a session with Tony Bennett.

But even during Evans' sabbatical from the business, his influence as a teacher continued. Evans has never taken a dime for teaching. His "classes" consist for the most part of informal conversations, often lasting into the small hours of the morning, in his cluttered apartment on Manhattan's West 49th Street. Torrie Zito put in quite a bit of time in the Evans "school." So did the brilliant J. J. Johnson.

Evans in turn owes a great deal to Farnon. Though they are friends of long standing, Evans and Farnon have never had a formal professional association. But they stay in loose contact, and Evans occasionally visits Farnon, who lives in the Channel Islands, safe from England's brutal income tax laws. You can hear touches of Farnon's influence in Evans' superbly crafted arrangements. You can hear touches of Farnon in just about *everybody's* work.

Farnon's albums are collectors' items by now. Few of them are currently in print. Two are on London. One, a collection of Irish songs titled "From the Emerald Isle," is available only in mono. Of recent vintage is a Phase-4 Stereo recording of Farnon's symphonic setting of the music from *Porgy and Bess*.

An earlier series of "mood music" albums (the term is used advisedly, because Farnon's work is so far above the standards of that genre) was canceled out of the London

catalogue some years ago. Also out of print are several albums Farnon made more or less recently for Philips, which included re-recordings in stereo of some of the material he'd written for the earlier London sessions. The Schwann catalogue lists an album called "Captain from Castille" by Farnon; but just try to get a copy. Two grossly commercial packages are available—"Hits of Sinatra" and "Portrait of Johnny Mathis." But they really aren't top-drawer Farnon. The writing sounds as if he was bored by such obvious assignments, and he probably was. Farnon's *Hornblower Suite*, compiled out of music he wrote some years ago for a Gregory Peck movie? Unobtainable. His violin concerto? Unobtainable. His *Canadian Suite*? Unobtainable, although one segment of it, his exquisite setting of the French folk song *A la claire fontaine*, is included in a recent Capitol album called, "Mod Concert."

Why are these important records out of print? Because the public has never purchased them in sufficient quantities to justify their continuance, at least from an economic standpoint, although one might reasonably argue that the record companies have a duty to keep this important source material available. Unfortunately, record companies don't think in such terms. But one might argue, again with justification, that neither London nor Philips did a bloody thing to make Farnon's name familiar to the public.

Every arranger I have ever known has either the Farnon albums or tape copies of them, made from discs borrowed from other arrangers. Farnon once remarked to me, with a touch of wistfulness, "I sometimes get the feeling that nobody buys my albums but other arrangers and you."

The public is the loser, not Farnon; they're being denied access to the work of one of the most beautiful writers of music in our time. Call it composition, recomposition, or arranging—in Farnon's case it assuredly amounts to the same thing.

And in a way, his work isn't lost to us. Through his records and his influence on other writers, his spirit has infused the work of that remarkably gifted new generation of arrangers. Farnon has been one of the major forces in moving our popular music the long distance it has traveled from *Frenesi* and *After Dark*.

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CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE LIGHTER SIDE

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

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD. Dewey Martin, Steve Stills, Richie Furay, Neil Young, and Bruce Palmer, vocals and rhythm accompaniment. *Go and Say Goodbye; Leave; Hot Dusty Roads*; nine more. Atco © 33-200, \$3.79; S 33-200, \$4.79.

Buffalo Springfield is a new group working out of California, under the guidance of Charles Greene and Brian Stone, two enterprising and off-beat manager/producers who made an adventurous name for themselves by orbiting Sonny and Cher (whom they later dropped). Noel Harrison, and others. In their shrewd and competent hands, Buffalo Springfield (the group says it picked up its name from a sign on the side of a steam roller) emerges as one of the more interesting new rock groups. Several of them are good instrumentalists, in their vein. Rock music is creating its own keyboard style—sparse and guitar-oriented—and on *Burned* Neil Young (the group's lead guitarist) does it well. But he's playing harpsichord, not piano, despite the liner notes.

The group sings heavily and well, as evidenced on the smooth *Out of My Mind*, the best track in the album. They manage to maintain a rock texture without mashing their words unintelligibly, for which my ears are grateful. The group writes all its own material (who doesn't now?) and though it's uneven, with good lines coming on the heels of bad, it's better than average.

Most important, the group and this disc have a sense of organization usually missing in rock groups, both new and seasoned. Where there is organization in a debut album, there is capacity for growth and refinement. Buffalo Springfield will probably turn into one of the foremost rock groups around. M.A.

EDDIE FISHER: *Games That Lovers Play.* Eddie Fisher, vocals; orchestra, Nelson Riddle, arr. and cond. *Lara's Theme; Where's That Rainbow; How Insensitive*; et al. RCA Victor © LPM 3726, \$3.79; LSP 3726, \$4.79.

In this album, on *Yesterday*, Eddie Fisher makes one of the most extraordinary clams I've ever heard. He hits a note so flat that for a moment I thought my cat had put her paw on the turntable. Then I thought there had been

a terrible goof in the mastering process. Several listenings convinced me it must be Fisher, especially since he produced a similar shocker later in the same song. How did it get by? Or was it the best of many takes?

Good arrangements often help poor singers, but in this case Nelson Riddle's arrangements are so exquisite (*Lara's Theme, Manha de Carnival*) that only a few singers in the country could hope to come up to their level. Fisher isn't one of them. (It's maddening to think that a splendid singer like Mel Tormé has had to work with mediocre charts recently, when an Eddie Fisher gets brilliant arrangements like these.)

For all his unstable intonation and time sense, stiffness, out-to-lunch readings, and creative clams, Fisher's voice is not unattractive, and undoubtedly his intentions are sincere. But this man appears to be what he always was: a floor singer at night clubs like the Copacabana, warming up the audience for the star. M.A.

FOUR SEASONS: *Second Vault of Golden Hits.* Four Seasons, vocals and rhythm accomp. *Sherry; I've Got You Under My Skin; Connie-O*; nine more. Philips © PHM 200-221, \$3.98; PHS 600-221 \$4.98; Ⓟ PTX 6221, \$5.95.

The Four Seasons, a vocal-with-guitars group, have broken the nausea barrier. M.A.

PAUL HORN: *Monday, Monday.* Paul Horn, flute, piccolo, and probably soprano saxophone; orchestra, Oliver Nelson, arr. and cond. *Monday, Monday; You've Got Your Troubles; Eight Miles High*; eight more. RCA Victor LPM 3613, \$3.79; LSP 3613, \$4.79.

As rock-and-roll (or what record company executives and NARAS quaintly call "contemporary" music) slowly begins to refine itself, some good material is beginning to come out of the idiom—though not nearly so much, nor nearly so good, as the bandwagon-climbers would have one think. It is still difficult to glean an entire album of good material out of the Top-40 catalogue, and this album shows it. The John Lennon-Paul McCartney tune, *Norwegian Wood*, is indeed a nice melody, and so is Paul Simon's *Elusive Butterfly*. But *Satisfaction*, by Mick Jagger and Keith Richard

of the Rolling Stones, remains a drab, ignorant piece of music. With so much bad material mixed in with the reasonably good, the album is inevitably uneven.

It isn't even possible to say that flutist Paul Horn (who in other contexts has repeatedly demonstrated that he is a gifted musician) or arranger Oliver Nelson has added much to the material. The album is caught between two stools: it would seem that both Horn and Nelson wanted to bring the material up to their own musical standards, but didn't want to lose so much of the Top-40 sound that they'd miss out in the market place. So it isn't good jazz, and it isn't good pop music either.

The hell with this kind of compromise, this kind of homogenization. Paul Horn doesn't need rock-and-roll and rock-and-roll doesn't need him. Let each man do his best work in his own groove, or grooves, and American music will be the better, the richer, the more varied for it. G.L.

ANITA KERR SINGERS: *Slightly Baroque.* Anita Kerr, Gene Merlino, B. J. Baker, and Bob Tebow, vocals; Anita Kerr, arr.: Dick Marx, cond. *If Ever I Would Leave You; My Love; My Prayer*; nine more. Warner Brothers © W 1665, \$3.79; WS 1665, \$4.79.

JOHNNY MANN SINGERS: *A Man and a Woman.* Johnny Mann Singers, vocals; orchestra, Johnny Mann, arr. and cond. *So Rare; Green Hills; Mr. & Mrs. Millionaire*; eight more. Liberty © LRP 3490, \$3.79; LST 7490, \$4.79.

GALS & PALS: *Sing Something for Everyone.* Gals & Pals, vocals; orchestra; Lars Bagge and S. Alexander, arr. *Blue on Blue; Here I Am; Crosstown Bus*; nine more. Fontana © MGF 27557, \$3.98; SRF 67557, \$4.98.

Of these three new vocal-chorus releases, all are good but the Anita Kerr album is far and away the best. For some years Miss Kerr has led and arranged for one of the best vocal groups in the country. With this superb album she proves beyond doubt that she is also one of the best orchestral arrangers in pop music—not to mention being just about the only woman in the field. Miss Kerr creates the album's baroque theme by writing ornate figures for harpsichord or piano, then adds a modern flavor with flowing strings. Her vocal arrange-

ments also combine classical and contemporary effects, using fugue-like lines as well as rich, modern voicings. The group's singing is as graceful as the writing. To bossa nova songs such as *How Insensitive*, she adds inner voices moving in counterpoint with the melody for baroque effect. Miss Kerr has breathed new life into the exhausted *Mona Lisa* by using chord alterations so unexpected and so right that the spine chills with pleasure.

This is one of the best albums of the year, and probably Anita Kerr's finest recorded moment.

The Johnny Mann Singers are a group of excellent studio singers from California. Many such groups, highly disciplined and impeccably correct, end up sounding cold. Somehow Mann gets not only smoothness but warmth out of his singers. The album consists of movie themes and among the best are John Barry's *Born Free* and Francis Lai's *A Man and a Woman*, a song whose time structure is especially interesting. Unfortunately, Mann elected to sing the nothing English lyric by Jerry Keller instead of the original French lyric. Other songs, such as *She's Just My Style*, are hack and boring, lowering the level of an otherwise admirable album.

The Gals & Pals are a competent and lively singing group from Sweden. Here they have devoted an entire album to the songs of Burt Bacharach and Hal David (except one, with a lyric by S. Shaw). Bacharach's better songs have a disjointed sort of charm. Among them are *Walk On By* and *My Little Red Book*. But evidently Bacharach and David have not written enough first-rate material as yet to fill out a good album. The program is as uneven as are some of the songs themselves, and almost all of the lyrics are inane.

The Gals & Pals' singing is full of life and intensity. The imaginative vocal arrangements are by member and musical director, Lars Bagge. His writing, plus the group's singing (there's very little trace of accent in their singing—just enough to charm you), makes the package worth having, despite weakness in the material. M.A.

ENOCH LIGHT: Spanish Strings. The Light Brigade, Lew Davies, arr.; Enoch Light, cond. *April in Portugal; How Insensitive; Someone to Light Up My Life; Blue Tango*; eight more. Project 3 © 5000, \$4.79; 5000 SD, \$5.79.

TONY MOTTOLA: Heart and Soul. Tony Mottola, guitar; orchestra. *If He Walked Into My Life; Little Girl Blue; Georgia; My Ideal*; eight more. Project 3 © 5003, \$4.79; 5003 SD, \$5.79.

These two discs mark Enoch Light's return to recording after an absence of a year and a half following his departure from Command, the label he started and built with phenomenal success. The ingredients for Light's new Project 3 are much the same as those he relied on at Command—big, broad-range, lustrous recording; arrangements designed to produce sounds that will rock playback equipment from top to

bottom; and clarity of reproduction that is sometimes dazzling. The musicians—Doc Severinson, Tony Mottola, Dick Hyman, Bob Haggart, Phil Bodner, among others—are the same skillful crew that Light used at Command. The production and recording personnel are the same; Lew Davies is once more writing the Light Brigade's arrangements, and even the album layout follows the pattern Light created at Command. Essentially, Light seems to be picking up where he left off, possibly refreshed a bit by the breather his lay-off afforded him.

Light's *Spanish Strings* is a potpourri of sound, a mixture that can sometimes lift you out of your seat with the impact of its ensemble attacks, sweep you along with its compelling rhythms, and charm you with the solo perfections of Doc Severinson's trumpet or Tony Mottola's guitar. These are the peaks, however, and there are compensating valleys when the gusto and vitality just won't take hold. The strings have a few electrifying moments but they tend to hang heavily in the arrangements, lacking the positive projection that is achieved by trumpet, guitar, harp, and even flute.

Mottola, on guitar, contributes many of the best moments to Light's disc and, on his own *Heart and Soul*, he shows off a good swatch of the varied guitar styles he carries in his bag. Mottola, to my mind, is basically a romantic, an approach that is beautifully expressed in his guitar duet with Al Casamenti on *The Impossible Dream*. He makes an interesting bossa nova transition of *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, manages an unusual little-band-with-a-big-band-sound in a unique conception of *Lullaby of the Leaves*, and lazes amiably through *Jimmy's Blues*—although his blues style is a little too clean to evoke the mood of the streets of Harlem, which is what the annotation suggests that he is doing. As he veers toward a more commercial idiom, Mottola's guitar takes on a hard, cold edge that belies his apparent intent on a tune such as *Heart and Soul*.

Phil Bodner, the all-purpose woodwindsman, artfully fills the nooks and crannies that Mottola leaves open. J.S.W.

JOHN D. LOUDERMILK: A Bizarre Collection of the Most Unusual Songs. John Loudermilk, vocals and guitar; William McElhiney or Anita Kerr, arr. *Interstate 40; No Playing in the Snow Today; You're Lookin'*; nine more. RCA Victor © LPM 3497, \$3.79; LSP 3497, \$4.79.

For some years John D. Loudermilk has been writing off-beat songs that become hits—songs like *Buttermilk Sky* (no, Hoagy Carmichael didn't write it). He's one of the best writers to come out of the country field.

In this album, Loudermilk performs his own material (all but two songs are his). His voice, guitar playing, and style are warm, friendly, easy on the nerves. *Bad News*, the best track, is about a man who's "always gettin' into trouble and leavin' little girls who hate to see me go." Few "brag songs" work as well as this (another is Muddy Waters' *Hootchie*

Cootchie Man). *The Little Grave* concerns a man who shoots birds for sport and later regrets it. *To Hell With Love* says just that.

The arrangements fit tastefully into Loudermilk's mild style but, as usual in Nashville, the string players are terrible.

This is a pleasant album from a man with something of his own to say. M.A.

ROGER MILLER: Words and Music.

Roger Miller, vocals; small group accompaniment. *Every Which-a-Way; Train of Life; Billy Bayou*; nine more. Smash © MGS 27075, \$3.98; SRS 67075, \$4.98; FMC 67075, \$7.95.

Whimsy is a substantial part of Roger Miller's gnomish charm. There's quite a bit of it in this album, as witness merely the title of one song, *My Uncle Used to Love Me but She Died*. Another song, *Dad Blame Everything, a Man Can't Quit*, drily pinions man's attachments to his bad habits, whether smoking or getting married. But a songwriter as prolific as Miller can't be expected to write only classics, and some of the songs here (*Workin' Girl*, for example) are below his standard. Still, they're better than most of what comes out of the country-and-western field. The only really poor song in the album is the one song Miller didn't write, Elvis Presley's old hit *Heartbreak Hotel*. Why Miller broke his pattern of doing his own material for this bit of trivia is anybody's guess.

The best song in the album, to my mind, is a Miller gem called *Husbands and Wives*. It has a lovely melody, pretty chord changes, and a meaty lyric that turns humorous at the end. It serves to remind us that aside from being a brilliant lyricist and an individualistic performer, Miller can be a seductive melodist.

There are better Miller albums on the market than this, but this one certainly isn't bad. G.L.

RITA MOSS: Talk To Me, Tiger! Rita Moss, vocals, piano, and organ. *Red Balloon; Misty; Hush-A-Bye*; seven more. Dot © DLP 3763, \$3.79; DLP 25763, \$4.79.

As musical trends phase in and out, Miss Rita Moss proceeds in a steady, rather remarkable way. Better known as a supper-club entertainer than a recording artist, her simultaneous skills are something to watch. On stage with her are piano, organ, and bongos. As she sings (in a clear, pretty, rather small voice of enormous range), she plays organ with the left hand and both feet, while adding a countermelody or rhythm on either piano or bongos with the right hand. Dubious as it may sound, it all emerges with the grace and effortlessness of the complete professional. Miss Moss's taste runs to meaningful ballads (*He's Just Another Guy*). Often she scatsings on lively up-tunes, ending at the stratospheric top of her range. *My Melancholy Baby* is performed especially well at a firm medium tempo.

Though this album may mean more to those who have seen Miss Moss work than those who haven't, enough of her

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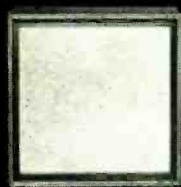
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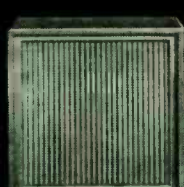
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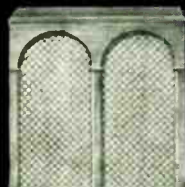
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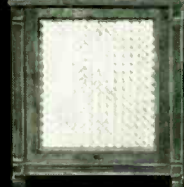
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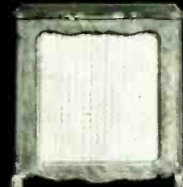
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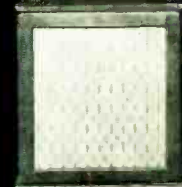
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NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND: Winchester Cathedral. Geoff Stephens, vocals; New Vaudeville Band, rhythm accompaniment. *That's All For Now Sugar Baby; I Can't Go Wrong; Whispering;* seven more. Fontana © MGF 27560, \$3.98; SRF 67560, \$4.98; Ⓣ FTX 67560, \$5.95.

RUDY VALLEE: Hi-Ho Everybody. Rudy Vallee, vocals; Al Capps, arr. *Winchester Cathedral; Lady Godiva; Blue Bird;* nine more. Viva © V 6005, \$3.79; VS 6005, \$4.79.

Not since the first Beatles movie has an offering received such wide approval as has the New Vaudeville Band's hit recording of *Winchester Cathedral*. As with *Hard Day's Night*, everyone from concert pianists to short-order chefs and teeny-boppers likes it; New York sidewalks are full of people absent-mindedly whistling the tune. It's a nice little melody, utterly devoid of complexity. But perhaps the reason for its literally instant success is the ricky-tick setting provided by the band and Geoff Stevens, singing through a megaphone. The Tijuana Brass started the whole thing and *Winchester Cathedral* underscored it; now, beyond doubt, quaintness is hip.

The New Vaudeville Band album is fashioned after their hit, except for a few rock tunes, and I find it delightful. The musicianship, incidentally, is impeccable.

The Hip Generation usually insists on pasting the label "put-on" upon something corny before allowing themselves to enjoy it. Let them. For all the talk of sophistication and brave new world, corn is as appealing as ever, and that's fine. The New Vaudeville Band (seven young men who look like terminal weirdos in their photo) and their music are skillful, dumb, old-timey, and thoroughly enjoyable.

What is more fitting than grand old Rudy Vallee putting out an album featuring *Winchester Cathedral*? It was Vallee who started the megaphone-singing fad in the first place, when he was

a college kid. I listened tensely to see what Mr. Vallee would do when he got to the line, "You didn't do nothing, you let her walk by." I was right! He couldn't do it. He changed it to, "You just did nothing." It spoils the meter, of course, but I love his grammatical fastidiousness, just as I love the New Vaudeville Band's grammatical outrageousness. It's heart-warming and ridiculous both ways.

Vallee has found perfect justification to dust off his dear old chestnuts, *My Blue Heaven, Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, and so on. He even does a Beatles tune, *Michelle*. The voice is wobbly, of course—Vallee is by no means a young man. The whole thing is great, especially the back-cover photo of young Mr. Vallee in his heyday, standing proudly, saxophone under his arm in what he probably hoped was a casual pose, just as kids today pose with their amplified guitars. Young Vallee's brash suit and two-toned shoes are unmistakably mod. It's marvelous. M.A.

JOAN SUTHERLAND: Sings Noel Coward. Joan Sutherland, vocals; orchestra: Douglas Gamley, arr.; Richard Bonyng, cond. *Bright Was the Day; Charming; Charming; Zigeuner;* nine more. London © 5992, \$4.79; OS 25992, \$5.79; Ⓣ LOL 90126, \$7.95.

This album combines the agile voice of soprano Joan Sutherland with the pleasant songs of Noel Coward. But while Miss Sutherland's voice is often sweet (as in *Dearest Love* from *Operette*), her lyric readings are all but incomprehensible. I played one song, *Nevermore*, for several people to see if they could understand its title. All failed. One might be well into *Melanie's Aria* from *Conversation Piece* (another lovely melody) before realizing she's singing in French rather than English.

Though Miss Sutherland must have meant well here, the blunt fact is that, with rare exceptions such as Richard Tucker, opera singers are foolish to apply themselves to nonoperatic material, where lyrics are all-important. For one thing, the trained soprano voice working in high registers simply does not lend itself to understandable lyric readings. For another, most opera singers suffer a mysterious lapse of taste in attempting to "stylize" light music, indulging in out-of-place cadenzas, scooped notes, rolled r's, and so on.

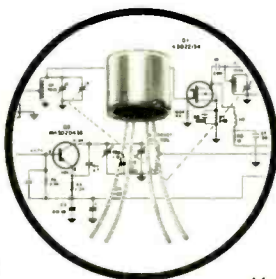
Though Mr. Coward's work is often dated, much of it still is winsome. But since Miss Sutherland sings Mr. Coward's English as though it were *soffeggio*, this is an unfair representation of his songs. Mr. Coward makes a brief spoken appearance on this disc, sounding warm and seasoned.

Predictably enough, Miss Sutherland's most impressive singing occurs in the introduction of *I'll See You Again*, where she performs a series of cadenzalike scales on an open vowel. But in communicating her considerable vocal prowess, Miss Sutherland has hollowed out these charming songs, giving us only their shells and a sense of dissatisfaction. M.A.

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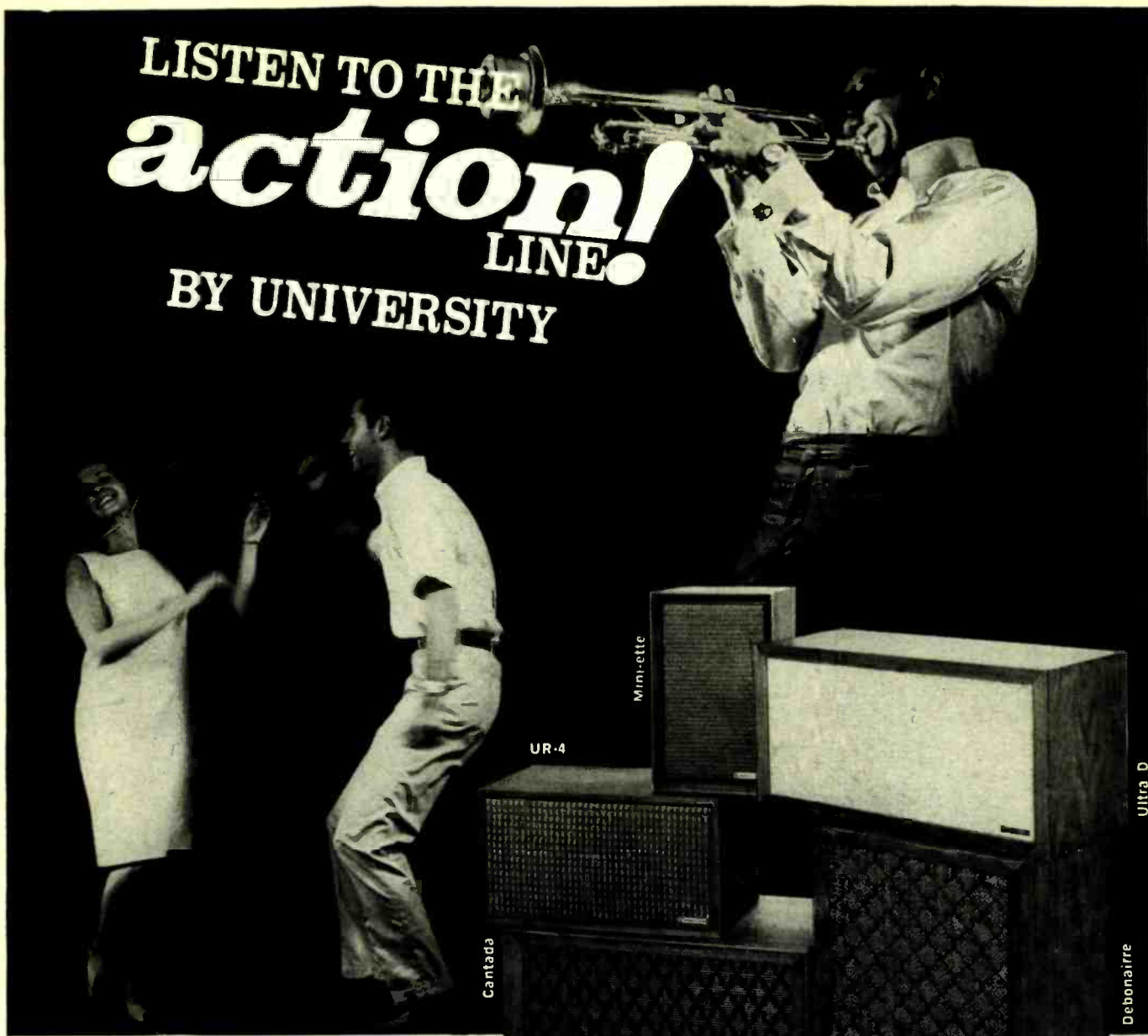
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JAZZ

MANNY ALBAM: The Soul of the City. Orchestra, Manny Albam, comp., arr., and cond. Solid State © SS 17009, \$4.79; SS 18009, \$5.79.

It is hardly a secret that the record industry generally doesn't make records up to its own best standards of sound, particularly in popular music and jazz. Mass production methods militate against high fidelity, and then, many producers simply don't care. This is, of course, an affront to that rather large minority of the public that has gone to considerable trouble and expense to assemble high-grade reproduction equipment.

But there are stirrings of discontent and change. Enoch Light's Command label—which he sold to ABC Paramount—got good sound, and still does. His new label, Project 3, is getting better sound.

Solid State, a subsidiary of United Artists, is another entry in the bid for the consumer dollars of those who want something better in recorded sound. The company has done something wise in appointing a recording engineer, Phil Ramone, as its audio director, and a musician—composer-arranger Manny Albam—as its musical director. Ramone's end of the task is to improve the sound; Albam's is to overcome the cavalier musicianship that has become endemic to the New York recording scene. On the evidence of this disc, they're succeeding, and Albam has even managed to get a New York string section to play together and in tune. Wonder of wonders.

Albam wrote the disc. It is an orchestral suite intended as a portrait of a city—the liner notes say it could be any city but, conspicuously, it is New York. This sort of thing has been tried before, but this is the most convincing effort in the genre that I've heard since Ted Heath's *first* recording of Fats Waller's London Suite, made about eighteen years ago. The music is scored for standard brass-and-saxes-plus-strings instrumentation. Albam writes extremely well—a lot better than he used to, indeed. He's grown. His thematic material is strong and, in some cases, quite lovely. The band includes brilliant soloists such as Phil Woods, to my mind one of the most virile and inventive alto saxophonists jazz has produced; trombonist J.J. Johnson, who is in excellent form; pianist Hank Jones; and the remarkable trumpeter Freddie Hubbard. Sound effects—an ambulance siren, a baby's birth cries, the whistle of a jet aircraft, the lapping of river water—have been integrated into the score. This is an old device, and it can be a distraction. But here the effects are used discreetly and well, and they heighten the atmosphere.

Finally, the sound. It is clear, clean, dry, transparent, and honest. Its precise quality, in fact, is that it *isn't* spectacular. Rather than hearing gimmicks, the listener becomes aware that the veil of

electronics is thinner than usual; one hears the music with greater immediacy. The ultimate ideal, of course, is for the listener to be able to forget both his equipment and the recording process and perceive the music directly. We're a long way from that ideal, but this disc comes as close to it as any I've heard. G.L.

ART BLAKEY: Hold On, I'm Coming.

Art Blakey, drums; Tom McIntosh, Melba Liston, and Garnett Brown, trombones; Chuck Mangione, trumpet; Frank Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Malcom Bass, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Reggie Johnson, bass; others. *Got My Mojo Working; Hold On, I'm Coming; Slowly But Surely; She Blew a Good Thing*; seven more. Limelight © 82038, \$4.98; S 86038, \$5.98.

"There was a jazz drummer from Ghent/Whose aim was commercially bent./He twisted his arts/To arrive on the charts/But instead of coming, he went."

It is not all that easy for an established jazz musician to disown his past and pick up on whatever is currently selling en masse. This applies not only to Art Blakey but to trombonist-arrangers Tom McIntosh and Melba Liston, all of whom are involved in this effort to turn a silk purse into a sow's ear. What they arrive at is neither good rock nor good Blakey-McIntosh-Liston. An organist named Malcom Bass seems more at home than any of them, and Garnett Brown manages to laugh his way through much of the pointless proceedings on his trombone. There is one idiomatic Blakey performance by a Jazz Messengers group, but even this is pale Blakey. Better the album should have taken its title from another of the songs the Blakeyites play—*I Can't Grow Peaches on a Cherry Tree*. J.S.W.

RAY BRYANT: Lonesome Traveler.

Ray Bryant, piano; Jimmy Rowser or Richard Davis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums; Clark Terry and Snookie Young, flugelhorn. Cadet © LP 778, \$4.79; LPS 778, \$4.79.

Pianist Ray Bryant has a strong plus: consistency. Even more gratifying is the fact that he has something to be consistent about. His playing is strong, warm, and fully two-handed. Although Bryant grinds out shallow commercial music from time to time, fortunately there's a good deal of the first-rate Bryant available on disc, and of those albums, this is surely one of the best.

Bryant's humor and taste show in his programming. The folk song, *Lonesome Traveler*, is played in a relentless four, in which Freddie Waits's drums take on the quality of train wheels clacking over tracks. *'Round Midnight*, opening out of tempo, displays the width of Bryant's harmonic grasp. *These Boots Were Made For Walkin'* is both friendly and foot-in-the-gutter; this track was made for dancin'. In *Willow Weep For Me*, Bryant settles into easy, striding blues. *Gettin' Loose* is churchy, modulating after each chorus, as Clark Terry and Snookie Young use their flugelhorn as voices. The loveliest single track is the pensive



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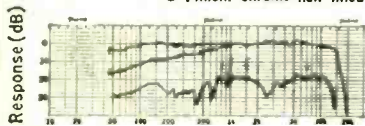
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and fragile *Wild Is The Wind*. *Cubano Chant* comes up Latin and energetic. *Brother This 'n' Sister That*, as gospel-like as its title, shows that Bryant is among the few pianists who can swing no matter how *slow* the tempo.

This is an altogether wonderful album from one of the best pianists in the business. M.A.

JOHN COLTRANE: Live at the Village Vanguard Again! John Coltrane, soprano and tenor saxophones, bass clarinet; Pharaoh Sanders, tenor saxophone; Alice Coltrane, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Rashied Ali, drums. *Naima; My Favorite Things*. Impulse © 9124, \$4.98; S \$5.98.

Coltrane and *My Favorite Things* have been persistently intertwined for years and years and through several periods of Coltrane experimentation. His recording of the tune for Atlantic came during his period of placid, extended repetition but Atlantic managed to hold him down to fourteen minutes which, in retrospect, seems about as much as it's worth. Now Coltrane has recorded it again in a twenty-six minute version with his more or less current group in his more or less current style.

The steady, rolling background riff of the Atlantic recording has been replaced by an agitated line by drummer Rashied Ali, a change which adds to the frenzy of Coltrane's soprano saxophone build-up. His first solo is a mixture of the old Coltrane and the new, although in general it is much more assertive than the one on the earlier recording. Pharaoh Sanders' tenor saxophone sputters, growls hoarsely, and then lifts to frantic shrillness, abetted to the point of desperation by Coltrane's bass clarinet. Easily the best part of the performance is Jimmy Garrison's introductory bass solo, which has been separated from the main body of the piece on Side 2 by putting it at the end of Side 1.

Naima is a much more attractive proposition—Coltrane's sense of power and authority is expressed in full-bodied lyrical terms while even Sanders manages to produce some barbed and burry spatters that are more communicative than his customary banshee wails. J.S.W.

"JAZZ: BAYOU TO BAY, VOL. 2."

Doc Evans, cornet; Munn Ware, trombone; Raymond Burke, clarinet; Knocky Parker, piano; Doc Souchon, guitar and vocals; Sherwood Mangiapane, bass and vocals; Paul Barbarin, drums; Julie Wilson, vocals. *Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Yellow Dog Blues; Am I Blue*; nine more. H & H © 102, \$5.00 (mono only).

If your heart is full of good will toward Mental Health, send \$5.00 to the Hillsborough County Association for Mental Health, 305 N. Morgan St., Tampa, Florida, for this recording of a benefit performance held in Tampa. If you enjoy the way Doc Souchon growls his way through flavorsome old-time vaudeville songs, your \$5.00 gets you the doctor in rare form on a particularly poignant

song, *There'll Be No New Songs on This Old Git-Fiddle*. If Doc Evans' airy cornet appeals to you, or Knocky Parker's bouncy piano, you'll get a couple of worthwhile glimpses of both. Otherwise this disc epitomizes much of the sloppy, unimaginative playing that has made "Dixieland" a pejorative term. Raymond Burke, a New Orleans clarinetist with style, does not show any of it. Munn Ware, a trombonist of experience, had apparently not been playing for quite a while when he undertook this assignment. And as for Julie Wilson—give her credit for having the guts to show up at the concert. She obviously did it to help Mental Health because the strained, painful demonstration she puts on is no help to her professional reputation. J.S.W.

JOHN W. "KNOCKY" PARKER: Golden Treasury of Ragtime. John W. "Knocky" Parker, piano, celeste, and harpsichord; Marvin "Smockey" Montgomery, banjo; Dick Brightwell, bass viol; Willson Davis, tuba; Ruth Brightwell, brushes. 1895-1901: *At a Georgia Camp Meeting; Smokey Mokes; Whistlin' Rufus; Creole Belles*; twelve more. 1902-1908: *St. Louis Rag; Florida Rag; Iola; Red Wing*; ten more. 1908-1909: *Dusty; The Thriller; Sappho Rag; Vaniry Rag*; eleven more. 1910-1913: *Silver Bell; Honeysuckle Rag; Hyacinth Rag; Red Onion Rag*; twelve more. Audiophile © 89/92, \$4.98 each (four discs, mono only).

I was not in Sedalia, Mo., when Scott Joplin was playing his rags at the Maple Leaf saloon and I didn't even hear any of the fading glories of ragtime at the end of World War I. So I can't vouch for the authenticity of "Knocky" Parker's anthology of rags from 1895 to 1913. I suspect purists might cavil at his use of celeste and harpsichord in addition to piano and to the inclusion in his accompaniment of tuba and bass viol (banjo, also present, seems more logical).

Authentic or not, these performances are charming. They have a period flavor that is both sprightly and relaxing. Maybe a little too relaxing at times because, heard through a euphoric mist, one piano rag begins to sound like another. This is where Parker's use of other keyboard instruments becomes helpful. And Marvin Montgomery's varied ideas with a banjo—from a plangent whang to a soft, almost ukulele effect on *Hot Chocolate*—also help to break up what might be a monotony of sound and style.

Willson Davis' tuba is a warm added color on several tunes, particularly when he is playing a stately background figure on *St. Louis Tickle* (one strain of which turns out to be the tune that Jelly Roll Morton used on *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say*). Parker plays these rags as I have always understood they should be played—at easy, moderate tempos, emphasizing the grace and beauty of the lilting melodies. There are sixty-one tunes on these four discs, perhaps more old rags than a non-rag-fiend will want. Any one of the four can serve as an introductory taste but I found discs 90 and 91, covering 1902 through 1908

—the heart of the ragtime era—to be the most consistently satisfying. J.S.W.

ROSWELL RUDD: Everywhere. Roswell Rudd, trombone; Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Giuseppe Logan, flute and bass clarinet; Lewis Worrell and Charles Haden, bass; Beaver Harris, drums. *Respects; Satan's Dance; Everywhere; Yankee No-How.* Impulse © 9126, \$4.98; S 9126, \$5.98.

Of the current crew of adamant jazz avant-gardists, Rudd is one of the few who, in my experience, is apt to reach out of the general cacaphony in a communicative manner. Just how communicative he can be is made clear on the title tune of this set. It's Bill Harris' composition, one he used to play with Woody Herman's band.

Harris had his own distinctive way of slipping around on his horn, a manner which Rudd counts as one of his early influences. Rudd gives Harris' tune a reflective, brooding, and stirring performance built on a beautiful balance of lines between trombone, alto saxophone, and bowed bass. Rudd's conception is essentially ensemble, although his trombone is out front almost all the way, with the other instruments weaving in and out. The nuances that Rudd achieves both with his own horn and in its conjunction with alto or bass are fascinating.

The rest of the disc is largely turmoil in the contemporary fashion. Mumbles, rumbles, bleeps, and screams ramble relentlessly through the three selections. Although Rudd contributes his share to the bedlam, he again distinguishes himself by, at the very least, producing noises that are usually boisterous and galumphing fun. Robin Kenyatta and Giuseppe Logan have moments of lucidity that suggest considerable capability. But why play like this when the same group and the same outlook can produce something as brilliant as *Everywhere*? J.S.W.

CLARK TERRY AND CHICO O'FARRILL: Spanish Rice. Clark Terry, Snooky Young, Joe Newman, and Ernie Royal, trumpets and flugelhorn; Barry Galbraith and Everett Barksdale, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Julio Cruz, Frank Malabe, Bobby Rosengarden, and Chano Pozo, Latin percussion. *Peanut Vendor; El Cumbanchero; Mexican Hat Dance; Tin Tin Deo;* eight more. Impulse © 9127, \$4.98; S 9127, \$5.98.

The gradual defoliation of Clark Terry has been a fascinating process. During all the years this man has been around—wasn't it twenty years ago that he was playing trumpet in Charlie Barnet's band?—and through his service with Basie, Ellington, Quincy Jones, and his latter and very fertile free-lance period, he has revealed, step by step, a delightfully personal style on trumpet, then on flugelhorn. Later he added the showmanship of his flugelhorn-trumpet duets, the satire of his mumbles singing, and now, in this set, the exposure of his abilities as both a straight singer and an impressionist, as well as the *chutzpah* to deliver a recipe as a jazz lyric. It has been an extended talent striptease in which

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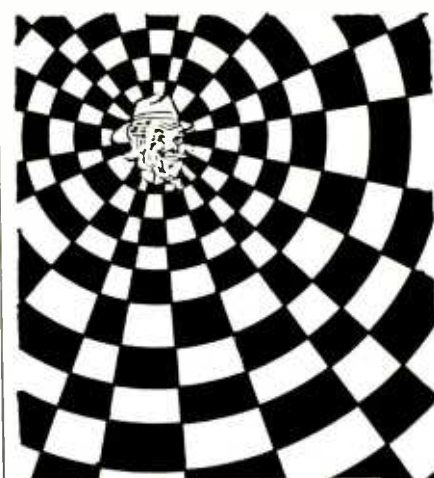
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one garment is attached to another by a thread of pure joy. Every way in which Terry expresses himself has a happy, lifting exuberance. And as if his artistry were not irresistible in itself, he is dashingly handsome, charismatically charming, and casually confident.

This set is full of the Terry glow, augmented by the sly skills of Chico O'Farrell, an arranger who also savors the joy of living. So what might easily have been another hack ride south of the border is a pungent, aromatic and bubbling *olla podrida*. The varieties of Terry seem almost endless as he moves through these two sides, but he is in particularly brilliant form in a gorgeous solo on *Angelitos Negros* and on a fascinating duet with bassist George Duvivier, which makes one forget what a dismal tune *Say Si Si* usually is. J.S.W.

WOMEN OF THE BLUES. Selections by Alberta Hunter, Margaret Johnson, Lizzie Miles, Monette Moore, Mamie Smith, Victoria Spivey, Sweet Peas, Sippie Wallace. RCA Victor © LPV 534, \$4.79 (mono only).

There were other women besides Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey who contributed to the "classic blues" of the Twenties. None of the performances in this reissue set, produced by Mike Lipskin, can stand with Miss Smith or Mrs. Rainey at their best. But Sippie Wallace, Mamie Smith, Victoria Spivey, and Alberta Hunter obviously contributed a lot to the idiom.

Mamie Smith is the least colloquial of this group, but she shows a strong, belting vaudeville attack, amplified by great presence and projection. Miss Spivey ranges from a forthright shout to a wonderfully sinuous use of moans and hums. Miss Wallace in some respects is the best of the lot, combining a strong, relaxed, well-sustained voice with a valid emotional sense.

On two of the most interesting selections, Alberta Hunter is accompanied by Fats Waller on pipe organ. Miss Hunter is a bit too grand on *Sugar* and Waller's solo is stiff, but Fats has most of *Beale Street Blues* to himself—coaxing some sense of swing from his monstrous instrument until Miss Hunter chimes in for two choruses in a lilting, sensitive style that is just as charming as her singing on *Sugar* is stilted.

There are several other bright spots of accompaniment—Rex Stewart's cornet behind Monette Moore; a superb Johnny Dodds clarinet solo with Sippie Wallace; attractive harmonica and guitar work by Robert Cooksey and Bobby Leecan with Margaret Johnson; and the exuberant young team of Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham with Victoria Spivey.

The selections cover a wide range of blues styles, but not even a desire for representative coverage could account for the inclusion of two heavy-handed imitations of Ethel Waters' *My Handy Man* by Lizzie Miles. J.S.W.



FOLK

SHUFU ABE: Japanese Poetry Chant.

Shufu Abe, poetry singer, Lyrichord © I.L. 164, \$4.98; LLST 7164, \$5.98.

This disc is for the serious Orientalist or the committed amateur, not for casual listening. Japanese verse makes unusually severe demands of the reader or auditor. The form called *haiku*, for example, attempts to capture—always in three rigidly ordered lines of 5-7-5 syllables—a moment wrested from reality, one that generates sudden insight into the nature of the world. Consider a *haiku* by the great Basho: *The winter storm/Hid in the bamboos/And died away.*

A simple image but, to the Japanese mind, one freighted with profundity. The blasting wind shakes the edges of the bamboo grove but is absorbed somewhere in its depths. The wind comes from nowhere and becomes nothing. Thus man and the world and the interacting mystery of it all.

To the accompaniment of the stringed *Reikin* and flutes, Shufu Abe chants a brief but lovely anthology of Japanese poetry in the spare, intense idiom epitomized by *haiku*. It is a fascinating, absorbing performance in a style that has endured through almost 1,500 years. Here is a glimpse not only of an exotic culture but of its distant, formative past. Unfortunately, Lyrichord provides no translations. The summaries of the poems are informative, but they do not adequately substitute for the words. O.B.B.

MARIA CHRISTOVA: A Heritage of Folk Song from Old Russia.

Maria Christova, soprano; Dobrynia Choral and Instrumental Ensemble, Daniel Salmanoff, cond. Nonesuch © H 2010, \$2.50; H 72010, \$2.50.

A recording as lovely as this merits impeccable engineering. It has, alas, not received it. The somewhat turgid sound may stem from the French original of this release, but surely the Nonesuch technicians could have eliminated the annoying *précho*. Still, the music glows. Maria Christova—backed by the *bala-laikas*, and in a few selections by the voices of the Dobrynia Choral and Instrumental Ensemble—has shaped her recital around folk songs from the far Russian past. No Stakhanovites here, and no quadrilles on the collective farm—just girls in love, knights, peasants, and dashing soldiers. Frequent echoes of Tartary and Byzantium lend a sense of timelessness, but this is Russian to the core; even the most joyous imagery cannot quite obliterate a pervasive Slavic melancholy. Miss Christova is at her best in a pair of haunting but apparently untranslatable Bashkir songs. Admirers of the "Group of Five" that gave Russia a national music will derive particular pleasure from some of the folk airs—*As a Girl I Used to Wander, On the Edge of the Lake, The Legend of Dobrynia*—utilized in major works by Mussorgsky, Glinka,

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NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL/1965.

Paul Butterfield Blues Band; the Lilly Brothers with Tex Logan and Don Stover; Son House; Ishangi Dance Troupe; Moving Star Hall Singers; Eric von Schmidt; Bill Keith and Jim Rooney; John Koerner and Tony Glover; Maria D'Amato; Chambers Brothers; Mel Lyman. Vanguard © 9225, \$4.79; 79225, \$5.79.

This is intended to be a sampler of what was heard at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. And, to the extent that it is varied in quality and style, it lives up to the sample qualification. For the same reason, any reaction to it must be subjective. I was delighted by the pure joy in the Lilly Brothers' blue grass music and the wondrous swinging grunts and burbles produced by the Chambers Brothers on *Bottle Music*. But a long banjo medley by Bill Keith and Jim Rooney became tiresome.

The tight harmonies and unaffected simplicity of the Moving Star Hall Singers (a group in the *cappella* tradition of Mitchell's Christian Singers), the shouting gospel of the Chambers Brothers (without bottles), and the hypnotic insistence of Mel Lyman's incredibly straightfaced harmonica solo on *Rock of Ages* show three provocative aspects of the folk approach to religious music. But the slick singing of Eric von Schmidt and the labored hipness of John Koerner seem as out of place as Maria D'Amato's attempt to project the cold realities of *Tricks Ain't Walkin' No More* in a high, light, angelically breathy voice.

There is, among this disc's passing delights, something for everyone—even for those with practically no taste. J.S.W.

DUANE STARCHER: Woods and Water. Folksongs from Michigan History. Duane Starcher, vocals. Western Michigan University © WMU 2000, \$5.00 (mono only). Available from Aural Press, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001.

Although conceived primarily as a scholarly undertaking, this album—thanks to the engaging baritone of Duane Starcher and the genius of his material—emerges as first-rate entertainment. Eleven folksongs, all indigenous to Michigan, recreate the state's historical background with uncanny accuracy and, best of all, with ebullience. There is a propaganda song, *Michigan-I-A*, designed to lure Yankee farmers west; *Red Iron Ore*—one of the finest native American ballads I have ever heard—recalls the sweat-stained lives of Great Lakes sailors a century ago; superb folk poetry and irony unite in *Once More a-Lumbering Go*; *The Jam on Gerry's Rock* stands in the great tradition of tragic narrative songs. Melodies are uniformly drawn from Anglo-Irish antecedents and there are even echoes of the Middle Ages (for example, the iterative "derry down" of *Red Iron Ore*), but the content—boastful, sentimental, witty, biting—is pure Americana. Wholeheartedly recommended. O.B.B.

THEATRE & FILM

CABARET. Original Broadway cast album. Jill Haworth. Jack Gilford, Bert Convy, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey, vocals; orchestra, chorus. Columbia KOL 6640 \$5.79 ; KOS 3040 \$6.79.

Those who have despaired that the Broadway musical might ever again have much meaning may take heart from *Cabaret*, which is not only the best musical on Broadway at present but the first in many years to make any real point. One might argue that the point—the show evokes the gaudy corruption of Germany at the time of the rise of the Nazis—has been made before. But with Nazism again a force in German politics, the show perhaps suggests that we reconsider our forgive-and-forget attitude to a people who seem to delight every twenty-five years, as a *Manchester Guardian* writer recently pointed out, in giving the world a severe case of the creeps. The show is, in fact, quite timely.

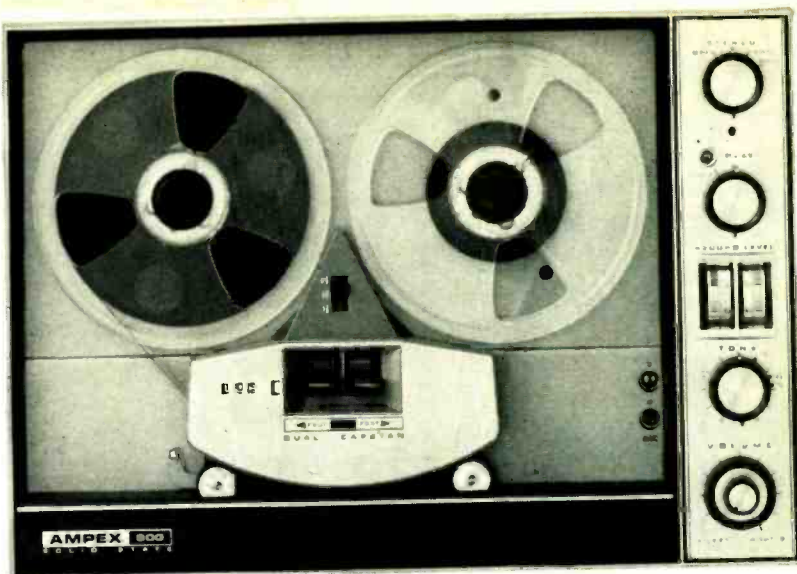
It will perhaps be the fashion to compare *Cabaret* to the work of Brecht and Weill. And certainly it does have a debt to them. It uses the corny cabaret style of music of the 1920s to satiric effect. But we shouldn't fault composer John Kander and lyricist Fred Ebb for this. Weill and Brecht were using familiar styles of their period. Kander and Ebb had to delve into the past for the style, and in the cheerfully garish tunes and the extraordinarily well-crafted lyrics they have done a striking job of restoration. Actually, the show owes as much or more to Offenbach (in its swift pacing, its mocking laughter, its bitterly bright spirit) as to Weill-Brecht.

The show is based on John Van Druten's play *I Am a Camera*, which in turn was based on stories by Christopher Isherwood. It concerns a young writer (surely one of the most tiresome of lazy literary conventions) who is in Germany to work on a novel at the time of the Nazis' rise. The writer, who is woodenly sung and amateurishly acted by Bert Convy, falls in love with an amoral and pleasantly irresponsible nitwit from England. She is unevenly played by Jill Haworth, who is a gifted but unfinished performer. The counterplot concerns a Jewish shopkeeper who is in love with his Gentile landlady. But because of the charm and brilliance with which these two characters are played by Jack Gilford and the amazing Lotte Lenya, this subplot becomes the dominant one. In other words, the weakness of Bert Convy and Miss Haworth shoves the structure a little out of balance.

As the Nazis emerge from the sewers, the old landlady cops out on her wedding plans. Indeed, everybody cops out in the face of their threat but the astute young American. This is historically false, of course. The United States copped out longer than any other nation—indeed, it didn't stop copping out until it got bombed at Pearl Harbor. But I don't think it's a point the writers intended to

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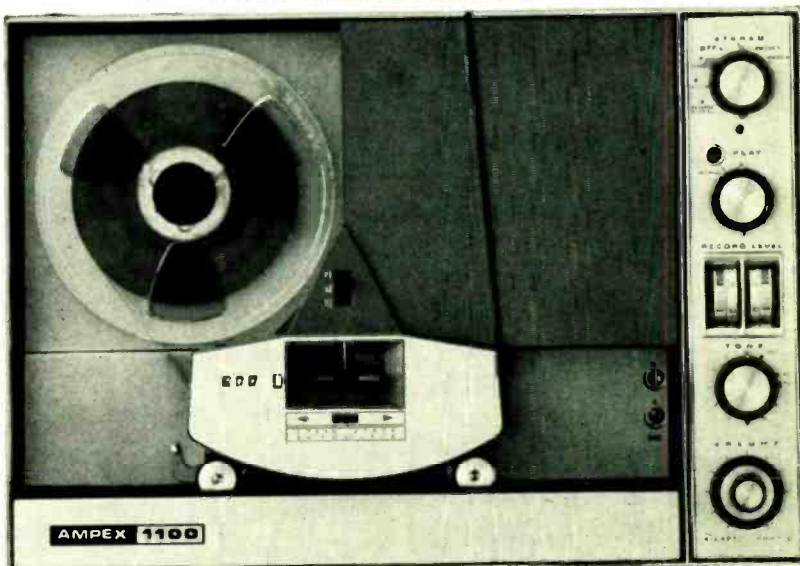


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make, and it doesn't really detract from the show's indictment of the time, the place, and above all the German political mentality—Winston Churchill once called them a nation of carnivorous sheep.

Lotte Lenya is good beyond my means to describe as the fatalistic landlady, and Jack Gilford is charming, touching, and funny as the shopkeeper. There is one more stunning performance: that of Joel Grey as the repelling, corrupt, faggoty master of ceremonies in the cabaret in which much of the show's action is set. Ronald Field's dance numbers are brilliantly staged, making strong points about the gross vulgarity and cruelty of much German humor. The chorus girls are even appropriately blowsy.

I don't know how much value the record will have to those who haven't seen the show. I heard it before seeing it, and wasn't much impressed. Now, knowing the context, I find the disc irresistible. G.L.

I DO, I DO. Original Broadway cast album. Mary Martin and Robert Preston, vocals; orchestra, John Lesko, cond. RCA Victor © LOC 1128, \$4.79; LSO 1128, \$5.79.

In a season of extraordinarily tedious and defective Broadway musicals, *I Do, I Do* has the distinction of having almost no redeeming feature. It is dull, banal, trite, and obstreperously show-biz. The songs are, to put it as graciously as possible, lousy. Mary Martin and Robert Preston, for all their touted professionalism, are miscast in the first place and misplay the characters in the second. And Miss Martin sings poorly. Sorry about that. I know you're not supposed to say it. Miss Martin is one of our sacred cows. Even the New York critics, who are consistently called a pack of vicious vultures but seem to me more like a collection of obedient trained seals, seem to be intimidated by her reputation. Putting her down is vaguely analagous to blasting apple pie, Mom, and the flag. Nuts. She has been playing parts below her age range for years, and she does so in this show. To be sure, the character grows older in the course of the play. But she's a newlywed girl at the beginning. And whereas a young actress can be made up to look like an older woman and can, if she's talented, even sound like one, it's difficult to make an older actress look like a young woman and impossible to make her sound like one.

In case you haven't read the blurbs on *I Do, I Do*, it's based on Jan de Hartog's wonderful two-character play *The Four Poster*. Now, when you take a fine play and adapt it to the musical theatre, the minimal requisite is that the songs add a new dimension to it. Otherwise, why not do the play itself? Composer Harvey Schmidt and lyricist Tom Jones have not only added nothing, they have stripped De Hartog's play of its charm. They have taken a shrewd, sophisticated, wise, and warm portrait of a marriage and reduced it to the level of saccharine Tin Pan Alley love song. In his tinkering with the book, Jones has done worse than that: he has robbed the play of its point. At the end of the

original play, the wife is dead, and the husband has come to realize that he owes all his growth as a writer and a man to her understanding. Jones has junked that ending, perhaps because he thought Broadway couldn't handle death: at the end, the husband and wife simply move out of their apartment. The new ending is stupid, cheaply sentimental, and unforgivable.

Jones is no more talented as a lyricist than as a librettist. He is worse even than most of the lyricists on Broadway, and they're a pretty depressing and unoriginal crowd at best. Lacking craft, he lets rhyme lead him willy-nilly. Thus we get lines like one Miss Martin sings when she is aglow over her pregnancy. Her baby, she sings, "sometimes kicks me gently with his feet." Now what the hell else is he going to kick her with? But Mr. Schmidt needed the word "feet" to rhyme with "beat" and he was either too lazy or too insensitive to the disciplines of the English language to go to the trouble of restructuring the idea. Sometimes his lines are so irrelevant to the song that one gets the impression that he simply opened his copy of Clement Wood's *Rhyming Dictionary* whenever he got stuck and took the first word that fell under his eye. The lyric is the tightest, toughest literary form in English or any other language. It demands utter, absolute economy and unflinching control. Mr. Jones has neither.

Composer Schmidt has a little more on the ball than Mr. Jones, but only a little. The best songs in the show sound like rewrites on similar chord changes of *Try to Remember*, a rather good melody he turned out for *The Fantasticks*.

While the songs were in progress, I found myself waiting for their endings, to get back to the fragments of De Hartog's script that remained. That original script portrayed the husband, a novelist, as intelligent, urbane, amusingly (and humanly) self-important, and sensitively in love with his wife. As Schmidt and Jones, in collaboration with the vigorous Mr. Preston, have recreated him, he is a big-mouthed bully, except in those moments when he's being maudlin. The wife, in De Hartog's play, was shrewdly understanding, warm, quietly witty, a woman who knew her man and loved him the more for his follies. Miss Martin, with her infuriating combination of adolescent coyness and a certain sudden slatternly brassiness, somehow makes her seem tart.

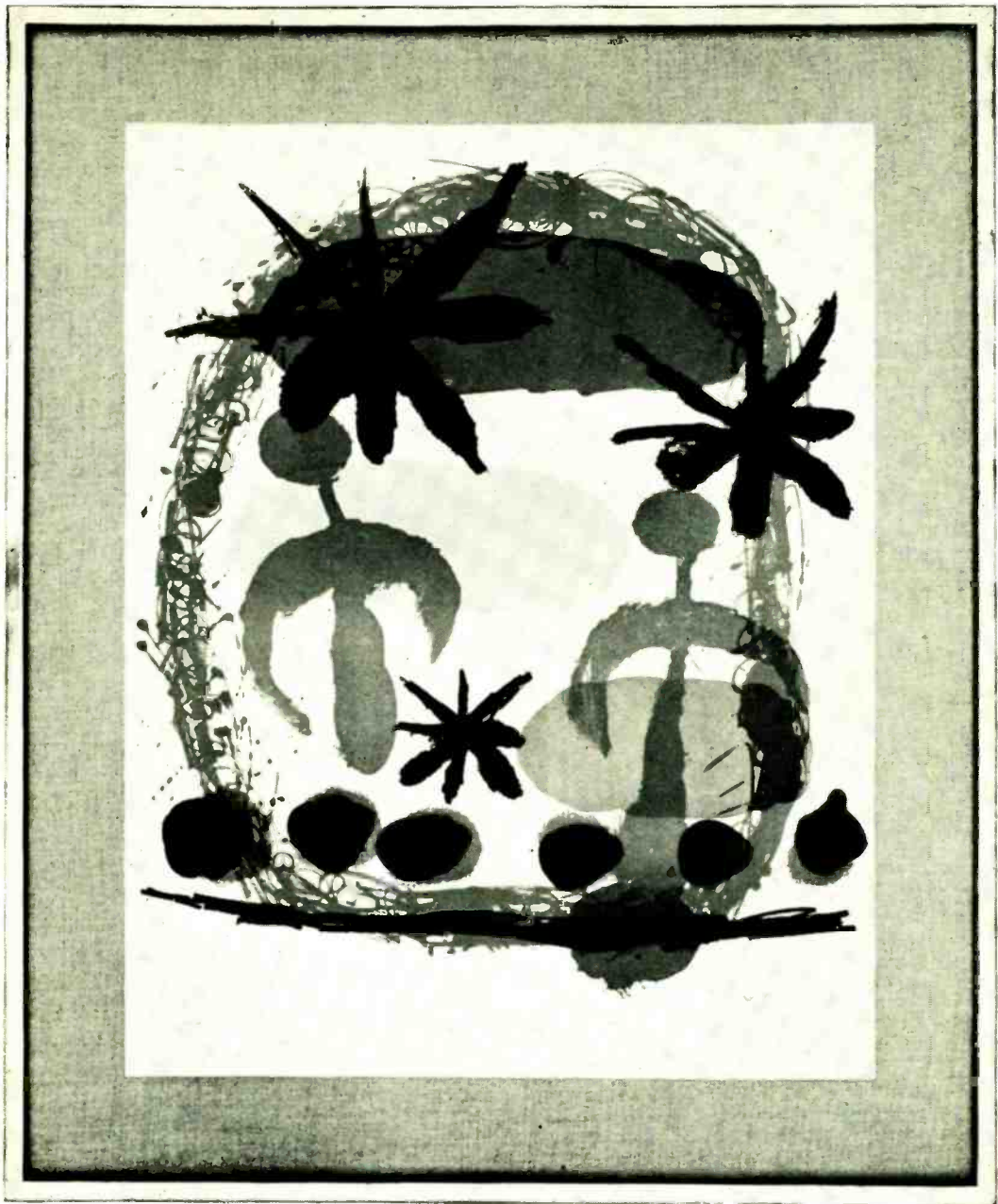
There were two good things about the show. The settings were elegantly simple; and Philip J. Lang's sprightly orchestrations make the most of minimal material.

In the album, of course, you get none of this. You get only the songs, sung in Mr. Preston's determinedly virile fashion and Miss Martin's by now somewhat raspy, hissy voice. All that comes through is the banality.

Ah, Broadway, where has your splendor gone? G.L.



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BY R.D. DARRELL

THE TAPE DECK

Fast-Speed Rally. For the second month in a row tape's Old Believers (i.e., 7.5-standpatters) find themselves welcoming a batch of standard-speed releases from Angel and Capitol, who have of course been mainly associated in recent years with 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -ips technology. I wouldn't dare claim that the latest pop reels fully exploit all the theoretical brilliance of the faster speed, except perhaps in the bizarre instrumental and sound effects in the Beach Boys' "Pet Sounds" (Capitol ZT 2458, 36 min., \$7.98). But the sonic vividness and solidity of Angel ZS 36380 (47 min., \$7.98) much enhance the sheerly musical thrills of twelve Mahler *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs—a first tape edition, with Janet Baker and Geraint Evans (singing together in several selections, separately in the others) and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Wyn Morris. While granting the validity of Bernard Jacobson's criticism (in his disc review, last November) of the original British Delys recording as "hard and close" as well as "impeccably clear," I find the very realism and immediacy of the stereoism here ideally suited to the performances themselves. Though these may startle Mahlerians accustomed to more restrained interpretations, it is just the galvanic vigor of Evans, the fervor of Miss Baker, the rhythmic tautness of the young Welsh conductor, and the lucid presence of every orchestral scoring detail which may win Mahler new admirers.

The London "Ring" Completed. No collector who rejoices in the ownership of the earlier Solti/Culshaw tapings of *Das Rheingold* (1960), *Siegfried* (1963), and *Die Götterdämmerung* (1965) is likely to hesitate about digging up \$33.95 even before he has actually heard the final three reels (approx. 65, 92, and 70 min.) devoted to *Die Walküre* (London LOY 90122). And fortunately he's quite safe in doing so. Not only does the performance itself fully live up to the panegyrics won by its disc edition, but the present Ampex tape processing is consistently excellent. As in the competitive RCA Victor *Walküre* taping of January 1963, conducted by Leinsdorf, each act is complete on one reel, and the Act II side-break occurs at the same point in the score; but in the new set Victor's rather awkward Act I and Act III break locations have been avoided in favor of much more suitable spots—between Scenes 2 and 3 in each case.

In other respects, though, owners of the earlier taping need not feel too discomfited: the RCA Victor sonics now may seem a bit thick and overdark in comparison with the superb lucidity of London's newer engineering but they're still highly effective, and for some Wagnerians Leinsdorf's generally faster tem-

pos may be more exciting than Solti's generally broader ones. Yet while a few of the earlier individual performances may have been superior, vocally at least, the new version takes unquestioned executive as well as engineering precedence. Birgit Nilsson decisively surpasses her earlier Brünnhilde; Régine Crespin's Sieglinde and Christa Ludwig's Fricka are outstanding; and if the Wotan of veteran Hans Hotter has scant real voice left nowadays, he never has been more dramatically moving.

Advice to the Troubled. To judge from the appeals of numerous correspondents over the years, two of the most common predicaments of the average tape collector are: 1) determining whether an unsatisfactory-sounding tape is legitimately defective; and 2) knowing how to obtain a replacement when one is truly warranted. Luckily, these problems are less critical today than they once were, since—with improved production methods and more rigorous quality-control standards—relatively few defective processings find their way to the market. In my own experience the most typical flaw lately has been a speed (and consequent pitch) change at the end of one side and the beginning of the other—the obvious result of a duplicating error. Distortion in one or both channels, serious channel imbalances, and similar troubles can well be the result of faulty playback equipment. Here, especially, the best check is to try the suspected tape on an entirely different machine. If the defect is definitely built into the tape itself, the dealer from whom you bought it can have no legitimate objection to replacing it. But if you do have to take up the matter with the manufacturer, be sure to write first (addressing the company's Tape Quality-Control Department) describing the trouble in detail and requesting authorization to return the defective tape for replacement.

Bluebeard Transmuted. Although psychiatrists long have found some composers (Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, for example) fascinating subjects for post-mortem analysis, there are relatively few musical compositions which are directly concerned with explorations of the depths of the human psyche. And as a rule such works are likely to prove—like Berg's *Lulu* and *Wozzeck*, Richard Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra*, etc.—much too strenuous aurally, as well as psychologically, for listeners of tender sensibilities. Hence the special appeal of Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, a metamorphosis of the grisly old fairy tale. This one-act opera (1911) has just been taped for the first time in a performance by the husband-and-wife team of Walter

Berry and Christa Ludwig, singing the original Hungarian text, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Istvan Kertész (London LON 90119, 59 min., \$8.95—with text-and-translation leaflet included). Surprisingly (to those who know only Bartók's later works), the music itself is by no means dissonantly "modern," but potently atmospheric and richly colored—qualities which, along with the soloists' magnificent voices, are captured to perfection in the evocative stereo recording and flawless Ampex tape processing. The work's modernity rests in its striking reinterpretations of the protagonists' natures and motives, the legendary Bluebeard himself being transformed into a very human and highly sympathetic character. Here is a reel that is not only novel but illuminating.

Tape Firsts. Not every reel that presents a work new to the tape repertory is necessarily outstanding in other respects—but when one is, it warrants special plaudits. A case in point: Vladimir Ashkenazy's superb complete Schumann *Etudes symphoniques*, Op. 13, including the five posthumously published added variations (London LCL 80182, 65 min., \$7.95). Also included is the great C major Fantasia, Op. 17, but here Ashkenazy's reading, poetic as it is, may strike some Schumann devotees as overly episodic and lacking in tension—at least in comparison with the tauter, more passionate Horowitz version in that artist's "Historic Return" reel for Columbia. Both recordings, however, are equally notable for the gleam of their tonal qualities.

Good rather than outstanding performance and recording qualities characterize two belatedly received RCA Victor reels, but decidedly welcome are their hitherto untaped Liadov *Eight Russian Folk Songs* and Ives's First Symphony, in D minor. The delectable Liadov settings, a great favorite in the 78-rpm era but neglected nowadays, are coupled with Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony, Op. 17, in performances by André Previn and the London Symphony Orchestra (FTC 2223, 46 min., \$7.95). The Ives work is combined with the same composer's *Variations on "America"* (orch. William Schuman) and *The Unanswered Question* in performances by Morton Gould and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (FTC 2221, 48 min., \$7.95). The two last-named pieces are more characteristic of Ives's best-known style than the early symphony, but that work's naive charm will surely appeal to many listeners left cold by the wilder Ivesian experiments in polytonalities.

One note of lament: both symphonies are "broken" between reel sides—perpetuating disc exigencies that *could be*, but too seldom are, avoided on tape.

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by Norman Eisenberg



Compatibility: Will Video Tape Differences Be Resolved Soon?

WHEN WE TALK OF FM, or records, or television, or open-reel tape—we know definitely what we mean. Each of these media conforms to certain patterns, or standards of performance. There is, in a word, compatibility, or interchanging, of brands—of both equipment and program sources. "All blades fit all razors" goes the saying. This degree of standardization, or compatibility, is nowhere in sight yet in video tape, yet everyone agrees that it is desirable—if not essential—for the growth of this field, and that it will come sooner or later. The main areas of compatibility-concern are: tapes from one video deck to another; video decks and TV sets; monochrome with color; video decks and cameras.

It is quite plain that the two VTR lines now on the market in any significant numbers, Ampex and Sony (the G.E. is the Sony, by the way), are utterly incompatible with each other; they run at different speeds and they use different width tapes. Each system, however, has made some steps towards compatibility within its own framework.

Tapes and Decks. Both Sony and Ampex assure us that all their VTRs are respectively interchangeable. A tape made on one model can be played on another of the same line. This may seem like no great shakes except that it wasn't so certain in the early days of sub-professional video decks that a tape made on Brand X, Model 12 could be played satisfactorily on Brand X, Model 13.

Decks and Monitors. Ampex video recorders can play back through any standard television set by a simple hookup from the video deck to the TV set's antenna terminals. To record off the air, however, you still need the TV monitor sold expressly for use with the Ampex deck. Sony tells us that although its video decks originally could be used only with the Sony monitor, a new adapter is about to be offered that will permit the Sony VTR to record from and play through any "normal tube TV set." The adapter, Model CVA-s, is about the size of a bread box, lists for \$150, and should be installed by a Sony technician.

Monochrome and Color. The VR-6000 and VR-7000 series by Ampex are reported to be color-compatible. Although designed as monochrome sets, they can be adapted to color. The first color models in this series may be released later this year. Sony's monochrome VTRs are not color-compatible; in the Sony system, color requires a different speed, and the word is out that while Sony plans to offer color VTRs, tapes made on them will not be interchangeable with tapes made on a monochrome VTR.

Cameras and VTRs. So far, only the cameras made for a specific line of VTRs can be used with those models. Neither Ampex nor Sony recommends using other makes of cameras for live video taping, and neither can state yet whether such interchangeability ever will come to pass.

At the moment, then, you can have video tape in one of two sharply different and mutually incompatible forms. Before long, no doubt, VTRs will materialize from other sources, and these probably will differ from both the Ampex and the Sony. Which system to put your money on? It's too early to tell. Sony has made a fair inroad into the consumer market, strengthened by the tie-in with G.E. Ampex feels that a key area for setting VTR standards will be in the schools, said to comprise the largest single market for VTRs today—and most of them, says Ampex, are using Ampex. Coexistence, or another "battle of speeds," or a clear victory for one system? Stay tuned to this channel.

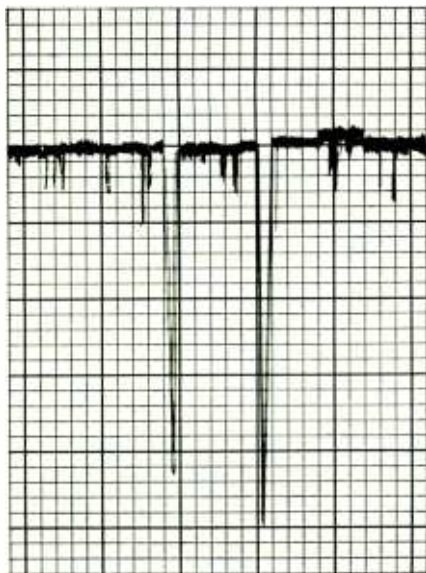
Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:



Uniform magnetic sensitivity (or the lack thereof)

Uniformity for a tape is like kissing babies for a politician. Without it, you're hardly in the running. We take uniformity in all of tape's characteristics very seriously at Kodak. Maybe it's all those years of putting silver emulsions on film that's made us so dedicated to the idea. Uniformity in terms of magnetic sensitivity is one of the most important measures of a tape's performance. Non-uniformity can result in all sorts of bad things like level shifts, instantaneous dropouts, periodic non-uniformity, output variations, distortion, and variations from strip to strip.

Testing for all these possible flaws on a tape is a simple procedure in the lab. Standard industry practice is to record a long wavelength signal (37.5 mil) at a constant input level. The signal from the playback amplifier is then filtered and the output at particular critical wavelengths is permanently charted by a high-speed pen recorder which registers variations on a chart. Instantaneous dropouts caused by foreign matter on the tape surface, for example, would look like this:

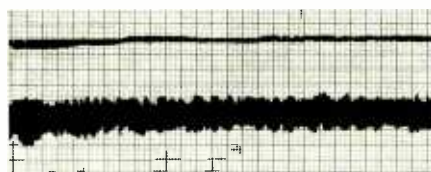


The long and the short of it

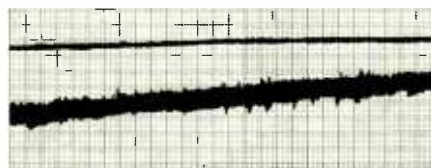
The low frequency procedure gives a good picture of variations in oxide thickness. We take it one step further . . . also test for short wavelength—1.0 mil. This helps evaluate surface smoothness and tape-to-head contact. Taken together, they aid in evaluating the level of lubrication, slitting, and oxide binder characteristics. The smoother the lines, the more uniform the magnetic sensitivity. Guess which graph below is KODAK Sound Recording Tape (the other two graphs represent quite reputable brands of other manufacture):



A.



B.



C.

What looks good sounds good
Congratulations if you picked brand A, Kodak tape. It is notably more uniform . . . doesn't vary more than $\frac{1}{4}$ db within the reel . . . no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ db from reel to reel.

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1. *Within-reel uniformity.*

(a) Less instantaneous and short term amplitude modulation of the signal, which results in a cleaner signal on playback.

(b) Reduced drift gives less variation in frequency response.

(c) Better uniformity across the strip width (no lengthwise coating lines) results in a more nearly balanced output for stereo recordings.

2. *Reel-to-reel uniformity.*

(a) Better coating uniformity gives a more uniform low-frequency sensitivity. This allows splicing of sections of tape from one reel with tape from other reels without obvious signal level changes.

(b) Better coating uniformity also results in a minimum change in optimum bias which allows the professional to establish an operating bias nearer the optimum bias.

KODAK Sound Recording Tapes are available at most camera, department, and electronic stores. New 24-page comprehensive "Plain Talk" booklet covers all the important aspects of tape performance, and is free on request. Write: Department 940, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.



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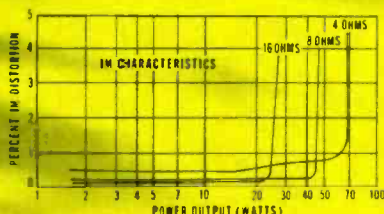
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