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MARCH

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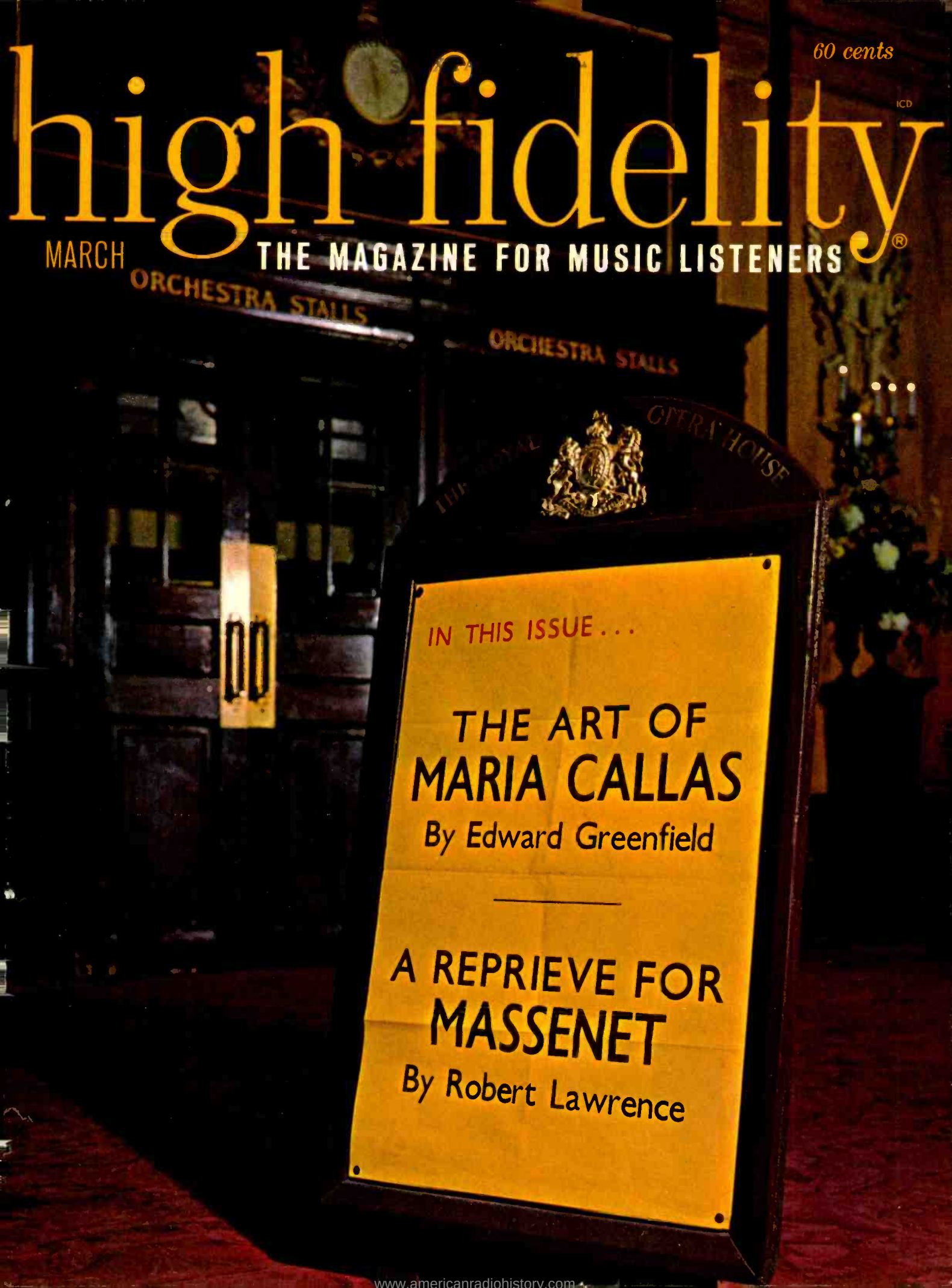

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"The power amplifiers
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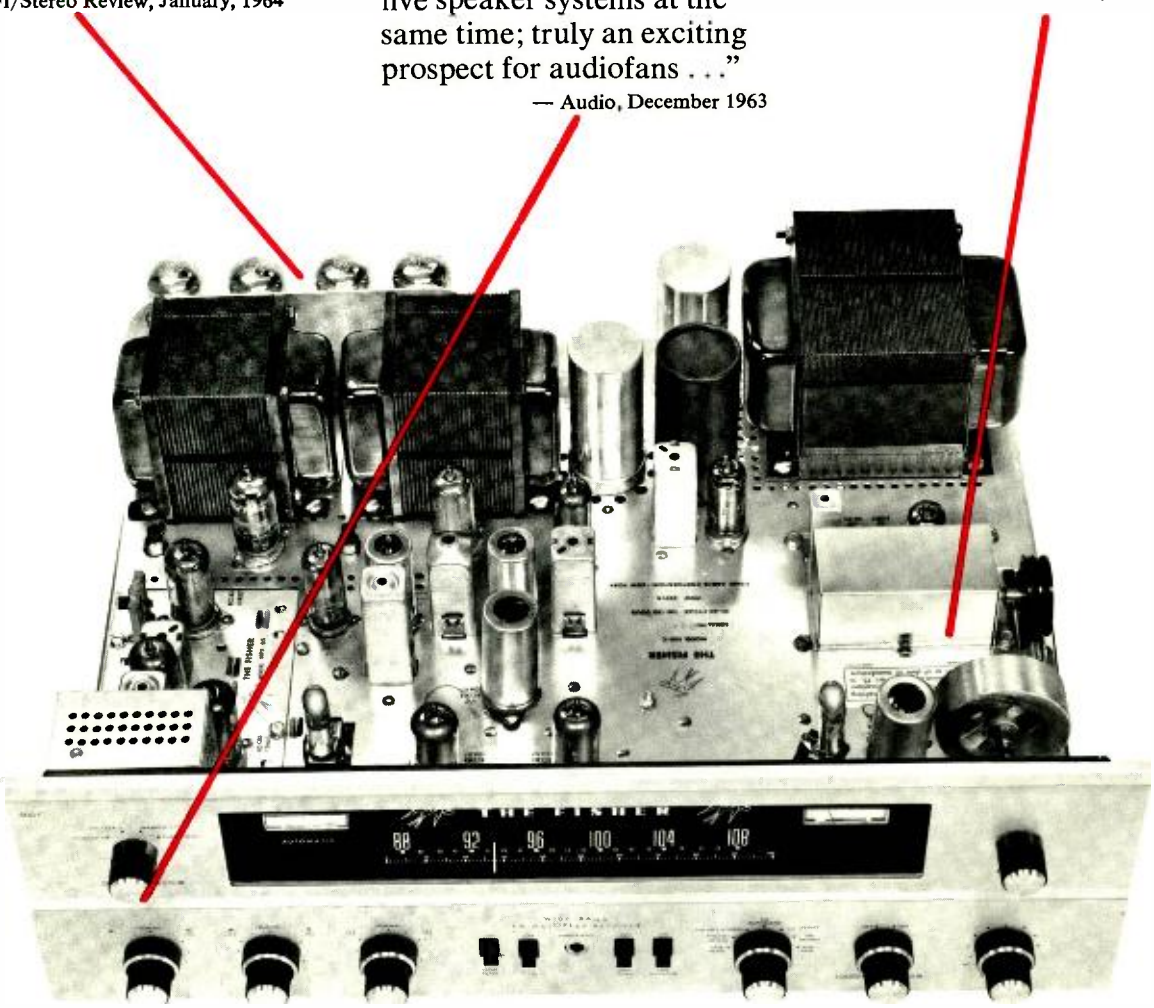
— HiFi/Stereo Review, January, 1964

"An audio control center
. . . in addition to the usual complement of audio controls . . . enables the user to operate, and control, five speaker systems at the same time; truly an exciting prospect for audiofans . . ."
— Audio, December 1963

"The FM tuner,
featuring the 'Golden Synchrode' front end, is . . . among the top ranks of FM tuners in regard to sensitivity."
— Electronics World, February, 1964



CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

"The Fisher 500-C incorporates a 75-watt (IHF) stereo amplifier, an FM-stereo tuner, and an audio control center all on one 36½-lb. chassis," says the 'Equipment Profile' column of *Audio*. And, it should be added, the entire unit measures only 17½" wide by 5¾" high by 13½" deep. That means you can have all of the electronics of an advanced stereo system in less space than you need for a dozen books.

"The FM tuner is rated at 1.8 microvolts IHF usable sensitivity . . . The Fisher GOLDEN SYNCHRODE* front end uses a low-noise triode RF amplifier and a dual-triode oscillator-mixer. A double-tuned RF transformer (not often found in home FM receivers) achieves excellent rejection of images and other spurious signals. There are four IF stages (which also serve as limiters) and a wide-band ratio detector. Because of the excellent stability of the front-end circuits, AFC is not needed . . . . Stereo separation was excellent, exceeding 30 db between 90 cps and 9,500 cps, and reaching 42 db in the 1,000 cps region. Like all the Fisher tuners I have tested, the Model 500-C had no detectable warm-up drift, and its FM hum level measured as low (–61.5 db) as my test equipment would check." (Julian D. Hirsch in *HiFi/Stereo Review.*)

"The most convenient feature is automatic switching between stereo and mono FM reception; all one does is tune in an FM station and the 500-C does the rest: If the broadcast is monophonic, the receiver sets itself for monophonic playback; if the broadcast is stereo, the receiver automatically switches to stereo playback, and turns on a light to tell you about it." *(Audio.)* This is accomplished by the famous STEREO BEACON*, a Fisher invention.

"A headphone jack is located on the front panel, with suitable level pads so that stereo phones will not be overdriven by the amplifiers....The receiver has a unique switching system for use with a three-head tape recorder . . ." *(Electronics World.)* The latter is the exclusive Fisher DIRECT TAPE MONITOR*, which permits both recording *and* playback with full use of all applicable controls and switches —without any change in cable connections.

"The audio section is rated at 75 watts total IHF music power or 60 watts total continuous output with both channels driven. We measured the continuous output as . . . 70 watts with 1% distortion . . . . All in all, the unit proved to be a top-notch stereo receiver, just about as sensitive as they come, and with amplifiers of sufficient quality and power output to do justice to any type of speaker systems." *(Electronics World.)*

". . . It is our opinion that one would have to pay considerably more to get performance equal to the 500-C in separate components." *(Audio.)*

The Fisher 800-C will be preferred by those who live in areas where AM stations are still an important source of music. It is completely identical to the 500-C except for including, in addition, a high-sensitivity AM tuner section with adjustable (Broad/Sharp) bandwidth plus a ferrite-rod AM antenna.

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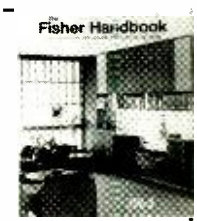

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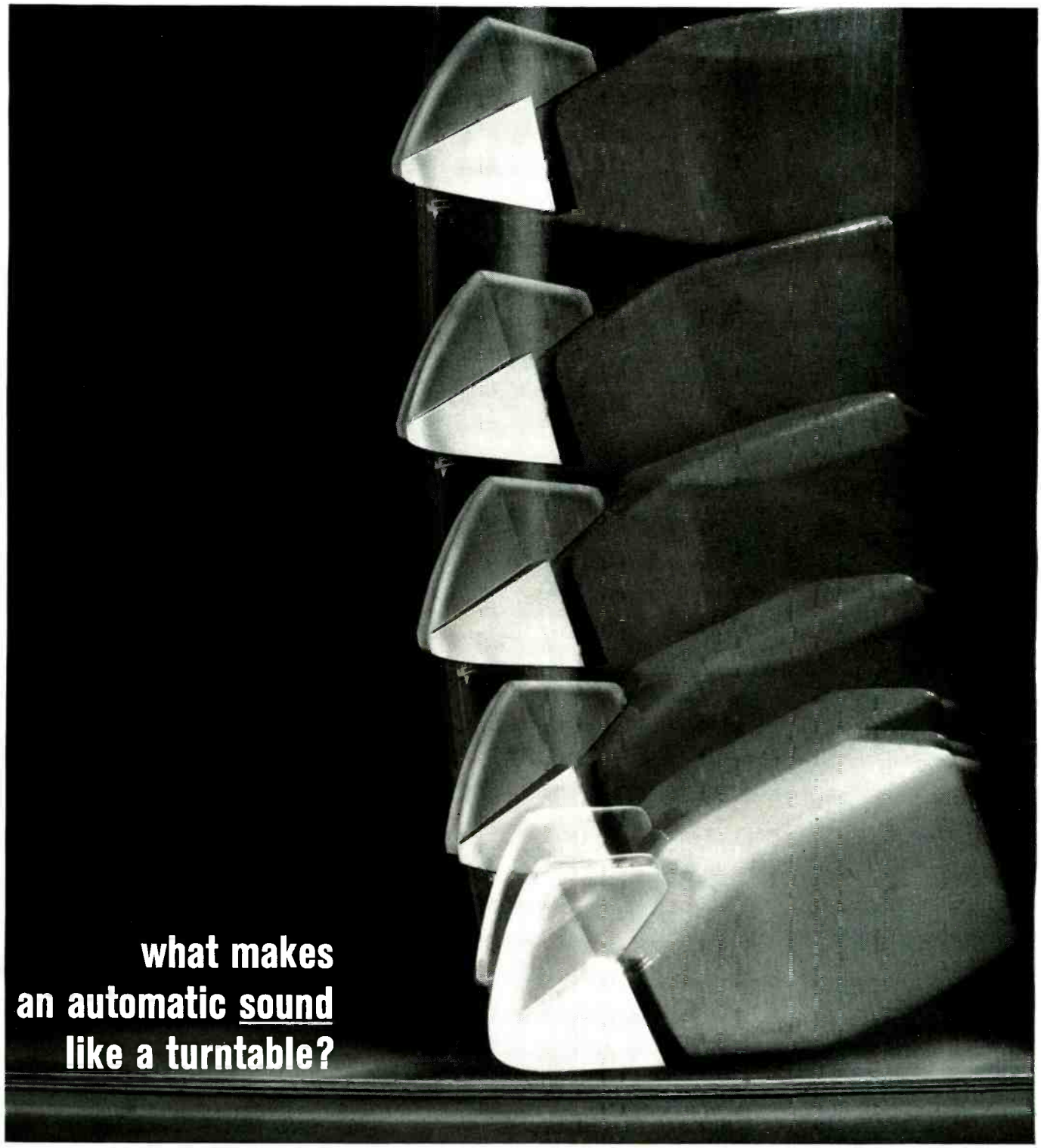

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U38 cartridge with
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CIRCLE 63 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Page 47

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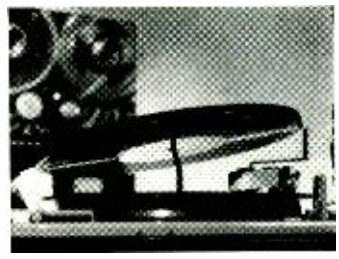

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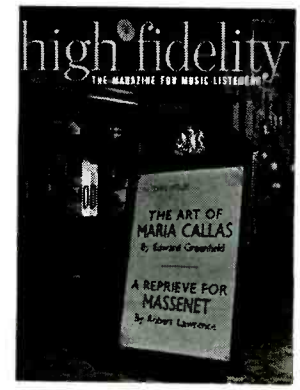

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*"All things considered, I would say the Model 14 is the best fifty-dollar speaker I have ever heard."**

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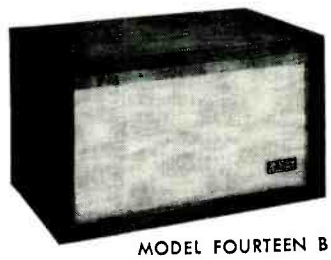
MODEL FOURTEEN S



MODEL FOURTEEN B

"Now that bookshelf speaker systems have achieved wide acceptance, there seem to be trends developing toward both larger and smaller systems. Most of the midget systems make serious compromises with quality, and are really only suitable for use as kitchen or bedroom extension speakers. A notable exception is the new $49.50 KLH Model 14, which incorporates two special 3-inch speakers in a ported walnut enclosure measuring only 14 x 18 x 3¾ inches . . .

"The extremely smooth and flat frequency response of the Model 14 suggested that its transient response would also be excellent; and tone-burst measurement showed that it was as good in this respect as any cone speaker I have ever tested. At no frequency was there any sign of spurious output or sustained ringing.

"The sound of the KLH Model 14 is quite similar in character to that of the larger KLH systems. It is clean and airy, without stridency or any other unpleasant characteristics. The bass response varies considerably with speaker placement, from adequate at a floor-wall junction to rather thin at a mid-wall position. At any reasonable listening level, the system's very smooth bass rolloff permits a fair amount of amplifier bass boost to be used without introducing boom. Efficiency of the KLH 14 is rather low, but it can produce excellent results when driven by any good 10-watt amplifier.

"All things considered, I would say the Model 14 is the best fifty-dollar speaker I have ever heard."*

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*Excerpts from an independent report by Julian Hirsch in Hi-Fi/Stereo Review. Reprints of the complete report are available on request.

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MARK III 60 watt power amplifiers for a perfectionist's system. The Mark III has been chosen for public demonstrations of live versus recorded sound with outstanding success.

Complete $339.80 in kit form
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LISTEN to any DYNA amplifier on the finest speaker system you can find. You will realize the DYNA amplifiers will not limit you, no matter what your associated components. Choose according to your budget and power requirements, for within their power ratings, all DYNA amplifiers yield the same superlative sound, free from noise and distortion. You may find a DYNA sounding better than its power rating would indicate. This is as it should be.

LISTEN to a DYNATUNER under the most difficult reception conditions. Try it on the weakest signals, in bad multipath locations, on overmodulated signals and in the shadow of the transmitter. It will stand comparison with any so-called professional monitor tuner. Further, alignment is no problem when you own a DYNATUNER. When in doubt — after tube replacement, shipping, etc. — just a few minutes spent with the DYNA home alignment procedure — no instruments — will assure you of laboratory results.

A product is only as good as its components. The kit builder recognizes and appreciates this. (Maybe that explains why most of our kit sales are owner recommendations.) DYNA pioneered quality etched circuit construction in the high fidelity field, and its advantages pay you over the years in dependability and ease of maintenance. DYNACO output transformers have a worldwide reputation for excellence and are used in much more expensive equipment than our own. They are the major factor in DYNA's quality sound.

It's easy to operate! We have tried to engineer complexity out of high fidelity. Those 3 large knobs do all the work! But, there is full flexibility for the enthusiast's subtle adjustments.

We devote a major part of our engineering effort to distillation and refinement of every design. This extra effort, primarily appreciated by the kit builder, means a more thoroughly proofed assembled DYNA tuner or amplifier too. DYNAKITS are easier to build, lower distortion in operation, and more trouble-free over the years.

You can pay more, but you can't buy better performance.

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FM-3 Combination of famous FM-1 tuner and FMX-3 multiplex integrator with new decorator styling. Its deceptively simple appearance masks the fact that this unit approaches the theoretical limits for high sensitivity and low distortion. Logical simplicity of control through full automation of stereo-mono switching and uniquely simplified tuning. Exclusive Stereomatic circuit locks in and signals stereo automatically and silently. FM listening was never so enjoyable; never before so simple.

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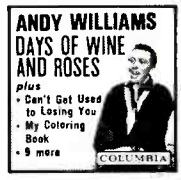

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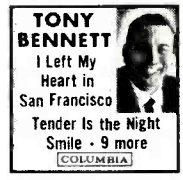

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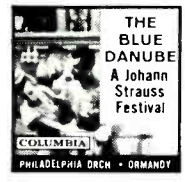

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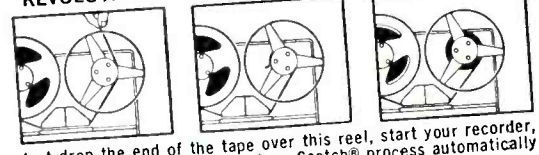

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CIRCLE 26 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

AUTHORitatively Speaking

On p. 42 of this issue we present, rather pridefully, an article which we regard as something of a tour de force, being an unimpassioned critique of the art of that controversial diva, Maria Callas. Taking this objective stand between the singer's fervent admirers and her determined denigrators is Britisher **Edward Greenfield**. Mr. Greenfield has been on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* since 1953, and for the last nine years has functioned as that paper's record reviewer. More recently, he has become a member of the panel of critics who serve the *Gramophone*. In 1958, at the time of the Puccini centenary, he published a study of the composer's life and work (*Puccini, Keeper of the Seal*, Arrow Books); the analytical cast of mind which many readers found characteristic of that volume is, we think, equally evident in Mr. Greenfield's essay herein.

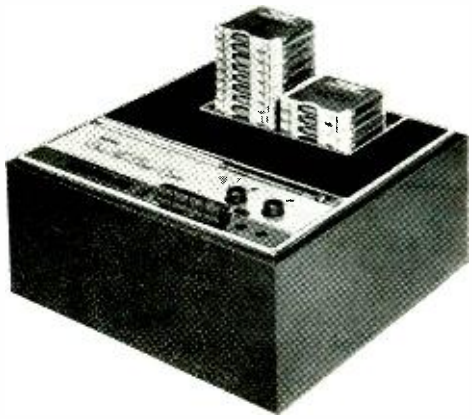
Conductor and artistic director of New York's Friends of French Opera, **Robert Lawrence** was HIGH FIDELITY'S obvious choice as author for an article on the current revival of interest in that field. We proffered the invitation; Mr. Lawrence accepted; and in due course we were in receipt of "A Reprieve for Massenet" (see p. 47). French opera is not, of course, Mr. Lawrence's sole interest. Since receiving a Master of Arts in Music from Columbia and studying at Juilliard, he has been active as a conductor both in the concert hall and the opera house (his *curriculum vitae* includes two years in Turkey and a succession of appearances in Latin America, as well as engagements in this country and Europe) and has programmed a catholic variety of music. Well known as a writer, Mr. Lawrence is also much in demand as a lecturer: his latest endeavors include a daily two-hour broadcast for WQXR.

We don't know what kind of image of this journal's opera specialist **Conrad L. Osborne** our readers may have conjured up, but for our parts we've always thought of him as engaging in no more active part as a music listener than placing a record on the turntable (perhaps occasionally calling for a Grant's while Mrs. C. L. O. is up). It now appears that this isn't the case at all: see his guide to the delights of dubbing, "From 78 to 7.5," p. 50. Revelations, in fact, never cease. We've only recently learned that Mr. Osborne, whose own activities center in the world of publishing and the theatre, is descended from a long line of clerics of the evangelical persuasion. His grandfather once went out to do some innocent household chore one Sunday afternoon—and was promptly struck down by a bolt of lightning (presumably for the act of Sabbath-breaking). This, at least, is the story the Osbornes tell.

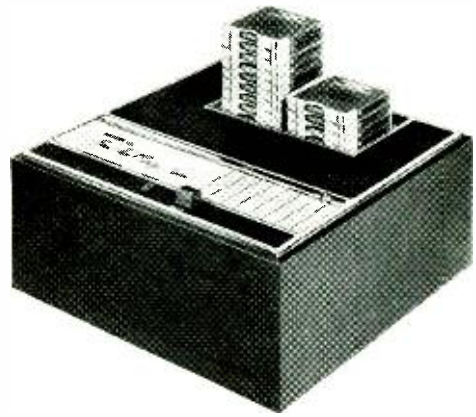
Making a first appearance in HIGH FIDELITY this month is **Audrey Williamson**, an English writer specializing in music and drama criticism. Miss Williamson's latest book (*Bernard Shaw: Man and Writer*, published in this country last June) was preceded by several volumes on the ballet, studies of Wagner and of Gilbert and Sullivan, and a full-scale account of the Old Vic. A onetime professional actress, Miss Williamson has a special expertise in discussing the relationship of singing and acting in opera: see "The Dramatic Accent," p. 53.

WOLLENSAK 1981 "SOUND ROOM" STEREO TAPE DECK Designed for the serious tape recordist, incorporating two new module-type recording and playback amplifiers which provide 22 watts output. Superb stereo or mono recordings can be made from any sound source. Vertical or horizontal operation . . . 2 VU recording meters . . . tab control tape drive, speed selection . . . sound on sound and sound with sound . . . digital tape counter . . . automatic tape lifters . . . complete professional sound advantages. SIZE: 21½" x 13¾" x 9 5/16". WEIGHT: 42 pounds.

WOLLENSAK 1780 STEREO TAPE DECK For the sound perfectionist who wants to incorporate top quality Wollensak stereo recording and playback facilities in an existing sound system, but does not require playback amplifiers and speakers. Installed either vertically or horizontally. Dual matched record/playback preamplifiers . . . sound with sound . . . cadmium steel enclosure with chrome trim . . . easy-to-operate tab controls . . . volume control for each channel . . . automatic shut-off . . . automatic tape lifters . . . many more outstanding sound-on-tape features. SIZE: 13¾" x 14" x 5½". WEIGHT: 15 pounds.



REVERE M20 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE DECK (RECORD/PLAYBACK) The newest idea in music now for custom installation! This amazing machine threads, plays, rewinds, changes tapes automatically. Up to 15 hours of uninterrupted music just by touching a button. Dual record/playback preamplifiers (minus power amplifiers and speakers). Record in stereo or mono from any sound source, or choose from a wide assortment of pre-recorded tapes. Keyboard controls . . digital tape counter . . . high speed search lever . . . automatic and delayed shut-off . . . unsurpassed sound-on-tape reproduction. SIZE: 13 11/16" x 13 13/16" x 7". WEIGHT: 32 pounds.



REVERE M30 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE DECK (PLAYBACK) The tape player even more convenient than an automatic record player, designed for the custom music aficionado who requires playback only. A beautifully made unit that threads, plays, rewinds, changes tapes automatically! Dual playback preamplifiers (minus power amplifiers and speakers). Simple one key operation that allows up to 15 hours of superb uninterrupted stereo sound. The Revere System is the most exciting development in tape recording history . . . the most automatic means of enjoying stereo tape reproduction at its finest. SIZE: 13 11/16" x 13 13/16" x 7". WEIGHT: 32 pounds.

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CIRCLE 68 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

The Still Supreme Callas

SIR:

In his review of Maria Callas' latest Angel recording of French opera arias [December 1963], Conrad L. Osborne states that the music in this collection of arias does not call into play the kind of instinctual insight that has been this singer's most valuable artistic possession. Really now! One has only to compare her singing of these arias with others who have attempted them and it becomes glaringly clear that Callas is still supreme among singers in the art of interpretation. Note the precise, rhythmic tension she creates by accelerating the speed in the staccato middle portion of *"L'amour l'ardente flamme"* or the youthful lyrical grace with which she invests the Gounod arias from *Faust*. Also, I know of no other singer today who can portray grief in the classic manner and style that Gluck intended—and as Callas does in the *Iphigénie en Tauride* music. Her singing of *"O malheureuse Iphigénie"* is heartbreaking in its sorrowful inflections and insight. And by the way, while we are still on the point, has anyone ever noted that unique among Callas' gifts is her rare ability to create a character with only a single aria on a recital disc? Some singers do not create a character until they are well into the heart of an opera, if at all.

Callas' recordings have been fewer and fewer over the past years, and I for one welcome this exciting disc and only wish she would take a more active role in the music world again. She is a singer with a mind, and there aren't many around today.

Walter Klus
Philadelphia, Pa.

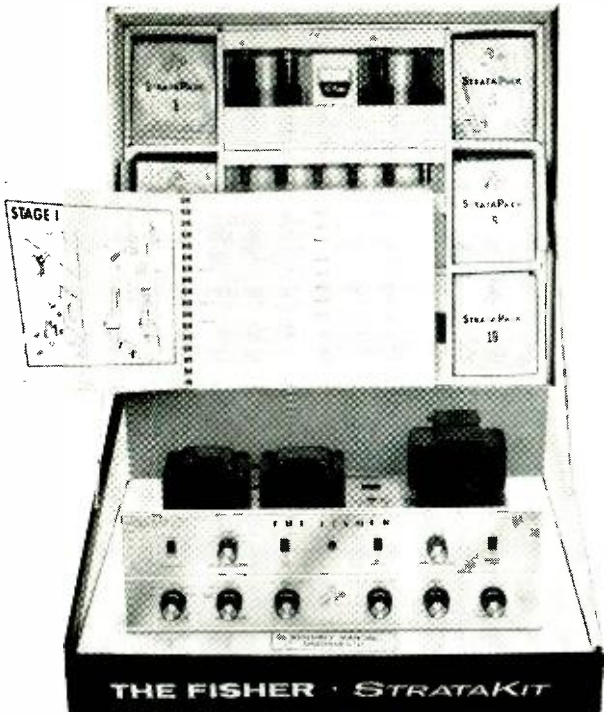
For more on the art of Maria Callas, see the article by Edward Greenfield in this issue, beginning on page 42.

A Gem by Curtin

SIR:

Hurrah for Eric Salzman for singling out the aria "With Plaintive Notes" in his review of the new Vanguard recording of Handel's *Samson* [January]. I found Phyllis Curtin's singing of this aria just about the most delicious thing I have encountered in a lifetime of listening to records. For the sake of this great American singer, I wish we could turn back the clock to the era of 78s. Surely her

Continued on page 16



This is the beginning of the Fisher KX-200 StrataKit.

This is the end. The absolute end in stereo control-amplifiers.

You begin the Fisher KX-200 StrataKit with the most logically organized kit package and the clearest, most detailed assembly manual in the entire field of high fidelity kits.

The StrataKit method of kit construction is a unique Fisher development. Assembly takes place by simple, error-proof stages (Strata). Each stage corresponds to a *separate* fold-out page in the manual. Each stage is built from a *separate* packet of parts (StrataPack). Major components come *already mounted on the chassis*. Wires are *precut* for every stage—which means every page. All work can be checked stage-by-stage and page-by-page, before proceeding to the *next* stage.

As a result, you end up with an 80-watt stereo control-amplifier that is completely indistinguishable from a factory-built Fisher unit.

The KX-200 has enough power to assure peak performance with the most inefficient speakers and incorporates exclusive features like a laboratory-type d'Arsonval bias/balance meter and a third-speaker output with separate volume control. Price, $169.50.* The Fisher KX-100, a 50-watt stereo control-amplifier kit of advanced design, costs only $129.50.*

FREE! $1.00 VALUE! The Kit Builder's Manual, an illustrated guide to high fidelity kit construction, complete with detailed specifications of all Fisher StrataKits.

The Kit Builder's Manual

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Please send me the free Kit Builder's Manual.

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*Walnut or mahogany cabinet, $24.95; metal cabinet, $15.95. All prices slightly higher in the Far West. Overseas residents write to Fisher Radio International, Inc., Long Island City 1, N.Y. Canadian residents write to Tri-Tel Associates, Ltd., Willowdale, Ont.

CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Jensen tf-3's would improve 3/4 of hi-fi systems now in use!!

The precise fraction is a matter of opinion, but the fact of the matter is not. In addition to the many thousands of hi-fi systems with TF-3's, quite a few are using speaker systems that are simply not as good. ■ Some were chosen because their owners expected more bass response, or smoother bass response. Those who bought closed-box systems, for example, get no more bass than the TF-3 provides. Moreover, a closed-box system has nearly 4 times as much distortion at 40 cycles as a TF-3. ■ And the TF-3 is efficient. It would have effectively doubled the power of amplifiers being used compared with some less efficient types of loudspeakers. Or, you could have used a smaller amplifier, obtained the same sound level, and pocketed about $50. ■ While we're saving money—a pair of TF-3's are priced as much as $60 less than a pair of alternatives that do not work as well. Take this, and the amplifier savings and you have about $100. Or, would have had about $100. ■ And, you would have had a better *looking* system. The selected panels used to make a TF-3 are veneered with choice real walnut, carefully hand-finished. (Some people don't use real walnut . . . you should have asked.) If you had bought the unfinished TF-3 at $79.50, you could even have painted it to match the drapes. ■ If you already own TF-3's, you're lucky. On second thought, you're probably just smart.

Jensen TF-3 4-speaker 3-way system in genuine Walnut veneer, $99.50; Unfinished, $79.50.

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CIRCLE 49 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

"...by combining this unit, Citation A, with a solid state basic amplifier of comparable quality, a sound path could be set up that approaches the classic goal of amplifier design—a straight wire with gain."

—HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

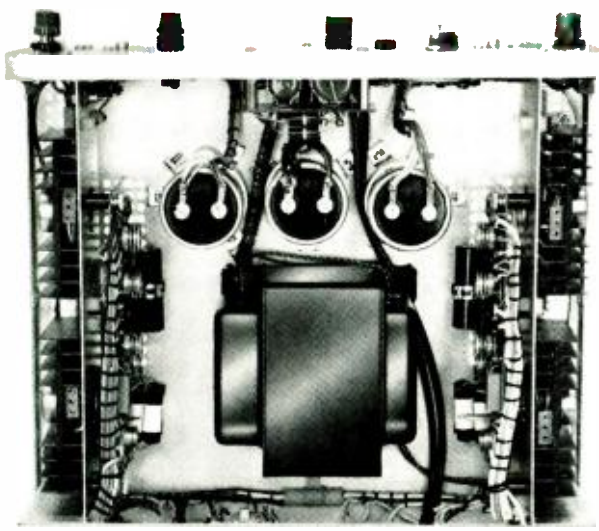
THE NEW CITATION B

PROFESSIONAL 80 WATT SOLID STATE STEREO BASIC AMPLIFIER

Handsome front panel: facilitates custom installation. Features include current-adjustment meter, on/off switch with pilot light and low-cut filter. Removable bottom panel conceals idling adjustment controls.

Computer-grade silicon output transistors: heavy-duty, solid state devices, virtually impervious to abuse. Will take 100% more power than their use in Citation B will ever demand.

Driver stage: Wideband silicon driver transistors are mounted on rugged, military-type epoxy glass board. Boarc pivots for easy accessibility or removal.



Top view of chassis: computer construction throughout. Five sub-assemblies assure easy accessibility and minimum operating temperature through efficient heat dissipation; laced military wiring harness couples each stage.

Electrolytic capacitors: engineered to computer-grade specifications for unlimited shelf life and consistent, long-term performance.

"Heat sink": heavy-duty finned aluminum device which rapidly draws heat away from output transistors—insuring long life, fail-safe performance.

The "classic goal of amplifier design" is now reality. The big "B" is here. The Citation B. A power-packed "brute" loaded with 80 watts of flawless performance—a true product of the computer age. • The "B" has the widest frequency response of any basic amplifier—1 to 100,000 cps. • The "B" has the best square wave response—less than one microsecond rise time. • The "B" has the highest damping factor—50 to 1 at 10 cps. (No other power amplifier is even close.) • The big "B" is the only power amplifier completely free of hangover or clipping at full power output.

The Citation B reflects Harman-Kardon's solid state leadership in every way—performance, design and construction. "A straight wire with gain" when matched with Citation A, the big "B" will also enhance the performance of any other high quality stereo preamplifier. For more information — write Citation Division, Harman-Kardon, Inc., Plainview, N.Y., Dept. HF-3.

harman kardon

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CIRCLE 45 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 12

"Plaintive Notes" would have been a gigantic best seller as a "single." It certainly is the gem of this album, and I hope that it leads to further Curtin recordings. It's time that the record makers started to do her justice.

Mark McCrimmon
Tatum, S. C.

Leinsdorf in Boston

SIR:
John M. Conly's remarkably perceptive if somewhat overbrilliantly worded article on Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony was a high mark in your December issue. However, why should a man who is decidedly second-rate in comparison to the giants that dominated his profession in the past forty years be called "just the man the orchestra needs"? The man the BSO needs is not alive at present or, if he is, is keeping himself well hidden from concert audiences. Leinsdorf has undeniable qualities —energy, dedication, amazing intellect, sincerity. His chief characteristic, however, is that he steadfastly refuses to have the faintest thing to do *emotionally* with whatever he's conducting. Anyone who has heard his dry, fussy, prickly performances with any one of the several orchestras he recorded regularly with before he was given the BSO, knows he is singularly incapable of projecting the nobility and grandeur of a Furtwängler, the drama and style of a Mengelberg, or the understanding of tone and color that Koussevitzky possessed so wonderfully. One wonders if there is a better man for his job anywhere in the world. Perhaps not. In any case, Leinsdorf is not a great conductor and will have a long road to travel before he becomes one.

W. R. Trotter
Charlotte, N. C.

SIR:
At last Erich Leinsdorf is being given the credit which is his due. John M. Conly has hit the nail on the head in demonstrating so persuasively how Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony have brought out the best in each other. This season's concerts especially have shown us that Leinsdorf is not only a fine orchestral technician but also an interpreter of great stature.

William Marshall
New York, N. Y.

Vertical Tracking Angle

SIR:
I would like to make a few comments on R. D. Darrell's "The Case of the Tilted Stylus" [May 1963]. Early in this article Mr. Darrell states: "To avoid possible misconceptions it may be well to emphasize here that what is involved is not the tracking-angle error most familiar to technically informed discophiles."

I want to say—in order to emphasize

Continued on page 20

CONCORD 884

The STAR Performer . . . . . Concord's Transistorized Model 884.

Concord leadership in tape recorder engineering reaches new and exciting heights with the introduction of the new, transistorized Model 884. A recorder designed to surpass *all* other makes in engineering, styling design, features, and performance, the Model 884 brings you simplicity and ease of operation in a compact, beautifully styled tape recorder package — a recorder that will become your most treasured possession...A STAR in your home!

No other tape recorder, regardless of cost, has all the Concord 884 quality performance features . . . A matchless STAR performer!

- 4 separate transistorized preamps, 2 for record, 2 for playback
- AB Switch for comparing source versus tape when monitoring
- Built-in Sound-On-Sound Switch • Three Heads • Stereo Headphones output jack • Illuminated VU meters • Full push-button operation • Three speeds • Master Volume Control • Push-pull bias oscillator • 15 watt stereo amplifier and two 7" speakers.

PLUS MANY MORE PRECISION ENGINEERED PROFESSIONAL FEATURES

For Connoisseurs of Sound

CONCORD 884

Concord, a symbol of quality the world over introduces the new choice of sound connoisseurs, the Model 884 . . . A recorder that combines manufacturing know-how, eye-appeal and professional features...a total package that presents one of the most startling tape recorders on the high fidelity market today, unsurpassed in quality and price. The Concord 884 quality begins with basic engineering design, careful selection of high-rated quality material and components, plus the development of a high reliability manufacturing and production system which will assure you of a quality product. With this in mind, Concord has been able to achieve a brilliant entry into the tape recorder field—Model 884.

COMPARE THE 884 WITH ANY OTHER TAPE RECORDER AT ANY PRICE. YOU WILL SEE WHY THE 884 IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF.

• ADVANCED DESIGN • PROFESSIONAL FIDELITY • PROFESSIONAL RELIABILITY • OPERATING, TAPE HANDLING EASE • CONVENIENT TO USE • COMPLETE FACTORY SERVICE

SPECIFICATIONS

SPEAKERS:	TWO — left channel 5" x 7" right channel 7" diam.
PUBLIC ADDRESS OPERATION:	Standard
POWER REQUIREMENTS:	110 volts — 60 cycles AC — 100 watts
TAPE SPEEDS:	Instantaneous selection, automatic EQ 1⅞ IPS, 3¾ IPS, 7½ IPS
FREQUENCY RESPONSE:	
7½ IPS—30 - 20,000 cps	40 - 16,000 cps ±1.5 DB.
3¾ IPS—30 - 15,000 cps	40 - 12,000 cps ±2 DB.
1⅞ IPS—50 - 10,000 cps	±2.5 DB.
SIGNAL TO NOISE RATIO:	Better than 60 DB.
FLUTTER & WOW:	Less than .15% @ 7½ IPS Less than .23% @ 3¾ IPS Less than .35% @ 1⅞ IPS
HARMONIC DISTORTION:	Less than 1.5% at 3 DB below rated output
ERASE HEAD:	In-line (stacked) ¼ track
RECORD HEAD:	In-line (stacked) ¼ track (.0005 gap)
PLAYBACK HEAD:	In-line (stacked) ¼ track (.00015 gap)
BIAS FREQUENCY:	70 KC nominal push-pull oscillator
LEVEL INDICATOR:	2 VU Meters, lighted
LEVEL CONTROLS:	Individual controls each channel plus master output control
EDITING FACILITIES:	Instant stop button
MODE SELECTION:	Instantaneous
INPUT IMPEDANCE:	20K OHM for microphones 100K OHM for auxiliary
POWER AMPLIFIER OUTPUT IMPEDANCE:	8 OHMS
PREAMPLIFIER OUTPUT IMPEDANCE:	Low impedance emitter follower
OUTPUT LEVEL:	15 watts combined
WEIGHT:	43 pounds
DIMENSIONS:	15½" (W) x 11½" (H) x 17" (D)
COUNTER:	Digital type
REEL SIZE:	7" maximum
INPUTS:	2 microphones, 2 auxiliary
OUTPUTS:	2 lines, 2 speakers, 1 stereo head phone

ACCESSORIES

2 — professional type, high sensitivity, dynamic microphones (specially balanced for stereophonic recording), with stands
2 — recording patchcords
1 — speaker extension patchcord for right channel extension speaker
1 — 7" empty reel
1 — roll splicing tape

AB MONITORING SWITCH — Four separate record/playback amplifiers allow tape to be monitored INSTANTANEOUSLY while recording by an easy to reach panel switch.

PROFESSIONAL HEADS — Concord three head design assures you of maximum recording versatility. Concord three heads are precision-engineered to close tolerances, assuring you of finest performance attainable.

SOUND-ON-SOUND SWITCH — Achieve professional sound-on-sound recordings with the mere flip of a switch. With Sound-On-Sound, you record on one channel, play the recorded material back and record it on a second channel while adding new material. And only with the Concord three heads can you obtain professional sound-on-sound with an unlimited number of generations of re-recordings. The Model 884 has ability to create an echo effect plus a number of other novel sound effects.

PROFESSIONAL OPERATION — Push-button transport controls. Operates from fast forward to rewind without going into stop mode. Push-button cue and edit control. Transport and electronics automatically shuts off at reel end. By-pass jacks for internal amplifiers. By-pass jacks for internal speakers. Automatic disengagement of transport mechanisms when power is turned off. Automatic tape lifters. Interlocked recording controls prevent accidental erasure. Permits setting of recording levels without tape moving.

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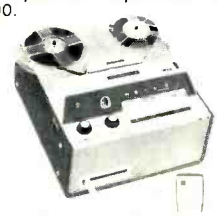
THE SIGNATURE OF QUALITY ■ *Tape Recorders/Industrial Sound Equipment Dictation Systems/Communications Devices/Closed Circuit Television*

the CONCORD tape recorder line

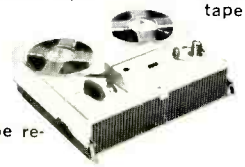
Model 550-4 Stereo tape recorder with separated speaker. Under $320.00.

Model 440 Stereo tape recorder with separated speaker. Under $240.00.

Model 330 Automatic portable tape recorder. Under $200.00.



Model 220 Transistorized mono tape recorder. Under $150.00.

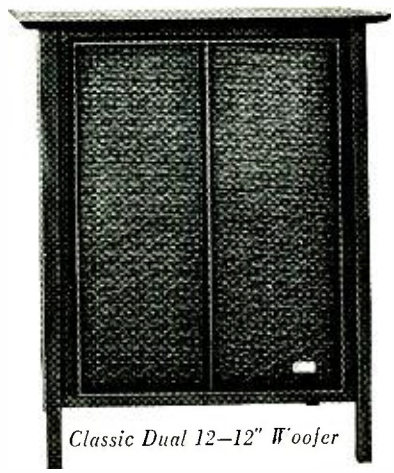


Model 104 Compact mono tape recorder. Under $100.00.

NO. 1882: 12/3

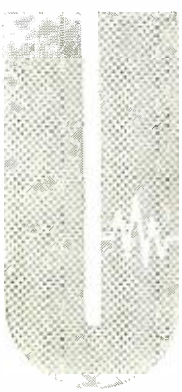
"Only the Music is Present...When the Classics Speak"

Classic Mark II—15" Woofer



Classic Dual 12—12" Woofer

(they look like this when the music stops)



It's a phenomenon of great speakers. Reproduction is so faithful you're totally absorbed in sound...unaware of its source. You'll find this particularly true when you hear the University Classic Mark II 3-way system. There is absolutely no distortion, no coloration... up to 40,000 cps. According to Julian D. Hirsch, Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, "...The University Classic Mark II justifies substantial claims that the manufacturer has made for it. It is one of a limited group of speakers to which I would give an unqualified top notch rating." Cabinetry in oiled walnut. $295. Classic Dual 12 3-way system, finished in oiled walnut—$229.50. Write today for your free "Guide to Component High Fidelity": Desk P-3, LTV University, 9500 West Reno, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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CIRCLE 81 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 16

the seriousness of the problem—that what is involved *is* in fact the tracking-angle error, though not in the lateral plane as in mono records, but in the vertical plane. No discophile would use a pickup arm providing an incorrect tracking angle as high as 20 degrees. Consequently, the problem is just as significant as that of the tracking-angle error known to all discophiles. Actually, it is exactly the same problem, because a stereo record is modulated in two dimensions.

The reason why stereo records do not usually seem to have as much distortion as is actually the case is that stereo in itself masks this type of distortion because of its spatial nature, and we all possess an ability to eliminate extraneous sounds existing in a room by concentrating only on the sounds we wish to

hear. Two persons in conversation in the midst of a crowd of people who are also conversing are perfectly able to eliminate all ambient noise so that they hear only each other—that is, provided they are not indisposed. If a person is tired, has a headache, or is ill, he loses that ability. I assume that everyone who listens to stereo records a great deal has found that a record does not always sound the same. This is precisely because the ability to eliminate undesired sounds is not always the same.

To all those who doubt the importance of a correct tracking angle in the vertical plane I would make the suggestion that they wire their stereo pickups as "hill-and-dale" pickups so that they hear the vertical signal only.

I fail to see how technically minded people can be opposed to standardization on this point, and I can only interpret such opposition as reaction possibly originating in economic interests. The angle of 15 degrees was proposed expressly for the purpose of effecting the best possible compromise between technical and economic interests alike.

E. R. Madsen
Bang and Olufsen
Struer
Denmark

We agree with Mr. Madsen's views on standardizing vertical tracking angle. Certainly, Mr. Darrell did not intend to belittle the importance of vertical tracking error, but was merely trying to avoid confusion with the more familiar lateral tracking error.

in stereo high fidelity at 1-7/8 ips on Roberts Cross Field 770

Andre Previn, accomplished composer and conductor, perfects his performance long before an audience ever hears it. He needs completely faithful sound reproduction—and the ultimate in convenience and dependability. Mr. Previn knows that in addition to his professional requirements, only the Roberts Cross Field 770 gives 12 hours of full frequency stereo response (24 hours of monaural) on one 7-inch reel! Only the 770 with the Cross Field head reproduces 40-13,000 cps at 1⅞ ips. Three speeds. $499.95.

Try the Roberts 770 at better music and photo centers—Other Roberts tape recorders from $269.95 to $699.95.

Send for FREE BOOKLET: "40 and more ways to use a Roberts Tape Recorder" and details on new Roberts Cross Field 770.

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In *Canada:* J. M. Nelson Electronics, Ltd., 2149 Commercial Drive, Vancouver 12, B.C. (Prices slightly higher in Canada)

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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

PARIS

If architecture is really frozen music, then at the moment music in France is in great shape. At this writing the Paris Opéra has been entirely scraped and scrubbed (excepting a bit of the back entrance, which the customers never notice), and the lovely old pile looks like a white and gold wedding cake, with green frosting if you are far enough down the avenue to see the roof's patina. On the other side of town, next to the Quai de Passy, the French national radio network has opened its mammoth and modern combined headquarters in a building that is certainly the city's most interesting twentieth-century monument. Architect Henry Bernard has arranged the studios and offices in a spiral around a core formed by a tall (for Paris) slab. The interior is something of a museum of recent French visual art, including a large mural by Georges Mathieu, sculpture by François Stahly, tapestries by Jean Bazaine, Alfred Manessier, and Gustave Singier, among others.

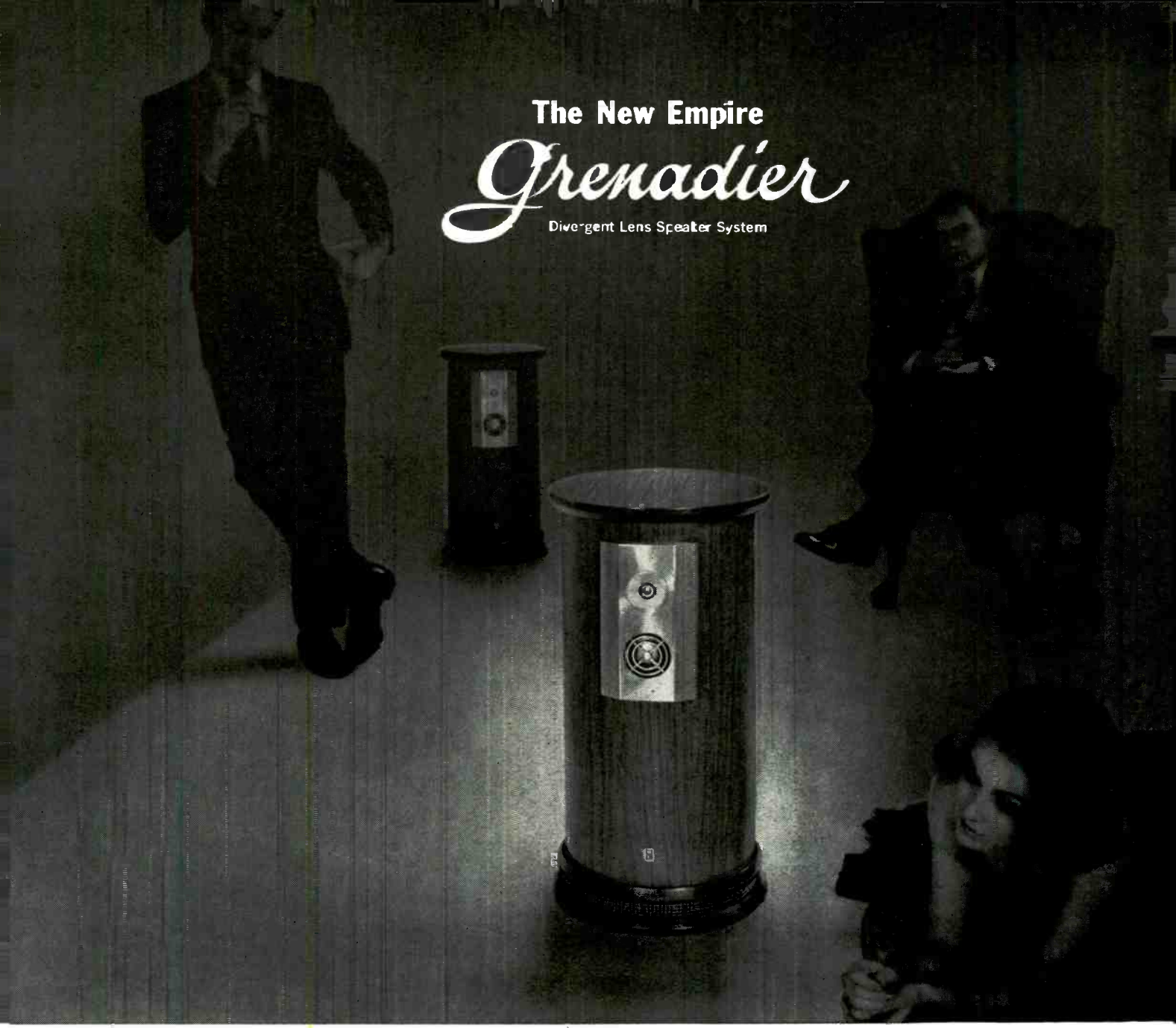
For the inauguration of the new auditorium Charles Munch conducted the Orchestre National and the René Alix chorus (220 musicians altogether) in a first performance of Darius Milhaud's latest composition, commissioned by the network. This is a choral symphony based on the late Pope John's encyclical *Pacem in Terris*; and the concert thus offered the message of a Roman Catholic leader set to music by a Jewish composer and interpreted by a Protestant conductor. The soloists were baritone Louis Quilico and contralto Johanna Peters.

Delayed Debut. Meanwhile, the Opéra was celebrating its scrubbing and administrator Georges Auric's victory over bureaucracy in presenting, only forty years late, the Paris premiere of *Wozzeck*. I think it is a simple statement of fact to say that M. Auric's triumph was total. Helga Pilarczyk and Heiner Horn were completely persuasive, both as musicians and as actors, in the principal roles; and Pierre Boulez revealed to a Right Bank public what his Left Bank public has long known—that he is one of the ablest of French conductors. The German version will have yielded to a French one by the time these notes are in print, but the change

Continued on page 26

Photo: French Government Tourist Office

Headquarters of the French national radio: for Paris, a skyscraper.

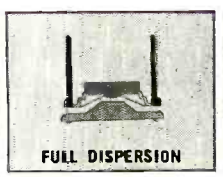


Lets you sit anywhere– Hear everything

The first speaker system designed and engineered for stereophonic sound. Three acoustic lenses allow you to enjoy phenomenal stereo separation and the highest fidelity of music anywhere in the room. Speaker placement non-critical.

RIGIDLY STIFF AND TOTALLY DAMPED

The Empire Grenadier cabinet gives you discipline of sound while virtually eliminating cabinet vibration. Formed from acoustic material and completely wrapped with walnut to delight the eye.

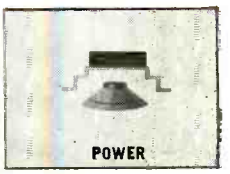


FULL DISPERSION

A downward woofer, close to the reflecting floor surface, feeds through a front loaded horn with full circle aperture throat. This provides 360° sound dispersion and prevents standing waves.

DIVERGENT ACOUSTIC LENS

The full presence midrange direct radiator and the low-mass ultrasonic domed tweeter in combination with the die-cast divergent acoustic lens, achieve broad sound propagation.



POWER

Massive three driver magnetic structure totaling one million lines of force produces the needed high efficiency, yet handles up to 100 watts of music without overload or burnout.

"World's Most Perfect High Fidelity Components"

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WHO WANTS TO SEE A TAPE RECORDER IN A LIVING ROOM ? YOU DO (if it's Miranda®!)

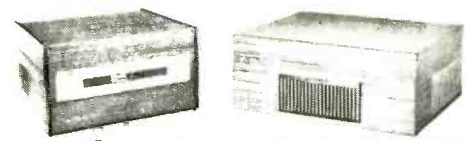
Two magnificent new stereo tape recorders featuring major electronic advances...plus the beauty of genuine teakwood cabinetry!

MIRANDA Sorrento Sophisticated solid-state circuitry, comprising an impressive array of 21 transistors and 19 diodes. Electronic matrix-type push-button switching positively and instantaneously controls every mode of tape transport. Tape-handling mechanism includes automatic tape lifters and tension bars. Other features include: built-in 4″ x 6″ full range dual speakers, automatic shut-off for motors *and* amplifiers, three motors plus servo motor for remote control, illuminated VU meters, pause switch, electronic switching delay, 3¾ and 7½ ips., records and plays 4-track stereo. *Priced at $400.00*

MIRANDA Nocturne Hysteresis synchronous motor assures unfailing constancy in tape movement. Smoothly operating push-button controls make it a pleasure to operate. Each channel is provided with individual volume and tone controls, VU meter, two input jacks, output jacks for external speakers. Single switch allows the Nocturne to be used for either stereo or mono playback. Ten clean actual watts of audio power (5 per channel) plus matched 4″ x 6″ speakers give rich, full-bodied reproduction. The Nocturne records and plays 4-track stereo and mono in 1⅞, 3¾ and 7½ ips. *Priced at $250.00*

SORRENTO REMOTE CONTROL: All tape transport controls plus separate channel volume controls, and 16 ft. cable. Priced at $35.00

At last . . . the first truly practical design in tape recorders. Miranda is housed in genuine teakwood cabinetry that blends with and enhances any decor. No glaring chrome trim . . . no jagged outline disturbs its simple, classic elegance. More than a fine tape recorder, Miranda is also a fine piece of furniture that you can display with pride. Write for free literature to Dept. HF-3.



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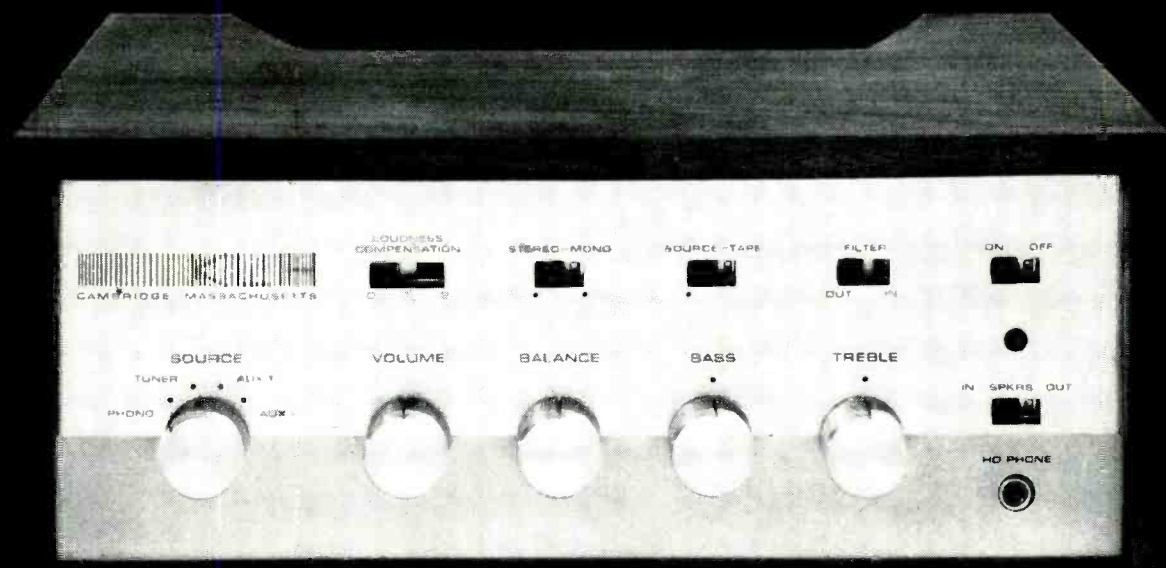
CIRCLE 4 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

To fulfill every musical requirement in a home music system



The KLH Model Sixteen Transistorized Integrated Music Amplifier

The Model Sixteen is a newly developed, transistorized, stereophonic amplifier-preamplifier, designed to satisfy, without compromise or quibble, the requirements of the great majority of listeners who want high quality music reproduction in their homes. Through a careful selection of the performance characteristics essential to the reproduction of music, and a full exploitation of the advantages now available through the use of transistors, we have been able to produce an amplifier which is moderate in price, yet will meet the needs of listeners who insist on the highest quality. The Model Sixteen is uniquely compact in size, light in weight and simple to use. Since its performance will not deteriorate with use, it is reliable beyond the potential of any tube amplifier. There is no inherent aging process that will cause a transistor to wear out, as vacuum tubes do. Most important of all, the Model Sixteen sounds, while playing music at the same relative levels heard in the concert hall, indistinguishable from the most expensive amplifiers available.

- *The Model Sixteen will satisfy every musical requirement of the knowledgeable home listener, even if he is quite willing to spend more*
- *22 transistors, 8 diodes*
- ***45 watts music power** (35 watts steady state) **per channel** into 8 ohms. (2 to 3 db less into 4 or 16 ohms)*
- ***Complete protection** against accidental shorting or opening of speaker leads*
- ***Controls:** On-Off, Program Source, Volume, Balance, Bass, Treble, Loudness Compensation, Stereo-Mono, Tape Monitor, High Frequency Filter, Speakers In-Out*
- ***Inputs:** Phono, Tuner, Tape, Aux. 1, Aux. 2*
- ***Outputs:** Speakers, Record, Headphones*
- ***Dimensions** (in cabinet): 5-1/4"H x 12-9/32"W x 9-5/8"D*
- ***Guaranteed** (parts and labor) for 2 years in normal use*
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CIRCLE 53 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 22

may not be as regrettable as it may sound: a French version of Berg's *Lulu* at Marseilles a few months ago appears to have been successful—and there is a good deal to be said for letting an audience know exactly what is going on in *Wozzeck*. In any case, listening to the *Sprechgesang* in French ought to be interesting.

What is really to be deplored is that the occasion for a recording was not seized while the German version was intact. Actually, it was seized, and got away. The Lucien Adès firm had made preliminary arrangements, even published an announcement—and then abandoned the project because, according to a spokesman for the firm, the Opéra administration demanded too high a fee.

Prize Day. Boulez has had, however, a recording success which compensates to some extent for the disappointment of the *Wozzeck* affair. The story begins several years ago, when the young composer, refining on and amplifying certain ideas of his teacher Olivier Messiaen, published a detailed analysis of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Last summer, when the time came for the fiftieth anniversary of *The Rite*, Pierre Monteux, the original conductor, was engaged in London; and Boulez was asked to direct the Orchestre National at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées—where the memorable scandal of the first performance had occurred. His vigorous and in many ways brand-new interpretation was eventually recorded for the Guilde Internationale du Disque, and has just won an award called *"Le Grand Prix des Universités de France, categorie Musique."* The disc deserves every word of that resounding encomium. Both the sound and the music are remarkable.

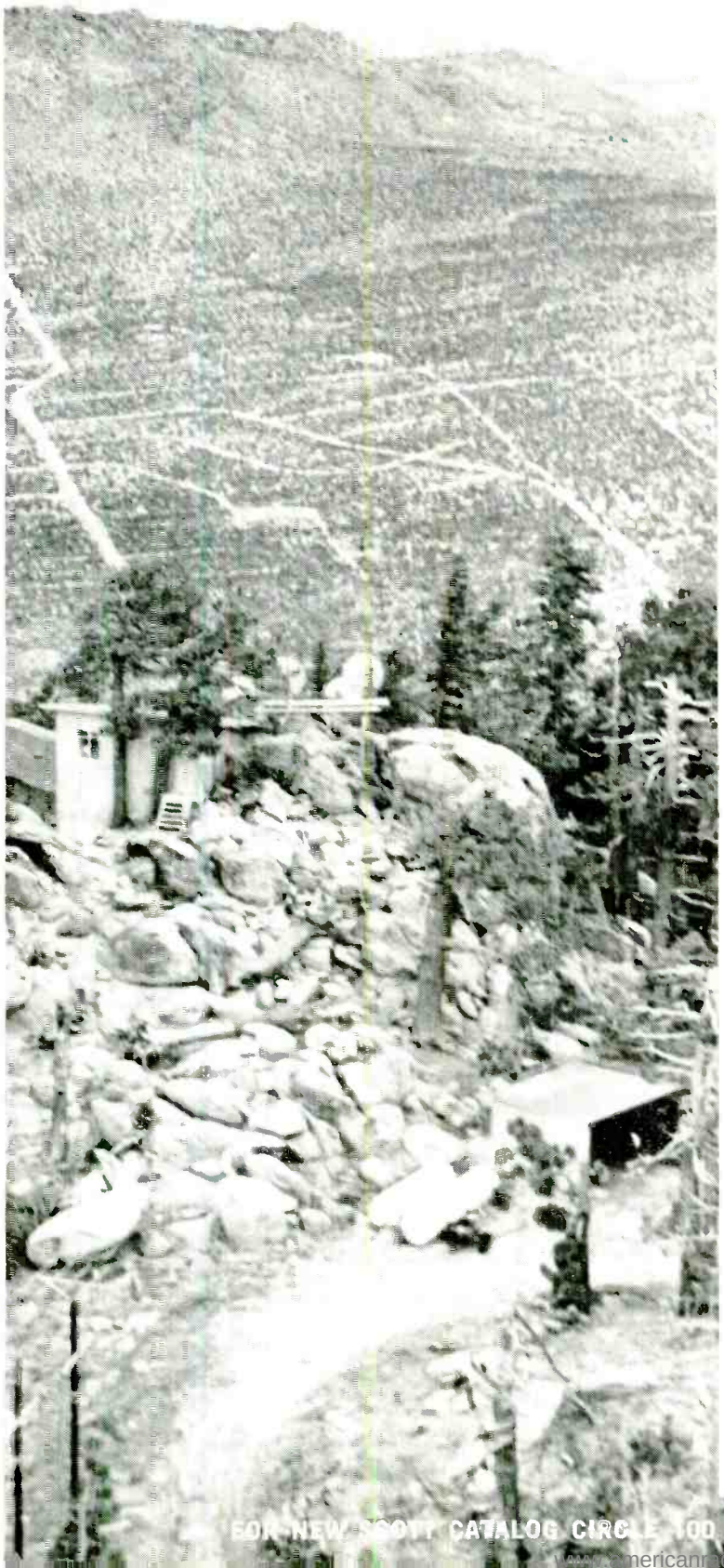
Another of the winter's prizes, awarded by the Académie du Disque Français, has gone to a recording, from Erato, of Messiaen's *Quatuor pour la fin du temps* ("Quartet for the End of Time)". Inasmuch as this work was written in 1940 in a German prisoner-of-war camp, the quartet is comprised of the instrumentalists available at that time and place: a violinist, a clarinetist, a cellist, and a pianist (at the original performance Messiaen himself). On the Erato recording the musicians are Huguette Fernandez, Guy Deplus, Jacques Neilz, and Marie-Madeleine Petit.

ROY MCMULLEN

THE HAGUE

One evidence of the general interest in recorded music in the Netherlands is the selection every month by a group of music journalists of one recording as worthy of special distinction. This accolade may go to discs of any

Continued on page 28



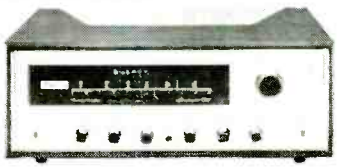
ON A DESERTED MOUNTAINTOP 10,000 FEET ABOVE THE CALIFORNIA DESERT THE SCOTT MONOPHONIC 310 IS ABOUT TO BE REPLACED... BY THE NEW TRANSISTOR 4312 STEREO TUNER

High atop Mount Santa Rosa, in California, the Palm Springs Television Company has been using monophonic Scott 310 broadcast monitors to relay FM programs from Los Angeles 105 miles away to the town of Palm Springs, directly behind the mountain. With the advent of stereo, new equipment was needed that would be as reliable as the 310, and provide the same performance . . . now in stereo. After an exhaustive study of available tuners, the brand new Scott 4312 transistorized tuner was selected for the job.

Like the 310's they are replacing, the new Scott 4312's will have to undergo a punishing ordeal on the mountaintop. Towering snowdrifts make these tuners completely inaccessible for many months of the year. There is no margin for error . . . these tuners have to work perfectly, with unvarying reliability. They cannot drift even slightly during the entire period.

Robert Beaman, Chief Engineer for Palm Springs Television Company, emphasized the two basic factors in the selection of the Scott 4312:

1. The radically new Solid State circuitry, designed by Scott, provides the optimum in stability and assures years of cool-running, trouble-free performance . . . a must for a remote location like Mount Santa Rosa.
2. New Scott transistor circuitry makes possible three-megacycle detector bandwidth which provides a new standard of stereo separation not previously achieved with vacuum tube tuners.



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FOR NEW SCOTT CATALOG CIRCLE 100 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Continued from page 26

national origin, but people here were naturally much pleased by the choice last fall of a Dutch-made album, Columbia CXH 5, containing keyboard music written in this country during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Played by the well-known clavecinist Marijke Smit Sibinga, the record includes selections performed on various ancient instruments in the possession of the Municipal Museum of The Hague: a harpsichord by Adriaan Leenhouwer (Leiden, 1787); a harpsichord by Pieter Jan Couchet (Antwerp, 1668); a clavecytherium by Albert Delin (Doornik, Belgium, 1760); and a spinet by Andreas Ruckers (Antwerp, 1639).

Musica Neerlandia. The Museum's wonderful collection of historic keyboard instruments (beautifully preserved, and expertly maintained in a condition to be played, by the way) suggests a widespread devotion to music on the part of the early Netherlanders. This impression is confirmed by the many celebrated paintings of seventeenth-century Dutch interiors—by such artists as Jan Steen, Frans Hals, Gabriel Metsu, and David Teniers among others—which indicate that music making in the home was a common practice. At first glance it then seems odd that so little of the music itself has survived. The explanation, of course, is that the scores seldom appeared in print. A music teacher would write out music (or copy someone else's pieces) for his pupils to practice, and most of these manuscripts have been lost in the course of the centuries.

Recently, however, some of them were discovered and have been published under the auspices of the Association for Dutch Musical History as Volumes 2 and 3 of the series entitled "Monumenta Musica Neerlandia." For the Columbia recording selections were made from both Vol. 2, *Keyboard Book of Anna Maria van Eijl*, edited by the Dutch scholar Dr. Frits Noske, and Vol. 3, *Dutch Keyboard Music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century*, edited by Alan Curtis, of the University of California at Berkeley. Dr. Curtis, incidentally, was given the opportunity of using a manuscript owned by the Library of the Academy of Sciences in Leningrad which contains three hitherto unknown works by Sweelinck and the earliest known keyboard version of the *Wilhelmus*. LENY NOSKE-FRIEDLAENDER

MUNICH

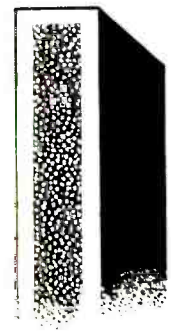
Munich's Nationaltheater—built between 1811 and 1818 after the model of the Paris Odéon, burned down in 1823, rebuilt two years later, destroyed during World War II, reconstructed (mainly on the old lines) last year—opened its doors anew in November. Although it was on this stage that *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* had their first performances, in 1865 and 1868 respectively, for the 1963 opening Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* was the work chosen. No tickets were issued. Only a happy few, personally invited by the Bavarian Government, were admitted on this festive occasion, but many more will be able to hear the opera when Deutsche Grammophon releases its live recording.

Judgment Reserved. For this first *Frau ohne Schatten* in stereo DGG sent out a team headed by its leading Strauss expert, Wolfgang Lohse, the man responsible for this company's *Arabella* and its Dresden-made recordings of *Rosenkavalier* and *Elektra*. Acoustics were tested at two consecutive rehearsals, and found quite satisfactory for recording purposes. In fact, matters moved very expeditiously. "It was possible," Herr Lohse told me, "to make use of the tapes made at the dress rehearsal—though for that performance the house was not filled to capacity [it holds 2,111]—and to combine the best takes obtained then with those from opening night." Joseph Keilberth was the conductor. The cast included Ingrid Bjoner (Kaiserin), Jess Thomas (Kaiser), Martha Mödl (Amme), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Inge Borkh, Hans Hotter, and others.

The task of the recording team, according to Herr Lohse, proved to be much easier here than it was in Munich's Prinzregenten-Theater, where *Arabella* was recorded. In Herr Lohse's view, the sound emanating from the Nationaltheater's stage blends perfectly with that from the orchestral pit. Several critics, however, withheld their approval of the new hall's sound—one of them even going so far as to say he would be able to pass judgment on the merits of the opening performance only after hearing the taped version.

A Bird in Hand . . . . The second night at the Nationaltheater was devoted to *Die Meistersinger*, with the American singers Jess Thomas as Walter von Stolzing and Claire Watson as Eva. Otto Wiener sang the part of Sachs, Benno Kusche that of Beckmesser. Again, Joseph Keilberth conducted. Tickets sold as high as $130, and demand far exceeded the supply. (Among those unable to obtain admission was the French playwright Jean Anouilh.) The performance provided the audience present with what was probably for most of them a unique experience: at one point during the *Festwiese* the stage lights failed, and the cast was forced to sing in darkness. Recording engineers could not have proceeded under such circumstances, but, happily, discophiles will not be cheated of their chance to hear this live *Meistersinger*. Under the aegis of the German firm Eurodisc the opera had already been taped, complete, during rehearsals. The five-disc album is expected to be issued this spring. KURT BLAUKOPF

invites you to look into an Achromatic speaker system



(For purposes of explanation, a model with a transparent cabinet but containing the actual speakers and other components of an Achromatic system has been constructed and photographed from three angles.)

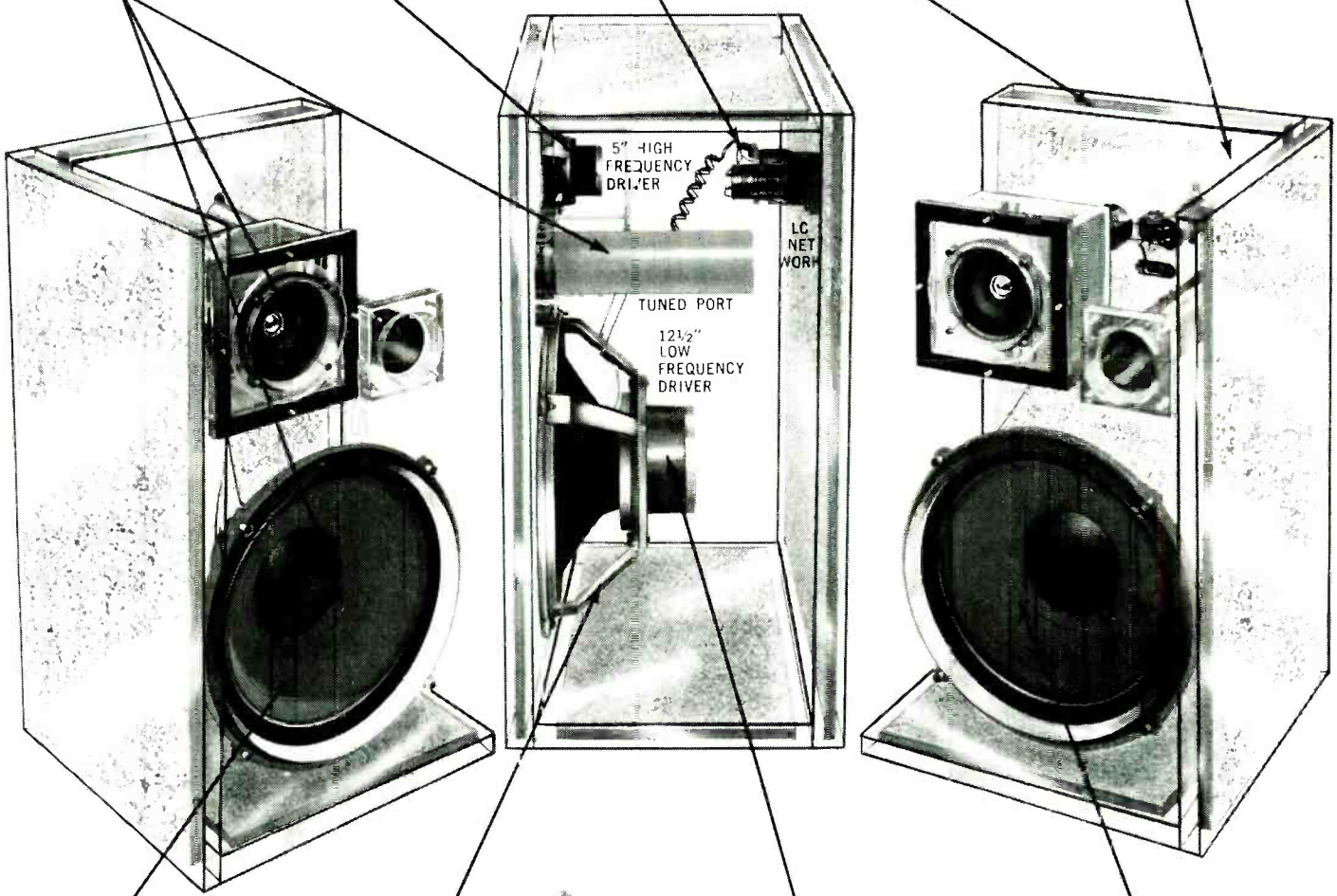
Component ratios: the aural parameters and phase relationships of the speakers; their precise physical locations, and methods of mounting are scientifically matched to the shape and cubic content of each cabinet. For example, here you see the two-speaker-arrangement of the W60 speaker system, consisting of a 12½ inch low-frequency driver and a 5 *inch* high frequency *cone type* driver. In the W60 system specifically, this speaker combination, in its sophisticated tuned port cabinet, produces a distinctively natural, smooth sound.

The high frequency speaker is installed in a felt-sealed isolating compartment, which prevents mechanical crossover and interference between this and the other speaker(s). Even the access holes for wires are airtight, plugged with a dense sealing compound. Each speaker, therefore, operates to its best advantage in its own environment. A low mass *aluminum* voice coil is used here to give maximum high frequency response. Tuned ultrasonic tinning makes it possible to guarantee the coils for the entire life of the speaker!

A full LC network crosses over at the exact frequencies required for smooth, non-strident response from all the speakers, preserving the natural damping. Telephone grade electrolytic capacitors are used to assure long, trouble-free life. The coils are wound within our own plant to guarantee close tolerances. In the compact W40, W60, and W70, a precision-wound L pad gives 0-100% treble attenuation, and adjusts the highs to room acoustics (in the W90 6-speaker model, each *range* of speakers may be balanced and adjusted).

The operating function of the enclosure is to preserve the integrity of the speakers' performance through certain constructional features. Chief characteristic of the Achromatic construction is the sand-filled technique, which consists of packing white sand between layers of resincus-bound dense cabinet material, faced in turn, by pure wood veneers. This construction, used on certain prescribed baffle areas, creates an inert mass, incapable of resonating, no matter how deep or strong the bass backwave projected against it.

This exclusive technique, developed by G. A. Briggs, has proven so effective in preventing bass distortion that all Achromatic systems incorporate it despite the relative expense. In addition to the sand-filled panels, absorbent lining is used on some surfaces to eliminate undesirable reflections, and "hangover". *Optimum*, rather than maximum, absorption is considered important.



All of the speakers incorporate certain recent advancements. Because of this, it has been possible to achieve the clean, yet impressive sound which emanates from these compact cabinets. For example, the cone material is special . . . compounded of long fibred wool (traditional to the North of England home of these speakers) and soft pulp! Major purpose of this formulation is to provide natural, enduring resilience. The cone surround is an exclusive rolled-rim design, the latest and most effective form of the traditional Wharfedale soft suspension. One advantage is that this makes the cone capable of the long linear excursions required for true bass energy.

The chassis (baskets) of *all* speakers in the Achromatic systems are exceptionally heavy, and manufactured by casting. Purpose is to preserve absolute rigidity, maintaining the critical relationship between the moving voice coil and the fixed magnet. Ordinary stamped baskets often lose their rigidity when the speaker is mounted tightly against the unavoidably inexact wooden front baffle. Cast Wharfedale baskets hold their shape and are strong enough to permit the openings which are necessary to maintain correct air loading, essential for the full response of the speaker.

The magnets are truly impressive. Because of the advanced materials (Alcomax and Feroba) and the special design of the magnetic structure, each provides higher total flux in the gap field than has been true of magnets in any prior speakers. Tolerances are maintained permanently by filling spaces in the magnetic assembly with sulphur. These magnets enable Wharfedale systems to achieve maximum efficiency at *low* power, and to control *high* wattage amplifiers with equal ease.

Additional features have been engineered into certain of the speakers to preserve the clean sound of the Achromatic systems. For example, some have a special polystyrene diaphragm to eliminate any possibility of internal resonance. All have completely sealed magnet gaps which keep out foreign matter.

Above and beyond physical considerations, the concept behind the Achromatic speaker systems reflects extensive *musical* training and respect for *musical* values.

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Ferruccio Nuzzo

Franco Zeffirelli

The patience for infinite detail that makes dramatic miracles.

I FIRST SAW Franco Zeffirelli—whose production of *Falstaff* at the Metropolitan this month has been one of the most anticipated events of the season—back in 1948, in the little Sicilian fishing village of Aci Trezza. There Luchino Visconti was shooting his film *La Terra trema*, and Zeffirelli, then in his twenties, was acting as assistant director. It was a chilly dawn, and things were moving slowly. The company was shooting a scene in which the fishermen, back from their night's work, were selling their catch. At Visconti's instance, Zeffirelli was moving along the row of ragged men, rearranging fish, octopuses, slimy squid in wicker baskets. The sun came up and the smell became almost overpowering, but the work went patiently on. When I drove away a few hours later, they were still at that same scene. In the finished picture it lasted only a moment or two.

Later I met Zeffirelli at La Scala, at Palermo's Teatro Massimo, at Covent Garden; and again I observed that same patience, the infinite—even finicky—attention to small details which perhaps only a few people in an audience will notice. Last spring, before the dress rehearsal of his sensational *Aida* at La Scala, Zeffirelli stayed up all night, personally painting the dozens of banners that supers were to carry in the Triumph Scene.

Our most recent meeting was in Rome, this winter. His production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* had opened only a few nights before, and I congratulated him on its enthusiastic reception. "Isn't it great?" he said at once. He makes no falsely modest show of not enjoying his success. He has changed very little physically since I saw him in Sicily fifteen years ago. Trim, nervous, boyish, casually dressed, he could still pass for a student on some American campus.

Our talk began in his walk-up apartment, cluttered with books and records, decorated with drawings by his friend and occasional collaborator, the wonderful French designer Lila de Nobili. We continued over lunch in a nearby restaurant, with occasional glances at the clock, because Zeffirelli had a rehearsal at three. He was currently staging *Hamlet* in Rome with the popular Italian actor Giorgio Albertazzi (best known in America for his appearance in Resnais's film *Last Year at Marienbad*), and at the same time he was preparing half a dozen other projects: *Falstaff* for the Rome Opera, *Tosca* and *Rigoletto* for Covent Garden, and the aforementioned *Falstaff* for New York. And Sam Spiegel had been talking to him about a movie.

WHILE Zeffirelli's international success is recent, it is solidly established, the result of a long and varied apprenticeship. When he was still studying architecture in Florence (he left without taking his degree), he designed sets for little opera productions put on in Siena by the voice students of his aunt, former soprano Ines Alfani Tellini. In 1947 he began a brief (and undistinguished) career as an actor, then the longer career as assistant director, then designer. His sets for the Visconti production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* are a legend among Italian playgoers. In 1953 he made his debut as an opera director with *Cenerentola* at La Scala, where he had designed an *Italiana in Algeri* the year before. At the same time he began an intensive period of work in provincial theatres, especially those at Palermo and Genoa, where he staged most of the standard repertory operas.

His first important job outside of Italy was at the 1956 Holland Festival, a *Falstaff*. The next year he was in Dallas, Texas (*Italiana* with Giulietta Simionato), and he returned there for five seasons. But the real international Zeffirelli explosion came with his Covent Garden *Lucia* in 1959, an occasion which also launched Joan Sutherland's career. That same year he staged *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci* at Covent Garden, and *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic.

For a foreign director to take on Shakespeare in England is a risky business. Zeffirelli gambled and won. If *Lucia* established him in opera, *Romeo*—which New York was to see in 1961—was his passport to the legitimate theatre. Although his first attempt on Broadway, last season's *Camille*, was not a success, he will be back there next season with a still unannounced musical.

Naturally, we talked about *Falstaff*. The Met production is Zeffirelli's sixth version of the opera (Holland '56, Tel Aviv '59, Palermo '60, London '61, Rome '63), and I asked him if it wasn't difficult to create a new approach every time.

"A nightmare," he said frankly. "I spent most of my summer vacation racking my brains. But I think I've worked out the right solution. For the Met I'm making a more decorative version, with a nineteenth-century flavor. A rural world, a world of country gentlemen. The women are housewives. In fact, we first see them gossiping in their backyards." We were speaking Italian, but now and then Zeffirelli would throw in an English word (he speaks the language fluently) like "country gentlemen" and "backyard."

One of the joys of working in New York, he said, is the possibility of using animals. "There will be hens pecking outside the tavern, geese in the yards—and for the *féerie* in the last act a white donkey, a pony. The finale should be like a children's picture book. You can't get good animals in Rome."

From *Falstaff* we went on to more general problems of opera staging. With Visconti, Zeffirelli was one of the first to introduce the style known in Italy as *riesumazione*, the return to nineteenth-century realistic sets and costumes, putting bustles on *Aida*'s Egyptian princesses or dressing Vestal virgins in Empire gowns. "We've gone beyond that now," Zeffirelli said, when I mentioned *riesuma-*

Continued on page 34

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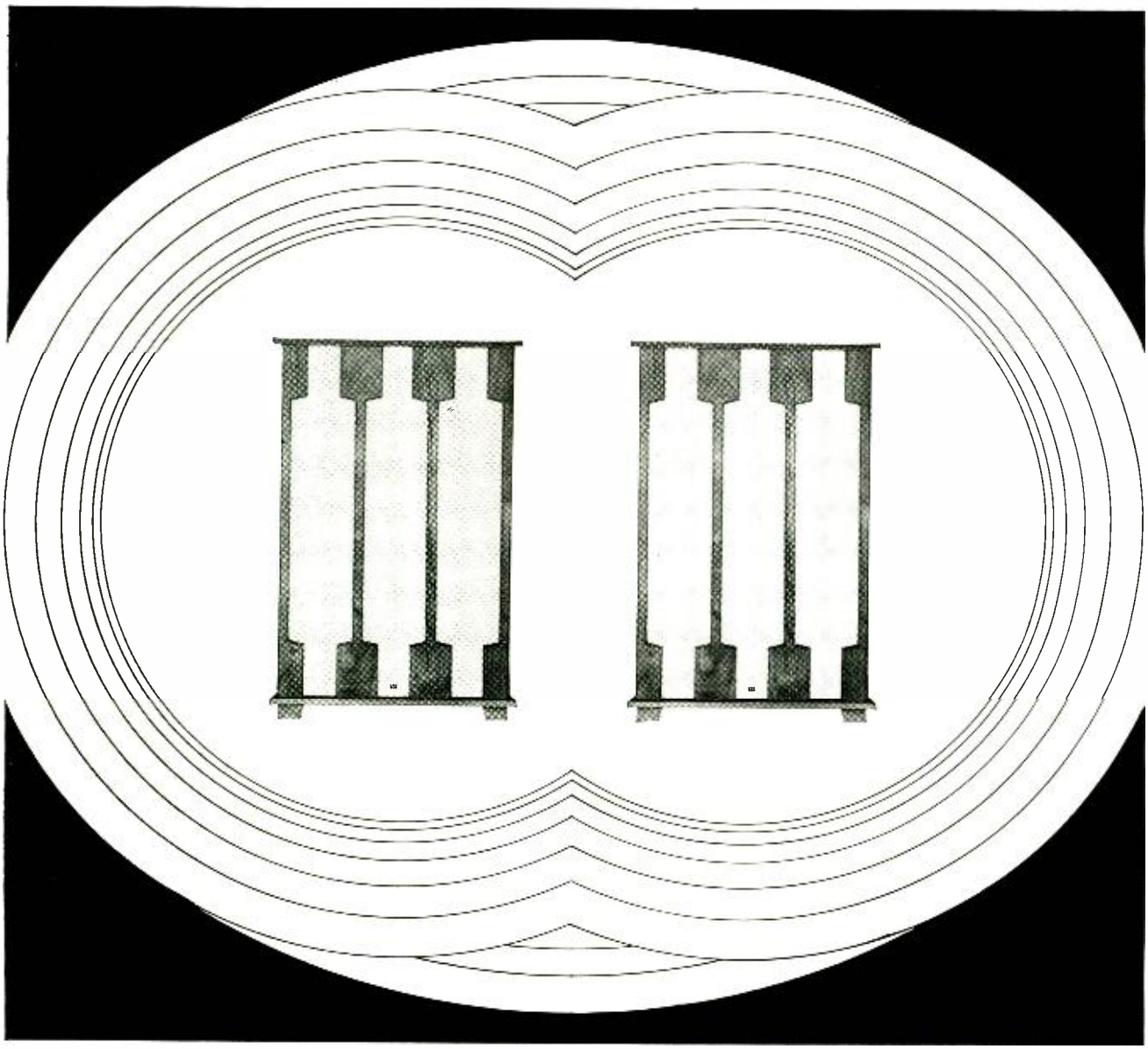

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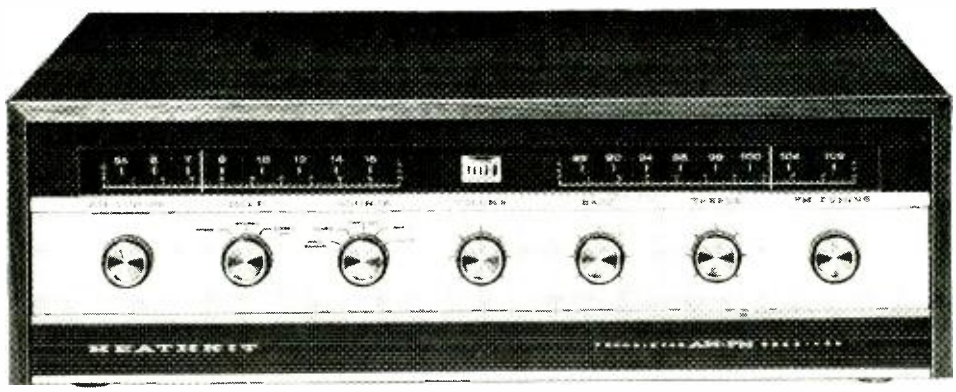

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Other quality features include a local-distance switch to prevent overloading in strong signal areas; a squelch control; AFC for drift-free reception; flywheel tuning; tuning meter; and lighted AM and FM slide-rule dials. For added convenience the secondary controls are concealed under the hinged lower front gold aluminum panel to prevent accidental system setting changes. And the preassembled, prealigned FM "front-end" and 3-stage AM-FM I.F. strip aid construction which requires about 35 hours (not recommended for beginners).

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FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI

Continued from page 30

zione. "It was too easy. Everybody's copying it. That style was useful in getting rid of decades of junk tradition. Copying a nineteenth-century set guarantees you something pleasant to look at, and when I was beginning, that was the first aim. But now a designer and director has to do more. He has to dig deeply into a period, discover a period's emotions, their violence. . . . My *Bohème* . . ." (he did the Puccini opera last season at La Scala, and the production had just been revived in Vienna a few days before our talk) "my *Bohème* isn't a reproduction of anything. It had to be felt, not just visualized."

Then we talked about his future plans. "One opera a year, at least, at Covent Garden. I'd like to do one Verdi there every season, but I don't want to do too many operas now. Just now and then. So they'll be *events*." (The last word was in English.) Then he told me about a *Norma* that Callas wants to do in Paris. "A forest, seen in the four seasons. A lovely French wood with a clearing. Very simple, just foliage changing. . . ." Operas that he hasn't done and would like to do? "A big, handsome *Boris*." Or operas he has done and would like to do again? "*Carmen. La Traviata.* I'm supposed to do that with Karajan, maybe next year."

The ideas came spilling out, not all of them serious. We discussed imaginary projects. "*La Figlia del reggimento* with Joan Sutherland. Joan has a wonderful sense of humor and never gets a chance to show it on the stage. I'd make a regiment of short, little soldiers with this big strapping daughter who bosses them around. . . ."

A car honked outside. Zeffirelli had to go off to *Hamlet*. "Come to the Met," he said, grabbing his brief case and gulping his coffee. "I'm looking forward to it. The people there are heroes. The backstage crew, I mean. Have you ever seen the conditions they have to work in? They make miracles."

With *Falstaff*, Zeffirelli is expecting another miracle to be made. It wouldn't be the first in which he's been involved.

WILLIAM WEAVER

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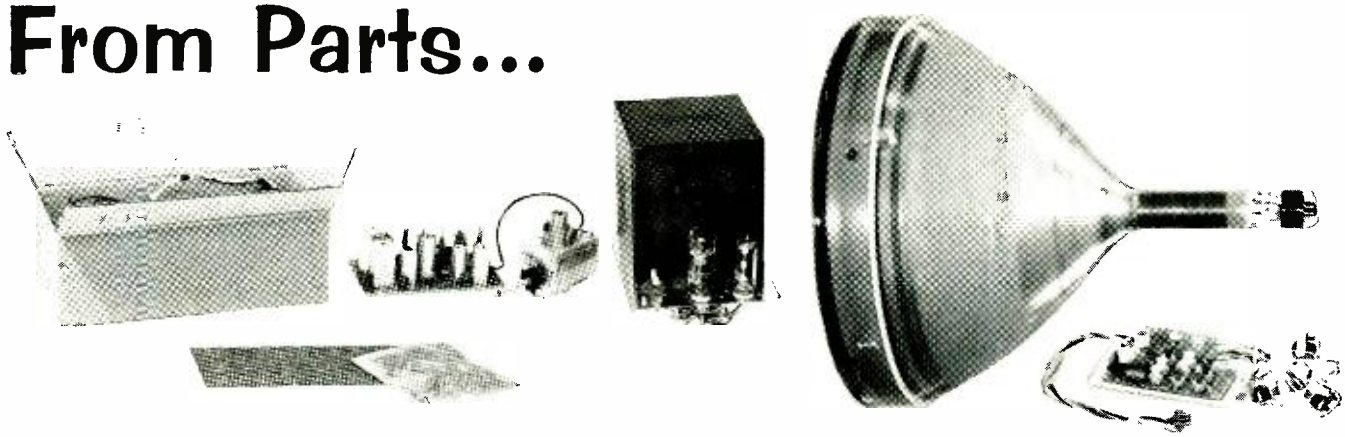

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HIGH FIDELITY NEWSFRONTS

BY NORMAN EISENBERG

Concord: Theory and Practice. At last year's high fidelity show in Los Angeles, a spokesman for Concord Electronics, the tape recorder manufacturer, summed up for us the philosophy of his company (and, indeed, that of most of the tape recorder industry): "Every home has a camera; why not the means for capturing sound as well?" Apparently, Concord's new line for 1964—seen at a recent press showing—is an attempt to implement this concept in terms of products of appeal to a wide range of interests

The 884, one of many from Concord.

in tape recording. The most elaborate of the new group is the Model 884, a three-speed, transistorized recorder that features an A/B switch for monitoring both the tape and program source, a low-impedance stereo headphone jack for private monitoring when recording "on location," sound-on-sound facilities, VU meters that operate on record and playback, and other useful features. Supplied with dynamic microphones and patch cords, the 884 is designed as a complete tape system, although it can of course be hooked into an existing component system.

The Model 440 is also transistorized and offers three speeds and many (but not all) of the features of the 884. Supplied with its own playback amplifier and speakers, it too can be jacked into a component system.

For fanciers of portables, Concord will introduce its Model 330—a sleek, transistorized machine that is battery-operated (it also may be powered by AC by means of an adapter), may be started automatically by speaking into the microphone, has a built-in facility for synchronizing recorded narration with slide-film presentations, and can be used in any position thanks to special clips that hold the reels in place. Incidentally, instruction booklets that accompany these machines are models of clarity.

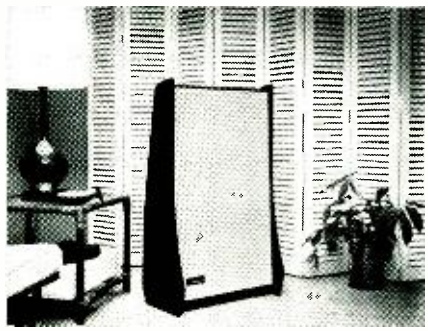
A New Wave of Speaker Design? We are not quite sure just what constitutes a "trend" in high fidelity, but when two new models of something as avant-garde as the full-range electrostatic speaker appear within two months' time of each other, and from such widely separated locales as Florida and Canada—then plainly something is afoot. Thus, to the already familiar KLH 9 and Quad electrostatics, we now add the Harned and the Sigma. Each is a full-range system using nothing but electrostatic panels to generate sound, each differs from existing electrostatics, and each is exemplary as a natural-sounding, easy-to-listen-to reproducer.

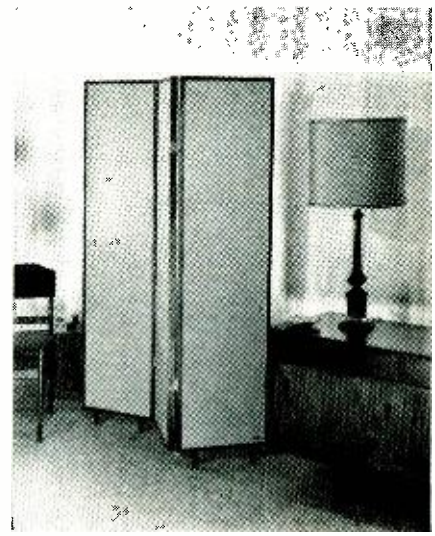
We heard the Harned at a New York dealer's—Lyric Hi Fi—where it had been delivered from Florida by its designers, G. C. Harned and Berthold L. Sadkin, who run their own retail shop, Music Center, Inc., in Fort Lauderdale. The system, which stands about three feet high in a sculptured walnut frame, may be manufactured by its designers or licensed for manufacture by another company. A unique feature of the Harned is a built-in amplifier for driving the tweeter portion. The low-frequency panels are driven in the usual manner, from the regular system amplifier in use. The speaker is expected to sell for about $500.

The Sigma electrostatic—which we auditioned at Harmony House in New York City—was designed by Sigma Technical Associates, Ltd., of Quebec. It consists of three hinged panels, six feet high, that resemble decorator screens. The panels can be angled in any number of ways for the best sound spread regardless of the unit's placement in a room. A unique feature of the Sigma is that it does not need a high voltage supply to polarize the electrostatic elements. Instead, a cable connects the speaker directly into the output stage of the driving amplifier, and the voltage needed for the speaker panels is tapped from the plate circuits of the amplifier's own tubes. For use with transistorized amplifiers, the Sigma is furnished with an adapter. Tentatively priced at $630, the Sigma—according to company representative John Sly—will be available in fair quantities later in the year.

To carry all this a step further, the doubling of the number of electrostatic speakers now (or soon to be) available suggests not only an attempt by audio designers to sidestep some of the problems of the dynamic speaker, but to approach more closely the desired piston action or controlled and uniform diaphragm excursion that theoretically signifies the "ideal reproducer." The signposts of this effort are visible in areas of speaker development other than electrostatics. Thus, the large cone speakers (18 inches and 30 inches in diameter), introduced by Electro-Voice and Hartley, effectively change the ratio of diameter to depth in a conventional speaker, and thus can be thought of as "shallow" diaphragms that approximate a uniformly moving piston; the "sandwich" idea introduced by Leak and other British designers results in an improved stiffness-to-weight ratio that also helps achieve piston action; and even designer Stewart Hegeman, long a champion of the horn-loaded speaker, now is experimenting with a flat, large surface diaphragm composed of a laminate of plastic and metallic foil that is driven by several voice-coils and acts as a direct radiator. The coming vogue in speakers would appear to be the flat diaphragm—dynamic or electrostatic.

New electrostatic speakers—the Harned, below, and the Sigma at right—use same operating principle, yet have unique features.





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Opera from the Stage—A Declaration and a Plea

OUR LAST opera issue, sixteen months ago, opened with a debate between two articulate and knowledgeable Englishmen on the merits of "live" versus "studio" opera recordings. Harold Rosenthal, editor of *Opera* Magazine, took the position that recordings made from the stage during actual performances—for example, the Wagner sets taped at Bayreuth in the early 1950s—convey, with all their minor imperfections, a spontaneity, an honesty, a "magic spark" seldom if ever encountered in the more meticulously contrived efforts from recording studios. John Culshaw, director of classical recordings for London-Decca, responded with the assertion that a modern staged-for-stereo production—carried out under carefully controlled conditions and with a constellation of first-rate artists—will approach the composer's intentions more closely than any but the most extraordinary opera house performance.

At the time, we let these gentlemen have their say without taking sides ourselves. But we have been cogitating on the debate ever since—and have been reëxamining the issues in the light of whatever new evidence has come our way. We have also discussed the question with a good many opera lovers. And the more we have cogitated and reëxamined and discussed, the firmer have grown our convictions. We are very definitely in Mr. Rosenthal's corner.

Our conditioning in favor of live-performance recording dates back many years, to the days of 78s and the two Chaliapin versions of the Death Scene from *Boris Godunov*, one made in a London recording studio, the other from the stage of Covent Garden during a 1928 performance. Between the two there was no comparison. The former offered a studied re-creation by a great artist, but the Covent Garden excerpt was the real thing—conveying an electric atmosphere, a sense of cumulative tension, and a dramatic conviction at which the studio recording had only hinted. The Toscanini opera recordings and the aforementioned Bayreuth albums further predisposed us in favor of the "live" product. But what won us over, finally and irrevocably, was Deutsche Grammophon's recently issued set of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, taken from the stage of the Vienna Staatsoper in 1944.

Admittedly, this performance took place under very special circumstances. By 1944 the cream of Central Europe's singers had gravitated to Vienna, and the Staatsoper was thus able to assemble a marvelously talented cast. This all-star cast, moreover, was playing to an unusual audience—for the composer himself was among those present, there to celebrate his eightieth birthday by attending a performance of the opera which he favored above all those he had written. The musicians were keyed to give of their best. The audience was in a mood to respond. And the result was sheer perfection. This *Ariadne* has a sense of line, an appositeness of timing, a smoothness of ensemble, a passionate urgency which no studio production—done in a series of disconnected takes—could hope to equal.

Other live performances of a less special nature tell the same story. We have in mind recordings (alas, never issued commercially) of the Riddle Scene from *Turandot* as performed on the stage of Covent Garden in 1938 by Martinelli and Eva Turner; of a 1941 Metropolitan Opera *Fidelio* conducted by Bruno Walter with Flagstad and Kipnis in the cast; of a 1952 Covent Garden *Norma* starring Maria Callas (more dramatically alive even than her two fine studio recordings); of a 1962 Carnegie Hall concert performance of *Sonnambula* with Joan Sutherland (superior in every respect to the pallid London studio recording that followed). In them all one can experience the immediacy and the power of singers *communicating* to an audience beyond the footlights—and to us this quality far overbalances the petty mistakes, the footfalls, the prompter's occasional interpolations.

We do not mean to imply a blanket condemnation of all studio-made recordings of opera. The best of them—a Furtwängler *Tristan*, a Kleiber *Figaro*, a Beecham *Bohème*—are very precious indeed. But we do mean to plead for more attention, on the part of record company executives, to the publication of actual opera house performances—not only the historic ones from the past, but also the outstanding ones of today. We are encouraged to learn, from Kurt Blaukopf's report in this issue (page 28), that Deutsche Grammophon has recently recorded live performances of *Arabella* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* in Munich. This is a step in the right direction, and one which we hope other companies will soon follow.

The Art of Maria Callas

BY EDWARD GREENFIELD

Callas La Divina—she deserves no less a title. Certainly since Caruso, no other singer has attracted to opera wider public attention. A New York tabloid was able to refer in a headline simply to "Maria," and be sure its readers would recognize her. Her magnetism is unique. In our day it seems that only film stars and leaders of nations have attracted comparable attention.

Not only that. Her influence on opera itself has been fundamental. Through her example, entirely new standards of operatic acting have developed. Even the sweetest-voiced and most perfectly controlled soprano can no longer survive without some acting ability, and for this Callas far more than anyone is responsible. But that is not all. Without Callas, the Bellini-Donizetti revolution could never have come about so painlessly. "Canary fanciers" was once a favorite designation for those who dared put in a good word for *Norma* or *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But who could now utter such a disparagement without risk of being laughed out of court? It is true that these particular operas were ripe for revival, but it was Callas' personal strength that put them—and a whole range of other neglected operas from Cherubini's *Medea* onwards—firmly back in the center of the repertory.

What other singer in history has done as much? Yet her start could hardly have augured less well for so spectacular a role. From an unattractive school girl, shortsighted and overweight, she has grown into one of the world's most strikingly beautiful women. From one of countless aspirants in the

radio contests that followed Stokowski's *One Hundred Men and a Girl*—Callas' mother, like so many others, wanted her daughter to emulate Deanna Durbin—she has emerged as a supreme artist.

And next to Callas the divine there is always Callas the tigress. In a way the one leads to the other. The acid in her personality as revealed to the public—her last-minute cancellation of engagements, her outbursts of rage—is no invention of popular journalists or publicity men. The famous temper is there; it is no pretense but an integral part of the extraordinarily vital temperament (as is the warmth of her feeling for those she likes and respects). Let Callas enter a room anywhere in the world, and her magnetism is such that whoever is there will turn and take note. Similarly, the trace of acid in her voice—one of the most distinctive timbres ever to be caught by the phonograph—provides for many people an excitement not to be had from voices smoother and more roundly beautiful.

Her training was hard—largely in Greece during the war—and under Elvira de Hidalgo she worked longer hours and more systematically than other students in the Athens Conservatory. The big, plain girl was always on hand before anyone else in the morning and was always last to leave at night. She went on to sing an astonishing range of roles: Leonora in *Fidelio,* important among those in Greece; later, in Italy, Wagnerian roles such as Kundry, Brünnhilde, and Isolde. Today her knowledge of the operatic repertory outstrips that of almost any rival. Small wonder that her judgments on fellow singers are not usually very generous. Even Golden-Agers do not draw adulation from her. She learns from their example, and makes little comment.

Artistically, Callas is a perfectionist. Unlike a great many singers, she arrives at rehearsal completely prepared, her interpretation of the role mastered to the last nuance of phrasing. And her artistic dedication is so intense that she is able to forget everything in the cause of perfecting a performance. One recalls the occasion in September 1959 after her marriage to Meneghini had foundered and her friendship with Aristotle Onassis, the shipowner, was headline news in the Italian papers day after day. In the midst of this imbroglio, when she could not go into the streets of Milan for fear of being mobbed, she recorded one of the most thrilling and masterly performances she has ever given—the title role in Ponchielli's *La Gioconda.* The challenge of what to most artists would have been an impossible task at such a time appears to have impelled her to an extra dimension of effort.

While Callas has fallen out with operatic managements throughout the world, her relations with her recording company have remained on a happily even keel. Walter Legge of EMI, whose enterprise led to Callas' association with that company and who has supervised virtually all her recordings, can still say he has never quarreled with her. He acknowledges that in the heat of recording sessions they have often spoken to one another with brutal directness, but hard words have never broken their mutual respect. It was hearing Callas' first *Norma* in Rome that aroused Legge's eagerness to arrange a contract. During the opera's intermission he raced back to his hotel to urge his wife, the singer Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, to return with him to the house. Mme. Schwarzkopf needed no persuasion; with equal admiration she had been listening to the performance on the radio. Since that summer of 1952, apart from the remaining Cetra commitments and a recording of *Medea* made by Ricordi in Milan, all Callas' work in the recording studio has been done for EMI.

In the last couple of years the flow of discs has slowed. It has become a question of enticing this artist to the recording studio, and though every effort has been made to produce fresh recorded triumphs, snags have often cropped up. Any reluctance Callas may have is readily understandable. It is hard to conceive of new triumphs for her, all too easy to start thinking that any possible move must be backwards. There are rivals on the scene: the end of Frida Leider's career was inevitably saddened by the arrival of Kirsten Flagstad, and to a sensitive person like Callas such a parallel may be daunting. Yet Callas, one hopes, is far from the end of her singing career, and it is unthinkable that she should withdraw now. If, indeed, she has inhibitions about vocal weaknesses, the recording studio could well provide a release. Tape editing can eliminate unsatisfactory takes, and provided the singer is ready to experiment sufficiently, her greatest recording triumphs could be still to come. A Callas *Carmen,* for example, might well undermine all rivals of whatever vintage, even Supervia's or the powerful one of De los Angeles under Beecham. Even the prospect of remaking earlier sets (more pressing than ever with the demand for stereo) should not dismay her, for no remake so far has fallen short of the original—and I am not ignoring the fact that in some the famous wobble has grown more pronounced.

That wobble is responsible for much, and I am sorry that in English there is only this brutal word to use, for "undulation" is a mere euphemism for the same thing, and "tremolo," "vibrato," "judder" do not really convey the phenomenon in Callas' voice. In notes at the top of the stave there are waverings, sometimes of pitch but more often seeming to be a fluctuation of pressure, as if the muscles of the whole neck were vibrating in an effort to control the sound.

A properly controlled vibrato is, of course, the very stuff of a characterful voice. One can hear it readily, yet clearly it adds to an interpretation and should never be condemned as a wobble until its wavelength grows excessive. But that precise point of maximum tolerance is hard to define, and in any case varies extraordinarily from ear to ear. Some people do not hear the Callas wobble at all. For them her vibrato is a thrilling thing, a vibrancy with earthy, sexual undertones, exercising a hypnotic fascination which supersedes all else. Yet there are

In Traviata, *the first complete opera she recorded.*

others who, once having found the Callas vibrato obtrusive, proceed to hear it almost before it starts; and there are those who simply declare flatly that she sounds shrill and hard and they will listen no more.

In a sense both the extreme pro-Callas and anti-Callas factions are right, because each has heard one part of the Callas voice with an accurately focused ear. Undoubtedly there is the unique character—and equally undoubtedly there are the hard, squally noises. For my own part, after a protracted rehearing of the whole Callas discography, I find that my personal tolerance has unquestionably grown.

CALLAS' first recordings were three 78-rpm discs made for Cetra. The very first, *"Casta diva"* from *Norma,* has never been reissued, but the other two—Isolde's *Liebestod,* and *"Qui la voce"* and *"Vien diletto"* from Bellini's *I Puritani*—were transferred to LP on Cetra's "The Art of Callas," which also includes extracts from the singer's first two complete opera recordings, *La Traviata* and *La Gioconda.* These early Cetra recordings, poor technically, all show the obvious potentiality, representing as they do the three main streams of her repertory from that time on. The fourth stream, Wagner, was—unfortunately for us but perhaps fortunately for the survival of her voice—dammed up at once. That *Liebestod* might almost be the work of an Italian composer. It is passionately intense, but above everything it has a lyrical flow and sense of line that come more easily with Italian words.

I have not been able to check exactly when the Cetra *"Qui la voce"* was recorded, but between that date (1950-52) and the time of EMI's recording of the complete *Puritani* at La Scala in March 1953 there was the marked improvement in style which goes with increased assurance. I have no doubt that, as early as 1950, Callas was giving remarkable Bellini performances on the stage; but where the phrasing in the Cetra performance is inclined to be too heavily mannered, the shading in the Scala recording of 1953 is exquisite. Above all there is added strength, not so much in fullness of voice but in control. In the tripping passage between aria and cabaletta she lightens the tone; it is still tragic but its tension is retained subtly. The cabaletta itself is more cleanly done in the later performance, though the singer is still not her happiest in the downward scale, taken a little cautiously. But already this is the compelling Callas.

I Puritani was the second complete opera recording that Callas made for Walter Legge. The first was *Lucia di Lammermoor.* (An early recording of one of Donna Anna's arias from *Don Giovanni* has never been published.) For *Lucia,* Legge went to the Teatro Communale in Florence. There are many fine things in this performance, notably the duet with Gobbi in Act II (which easily outshines her performance of this scene in the later set made in London in March 1959). Here she shows—with Gobbi's help, of course—how readily she can give comparatively trivial music really tragic stature. In the first-act aria *"Regnava il silènzio"* the closeness to the microphone conveys the true color of the voice, but it allows few half tones. The sound of the voice on the later recording is thinner with an expected hint of obtrusive vibrato on the middle voice, but at a faster tempo *"Regnava il silènzio"* is more stylishly shaped. There is an improvement too between 1953 and 1959 in the handling of the cabaletta *"Quando rappito in estasi."* In both versions Callas attempts, the second time through, decorations of the authentic kind, but in the 1953 recording there is some clumsiness whereas the 1959 performance is both softer and more elegant—apart, alas, from the biting sourness of the very high, lingering phrases. In the Mad Scene the coloratura is a shade better defined in the earlier set but where the 1959 performance scores is in the agonizing weight of such a phrase as *"Del ciel clemente."* Other marked differences between the two editions come in the Act I Love Duet. In the 1953 performance Di Stefano is conspicuously ungainly, but the brisk speed for the final big tune is fresh and exciting. Tagliavini, who partnered Callas in 1959, generally acquits himself with great stylishness; in the Love Duet the final section is taken much more slowly than before, and the phrasing is most commandingly idiomatic from both soloists. The final bar, however, provides one of the most painful moments in any Callas record: the soprano's sharpness and the tenor's failure to get quite up to his notes together result in a dismal fiasco. *"Addio!"* indeed.

Callas' next coloratura recording was of Bellini's *Norma* (*Cavalleria rusticana* and *Tosca* having been made in the meantime). The sessions were held in Milan during April and May 1954. There was a Scala cast, though the recordings were done in the Metropol Cinema rather than the opera house. A second version was made in Milan in September 1960, and it seems to me that this later effort is clearly superior. Take *"Casta diva,"* which must inevitably color one's attitude to the whole performance. The high point of the 1954 performance is the cabaletta. There the allegro is taken fairly gently so that delicious pointing is allowed, the cadenza is handled better than in the later version, and there is more control over the A's and B flats. But the really important part of *"Casta diva"* is the great cavatina, and in that the second version is much the finer. The way in which Callas rounds off some of the phrases with a gentle fade is masterly. Like that of the earlier performance, the interpretation is comparatively mannered, but whereas in the 1954 recording some of the swerving is obtrusive, the second is both polished and spontaneous-sounding. The little demisemiquaver flourishes in the middle section ripple off most infectiously; and if Callas attempts no *messa di voce* on the final F and keeps a steadily sustained note, that suggests she was well aware of possible difficulties. In the earlier version where the effect is attempted the wobble begins to appear during the diminuendo. What of the climactic B flat? There, of course, the wobble is more noticeable in the 1960 version, but this is emphatically one of those performances where the wobble is of trifling importance compared with the splendor of the whole.

The duets with Adalgisa do not achieve quite such heights in either set. With Stignani in 1954 there are moments when one senses the longer experience and greater feeling for the idiom of the famous mezzo, though in the later reading *"Mira, O Norma"* has some wonderful moments of new insight. Callas' entry brings a veiled *mezza voce* that is intensely moving. Her Adalgisa in the 1960 recording is Christa Ludwig, strong and reliable but not always quite attuned to the idiom, so that the following allegro *"Si, fino all' ore"* is fiery rather than polished and memories of Ponselle and Telva are certainly not effaced, despite wonderful half-tone echoes from Callas of some of the phrases. As to the tenor in each, Corelli in the later version is far preferable to Filippeschi, and Callas' own singing in their scenes together is helped accordingly.

For the next coloratura recording, in August and September of 1954, Callas turned to Rossini and his *Turco in Italia,* an opera in which she had had a great success at La Scala. Particularly in the light of later recordings, this album is disappointing, with the coloratura less firm than usual and too many intrusive aitches. Yet in that same September, Callas went to England and in the second of two recital records with the Philharmonia Orchestra gave a performance of *"una voce poco fa"* that for liveliness of characterization has hardly been outshone. This Rosina is more than a minx—she is a real viper, as she says herself; and even in the complete set made in London in February 1957 Callas did not attain the same commanding sense of line. That recording does have enormous vitality throughout, however; and though neither Callas nor her Figaro, Gobbi, has a voice that sounds naturally comic even in comic music, the sense of fun bubbles over, particularly in the ensembles.

The recital disc "Callas at La Scala" brought one side of Cherubini and Spontini, recorded in June 1955 and coupled it with excerpts from her complete Bellini operas. The three items from Spontini's *La Vestale* are all superlatively fine, and the *Medea* aria *"De tuoi figli"* is faster and fiercer than that in the complete Mercury-Ricordi set of September 1958.

La Sonnambula is the only other major set from the coloratura stream of Callas' repertory, made at La Scala in March 1957 just after the *Barber* had been completed in London. The voice is astonishingly scaled down. The opening of the recitative before *"Come per me"* has a fresh little-girl quality, and there is markedly less use of the thick, rich chest register. There is plenty of sparkle in the whole performance but the final *"Ah, non giunge,"* taken at a very modest speed, shows Callas' coloratura well below its dazzling best.

RESTRAINT in the use of the wonderful chest register is something that emerges even more clearly as one considers the development of Callas' singing of Verdi, the second broad stream of her repertory. By far the least satisfactory essay in this series, I find, is Cetra's 1952 *Traviata,* which gives only a pale idea of the intensity of her performance on the stage. *"Ah! fors è lui"* is not specially memorable, and the coloratura of *"Sempre libera"* is comparatively clumsy with one of the semiquavers of *"Follie!"* skated over each time. The Act II climax of *"Amami, Alfredo"* is powerful, and one might note that here there is a hint of that curious resonance in the mouth, peculiar to Callas and very few other singers, which I think of as the "muzzle" effect. It is almost as though the voice was going into a bottle and resounding there. Walter Legge supports the suggestion that it is actually the whole cavity of the mouth which is resonating, and he likens the extraordinary height of Callas' upper palate to a great Gothic arch rising up inside the mouth. Whatever the explanation, the phenomenon (it has tended to grow less evident in recent years) lends an added distinctiveness and "tang." The *"Addio del passato"* is very slow indeed—too slow, for the music stops at the end of each phrase and the end brings a sour, rather wobbly top A. This was Callas' first complete opera set, and it is the greatest pity that plans for a Callas re-recording have been hampered.

If the *Traviata* set is this singer's least successful Verdi recording, her *Trovatore* album of August 1956 is the most impressive of a very impressive

collection. Callas was in specially fine voice that summer. The *Ballo in maschera* of the following month, not to mention the *Bohème* made in between, are magnificent, and in none of these three sets is the unsteadiness obtrusive. Admittedly, in *Trovatore* the high coping notes of *"D'amor sull' ali rosee"* are hardly *dolce* as Verdi marked them and the final A flat is truncated, but the rest of Callas' singing here leaves me gasping for breath in its virtuosity, power, and imagination. *"Tacea la notte"* brings the most heavenly tone quality, and I have never heard the cabaletta so dazzling as here. The *Miserere* shows the real bite of her attack, and, if possible, even more impressive in its mastery is the comparatively little heard aria which follows, *"Tu vedrai che amore in terra."* There you have the florid passages supremely well controlled, the most gloriously rich chest register, and a feeling for the dotted rhythms that shows Callas' wonderfully rhythmic sense at its most brilliant. Throughout the opera her steadiness is remarkable. The trio from the last act, for example, brings a top A as firm as a rock, and in that same number the chromatic climb of *"Prima che d'altri"* has a power which I cannot think any other singer will ever equal on record. The vital conducting of Karajan, I am sure, should also be given credit.

Callas' Gilda in the *Rigoletto* set of a year earlier is another fascinating performance. There is little melting timidity here: fire flashes from this Gilda's eyes, and again every phrase is made to sound new and fresh. Still earlier was the *Aida* set with the finest account of the Aida-Amonasro Nile Duet I have yet heard (Gobbi the partner) and the *Forza del destino* of August 1954. Both these had Richard Tucker as the tenor—at his best in *Aida,* rather lachrymose in *Forza.* It was the latter album that first alerted everyone to the threat of the wobble. The soft B flat towards the end of *"Pace, pace, mio Dio"* is far from perfect on the record (it steadies itself as it grows louder on the superbly controlled crescendo). Whatever its blemishes, the finished recording contains some superb singing. *"Madre, pietosa vergine,"* Leonora's earlier aria, is particularly wonderful with finely spun tone ravishingly shaping the great theme from the overture. The final trio too has magnificent moments. The downward shaping on the word *"Addio!"* shows the completest mastery of *portamento,* but alas for her very last farewell, Callas veers rather sharp, where other singers tend if anything to flatten.

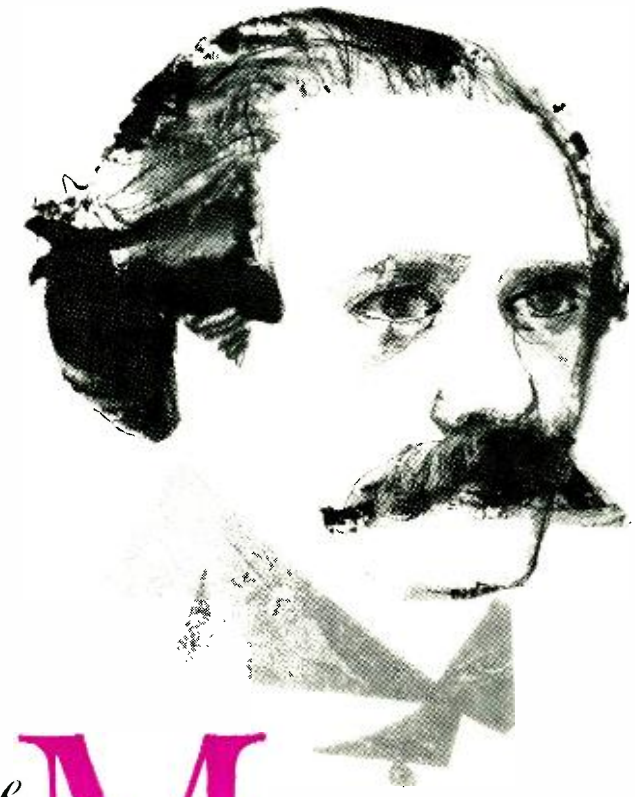
Callas' latest Verdi release is the recital made in London in September 1958 comprising three items from *Macbeth,* including the sleepwalking scene; Abigail's aria from *Nabucco*; *"Ernani involami"* from *Ernani*; and *"Tu che la vanità* from *Don Carlo.* While the excerpts from *Macbeth* and *Nabucco* are splendid, there is something of a tailing off for the last two arias. It is not just a question of the wobble frequently intruding but of a gustiness of expression very different from the commanding sense of line Callas usually achieves. One other Callas contribution to Verdi on records must be mentioned: the captivating account of the Bolero from *Vespri siciliani* on the mixed recital disc of September 1954, slower than usual but more interesting on that account.

THE THIRD main stream of Callas' repertory is, of course, Puccini and the Verists. I would include as the first of her recordings in this category the 1952 Cetra *La Gioconda.* This is splendid, quite the best of her pre-EMI recordings and comparing favorably even with EMI's 1959 remake referred to earlier in this article. Where the remakes of other operas show quite marked changes, this one is notable for the similarities. Plainly, Gioconda is a role that gives Callas the greatest satisfaction. There is no question of the wobble being intrusive here: if anything, the later set shows greater steadiness than the earlier one. One difference of degree is that in 1959 Callas was deliberately using the dark, treacly chest register rather less prodigally than before—an effect the more impressive for just such a degree of restraint. In both versions the *"Suicidio"* is magnificent, the second perhaps a shade more intense and the turn at the end of the phrase *"Volavan l'ore"* exquisitely light where there was before a hint of clumsiness.

Both *Cav* and *Pag* were among Callas' very first recordings for EMI, *Cav* in the summer of 1953 and *Pag* in June 1954, but her Santuzza is far richer-toned and more impressive than her Nedda, which has squally moments. Of greatest importance is her recording of *Tosca,* done in August 1953, with Gobbi as Scarpia. After hearing this most powerfully characterized performance one can easily understand why Callas might hesitate at attempting a remake. If Callas dislikes the part, as is reported, then the conviction of her performance is all the more astounding. Among singers of whatever vintage Callas is supreme in conveying biting emotions, and here she compasses completely the character of the jealous opera singer. Yet fine as the powerful passages are, Callas is at her most effective in moments of restraint. "Make the eyes black ones" Tosca orders Cavaradossi when she sees his painting of the Magdalene, and the libretto says the words are uttered "maliciously." But instead of snarling as one would expect, Callas at each appearance of the phrase sings wistfully in reproach. And before that when on the words *"Ah, quegli occhi!"* she reproves her lover in a hushed monotone, she shows what tenderness and affection there are in her jealousy. A fascinating portrayal.

The following summer and a visit to England brought interpretations of most of Puccini's other heroines (including both Liù and Turandot) in a recital disc. In every selection the characterization is magnetic, but it is significant that when Callas recorded the same arias later in complete versions of the several operas the results were almost always more intense still.

Manon's *"In quelle trine morbide"* flows better at a faster tempo in the *Continued on page 116*



by Robert Lawrence

A Reprieve for Massenet

After decades of eclipse, the fragile masterpieces of Massenet are coming back into view.

FOR A GOOD MANY years now, spitting at the work of Jules Massenet has been correct critical procedure. After reaching heights of popularity during his lifetime (1842–1912), topped by a postmortuary glow of about a decade, this composer has gone into such a decline that any present-day admirer (and there *are* some) is put in the unfortunate position of having to assume the defensive. Furthermore, he faces that most difficult adversary in the arts—not the fierce but the patronizing one. "Massenet is sugary," some bright spirit once declared; and this judgment, grown into a slogan, has been parroted over the past three decades or more by those who, suffering an allergy to the sugar and spice of this master's *Manon*, seem undismayed by the tomato sauce and garlic of The Other One's *Manon Lescaut*. But wheels are now in motion; the cycle of musical preference, never absolute, is turning on its axis: and those of us who value Massenet are taking a stand.

Not unnaturally, this distinguished musician wrote some pages decidedly banal, and certain of his scores (there are twenty-two for the theatre) are below par *in toto*. Yet of how many composers is this not true, and wherein lies the justice of belittling a man's entire output on the basis of his lapses? Massenet's work exhibits wide inequalities, but along with his indigestible scores there are masterpieces. That these are neglected today can be charged largely to practical causes.

The high point for Massenet's operas in this country was reached between the years 1906–10, when a public thronged the Manhattan Opera House nightly to hear French lyric drama. For those interested in New York's theatres of the past, it is still possible to estimate the size and atmosphere of that famous auditorium by a visit to the present Manhattan Center on West Thirty-fourth Street. There, within, stands the shell of Oscar Hammerstein's opera house, its balconies intact but its orchestra floor raised to the level of the stage to provide for a convention hall and dance floor. Anyone with imagination should be able to recon-

struct the house. It was relatively *small*. So is the Opéra-Comique, where many Massenet works had their premieres. These intimate scores need appropriate theatres—a Sadler's Wells, New York City Center, Brooklyn or Philadelphia Academy of Music; transfer them to the larger spaces of the Metropolitan, La Scala, or Covent Garden and their effectiveness is much diminished. The second reason for the current neglect of these operas has been our apparent lack of suitable singers. Massenet wrote star vehicles. But today we have no Mary Garden to beguile us as Thaïs, to move us as the Jongleur; and there is no Emma Calvé to make Fanny Legrand in *Sapho* believable. But if the right auditorium is found for Massenet, and artists of the proper temperament, he will impress.

Given the conditions indicated above, which are the works of Massenet that might not only survive but conquer? *Manon*, of course, holds the stage everywhere. Too often its tender intimacies are blown to grand opera proportions and the wonderful alternation of spoken and sung lines largely lost. What we hear when this work is given in big theatres has not much resemblance to the narrow-gauge French lyric style. The manner of performance has become wide open, faceless. Yet such is the charm of the music, the attractiveness of the libretto, that *Manon*—in any event—has kept its grip upon an international audience.

Thaïs has been less fortunate. Indeed, it is the whipping-girl for all the Massenet operas still on display. In no theatre in the United States, to my knowledge, has new scenery been constructed for this work. On the rare occasions when *Thaïs* is taken off the shelves for performance, the seedy settings of 1910 come with it. The overly long ballet of Act II —which can be dispensed with, according to a note in the printed score—is always given and holds up the action; the voluptuous moments for Thaïs herself are usually acted out in silent-movie style with laughable crudity; and, to complete the list of drawbacks, highbrows simply loathe the melody of the *Méditation*. These people—who when confronted with a questionable theme by Beethoven reply, "Ah, but what he does with it"—forget (or have never learned) what Massenet too does with the germinal element of the *Méditation*, how in the final scene—the death of Thaïs—he causes it to flower until the theme acquires a vaulting musical line worthy of a great master.

Very many criticisms, some of them justified, most of them not, have been laid for years at the doorstep of *Thaïs*. Without an electric personality in the title role this vibrant, viable work cannot and should not be given. (Doesn't the same precaution apply to *Norma, Lucia di Lammermoor, Turandot*?) Not dating back to the era of Mary Garden, I must admit to never having heard a good Thaïs, just as I have never encountered a completely satisfactory Carmen. The passing of John Charles Thomas (an American artist in the authentic French tradition) and the retirement from active operatic singing of Martial Singher have left us without a definitive Athanaël. One does not, however, abandon hope. What the team of George London and Leonie Rysanek has done in our time to raise *The Flying Dutchman* to new standards of audience popularity, another gifted pair might accomplish for *Thaïs*.

Consider the possibilities of this opera with great singing personalities, fine staging, sensitive orchestral support. The role of Athanaël, when taken by a first-rank baritone, can flame. As for Thaïs herself, the flamboyant splendor of her first-act entrance, the climax of the Mirror Scene, the final transfiguration in the desert offer values not to be brushed aside. Granted that the libretto of Massenet's opera skates on the surface of Anatole France's ironic novel, the ultimate basis for judging an opera extends to more than its literary worth. Does it establish a dramatic mood, a special ambience? I believe that *Thaïs* does these things—on a relative scale perhaps, but vitally. It is no *Don Giovanni*, nor yet a *Tristan*; but when given an authoritative production in good French style, it need not hang its head.

So much for the most frequently belittled member of the Massenet family. No apologies or special pleas need be made for *Werther*, the most romantic of operas, and Massenet's greatest achievement. *Thaïs* may be suspect for the gaudy ingredients which have gone into its making: the "personality" soprano, the grand seduction scene, the ballet introduced according to the requirements of a bygone Parisian taste. None of these elements mars *Werther*. There is no chorus (only a small, well-characterized group of children), no ballet, no interpolated glamour—for which even the Cours-la-Reine scene from *Manon* may be justly criticized. If one does not believe today in certain aspects of *Werther*, the fault is neither that of Massenet nor of Goethe but of our own changed social mores. If one meets the argument of this opera on its own grounds and surrenders to the sentiment of the story, Massenet's music enters irresistibly into the blood stream. What listener of sensibility, on

Bettmann Archive

The composer photographed in his Paris living room.

first hearing the moonlight scene as Charlotte and Werther make their nocturnal return from the ball, can fail to be deeply stirred? And what lover of opera, no matter which of the repertoires be his preference, can withstand the emotional surge of the tenor aria *"Pourquoi me réveiller?"*—for my taste, the most beautiful *romanza* of them all? The character development of all the leading roles (for instance, the wheedling child Sophie, grown before our eyes into a disillusioned girl) is wed to a searching, perceptive musical treatment; and the sound of the orchestra, somber and richly expressive, completely lacking in the froufrou of which Massenet has often been accused, conveys as eloquently as the singers themselves the burden of this lyric drama. *Werther* is not an opera for a large auditorium. Its intimacy would be lost, its subtlety dissipated. For ultimate success in this country, it must avoid the chasms associated with traditional Grand Opera.

Another work of Massenet in the same class of fragile masterpiece—only doubly so from the standpoint of intimacy—is *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*. Originally written for an all-male cast (with the exception of two lady Angels who appear in the final vision, and the mixed chorus of townspeople in the opening act), the opera has sometimes been presented with a soprano—notably Mary Garden—in the name part instead of a tenor. Though the change, on examination of the sparely written score, would seem to threaten the delicate balance of the opera, I have been assured by those who heard her that Miss Garden brought her own world of imagery to text and music. For a revival in our day, it would seem that a tenor in the role of Jean—Massenet's first intention—might mesh more convincingly with the voices about him. A study of the score will reveal Massenet's grasp of medieval plain chant, an element essential to the opera's time and place; and it will disclose, more importantly, the composer's simplicity, even reticence, in the face of a subdued dramatic subject.

When, last spring, the Friends of French Opera presented at Carnegie Hall a concert version of *La Navarraise*, Massenet's one-act *"épisode lyrique,"* the audience was shaken from the first powerful chord and remained in a state of perturbation throughout the work. During its span of forty-five minutes. *La Navarraise* touches the nerve endings as do few other works in or out of the repertoire. Influenced by the *verismo* style of *Cavalleria rusticana*, which preceded it by three years (there are resemblances between the heroines of the two works, both of whom may be interpreted by either dramatic soprano or high mezzo, and similarities in musical construction, including the use of a symphonic intermezzo), *La Navarraise* goes beyond its Mascagni-motivated origin to point the way towards the one-act music-dramas of Richard Strauss. It is, in truth, the French *Elektra*; and the opening battle canvas, with its depiction of a military retreat to the pounding of cannon and the crackling of small arms, could not be bettered.

Once again, as in *Werther*, there is no interpolated glamour, hardly any chorus (if one excepts a brief ensemble of soldiers), and no ballet. The characters are rugged, flesh-and-blood figures, all of them; and with the heroine, Anita—created at the opera's Covent Garden premiere in 1894 by Emma Calvé and sung at last year's New York performance by Rita Gorr—Massenet has fashioned one of the most exciting roles in modern opera. Her mad scene which closes the work—voice alone, softly, to the chiming of distant church bells—is completely original in its conception, an inspired dramatic stroke. As in *Werther*, the sound of the orchestra is symphonic; and this time there are no arias of any sort if one excepts a brief serenata by the hero, Araquil. To judge by the response of the Carnegie Hall audience, the opera would succeed handsomely in a fully staged performance. Its vigor and violence are irresistible. And detractors of Massenet take note: there is no sugar in *La Navarraise*. The stark depiction of a peasant girl driven to murder and insanity comes off as a shocking bit of theatre. Into its brief playing time is packed a tragedy of human beings as we know them.

ANOTHER Massenet opera, written three years after *La Navarraise*, that would seem due for reëxamination and perhaps revival is *Sapho*. The one stumbling block here lies in the implausible moralizing of the plot, based on a novel by Alphonse Daudet. A young man, Jean Gaussin, up to Paris from Provence, attends a party at the studio of a famous sculptor, Caoudal, meets a woman named Fanny Legrand, and goes to live with her in a country retreat. He subsequently learns that she is the model who posed for Caoudal's notorious nude of Sapho, and he abandons her. That a young man who has run off with a woman of loose habits should be so shocked by a minor revelation about her past rather strains credibility, yet fortunately the opera does not founder on this point. Later, the lovers are briefly reunited, but for Fanny the end has come. This worldly woman realizes that there will always be a barrier between herself and the ingenuous boy from the provinces.

The plot, as will have been noted by now, is a combination of *Traviata* with the as yet unwritten *Rondine* of Puccini. Much of it, by today's standards, seems contrived; but there are certain scenes absolutely stunning in their impact. The episode in which Fanny tells off Caoudal and his artist friends after they have revealed her past to the young man is of a frankness and ferocity seldom found in opera. Indeed, at the hands of a great singing-actress such as Calvé indubitably was in the work's premiere and as Maria Callas might be today, the entire role of Fanny could offer a more solid incentive for a "star" revival than that debatable pair *Adriana Lecouvreur* and *La Sonnambula*.

Massenet's wonderfully detailed dynamic markings for *Sapho* bring one to a general consideration of his care for every vocal nuance that might affect his singers in performance. *Continued on page 120*

A guide to the delights of dubbing.

By Conrad L. Osborne

FROM TIME TO TIME I, in company with countless other record collectors, seethe at the thought of those ill-informed wretches whose function it is to decree certain hoary recordings worthy of re-release, and still others worthy only of a secure niche in some subterranean *casa di riposo* for superannuated shellac. I generally do not spill my bile into the record reviews I write, because my feelings are, alas, only occasionally relevant. But whenever I discuss the subject of re-releases with other collectors, I find a rare unanimity of attitude towards this tone-deaf Cerberus of the vaults. Who or what on earth, for example, could have plumped for an LP transfer of that dull, innocuously sung Beecham *Faust* while turning thumbs down on the vital, imaginative one under Henri Büsser, with Marcel Journet as Mephisto and César Vezzani as Faust?

I was fulminating over precisely this situation a few weeks ago in the company of a friend—a technically minded soul who does not really care whether or not anyone ever hears the Büsser *Faust* but who does not like to see me upset. "Why don't you tape it?" he said.

The very equanimity with which my colleague made this suggestion sufficed to indicate the chasm that can separate two mortals. Here is my friend, who does not know César Vezzani from Caesar Romero, but who is willing to spend the better part of his life capturing the sounds of both in uninterrupted sequence and with full frequency range. Splicing, filtering, equalizing—it's all perfectly natural to him, part of the order of things. And here am I, persuaded that anyone who hasn't heard Journet do the *Serenade* is a cultural have-not, but who would as soon spend his life as an apprentice in a tannery as have to hobnob with an electromechanical contrivance.

Make no mistake: I am not merely inept when

it comes to engineering; I am hostile. I look upon all technicians with suspicion. There is something wrong with them. Still, a man will do strange things under pressure of emotional need. Moreover, I saw in this situation the opportunity to perform a service for my fellow sufferers; how many of us are there, I wonder, who hanker after the unrestored treasures of yesteryear, and yet look upon the techniques of salvation with perhaps unnecessary loathing and fear? Can C. P. Snow have a message for us?

"Don't you have a friend who owns that old *Fowst?*" continued my colleague.

"*Faust*," I said, in my smuggest prep school French.

"*Foste*," he repeated. "Don't you?"

I had, indeed. He is a largish tenor who owns a small car and lives in Rye, New York. I cornered him on the telephone one evening and persuaded him to loan me the set (two ten-record volumes), and even to transport it from Rye to my Manhattan apartment in his small car, in exchange for the promise of a copy of the tape. (A recklessly made contract, since I had no idea how one might make a copy of a tape.)

Forty record sides later, and 'tis done. Büsser's *Faust*, incomparably the best ever recorded, officially unobtainable for fifteen years and hard to come by in the traders' mart, is stashed away on two reels, 7½ ips. For the edification and encouragement of those pre-Industrial Revolution spirits who would like to remain in the eighteenth century while reaping certain benefits of life in the twentieth, I append hereto a summation of the procedural know-how I have picked up en route. I am indebted to a number of tape buffs, equipment dealers, engineers, and compatriots in the listening dodge from whom I have extracted some very basic information (e.g., How To Begin); I owe special thanks to Ed Graham of Columbia Records, who is largely responsible for that company's remarkable restoration of the 1903 Grand Opera Series, and who replied patiently and lucidly to a salvo of elementary technical questions.

WE MUST, to begin with, recognize the limitations of a home recording/playback system. (Some collectors, I realize, have assembled complete professional studios in their cellars or dens—but they stand in no need of advice from this quarter.) Large recording organizations have at their disposal the equipment and technical expertise to wreak wondrous transformations, even to the correcting of serious flaws in the original recordings. They can, for instance, eliminate the hum that is "built in" on some old discs. Such hum, however, is something the home recordist can do nothing about. I own one recording, for instance, that is beset by a 60-cycle hum. Reducing this hum would require filtering not only the 60-cycle frequency itself, but those of 120, 240, and so on—all the sympathetic harmonics, or friendly overtones, or whatever they're called. The special electronic gear required for this job may be something which the research and development staff of a large company takes in hand without a second thought, but it is clearly beyond the wherewithal of most amateurs.

Another problem, more frequently encountered, is the presence of disturbing pops and clicks, ingrained on the surfaces of the old originals. They can be removed in many instances, but again the process calls for high quality professional equipment, considerable patience, a sure splicing technique, and great quantities of time. The difficulty lies in determining the precise location of the bothersome noise. This requires a procedure called a "rocking" of the reels. "Rocking" means that the reels are manually rotated back and forth, with the tape passing across the recording head, until the pop can be heard. The spot on the tape where the pop comes in contact with the head is then marked with a grease pencil, and the marked section is spliced out. The trouble is that many home tape machines cannot be "rocked"—the head does not make contact with the tape unless one of the forward speeds is actually turned on. With some models, it might be possible to force the head against the tape manually (though a second person would be required for this operation), but there would still be the difficulty of inserting the grease pencil to make the mark—heads on machines for home use are usually not so accessible.

If one's equipment does allow this sort of "cleaning up" of the original, so much the better. One must then use one's own judgment as to which noises can be safely removed, and which might take too much music along with them in the surgical process. Most minor clicks or scratches can be amputated with impunity, for the same reason that makes it impossible to remove them by a simple time-measurement system. Let us suppose that the recording is being done at 7½ ips (you should, of course, record at the highest speed accommodated by your machine). And let us suppose that a given note or chord during which a click occurs is held for three seconds. This means that 22½ inches of tape pass across the recording head during the single note. This particular click may necessitate removal of ¼ of an inch of tape, or 1/90th of the note's time value, not something that you or I are going to worry much about. In some instances, however, the removal of a noise *will* result in a detectable alteration of musical values, in which case it is clearly not worth it. The recordist will have to decide in each case whether or not the end justifies the means, to say nothing of whether or not he is going to bother with the whole business. (An audible crack that extends across a sizable part of the disc's surface may well dictate one splicing operation per turntable revolution—between 150 and two hundred splices per 78-rpm side. This is a heap o' splicin', and one is probably better off with the crack.) But there is no harm in a little trial-and-error experimentation—

one of the lovely things about the tape medium is its flexibility; if one makes a slip, one just records it again, and nothing's lost but one's time.

ENOUGH of what is not possible or is intimidatingly difficult. The fact is that it does not take any technical prowess whatever to make more than acceptable recordings of 78s. It is chiefly a matter of getting optimum sound from the originals, just as we would want to do when playing them, anyway. We cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear, as we all know, but we can give the sow's ear a good scrubbing, and that is exactly how we should start. There are a number of approaches to the cleaning of a record, and a number of devices and solutions advertised as ideal for the purpose. Most of the professionals, though, recommend a lukewarm water and mild detergent bath and/or the use of a special cloth called Selvyt.

Any ordinary liquid detergent will do, provided it is reasonably mild. I used Lux. A few drops of it are sufficient. The water-detergent solution should be swirled gently around the disc, along the grooves, never across them. Thorough rinsing and thorough, immediate drying are essential. As to Selvyt, it is a soft, pure cotton cloth used by jewelers for gem polishing. It is obtainable from jewelers' supply houses (not from retail jewelers)—I obtained mine from Conover & Quayle, 17 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y., 10036. They will fill mail orders for anyone unable to find a supply nearer home. The medium size (there are three) is $1.50. I suggest purchase of at least two of these cloths, so that one can be used for drying and one for the dusting of records that don't need washing. Fortunately, since Selvyt is washable it should give long use.

There is nothing sacramental about this particular cleaning ritual. One colleague of mine who has done a good deal of 78-to-tape transferring for a radio station tells me he uses a damp sponge and a tea towel or diaper for drying. In any case it is generally agreed that water, with or without soap, is preferable to any commercial cleaning compound. The sole advantage of such compounds—their tendency to combat a build-up of static electricity —is of little importance with 78s, which are much less susceptible to the problem than vinyl LPs. If your records have become clogged with the gummy deposits sometimes left by chemical cleaning agents, or if the record is coated with grime, you will find detergent washing especially beneficial.

The next logical concern is that of turntable speed. Assuming your player has a 78-rpm setting, its accuracy can be readily checked by means of a strobe disc. Unhappily, true turntable speed makes us only half-safe, for many 78s are not 78s at all, but 76s or 79s (inadvertently) or 80s (like many of the Edisons, which were engraved at that speed). We are again faced with certain limitations. A variable-speed turntable such as the Bogen B-61 which allows for adjustment to any speed over a wide span is a definite boon here. There are some manual turntable models—such as the Thorens TD-124—that boast a plus-or-minus knob permitting some leeway from the set speeds. And at least one automatic—the Dual 1009—has a similar adjustment. Most players that have the 78-rpm setting do not provide for such adjustment, however; with these, you will have to reconcile yourself to doing nothing about a 78-rpm dubbing that turns out to be somewhat off-speed. Whether or not such slight variations will be disturbing depends on your own hearing sensitivity. I should add that this problem is likely to present itself in audible form fairly infrequently, and usually with early acoustical recordings.

As to needles—or styli, as my technical friend insists on calling them—even I have known for several years that they come in three basic measurements, the largest of which (3 mil) is designed for playing 78s. It is the only stylus that can be safely used on 78-rpm discs, the styli intended for microgroove and stereophonic recordings being both dangerous to the 78 groove and unsatisfactory for sound. Actually, the groove patterns and widths of early discs vary, and an ideal job of restoration for some of them would involve the design of a custom needle. Graham and his crew were unable to find any needle that would nestle snugly in the grooves of the 1903 pressings, and finally resorted to a fairly radical field expedient—they simply took a microgroove stylus and chopped off the tip. The resulting blunt instrument proved just the thing.

Again, one's problem is pretty well solved by the bounds of practicality. One can buy a cartridge designed for 78-rpm reproduction and thus fitted with a suitable stylus. The General Electric VR-II and the Fairchild 225B are available for this use. The stylus in either is satisfactory for nearly all 78-rpm pressings; for the few (probably very early or badly worn) discs on which it will not produce good results, there is no sensible solution for the home amateur. Many acceptable ceramic pickups—such as the Sonotone series—come fitted with a turnover stylus assembly, of which one half is a 3-mil type for 78-rpm discs. Many of the modern stereo cartridges—such as the new ADC Point Four, the Dynaco Stereodyne II, the Grado MK II, III, and IV, the Pickering 380 and 381, the Shure M33 and M77, the Stanton 481E—can be fitted readily with a 78-rpm replacement stylus available from the manufacturer. A very fancy unit is the 78-rpm head (stylus, cartridge, and tone arm shell) for the new London-Decca arm and cartridge system. When interchanged with the stereo head normally supplied, the 78 head automatically adjusts the tone arm for correct stylus tracking force.

Which brings us to the whole matter of tracking. Old discs withstood and even demanded stylus pressures far in excess of those for which modern recordings and tone arms are designed. A pressure that is too light can cause just as much damage as one that is too heavy, by banging against the sides of the grooves. It will not, *Continued on page 118*

THE DRAMATIC ACCENT

A consideration of that rare bird: the singing-actor.

By Audrey Williamson

WHEN William Hazlitt wrote of a performance by Edmund Kean that it was "like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," he pinpointed the basis of acting genius—its power to illuminate a passage of a play in such a way that it seems to lay bare something intended by the dramatist but hitherto obscured in the theatre.

Such revelations are rare on the dramatic stage and rarer still in opera, where the mere accident of possessing a good voice can lift to the rank of star player a singer without adequate training in the complex technique of acting. Indeed, there are cases where he or she has not mastered even the rudimentary technique of walking easily across a stage—and conditions of rehearsal in many international houses do nothing to alleviate the disadvantage under which the singer labors. If he has intelligence and any kind of dramatic instinct, he will take some interest in the character he is playing apart from the notes he is singing, and in course of time he will begin to give emotional meaning to the words and music as the composer intended: reflecting their dramatic import in his bearing and gestures as well as in his inflections of voice. But it will not be an easy process, and the illumination which a sublime actor generates will not play much part in it.

Nevertheless, it can happen—and in a few rare cases it can happen from the beginning: "the flash of lightning" will come from a kind of fusion of the interpreter's spirit with the role, something outside technique in the ordinary sense. This is what must have transpired when the fifteen-year-old Wilhelmine Schröder sang the part of Leonora in *Fidelio*, with Beethoven—who had bitterly resented the casting of little more than a child in the role—glowering balefully in the wings. The intensity of her feeling and passion won over the composer, as years later, when she had become the great actress-singer Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, it deeply stirred the young Wagner at a Leipzig performance of the same opera. The subtleties and technical resources must have grown with experience: but the pure

THE DRAMATIC ACCENT

essence of a natural dramatic power seems to have been there, inborn. Beethoven recognized it; and in the splendor of its maturity it was a principal spur to Wagner in the creation of a new musical drama. The "miracle," as Wagner called it in *Mein Leben,* "suddenly gave a new direction to my artistic feelings and exercised a decisive influence over my whole life."

Ideally, the opera house needs fine acting and fine vocalism fused to create an artistic whole. Fine vocalism is far from lacking, but an opera beautifully and fluently sung can seem dull and characterless in performance, because there is no intrusion of genuine emotion or differentiation of character. All the singing begins in the end to sound strangely alike, and we know that no first-class operatic composer ever wrote that way. The personal deficiencies of the performers are not solely to blame. One of the difficulties in opera is the nature of much of the repertoire. Many operas have their roots in nineteenth-century melodrama, and the type of playing associated with that genre still clings: gestures are exaggerated to the point of the mechanical, and no real feeling is conveyed. On the dramatic stage there has been a reaction—once through Stanislavsky, latterly through The Method—in the direction of naturalism, but where Method actors tend to fail is, significantly, in classical drama, with its demand for dignity of bearing and specialized use of the voice, often in verse. And like classical drama, and whatever the limitations of its plots, opera is beyond life scale. For its purposes naturalism is not enough; a certain stylization is needed. Both must be blended, if singing-actors are to appear to be acting naturally in (for we do not conduct our affairs in song) highly unnatural circumstances.

THE BASIS of successful opera and classical stage playing—which usually entails period costume—is lack of self-consciousness, learning the technique of suggesting the right "style" or manners and then forgetting it. Easier said than done! But it is one of the rudiments of acting training and experience. European opera houses (particularly in Germany) include more contemporary works, which encourage greater flexibility and naturalness of acting style; and it is significant that at the New York City Center the style of acting and production is far more credible than at houses that confine themselves to standard fare. Yet even an outmoded opera like *La Gioconda* can be acted with an effect of truth. When I saw it at the Metropolitan a season or two ago, Jerome Hines proved this beyond doubt, preserving a natural dignity and suggesting a real character (however badly motivated in the plot) where others have gesticulated in mock-heroics.

Acting in opera resembles acting in drama in that it can be conveyed through two instruments, the body and the voice. While great Lieder singers triumph through musicianship and vocal expression alone, in opera, a visual as well as aural art, a character can be conveyed through a gesture, a movement across the stage, even (for those close) an expression of the face or eyes, as well as in the sudden agony or tenderness in the notes sung.

When Flagstad lifted up her face in *Tristan und Isolde* and sang that revealing line about Tristan's "look" and how it stayed her hand, holding the sword, from slaying him—"*er sah, mir in die Augen . . .*"—it was suddenly suffused with loving sweetness and poignancy, just as the voice, dropping to *piano,* was suffused by the nostalgia of bittersweet recollection. This was acting. When Callas as Medea was left alone in her rage and humiliation, she showed us the tempestuous movements of the barbarian beneath the veneer of the princess, a creature contorted with passion. This was acting. When Hans Hotter towers in wrath as Wotan, arms lifted like great wings to the sky, or sings in the hushed and tender pathos of farewell, "*So küsst er die Gottheit von dir . . .,*" or when, again, he stoops in *Siegfried* to pick up his shattered spear and moves off-stage, bent and silent, to face the end of the Gods—this is acting. In some ways it is as great as any tragic acting of our time, reminding us more than once that Wotan, supremely played, is the King Lear of opera, making similar demands on the imaginative comprehension of the player.

Yet it is a feature of all great character-drawing, in opera no less than classic drama, that being imagined by the creator in depth, with many psychological stresses, no one interpretation is definitive, and new actors or singers may always throw new lights on the character. This is what Hazlitt meant by "flashes of lightning," and what the great French actor Talma, trying to analyze the actor's instincts, meant by "spontaneous flashes of sensibility." These were nowhere more potent, to my mind, than in the Wotan at the Strasbourg Opera in the season of 1961-62, when another great singing actor, Hermann Uhde, stood in sudden stillness—tall

and radiant like an Olympic Jupiter—and repeated the two words *"Das Ende,"* transfiguring the scene with mystic prevision and resignation. On a similar plane I remember the strange and marvelously mimed Mime in *Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried* of Gerhard Stolze, a Caliban evilly hovering on the borderline between Nibelung and Primitive Man. (Stolze, it might be added, originally trained and practiced as a straight dramatic actor.)

Because these actors' "illuminations" may be of human relationships too, I recall with special vividness a moment in Verdi's *Otello* at Covent Garden when Otello (Ramon Vinay), baited to his last resource by Iago (Otakar Kraus), turned to him in desperate appeal as to a friend, while the Ancient, standing still against a wall, his diabolical work now done, coldly turned away his head, rejecting the implied intimacy. The moment was electrifying in its revelation of the love-hate bond of tormented and tormentor; and I never remember seeing it played this way by actors in the Shakespeare original.

Yet the finest operatic Otello in recent memory is probably still Giovanni Martinelli, who presented a figure both aristocratic and distraught—noble in presence like the Othello of the actor Salvini (which Shaw preferred to the rougher savage of the original Verdi Otello, Tamagno) and therefore doubly moving when the wounded barbarian bursts the shackles of civilization. His recording of *"Dio! mi potevi scagliar"* is a wonderful example of the correlation of vocal and dramatic requirements, from the reflective pathos of the opening recitative, a thread of Verdian silk stretched across the cantabile melody of the strings, to the first touch of real anguish at *"miseria,"* heightening in emotional intensity until it becomes a rising tide of fury sweeping up to the *fortissimo* G flat at *"Ah! dannazione!"* All this is achieved, moreover, without any distortion of the musical phrasing, for Martinelli was a great singing stylist, capable of singing Calaf's *"Nessun dorma"* in *Turandot* in a dreaming *piano*, as the situation obviously requires, and of giving to *"Celeste Aida"* the clear, uninflated tones of a silver trumpet flawlessly played. With such an artist, the exaggerated sobs in the throat and falsettos of many Italian tenors become unnecessary vulgarities; the emotion springs from the music as written.

In fact, given a really fine artist, a recording will make an entire interpretation of character clear by aural means alone. Callas as Tosca, under Victor de Sabata's baton, plays not the usual shrew, but a woman passionately, tenderly, and therefore jealously in love. This at least makes Tosca a living human being, and her plight in Act II a real one (too many flamboyant and vixenish Toscas have given the impression that they could easily have taken the seduction by Scarpia in their stride). The character, in fact, emerges from the singing, leaving no doubt of the soprano's powers as an actress. With Tito Gobbi as Scarpia in the same recording, and De Sabata galvanizing the orchestra, the final battle of will between Tosca and Scarpia seems to be brought right into our room, with Scarpia stabbed at our very hearthside. Gobbi's singing occasionally lacks bite and the requisite darkening of the voice, but at *"Ma fatelo tacere!"* and *"Aprite le porte"* it is commanding and dramatic, and the beautifully suave singing suggests that this monster of the supper table has the right veneer of irony and civilized manners. The death scene is superbly acted: terror and rage shattering the façade. We know this man and see his dying convulsions—and here we know and see through the sound itself.

OBVIOUSLY, one man in his time plays many parts (unless he is a tenor, in which case he may be able to get away with only one, under different names and in different costumes). The artist of true range—of character, age, and emotion (comedy and tragedy)—is rare, although many will make a show of achieving it, with the help of wig and greasepaint. These last can be badly handled, most of all in opera which tends to be out of date in such technical details, overdoing the wrinkles and joins as if opera were still performed by candlelight. There are, of course, exceptions. I have seen one great European bass—Ludwig Weber, known in America mainly through Bayreuth recordings—act Boris Godunov, Gurnemanz in *Parsifal*, and Hagen in *Götterdämmerung*, and in all cases the make-up was perfect (by which I mean completely natural and unemphasized), leaving the somber grooves of the face free to mold themselves expressively into the attributes of the widely differing characters. Weber is a great singer, noble of voice and, like Martinelli, a musical stylist. His Boris is the finest I have seen, if only because of the deeply moving and imaginative illumination he gives of the basis of the usurper's remorse—his passionate concern for his own young son, now the age of the dead Tsarevitch. When Weber clutched the boy to his heart, this one revealing moment of fear and anguish was, again, like one of Kean's flashes of lightning.

Because opera is so lacking in directors of artistic merit, and rehearsal time is usually scarce, there is little opportunity for the artist to learn to work as part of a team, and indeed much operatic acting seems to take place in a kind of vacuum, with little give-and-take between characters. The problem of teamwork and of molding a coherent style is one for the good director; and the good director can only be one who is both musical enough to work within the score and in sympathetic conjunction with the conductor and is experienced in theatrical production outside the opera house. The director developed inside opera—as so often at the Metropolitan and elsewhere, especially in Wagner—rarely has the knowledge to break through operatic conventions.

It was a particularly imaginative stroke of the Royal Swedish Opera recently to engage Ingmar Bergman to direct *Continued on page 121*

The sound from this new Shure cartridge is awesome in its vitality & clarity

A NIGHT-AND-DAY DIFFERENCE

From the very first prototype, the sound from the new Shure Series M44 Stereo 15° Dynetic Cartridge was incredible. Even skeptical high fidelity critics have expressed unconcealed surprise at the audible increase in brilliance, clarity, transparency, presence, fullness and smoothness of this amazing new Shure development. A close analysis of its performance reveals startling differences in this cartridge—although not extraordinarily improved in the "usual" areas of frequency response (still a virtually flat 20-20,000 cps) or in compliance (25 x 10^{-6} cm/dyne)—rather it is in the distortion measurements where Shure engineers have achieved a highly significant and dramatic reduction of *75% to 90%* in IM and harmonic distortion from even such admirably distortion-free cartridges as earlier versions of the Shure Stereo Dynetic. Further, cross-talk between channels has been effectively negated in the critical low frequency and mid ranges . . . providing superior channel separation throughout the audible spectrum.

SCRATCH-PROOF RETRACTILE STYLUS

And, as if that were not enough, the new 15° cartridge incorporates a totally efficient retractile stylus that momentarily retracts whenever excessive forces are applied to the tone arm. This feature protects your records and prevents annoying "clicks."

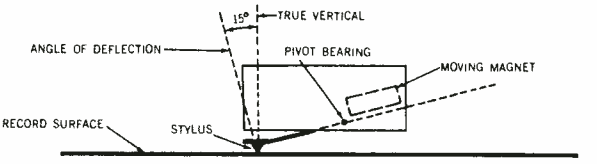
PERFECTION IS A MATTER OF DEGREE

It has been known for some years that a difference between the angle used to cut stereo records and the angle of the stylus of the cartridge used to play them would result in an increase in IM and harmonic distortion audible on certain records. With widely different cutting angles employed by the record companies, the effective angle of the playback cartridge stylus had of necessity to be a compromise so as to provide the best possible results from records of all makes.

Recently, industry attention was focused on this problem by a series of technical articles ascribing the difference in effective vertical angles between the cutter stylus and the playback cartridge stylus as a cause of distortion and urging the adoption of a standard effective angle to which records would be cut.

Major record companies have now begun to use an effective cutting angle of 15°, which is the proposed standard of the RIAA (Record Industry Association of America) and EIA (Electronic Industries Association.)

With the emergence of the single standard effective vertical tracking angle for cutting records, Shure engineers immediately began what seemed on the surface the seemingly simple but in actuality the arduous and exacting task of converting their formidable Stereo Dynetic cartridge to the 15° effective tracking angle. It couldn't be done. So Shure designed this radically new moving-magnet cartridge that will track at an effective angle of 15°. Graphically, this is the kind of cartridge geometry involved in the new Shure Series M44 15° Stereo Dynetic Cartridge:



THE ULTIMATE TEST

You must hear this cartridge to appreciate the totality of the sound improvement. It will be instantly recognizable to the ear without the necessity for elaborate test instruments or A-B listening tests—although we assure you, instruments and A-B tests will more than substantiate our claims.

M44 SERIES SPECIFICATIONS

	M44-5	M44-7
Frequency Response:	20-20,000 cps	20-20,000 cps
Output Voltage at 1000 cps (Per Channel, at 5 cm/sec peak velocity):	6 millivolts	9 millivolts
Channel Separation (at 1000 cps):	Greater than 25 db	Greater than 25 db
Recommended Load Impedance:	47,000 Ohms	47,000 Ohms
Compliance:	25 x 10^{-6} cm/dyne	20 x 10^{-6} cm/dyne
Tracking Range:	¾ to 1½ Grams	1½ to 3 Grams
Inductance (Per Channel):	680 millihenries	680 millihenries
D.C. Resistance (Per Channel):	650 Ohms	650 Ohms
Stylus:	.0005" diamond	.0007" diamond
Stylus Replacement:	N44-5	N44-7

Monophonic Styli Also Available:

Model N44-1—For monophonic LP records, with .001" diamond
Model N44-3—For 78 rpm records, with .0025" diamond

SHURE

Stereo 15° Dynetic®

SERIES M44 SCRATCH-PROOF CARTRIDGE WITH RETRACTILE STYLUS

the new standard in distortion-free hi-fi cartridges

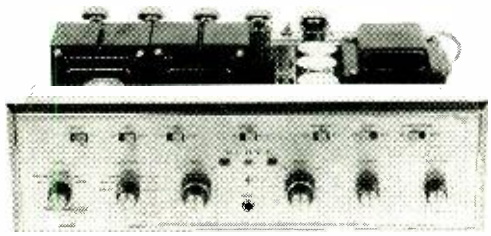
LITERATURE: Shure Brothers, Inc. 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Manufactured under U.S. Patents 3,055,988; 3,077,521 and 3,077,522. Other Patents Pending

CIRCLE 70 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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

high fidelity EQUIPMENT REPORTS



H. H. Scott Model 299D Stereo Control Amplifier

THE EQUIPMENT: Scott 299D, a stereo preamp-power amplifier combination. Price: $229.95. Optional metal case, $13.95; wooden mahogany or walnut case, $24.50; rack mount adapter, $19.95. Dimensions (in case): 15½ by 5¼ by 13¼ inches. Manufacturer: H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powder Mill Rd., Maynard, Mass.

COMMENT: The Scott 299D is the highest-powered and most versatile integrated stereo amplifier offered by this manufacturer, and the latest in a long line of reliable performers in the "double nine" series which dates back to the highly regarded Model 99 of pre-stereo days. The present model is distinguished by high, clean power across the audio band, rugged construction, and a galaxy of control features that should satisfy the operational needs of any stereo installation.

The amplifier's main front panel operating controls are (from left to right) a five-position input selector switch (microphone, tape head, magnetic phono, tuner, and extra); a seven-position function selector switch (left balance, right balance, monophonic, stereo, reverse stereo, left input, and right input); dual concentric bass controls operating independently on each channel; similar treble controls; a channel balance control; and a gain control. Slide switches along the top of the front panel are used to choose between either of two pickups (or a pickup and tape head input), to switch in the tape monitor function, to cut in the rumble or scratch filters, to silence the speakers (when using headphones), to turn on the AC power, and to introduce the loudness compensation. The front panel also has a low-impedance stereo headphone jack as well as three pilot lights to signify different modes of operation as chosen on the function selector switch.

The rear of the chassis contains eight sets of stereo signal input jacks, plus a stereo pair for feeding signals to a tape recorder, and a "derived center channel" output for driving a mono basic amplifier. Left and right speaker outputs are provided in impedances of 4, 8, and 16 ohms. A "powered center channel" connection also is provided, by means of which a third speaker may be driven directly from the 299D without a separate mono amplifier. A speaker-phasing switch, two AC convenience outlets (one switched, the other unswitched), a fuse holder, and power cord complete the rear complement.

The circuitry of the 299D is well designed and thoughtfully arranged. For instance, the preamp section actually incorporates the equivalent of a "pre-preamp" to accommodate signals from the lowest-output pickups and tape heads as well as from more conventional low-level sources, without the danger of insufficient gain for the former or of overloading the circuits with the latter. The tubes in the preamp section are heated by DC voltage in the interest of low hum. The power amplifier section employs negative feedback, and has provisions for setting the bias and balance of each pair of output tubes, although these adjustments are made at the factory and are not intended for use by the amplifier's owner.

In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., the 299D proved to be a reliable, clean performer

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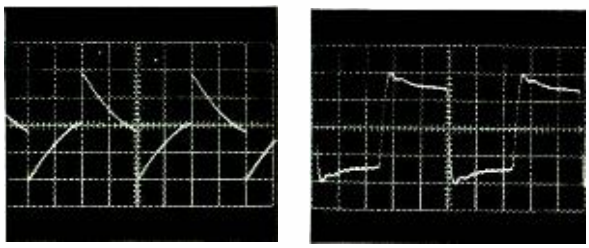
REPORT POLICY

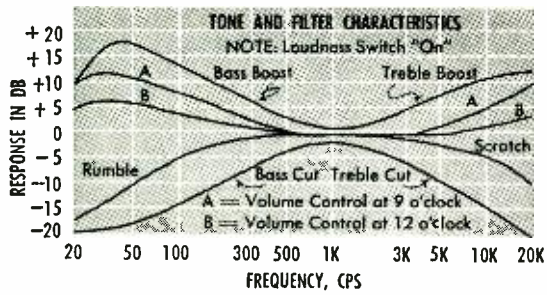
Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the reports, on equipment other than loudspeakers is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization not affiliated with the United States Government which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY.

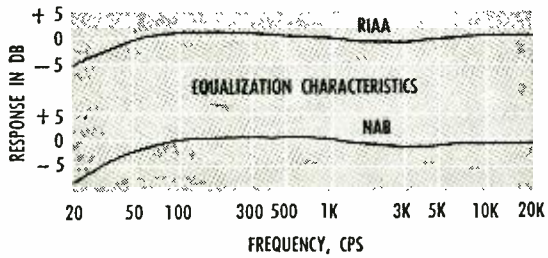
that met its important specifications and remained stable under all conditions of loading. The manufacturer's rating of the amplifier by the IHF music power method corresponds roughly to the sine-wave power figures measured in the lab. Harmonic distortion was well within the limits specified. IM distortion—although somewhat high at the higher power levels—fell below the specified value at normal, average listening levels. The frequency response of the 299D was uniform across the audio range, and down by 3 db at 60 kc and at 17 cps. The low-frequency attenuation is deliberate and, according to the manufacturer, is designed to avoid the wasting of power in the bass as well as to prevent overload in the circuits from subsonic frequencies. The tilt in the 50-cps square-wave response reflects this attenuation; the 10-kc square-wave response shows good transient characteristics with very little "ringing." Equalization, for both RIAA (disc) and NAB (tape head playback) characteristics, is good; the amplifier's tone control and filter characteristics are well suited from a musical standpoint for their intended purposes.

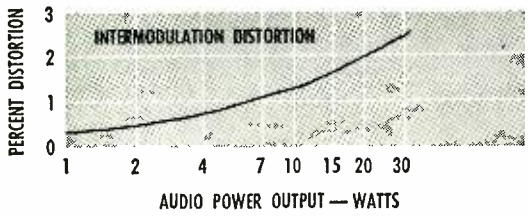
Using and listening to the Scott 299D is a gratifying experience. The number of controls and features may stagger the audio novice at first, but there is a logic to their being made available and to their placement on the panel. One can ignore many of them, or use them to regulate the most complex three-channel stereo system, complete with tape decks, recorders, auxiliary program sources, extension speakers, and private headphones. The intricacies and versatility of this instrument, by the way, are thoroughly explained in a well-organized instruction manual that presumes no previous technical training on the part of the owner. The "sound" of the 299D—driving a variety of speaker types—places it among the better integrated amplifiers now available. It is a fine piece of equipment in its size and power class, and one that can serve very nicely as the center of a high quality home music system.

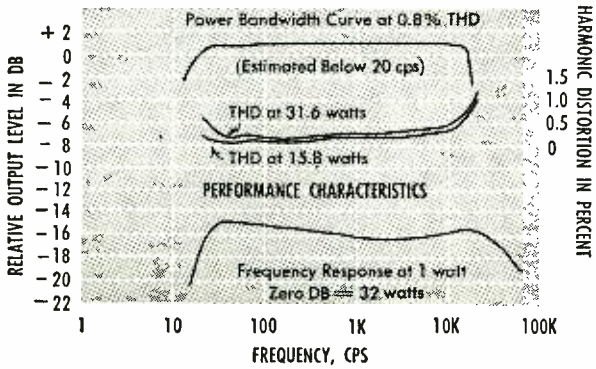


Square-wave response to 50 cps, left, and 10 kc.





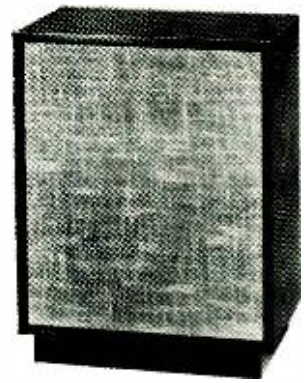




Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement	
Power output (at 1 kc into 8-ohm load)		
l ch at clipping	31.6 watts with 0.22% THD	
l ch at 0.8% THD	38.28 watts	
r ch at clipping	31.6 watts with 0.39% THD	
r ch at 0.8% THD	34.44 watts	
both chs simultaneously at clipping	l ch: 25.9 watts with 0.4% THD r ch: 27.3 watts with 1.7% THD	
Power bandwidth for rated distortion (0.8%)	12 cps to 18 kc	
Harmonic distortion		
31.6-watt output	less than 0.7%, 20 cps to 16 kc; less than 1% to 19 kc	
15.8-watt output	less than 0.5%, 20 cps to 14 kc; less than 1% to 20 kc	
IM distortion	less than 1% up to 6-watt output; 2% at 20 watts; 2.5% at 31 watts	
Frequency response 1-watt output	±1.5 db, 19 cps to 45 kc; −3 db at 17 cps and 60 kc	
RIAA disc characteristic	+1.1, −1 db, 40 cps to 20 kc	
NAB tape characteristic	+0.4, −2 db, 50 cps to 20 kc	
Damping factor	8	
Sensitivity for full output various inputs	mag 1 low	2.5 mv
	mag 2 low	2.5 mv
	mag 1 high	7.5 mv
	mag 2 high	7.5 mv
	ceramic	150 mv
	tuner	420 mv
	tape	420 mv
	extra	420 mv
S/N ratio, various inputs	mag 1 low	58 db
	mag 2 low	58 db
	mag 1 high	58 db
	mag 2 high	58 db
	ceramic	60 db
	tuner	80 db
	tape	80 db
	extra	80 db

JansZen Model Z-600
Speaker System



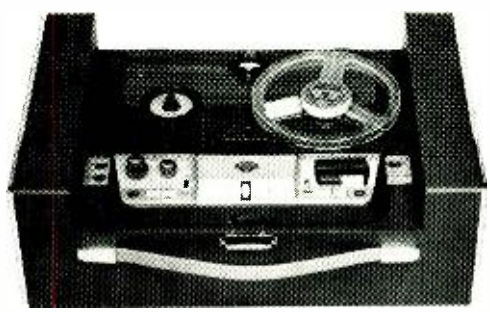
THE EQUIPMENT: The JansZen Z-600, a full-range speaker system consisting of a JansZen electrostatic tweeter and a dynamic cone woofer housed, with network, in an integral enclosure. Dimensions: 26 5/8 inches high, 20 1/8 inches wide, 13 1/16 inches deep. Price, in walnut or oiled walnut, $195. Manufacturer: Neshaminy Electronic Corp., Edison-Furlong Rd., Furlong, Pa.

COMMENT: The Z-600 is the newest of the speaker systems that have been offered for some years by Neshaminy—systems in which a "conventional"-type driver is combined with an electrostatic speaker to cover the full audio range. The woofer is a soft-suspension, long-throw cone that is baffled in a completely sealed enclosure. The tweeter consists of a pair of electrostatic panels mounted above the woofer and angled slightly outward and tilted slightly upward to improve their treble propagation. Crossover occurs over a broad area, from 1,000 to 2,000 cps, in the interest of smooth blending of the low- and high-frequency sound sources. The drivers all sit behind a neutral-tint grille cloth, and the Z-600 acts as a direct radiator. Input impedance is 8 ohms. The electrostatic elements are energized by an internal power supply which must be connected, via a line cord, to an AC outlet. Signal connections to the system are made by screw terminals marked for polarity.

Although the JansZen Z-600 is somewhat larger than most so-called bookshelf systems, it may, of course, be placed on a sturdy shelf. Alternately, with its pedestal base, it may be positioned directly on the floor. Our own preference, from the standpoint of appearance as well as sound, was to place it on a low bench; its proportions are quite pleasing, and elevating it seemed to help propagate the highs more clearly.

We were able to drive this speaker to more than ample volume levels with amplifiers rated at 20 watts per channel and higher. At very high signal levels, the bass response went down cleanly to about 35 cps, then began to double. By driving the system less "hard." we got clean bass down to 30 cps. Upward through the range, the Z-600 responded quite smoothly to beyond audibility, with few discernible irregularities along the way. No harshness was observed at the crossover area, and the system seemed to have a fairly broad (in all planes) dispersion pattern, which narrowed somewhat only at about 5 kc. Its white noise pattern was smooth at normal listening levels; a trace of hardness crept in when the system was driven abnormally loud.

The "sound" of the Z-600 on program material is natural and unstrained. The system is well balanced from top to bottom and reproduces musical tones that are well defined, even in complex ensemble effects. Male and female voices sounded very lifelike, and response to transients was crisp and clean. A pair of Z-600s, on stereo or mono, are capable of an ample sound spread with no "hole in the middle" in most listening rooms, including those that are larger than "average." The system gives a sense of the sound simply "being there" rather than overtly projected at the listener.



Korting Model TR-3000
Tape Recorder

THE EQUIPMENT: Korting TR-3000, a two-speed, quarter-track stereo/monophonic tape recorder, with built-in power amplifier and speakers combined in an attractive carrying case. Over-all dimensions: 20¾ in. wide, 13½ in. deep, 7½ in. high (including small rubber feet). Price: $299.95. Manufacturer: Korting Radio Werke, Grassau, West Germany. Distributed in the U.S.A. by Matthew Stuart & Co., Inc., 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

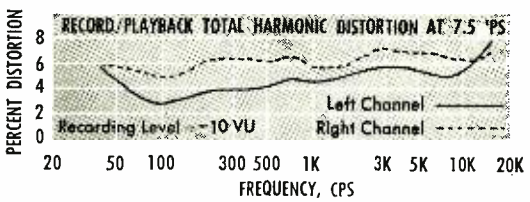
COMMENT: The Korting TR-3000, also known as the Constellation 66, is a self-contained recorder in that it includes its own playback stereo amplifier and two speakers. However, it also can be jacked into a component high fidelity system; a stereo patch cord, which adapts the machine's European-type five-pin connectors to American-type jacks, is supplied. The recorder also is furnished with two low-impedance dynamic microphones for live recording. The electronics of the TR-

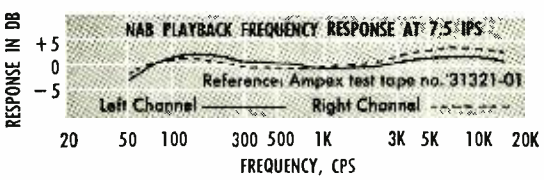
3000 are transistorized except for the driver and output stages of the built-in playback amplifier, which employ tubes. The level indicator also is a tube (of the eye-closure type). One erase head, and one record/playback head are used. The TR-3000 will record four-track stereo and mono, and play four- and two-track stereo and mono. It may be used at 7.5- and 3.75-ips speeds, and takes up to 7-inch reels. A special feature enables the machine to be used as a PA amplifier.

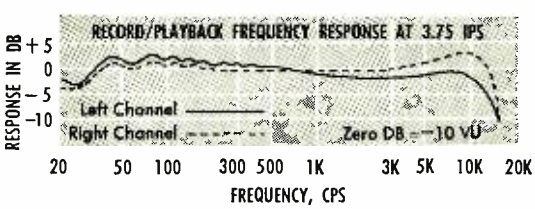
All operating controls, as well as the signal jacks, are found on the top of the deck. Most of the mechanical functions—such as rewind, start, forward, record, stop—are controlled by push buttons clearly labeled (in English). A pause control is provided which enables the tape to be stopped while against the head, so that editing and splicing are facilitated. Another control marked "trick"—which disengages the erase head—enables the user to dub in a new recording over an existing

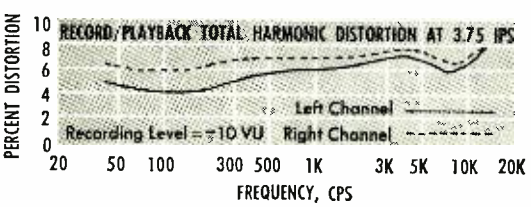
Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
Speed accuracy, 7.5 ips	0.8% slow at 117 volts; 2.7% slow at 105 volts; 1.4% fast at 129 volts
3.75 ips	0.95% fast at 117 volts; 2.3% slow at 105 volts; 3% fast at 129 volts
Wow and flutter, 7.5 ips	0.09% and 0.16% respectively
3.75 ips	0.4% and 0.2% respectively
Rewind time (7-in., 1,200-ft. reel)	2.6 minutes
Fast forward time (same reel)	2.6 minutes
NAB playback response (ref. Ampex test tape No. 31321-01), 7.5 ips	l ch: +2.25, −1.5 db, 50 cps to 15 kc r ch: +3.3, −1 db, 50 cps to 15 kc
Max output level (with 0 VU at 700 cps, as on test tape)	l ch: 0.5 volt r ch: 0.65 volt
Record/playback response (with −10 VU recorded signal) 7.5 ips	l ch: +4, −3 db, 20 cps to 22 kc r ch: ±3 db, 20 cps to 23 kc
3.75 ips	l ch: +3.25, −3 db, 20 cps to 11.5 kc r ch: ±3.5 db, 20 cps to 14 kc
S/N ratio (ref 0 VU, test tape) playback	l ch: 47 db; r ch: 45 db
record/playback	l ch: 32 db; r ch: 30 db
Sensitivity for −10 VU recording level phono input	l ch: 0.021 volt; r ch: 0.016 volt
mic input	l ch: 19 μv; r ch: 17 μv
THD, record/playback (−10 VU recorded signal) 7.5 ips	l ch: under 6%, 40 cps to 11 kc r ch: under 7.2%, 40 cps to 15 kc
3.75 ips	l ch: under 7%, 40 cps to 11 kc r ch: under 7.6%, 40 cps to 11.5 kc
IM distortion record/playback −10 VU recorded signal	l ch: 3.5%; r ch: 2.6%
0 VU recorded signal	l ch: 11.2%; r ch: 8%
Recording level for max 3% THD	l ch: 0 VU r ch: min THD, 4%
Power output, built-in amplifier	l ch: clips at 1.25 watts r ch: clips at 1.56 watts
Accuracy, built-in level indicator	max eye closure on l ch is at +4 VU; on r ch, +5 VU









The Reader Service coupon, included in this issue following the advertising index, will bring you further information about the equipment reviewed in this section.

sound track without erasing the latter. The built-in speakers, located along opposite sides of the machine, may be turned off by another control.

A signal level control adjusts the gain in the two channels simultaneously, and operates on both recording and playback. Concentric with this control is a channel balance control which operates only on the built-in amplifier during playback; it has no effect on the signal when it is played back through an external amplifier. The deck also has a three-digit tape index counter and a "magic eye" level indicator which responds to the recording level of both stereo channels simultaneously.

Included among the various input and output jacks on the recorder are connections for both stereo and monophonic low impedance microphones, high level sources (such as tuner or crystal phono), preamplifier output, amplifier output, and tape head output. The microphone input impedance is rated at 200 ohms, the high level input at 1 megohm, the amplifier output at 4.5 ohms, and the preamplifier output at 33 K ohms.

The transport is driven by a single motor through a series of belts and idler wheels. Measurements made at United States Testing Company, Inc., indicate an insignificant speed error at both tape speeds when the machine is operated from a 117-volt AC line. Changes in line voltage caused some change in tape speed, but the errors were, in sum, about par for the course in this class of tape equipment. Wow and flutter were satisfactorily low at both speeds, although the wow at the slow speed was higher than average.

The frequency response of the Korting was unusually wide at the 7.5-ips speed, exceeding the nominal 20- to 20,000-cps range. Response at the slower speed was also remarkable, being better than that of some recorders at 7.5 ips. The signal-to-noise ratio for record/playback was not as high as it might be, because—in USTC's view—of a hum component which is reflected in this measurement as well as in the distortion figures. However, the effects of the S/N ratio can be reduced to some extent by careful attention to the intensity of the signal levels used when recording. In any case, audibility of the hum depends on the speakers' bass sensitivity.

Paco Model ST-55 FM Stereo Tuner

THE EQUIPMENT: Paco ST-55, a stereo FM (multiplex) tuner. Dimensions: 15⅜ by 11¾ by 5⅝ inches. Prices: kit version, $109.95; semi-kit, $139.95; factory-assembled with enclosure, $159.95. Optional metal enclosure for kit versions, $7.95. Manufacturer: Paco Electronics Co., Inc., 70-31 84th St., Glendale 27, N.Y.

COMMENT: The Model ST-55 is a relatively simple basic tuner for receiving monophonic as well as FM stereo broadcasts. In the kit version the multiplex section is prealigned at the factory; in the semi-kit version, this section as well as the RF, IF, and discriminator circuits are supplied prealigned. The unit tested by United States Testing Company, Inc., was built from the semi-kit version.

The set is neatly styled and features an ample size tuning dial set in a brushed metal escutcheon. A logging scale is provided under the regular FM station numerals. Front panel controls include a mode selector (mono, stereo, stereo with filter); power off/on; AFC off/on; and the tuning knob. At the rear of the tuner is a level control; a channel separation adjustment; left and right channel output jacks; the 300-ohm antenna terminals (twin-lead type); and a switched AC convenience outlet. Tuning is facilitated by a tuning eye indicator that glows behind the station dial. Circuitry is conventional.

USTC measured IHF sensitivity of the kit-built sample and found it to be 7 microvolts. The front end was then realigned, which raised the sensitivity to a more impressive 3-microvolt figure. Combined with the set's fairly high capture ratio of 4 db, this would indicate its ability to receive stations well in most urban and suburban locales. The tuner's monophonic frequency response was very smooth over most of the audio range, although it did roll off somewhat at the very high end. Distortion was fairly low.

On stereo, the set's total distortion rose, as expected. However, the frequency response—with the noise filter off—was similar to the mono response in smoothness

How It Went Together

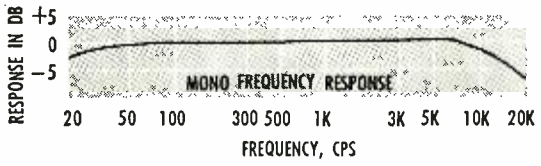
Construction of the Paco ST-55 was facilitated by the manufacturer's new packaging method, by which the carton may be used as a work surface, and each part is identified for easy handling in logical sequence. The instructions are clear and thorough; the only ambiguity encountered was failure to spell out explicitly the need to replace the mounting bolts that hold the tuning capacitor to the chassis (the bolts are put on, then removed for an intermediate operation). An experienced kit builder, however, would immediately discern that the bolts should be replaced.

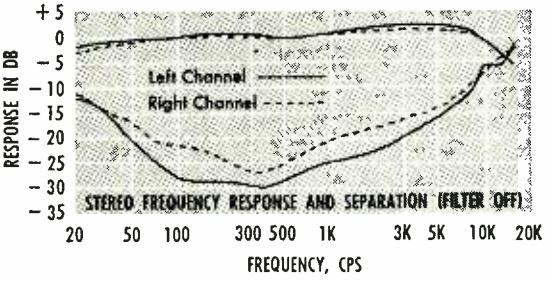
and range. And both left and right channels were virtually identical, indicating excellent balance between left and right stereo signals. With the noise filter switched on, the response was rolled off considerably from above 2 kc and beyond. While such an attenuation will reduce background noise on weak stereo signals, it also degrades the audible sound—and our recommendation would be to avoid using the filter whenever possible. The noise filter did not affect the channel separation, which was fair whether it was switched on or off. The multiplex pilot and subcarrier signals both were suppressed enough not to cause interference when taping programs off the air. The ST-55, in sum, may be no long-distance champion, and it lacks some of the features found on costlier tuners—but it should provide satisfactory service in reasonably strong signal areas.

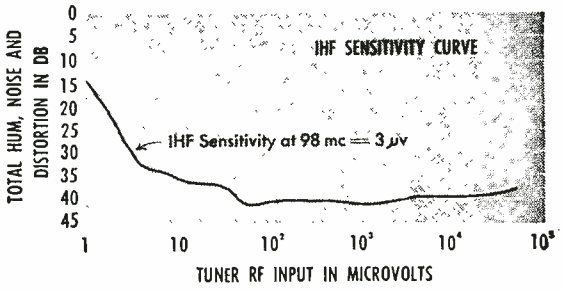
Paco Model ST-55 FM Stereo Tuner

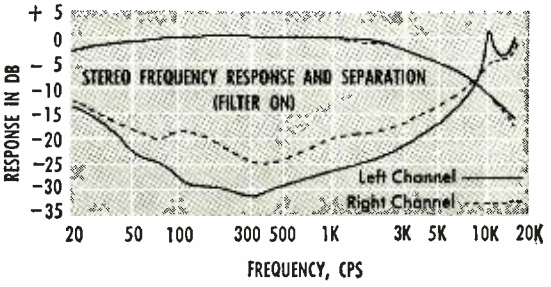
Lab Test Data

Performance characteristic	Measurement
IHF sensitivity	3 μv at 98 mc; 3.5 μv at 90 mc; 8.5 μv at 106 mc
Frequency response, mono	+0.5, −3 db, 20 cps to 13.5 kc; down to −5 db at 17.5 kc
THD, mono	0.7% at 400 cps; 0.72% at 40 cps; 0.7% at 1 kc
IM distortion, IHF method	0.36%
Capture ratio	4
S/N ratio	44 db
Frequency response, stereo	
filter off	l ch: +1.5, −2.5 db, 20 cps to 11.5 kc; to −5 db at 14 kc r ch: +1, −3 db, 20 cps to 12 kc; to −5 db at 14 kc
filter on	l ch: +0.5, −2 db, 20 cps to 2.7 kc; to −5 db at 6 kc r ch: virtually identical
Channel separation	
filter off	l ch: better than 15 db, 35 cps to 5.6 kc; 10 db at 8.5 kc r ch: better than 15 db, 40 cps to 4 kc; 10 db at 8 kc
filter on	l ch: better than 15 db, 26 cps to 5.6 kc; 10 db at 8.2 kc r ch: better than 15 db, 28 cps to 3.7 kc; 10 db at 7 kc
THD, stereo	l ch: 3.6% at 400 cps; 9.6% at 40 cps; 3.3% at 1 kc r ch: 3.8% at 400 cps; 4% at 40 cps; 3.2% at 1 kc
19-kc pilot suppression	−44 db
38-kc subcarrier suppression	−44 db









REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Roberts 770 Cross Field Tape Recorder
Electro-Voice Speakers
Fairchild F-7 Cartridge

AR-2a loudspeakers in the background, a Maillol bronze in the foreground

Even a jazz band isn't loud enough to fill the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, where a series of concerts was given during the summer. An amplifying system was needed that would preserve the natural quality of the live instruments. Mechanical "public address" sound would not do.

AR and DYNAKIT at NEW YORK'S MUSEUM of MODERN ART

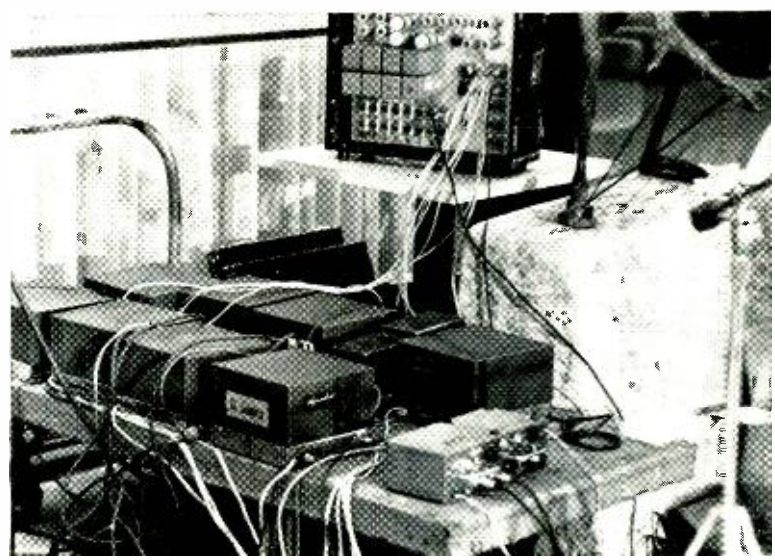
The audio components chosen for the job — eight Dynakit Mark III amplifiers and eight AR-2a loudspeakers — are often used professionally because of their high quality, but they are designed primarily for home high fidelity systems. They are in the low-medium price range.

The Gerry Mulligan quartet

Concert reviews don't usually include references to electronic equipment. A review in the New York Herald Tribune congratulated the Museum on its "superb new sound system."

AR SPEAKERS and DYNAKIT AMPLIFIERS may be heard together at AR Music Rooms, on the west balcony of Grand Central Terminal and at 52 Brattle Street in Cambridge, Massachusetts. No sales are made or initiated at these showrooms.

Literature is available on request from either of the two companies listed below.



480 watts of Dynakit power — eight Mark III amplifiers

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge 41, Massachusetts

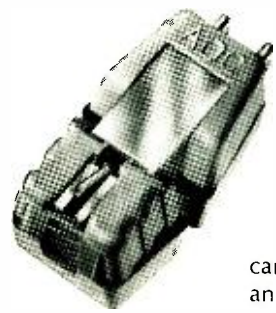
DYNACO, INC., 3912 Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania

Photos by Jack Bradley

CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Why doesn't somebody make a changer cartridge based on the same principle as the ADC POINT FOUR, so that people who own changers can get the same kind of performance as people who own turntables?

SOMEBODY HAS



ADC 660

It was ADC, of course. After all, the revolutionary Induced Magnet principle that makes the Point Four so remarkable is ADC's own. The new cartridge is the **ADC 660 Stereo Changer Cartridge,** and its distinctive performance is the result of all the design benefits of the famous ADC Point Four and the Induced Magnet principle: the virtually weightless combination of hollow-aluminum stylus arm and soft-iron armature that makes for unbelievably low mass and high compliance (20×10^{-6} cm/dyne), the remote positioning of the fixed magnet that eliminates saturation and hysteresis distortion, the low-slung pivot point that produces an honest vertical tracking angle of 15°, and the ease and convenience of stylus replacement. Sound? As with the Point Four, we can only suggest that you hear it yourself—and with equipment that will do it justice.

ADC 660 Specifications: □ Type: Induced Magnet □ Sensitivity: 7 mv. at 5.5 cms/sec recorded velocity □ Channel Separation: 30 db, 50 to 8,000 cps □ *Frequency Response: 10 to 20,000 cps ±3db □ Stylus tip radius: .0007" (accurately maintained) □ Vertical tracking angle: 15° □ Tracking force range: 1½ to 4 grams □ I.M. distortion: less than 1%–400 and 4,000 cps at 14.3 cms/sec velocity □ Minimum compliance, vertical and horizontal: 20 x 10^{-6} cms/dyne □ Price: **$46.50**

*Frequencies above 15,000 cps will be influenced by the impedance characteristics of the amplifier and connecting cables. Load impedance may be varied to give the most pleasing results.

ADC **AUDIO DYNAMICS CORPORATION**
PICKETT DISTRICT ROAD, NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT
CIRCLE 12 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

reviewed by
NATHAN BRODER
O. B. BRUMMELL
R. D. DARRELL
SHIRLEY FLEMING
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

Records in Review

HARRIS GOLDSMITH
ROBERT C. MARSH
CONRAD L. OSBORNE
ALAN RICH
ERIC SALZMAN
JOHN S. WILSON

Giulietta Simionato and Geraint Evans.

by Conrad L. Osborne

Two New Sir Johns Help Make a *Falstaff* Year

PERHAPS *Falstaff*, now more than seventy years old, is coming into its own. Covent Garden seems to have made a success of it in recent seasons, the Met is giving it a Zeffirelli/Bernstein treatment this month (its first staging of the work since 1949), and Victor's new release puts a fourth complete recording into the current catalogue.

Not that *Falstaff* has not always occupied a place high in the affections of musicians and critics; from the beginning, it has been conceded a position alongside *Die Meistersinger* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* as one of the great comic operas. And everyone knows that *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff* are the three mighty works of Verdi's last and greatest period, unquote. Yet it does an opera little good to be accorded such respect and left on the shelf—outside the theatre, it has no life. And *Falstaff* is, even more than most, an opera to *see*. For all the warmth, drive, and knockabout wit of the incomparable score, this opera depends for its full effect on visual humor just as much as *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* does, and in much the same way—it is the cumulative effect of a lightning succession of preposterous yet somehow lifelike happenings that brings a pattern out of all the confusion. "*Tutto il mondo è burla*," but it takes a fine sense of order to put such a world on the stage, and it takes the stage really to make sense of such a world.

Just the same, what a lavishly beautiful and ingenious score it is, and what a rich pleasure to be able to listen to it and study it at will on records. Records cannot reproduce the opera, but they can isolate and reproduce that considerable portion of it that exists in the music. With their aid we can appreciate all the more the astounding precision and economy of Verdi's music, its supreme workability in the sense that every bar serves and fills out its function—and nothing more. I wonder if it is not the best of all comic operas.

Victor's new recording is altogether exceptional, not without fault of course, but the best sung on records, easily the best recorded, and conceivably (depending on one's tastes) even the best conducted.

This last judgment, it goes without saying, cannot be given any absolute weight. Toscanini's leadership, though not well served by the cramped, rather shallow sound of Victor's older version, has a thrust and a soaring life which, over the entire course, make a tremendous effect; the final fugue carries what I can only describe as an authoritative exhilaration. The Toscanini reading has always impressed me as vastly superior to the Von Karajan, which has impetus and a quality of neatness (and very polished playing) but not the final lift of the Toscanini.

But even in the face of the Toscanini reading, Solti's is an impressive accomplishment. I have not been overwhelmed by Maestro Solti's Verdian conducting at the Metropolitan: while in *Otello*, *Aida*, and *Don Carlo* he has given the score clarity, crispness, and an admirable care to orchestral detail, he has not conveyed the sweep or grandeur or expansiveness looked for in such music. These qualities do not count for quite so much in *Falstaff*—lucidity, bite, great rhythmic firmness are the things, and these Solti supplies. Yet one also wants warmth, a sense of sympathy for the characters, and here, I think, there is at least some deficiency on Solti's part. An example: there is a wonderful moment in the monologue with which Falstaff opens Act III ("*Mondo ladro*," etc.) when he returns sadly to the little song of his anticipated conquest of Alice ("*Va, vecchio John*"). Both Toscanini and Von Karajan manage to suggest, without compromising the tempo, a drooping feeling in the accompanying figure, as Falstaff mournfully recapitulates the phrases that had such a promising sound such a short time before. In Solti's rendition there is no hint of this, and if his reading has

a drawback, it is that the listener is never quite sure that the conductor really loves Sir John and the others. It isn't warmth that is missing, exactly, so much as it is an ambience of affection.

There is, though, a large amount of cherishable underlining of the instrumental detail: the trumpet trills at the conclusion of the first scene have a precision and a crackle missing even in the Toscanini reading, and there are a host of other similar instances. In addition, there is an exciting sense of unfailing forward movement, of one passage swinging naturally and purposefully into the next—it is this sense of continuous building that is missing from so many studio recordings, and without it *Falstaff* would be compromised.

Among the singers, we must focus first on Geraint Evans, not only because he has the title role but because this is the Welsh baritone's first internationally released complete opera recording. All reports indicate that he is a most accomplished Falstaff on the stage, and the fact that he has won respect for his singing of such other contrasting roles as Papageno and *Lucia*'s Enrico would indicate that he is a formidable artist. And he sounds just that here, though I must admit that in certain respects I am a bit disappointed. "What sort of voice is needed for the part of Falstaff?" asked George Bernard Shaw. ". . . Ferrando and Di Luna rolled into one—Amonasro, in short. A rich *basso cantante* who can knock out a vigorous high G and play with F sharp as Melba plays with B flat. Polyphemus in Handel's *Acis* and Valentine in Gounod's *Faust* might do it justice between them." Inasmuch as the *basso cantantes* who can roar any sort of G are few and far between, one is left with a choice between a genuine baritone, who may not have all the fatness of voice to go with Sir John's fatness of flesh, and a bass of some sort, who will probably have to compromise with much of his above-the-stave music.

Basically, Evans is a good vocal compromise between the two types. He is a baritone, but one of a fairly dark variety, who can command an impressive weightiness of sound. He is also a very careful musician—he sings everything written, slurring nothing, evading nothing—and obviously has an excellent understanding of the part. But some of the weight seems artificial, as if he were piling it on to an instrument of essentially lighter variety. Though the high tones are solid, they are not especially free or ringing, and in the upper middle range his tone is apt to be rather dry and closed; in fact, there is a throatiness about some of the singing here. And interpretatively as well as vocally, much of this seems to have come by careful study rather than naturally. One has the sense that Evans makes many of the growling and grunting effects traditional in this part, for example, more because he believes they are authentic effects than because they proceed from his own feeling for the role. By the same token, while his command of Italian is excellent, it lacks the brightness or point that any of his Italian competitors on LP (Giuseppi Valdengo, Tito Gobbi, Giuseppe Taddei) can bring to bear—this is noticeable at moments like the *"Quand'ero paggio"* or the building of the trill as Falstaff downs the warm wine in Act III, Scene 1.

I detail these complaints simply to document my reservations, not to indicate a generally negative feeling about Mr. Evans' Falstaff, which is a good one and will probably become better over the years. I am not sure that I prefer him to any of the Italian baritones, however, though his voice is of more appropriate caliber for the role than Valdengo's (RCA Victor/Toscanini). Gobbi's interpretation (Angel) is quite fine in almost every way, and Taddei (Cetra) has what seems to me an ideal timbre for this music.

The supporting cast is extremely well chosen. Ilva Ligabue has a voice that is both lush and bright, and it sounds lovely throughout this part. Even if she misses some of the points—hers is a fairly straightforward Alice—I think she is to be preferred to Angel's Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who is a bit overrefined and not open enough, and certainly to Herva Nelli. Mirella Freni is an exemplary Nannetta—a beautiful round lyric soprano—and Giulietta Simionato a fine, unexaggerated Mistress Quickly. Rosalind Elias is slightly less good, but Meg is the least important of the female roles. Robert Merrill sings a magnificent Ford, vocally lustrous and surprisingly vital, and the *comprimario* parts are all very strongly done.

Victor's sound is superb—on my equipment, at least, the Dynagroove recordings that have come my way have been noticeably better than other Victor pressings. There is considerable movement in the stereo staging, but nothing obtrusive or unnecessary in the way of special effects. The sound of Falstaff suffocating in the hamper in Act II, by the way, is exactly right, and decidedly funny. All told, this is one of the most satisfying opera recordings of the past several years. The Toscanini and Cetra versions are not, on balance, well sung, and the Angel is certainly no better sung or conducted, and not so well recorded.

London's disc of excerpts affords us a reasonably extended look at the Falstaff of Fernando Corena, who has sung the part at the Holland Festival and is scheduled for some of the Metropolitan performances this year. Corena, of course, is a bass, and a buffo bass at that, not especially flexible or smooth of voice and at the limit of his range around F sharp—the G on *"No, no!"* at the end of the honor speech is there, but it isn't precisely a singing sound. Certainly these limitations stand in the way of unqualified enjoyment of his Falstaff; there are too many phrases that are slidden through, and the supposedly staccato triplets on *"Gli sparo una girandola"* in the scene with Ford are a mess. Still, everything that sounds a bit contrived in Evans' portrayal sounds natural in Corena's; there is more bubbling fun, more bite, more elegance in the pointing of words (Corena's *"Quand'ero paggio"* is incomparably better, even though it lies very high in his voice). This sounds like a lovable, genuinely funny Sir John, if not a vocally easy one.

Ligabue is if anything a bit better here than on the complete set; she sounds a trifle more relaxed. Lydia Marimpietri is good, though not as limpid as Freni, and Regina Resnik's Quickly is enjoyable in a coarser way than Simionato's; there are some approximations of pitch. Renato Capecchi doesn't produce much rich or warm tone, but has Ford well in hand and doesn't miss a point. Luigi Alva is a little nasal and whitish-sounding here (the Angel monophonic recording was kinder to his voice), but sings the little romance stylishly. It really isn't fair to judge conductor Downes's work by fragments of a score like this—it is obviously competent and alive. The arrangement of the record is a bit unfortunate; you must turn it over after the end of Scene 1 to get the beginning of Scene 2, and then back over after Act II, Scene 1 to get the opening of Act II, Scene 2. The Act II, Scene 2 band ends a bit abruptly on the final note of *"Quand'ero paggio,"* and the last band of Side 1 leaves Fenton and Nannetta stuck on high A flat in a most awkward way. By and large, though, these passages play well even out of context, and Corena's inimitable Falstaff makes a nice supplement to one of the complete recordings.

VERDI: *Falstaff*

Ilva Ligabue (s), Alice; Mirella Freni (s), Nannetta; Rosalind Elias (ms), Meg; Giulietta Simionato (ms), Mistress Quickly; Alfredo Kraus (t), Fenton; John Lanigan (t), Dr. Caius; Piero de Palma (t), Bardolfo; Geraint Evans (b), Falstaff; Robert Merrill (b), Ford; Giovanni Foiani (bs), Pistola. RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond.

• RCA VICTOR LM 6163. Three LP. $14.94.

• • RCA VICTOR LSC 6163. Three SD. $17.94.

VERDI: *Falstaff* (highlights)

Ehi! paggio . . . L'onore; Alice! Meg! Nannetta!: Act II, Scene 1 (complete); Presenteremo un bill; Ehi taverniere! Mondo ladro!; Dal labbro il canto; Sul fil d'un soffio.

Ilva Ligabue (s), Alice; Lydia Marimpietri (s), Nannetta; Fernanda Cadoni (ms), Meg; Regina Resnik (ms), Mistress Quickly; Luigi Alva (t), Fenton; Robert Bowman (t), Bardolfo; Renato Capecchi (b), Ford; Fernando Corena (bs), Falstaff; Michael Langdon (bs), Pistola; New Symphony Orchestra of London, Edward Downes, cond.

• LONDON 5811. LP. $4.98.

• • LONDON OS 25811. SD. $5.98.

by Harold C. Schonberg

From Leschetizky to Gabrilowitsch—Twenty Pianists on Piano Rolls

Herr Welte's Vorsetzer *plays a Steinway.*

THE Classics Record Library, a subsidiary of the Book-of-the-Month Club, has recently made considerable stir with its release of a three-disc album entitled "Legendary Masters of the Piano" and subtitled, rather grandly, "A Legacy of Great Performances Preserved Forever in Modern Sound." On these discs can be heard the playing of twenty pianists, transferred to microgroove—in stereo as well as monophonic sound—from Welte-Mignon piano rolls made over the years from 1905 to 1913. From the way in which the writers of the album's booklet carry on, you'd think that a discovery had been made comparable at least to Schliemann's unearthal of Troy. Aw, fellows, come on. Welte-Mignon rolls have been issued on LP before now—about fifteen years ago in a five-disc Columbia set, and about seven years ago on ten records from Telefunken (only two of the latter—in my opinion as good as anything in this new CRL album—have been released in America, but a fair number of collectors here have managed to acquire a complete set).

Until the mid-1920s, when records conquered for good, piano rolls enjoyed a considerable vogue, especially those put out by the Aeolian and Duo-Art companies. These rolls were made and played back by purely mechanical means, through a system of bellows, though playback could also be facilitated by use of an electric motor. The process developed by Edwin Welte, in Germany before 1905, was different. Not only did he use electrical contacts to code some of the information on the rolls, but he developed an instrument called a *Vorsetzer*—a robot piano that fitted over the regular keyboard—to play them. Welte's system was surely the best devised, but it shared the liabilities of the piano roll process in general. For one thing, a great deal of hanky-panky could be accomplished with those perforated rolls of paper (almost as much as can be achieved today with magnetic tape). Technicians could, and did, raise and lower perforations to equalize a pianist's scale, or to correct wrong notes. Many rolls were highly doctored. And aside from actual physical tamperings, in which corrections were made, there were other handicaps. Dynamics were restricted, and a heroic pianist did not have a chance. Pedal effects were rudimentary. Fast-running passages sounded mechanical, and there was virtually no subtlety in touch. Yet there is this to be said for piano rolls: in many cases they are the only documentations we have of the performers in question. Of the artists included in the present album, Teresa Carreño, Maurice Ravel, Gabriel Fauré, Alexander Scriabin, Theodor Leschetizky, Enrique Granados, Richard Strauss (as a solo pianist), and Gustav Mahler are wholly unrepresented on flat discs.

However, twelve of the players heard here—Josef Hofmann, Xaver Scharwenka, Alfred Grünfeld, Camille Saint-Saëns, Vladimir de Pachmann, Josef Lhevinne, Claude Debussy, Edvard Grieg, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Eugen d'Albert, Ignace Paderewski, and Ferruccio Busoni—did make records. Indeed, starting from 1904 or thereabouts, Hofmann, Grünfeld, D'Albert, Paderewski, and De Pachmann were prolific recording artists. Hofmann cut four records in Berlin in 1904, and Grünfeld had recorded even before that date. Paderewski and De Pachmann started their long series about 1910. The question then becomes, do the piano rolls give a reasonably true facsimile of the artist's playing? From my own experience I can say that whenever I have had a chance to compare the Welte (or any other roll) with a disc performance of the same piece by the same player, the latter has always impressed as more faithful musically even if inferior sonically (and in actual fact even the oldest piano recordings can be reproduced with surprising fidelity).

Hofmann's work is a case in point. I happen to be familiar with all the recordings this artist made, and I missed very few of his New York concerts from 1930 on. I always found his records to be in close agreement with his concert work. The one Hofmann roll in the CRL album is Mendelssohn's *Rondo capriccioso*. Superficially, it sounds fine. At least the quality of recorded sound is lifelike, a good piano was used, and scale passages move fast. But, as I listened, I felt uneasy. Could those heavy accents really be typical of Hofmann? Would he have pedaled through those harmonic changes? Is the stiff, unresponsive performance of the introduction characteristic of his volatile, subtle style? And so I put on the recording of the *Rondo capriccioso* (Columbia A 6078—dating from about 1915, two years after the 1913 roll), a recording that omits the introduction of the Mendelssohn piece and starts with the presto. There is all the difference in the world. The disc has much more life, spirit, accuracy. Here is Hofmann's authentic rhythmic pulse, the flexibility one associates with his playing, that wonderful lightness, dash, and lift. There is no comparison, low fidelity as the Columbia disc is. Hofmann on the record has style, personality, character; Hofmann on the roll could be any pianist.

I have never heard Busoni except on the five records he made for Columbia in England. In the new album he is represented by Chopin's D flat Prelude, Op. 28, No. 15 (the *Raindrop*) and the Verdi-Liszt *Rigoletto* Paraphrase. As one not familiar with this pianist, I invited Artur Rubinstein to hear the rolls. Rubinstein idolized Busoni, and says that he himself was strongly influenced by his great predecessor. Rubinstein listened carefully, and a look of consternation came over his face. "This is a caricature," he said. "A distortion." Could I quote him? "Of course. Young pianists must be warned away from this. It is a falsification of his playing." The clipped, jerky phrasing in the introduction of the Verdi-Liszt, he said, could never be representative of Busoni, nor would he have pedaled with such lack of taste.

Basically, then, piano rolls are to be distrusted; and at the very least they must be approached with great caution. What they can do is to give the scholar and professional musician an index of style. That applies even to Busoni. For while the Welte-Mignon roll may misrepresent Busoni's touch and pedaling, those who know Busoni records will

find certain Busoni traits in evidence on the rolls. Example: in the roll of the *Raindrop* Prelude, Busoni makes a sharp break nine measures before the end, and the following two measures of single quarter notes are played almost half tempo. In his disc of the *Black Key* Etude, Busoni does something similar. Towards the end he slows up drastically for two measures and even adds an extra one. Thus in the piano rolls some characteristics appear that must have been typical of the pianist.

And when one gets twenty pianists together, and finds that the great majority of them exhibit certain qualities in common, one has the sense of being exposed to an entire school of piano playing. What we have here is a representation of a period. All of the pianists included in this album are musicians who were trained in the nineteenth century, and listening to them is an experience so novel that many listeners will have to modify all of their notions of interpretation. If nothing else, the piano rolls—and the discs of the Liszt and Leschetizky pupils recorded before 1910—illustrate a type of freedom alien to today's concepts. What we consider anarchic, willful, disrespectful to the composer, was in the nineteenth century taken as the norm. None of this romantic pianism could pass today, just as none of our generation's performance practices could have passed in an earlier age. Our premise today is built on fidelity to the printed note—a very recent phenomenon, unknown to any previous generation. The musicians of the nineteenth century had no hesitation in indulging in any kind of personal caprice.

Thus we find Carreño, in Liszt's Sixth *Hungarian Rhapsody*, using a rubato in which note values themselves are significantly changed. (Could her octaves, so famous in her day, have been as heavy as they sound here? And was her playing of Chopin's G major *Nocturne* as spasmodic in phrase? One somehow doubts it.) There is Scharwenka in the first movement of Beethoven's E minor Sonata, playing in a pianistically awkward manner, constantly arpeggiating chords that are not supposed to be arpeggiated. In the two Chopin waltzes, De Pachmann is predictably eccentric, and he even provides a new ending to the *Minute Waltz* (as he did on his flat discs). Gabrilowitsch plays Chopin's B minor *Mazurka* in a scented and (by today's standards) artificial manner, adding new left-hand chords here and there. (This is not typical of the Gabrilowitsch of the 1930s, though his interpretation could conceivably have changed by then—the roll was made in 1905.) Little can be said of Grünfeld's playing of the *Träumerei*: there is not enough to go on, though one notices the arpeggiated chords and a rather heavy approach. Lhevinne comes out reasonably well with the Scriabin *Nocturne for the Left Hand* and a Czerny octave study; neither is a big piece, and both lie easily within the limitations of the piano roll process. The D'Albert roll is typical of his work on discs—blurred, with inexact finger work and occasional suggestions of what must have been a big style. Paderewski's performance of the Chopin A flat *Ballade* is distorted; there is no basic tempo, no charm, no insight into the music—the entire thing is a monstrosity.

The Leschetizky roll is of particular interest. It was made in 1906, the pianist being seventy-seven years old at the time. We must not forget that this represents the playing of a man born in 1830, when Beethoven was but three years dead and young Chopin not yet come to Paris. Leschetizky's performance of the Mozart C minor *Fantasy* is full of stylisms of the late Romantic period—the left hand striking before the right, the constant arpeggiation of chords, the overpedaling, the lack of what we now consider rhythmic stability, and a lexicon of other mannerisms inadmissible today in any music. In the familiar D flat *Nocturne*, Leschetizky also makes many textual changes. Again this was typical of the period.

There is not much point discussing most of the composers in this album. Several of them—Fauré, Ravel, Strauss, Mahler—were poor pianists. Debussy and Granados come off best—Debussy with a sinuous, elegant performance of his *La plus que lent*, Granados with an unorthodox but sensitive delivery of his well-known *Spanish Dance* No. 5. Pianists today could not get away with copying Grieg's performance of his own *Papillons*; it is too broken up in phrase. Scriabin comes off badly in his Etude in D sharp minor. This is a powerful, surging piece, far beyond the capabilities of the Welte mechanism. Scriabin was reputed to have been a major pianist, but his playing here is weak and muffled. There remains Saint-Saëns. His performance of the *Gavotte* in F is dry, entirely without charm, rather impressive in its manual flexibility. This is in full accordance with reliable descriptions of Saint-Saëns's playing. Score at least one for Welte-Mignon.

I am afraid that the CRL album of re-recorded piano rolls is nowhere near as important or as unusual as the presentation of its sponsors would indicate. At best it can be used by the expert as a tool—a tool to style in general, rather than to the style of a specific artist. It reminds us that style then is not style now. But before we start laughing too loudly at our ignorant grandfathers, it would be well to remember that *our* style is going to be equally antiquated seventy-five years from now—as antiquated as the styles of Leschetizky, Busoni, Paderewski, and De Pachmann appear to us.

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• • CLASSICS RECORD LIBRARY SWV 6633. Three SD. $19.95.

(Available from Book-of-the-Month Club, 345 Hudson St., New York, N. Y., 10014.)

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BACH: *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, S. 903; Fantasy in C minor, S. 906; Toccata in D, S. 912; Six Little Preludes, S. 933-38; Praeludium, Fugue, and Allegro in E flat, S. 998*

Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.
• COLUMBIA ML 5816. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6516. SD. $5.98.

About three-quarters of this disc makes highly enjoyable listening. The Chromatic Fantasy as well as the C minor Fantasy receive performances that are imaginative without straining for romantic effects, and the Fugue of S. 903 is built up to a fine climax. The Toccata too is done well, its opening section showing a kind of masculine grace and its Adagio being by turns dramatic and touching. The first and third of the Six Little Preludes are played rather heavily, but the others seem convincing. S. 998, which has also been recorded on a lute, is marred by a kind of irregular off-pitch tolling, which may have come from a slipped string. Strange that the Columbia engineers, who do an excellent job with the rest of this disc, should not have caught it. N.B.

BACH: *Concertos: for Oboe and Strings, in F, S. 1053; for Harpsichord and Strings, in D, S. 1054; for Oboe, Violin, and Strings, in D minor, S. 1060; for Harpsichord and Strings, in G minor, S. 1058*

Helmut Winschermann, oboe; Edith Picht-Axenfeld, harpsichord (in S. 1054); George Malcolm, harpsichord in (S. 1058); Deutsche Bachsolisten, Helmut Winschermann, cond.
• CANTATE 047701/02. Two LP. $5.98 each.
• • CANTATE 057701/02. Two SD. $6.95 each.

Never heard of an oboe concerto by Bach? Neither had I, so I reached for the reference books—only to find that they cast no light on the problem. The case turns out to be this: S. 1053 is well known as the Harpsichord Concerto No. 2, in E major; it is also known that the first two movements appear, in somewhat different form, in Cantata 169 and the finale in Cantata 49; the first and last movements of the concerto are the overtures to their respective cantatas, while the slow movement is an aria for alto and strings; since the oboe is prominent in the overtures, somebody has apparently had the idea of making an oboe concerto out of the three movements.

The trilingual notes imply that Bach was the transcriber, a surprising thing to happen on a sleeve from Cantate, which prides itself—rightly, up to now—on the authenticity and accuracy of its material. Not so surprising, unfortunately, is the kind of English in which the notes are written ("Remarkable is the siciliano in 12-quaver-time instead of the slow movement"). Winschermann plays very well here and in S. 1060, which is someone's restoration of what might have been the original of the Concerto for Two Harpsichords in C minor. Winschermann is evidently also a capable and intelligent conductor. Both S. 1054 and 1058, which are Bach's transcriptions of his E major and A minor violin concertos, receive here as fine performances as I have heard of them on records. The fast movements have vitality, the Adagios move, in both senses, the balance between harpsichord and orchestra is perfect, and the sound is first-rate. S. 1053 and 1054 are coupled on 047701 (or 057701); S. 1060 and 1058 on 047702 (or 057702). N.B.

BARTOK: *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta; Divertimento for String Orchestra*

Cologne Philharmonic Orchestra, Gunter Wand, cond.
• COUNTERPOINT-ESOTERIC 607. LP $4.98.
• • COUNTERPOINT-ESOTERIC 5607. SD. $5.98.

Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, composed in 1939, is one of the earliest of those modern works, now numerous, which exploit space as a dimension of sound on an equal footing with intensity and timbre. The score contains very precise directions for the placement of the instruments on the stage, and while stereophonic recording cannot accurately reproduce the entire sound-space complex with which Bartók was concerned, it can at least approximate it, and it does so very well in the stereo version of this release. Its main virtue, however, is the superb performance of both works under the brilliant, penetrating, and profound direction of Gunter Wand. This is the eighth recording of each composition to be listed in the current Schwann, but it is by no means to be regarded as just another record. A.F.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Piano: No. 17, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 ("Tempest"); No. 28, in A, Op. 101*

Wilhelm Backhaus, piano.
• LONDON CM 9365. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6365. SD. $5.98.

"Tradition," said one of the great musicians, "is a collection of bad habits, up to the last bad performance." The present readings are not bad performances (indeed they are quite amazingly good, considering that Backhaus will be eighty this month) but they *are* "traditional."

In the first movement of Op. 101, for example, Backhaus spreads his chords and belabors the simplicity of the opening theme with unabashed sentimentality. To achieve a "grander" effect, the pianist adds octaves to the bass line in the finale of this same sonata and in the Adagio from Op. 31, No. 2. Furthermore, he is extremely cavalier about following Beethoven's dynamic markings and pedal indications: in the second and fourth movements of the Op. 101 he smudges the texture by using too much pedal, but conversely fails to use any pedal at all in the *recitativo* passages of the first movement of Op. 31, No. 2, where Beethoven explicitly asked for some. And so forth. . . . Let it at least be said for Backhaus that he corrects his erstwhile mistake (E and A instead of the correct A and C for the Left Hand at meas. 37) in the first movement of the *Tempest*.

It may seem unduly harsh of me, but I cannot help feeling that a pianist who hopes to be considered a Beethoven "specialist" in the mid-twentieth century should have discarded these musical practices, as other pianists of Backhaus' generation, such as Egon Petri and Artur Schnabel, have done. Furthermore, Backhaus' extremely sober—at times even downright phlegmatic—temperament would seem to be far removed from the concentrated emotional drive, the revolutionary defiance, and above all the intellectually classic linearity which are all part and parcel of the Bonn master's musical vocabulary. Backhaus, I repeat, is an estimable pianist, but he is not a great Beethoven stylist, nor, in my opinion, a particularly stimulating musical personality. Despite London's fine sound, these performances cannot begin to compare with Schnabel's of Op. 31, No. 2 (recently reissued by Angel) or Kempff's of Op. 101 (now withdrawn). H.G.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano* (complete)

No. 1, in D, Op. 12, No. 1; No. 2, in A, Op. 12, No. 2; No. 3, in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3; No. 4, in A minor, Op. 23; No. 5, in F, Op. 24 ("Spring"); No. 6, in A, Op. 30, No. 1; No. 7, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2; No. 8, in G, Op. 30, No. 3; No. 9, in A, Op. 47 ("Kreutzer"); No. 10, in G, Op. 96.

Joseph Szigeti, violin; Claudio Arrau, piano.
• VANGUARD VRS 1109/12. Four LP. $11.90.

The archives of radio stations and other such places contain a veritable gold mine of priceless recorded documents, gathering dust and (in the case of acetates) even deteriorating. Representative of that treasure are the splendid performances now issued in this Vanguard album. We have had other notable editions of the Beethoven Violin Sonatas, but never, I believe, one that has captured the composer's inimitable brusqueness and poignant eloquence so completely as

do these readings from three recitals given at the Library of Congress in 1944.

Vanguard's sound is adequate rather than elegant, being a shade constricted, including intermittent noise from the original, privately recorded acetates (as in the slow movement of Op. 30, No. 1 and the first movement of Op. 30, No. 2) and giving us balances that favor the piano throughout (though to the advantage and not the detriment of the music, except in Op. 47). Nor are the performances themselves always letter-perfect. The unison sixteenth-note runs in the first movement of Op. 12, No. 2 are not completely synchronized; an extra beat has mysteriously crept into Variation II in the slow movement of the *Kreutzer*; some of the *sforzandos* tend to sound a trifle unkempt (which makes them all the more Beethovenian!); and so forth. . . . But these are, after all, documentations of live performances and not products of plastic surgery as are so many recordings these days. All told, both Szigeti and Arrau are formidable virtuosos (or were so in 1944), and the general level of their work here is impressive. Indeed, for me, the occasional minor blemishes add to the sense of excitement and communication.

The reader will have surmised from the foregoing that neither Szigeti nor Arrau is particularly concerned here with polish per se. These two artists are, rather, intent on conveying the spiritual quality of the music with maximum strength. Szigeti uses vibrato in much the same way as an expressionist painter would use color. This violinist has a wealth of nuance at his disposal, but he applies it with freedom, even roughness. He is no more afraid of digging into the music than Van Gogh was afraid of using a palette knife. In contrast to some of the tautly objective fiddlers currently before the public Szigeti plays with tremendous communicative vibrancy and undulant romanticism—romanticism, however, without a trace of sentimentality.

The partnership with the equally strong-minded Arrau produces distinctive results. It is fascinating to compare these readings with the recorded performances of Op. 12, No. 1, Op. 24, Op. 30, Nos. 1 and 2, and Op. 96 which Szigeti played with Horszowski (on a series of discontinued Columbia discs). The Szigeti-Horszowski Op. 30, No. 2 has a stinging terseness, while the Szigeti-Arrau version is more massive and deliberate. From the very first trills of Op. 96's first movement, the Szigeti-Horszowski reading ravishes with an airy, lacelike animation; the Szigeti-Arrau impresses with its darker mood and grander inflection. The Szigeti-Horszowski versions of the *Spring* and Op. 30, No. 1 were made later, and although much heartfelt musicianship is in evidence, neither performance can measure up to the splendidly controlled singing line of the Arrau discs.

Two high spots in the Szigeti-Arrau collection are the magnificent expositions of Op. 23 and Op. 30, No. 3. Commonly regarded as "little" sonatas, these are commonly played as charming miniatures. The present team bequeaths on

Szigeti: unafraid of digging.

them a full-bodied force and tension which gives them new significance in the Beethoven canon. Played in this way, the short A minor emerges as a worthy companion to the fierce *Kreutzer*, and in no other reading can I remember hearing the *piano* and *forte* statements of the first subject in Op. 30, No. 3 contrasted as strongly as they are here. In the second movement of the latter work Arrau exaggerates the *sforzandos* in the bass line with telling effect, while Szigeti follows through on this and introduces a few novel ideas of his own.

Arrau makes brilliant use of his opportunity for display in the virtuoso Op. 12, No. 3 and the *Kreutzer*. The Szigeti-Arrau treatment of the latter work stresses the kinetic militancy of the music rather than its spacious breadth. It is, therefore, much more akin to the Heifetz-Hubermann approach than to that of Kreisler-Grumiaux-Schneiderhan-Menuhin. For some reason, the recording falls slightly below par here: certainly those slashing violin chords near the beginning of the first movement could have cut through more cleanly.

With due respect to the Grumiaux-Haskil and Kreisler-Rupp sets of these Sonatas, the Szigeti-Arrau is, to my mind, the "standard" edition, as basic to any record collection as the great Schnabel set of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas. At Vanguard's special price of $11.90, it is, moreover, an irresistible bargain. H.G.

BELLINI: *I Puritani*

Joan Sutherland (s), Elvira; Margreta Elkins (ms), Enrichetta; Pierre Duval (t), Arturo; Piero de Palma (t), Bruno; Renato Capecchi (b), Riccardo; Ezio Flagello (bs), Giorgio; Giovanni Foiani (bs), Walton; Chorus and Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Richard Bonynge, cond.

• LONDON A 4373. Three LP. $14.94.
• • LONDON OSA 1373. Three SD. $17.94.

The last of Bellini's operas, *I Puritani* is by far the best. The thirty-four-year old composer seems to have taken very much to heart the advice of Rossini, to work harder on orchestration and on dramatic values; and though the result is hardly a masterpiece in either respect, it shows a decided advance in dramatic and musical technique over Bellini's previous work. There are remarkable harmonic touches and a deft handling of modulation as a dramatic device. There is also a tendency (still incompletely realized, of course) to break the mold of classic scene construction in favor of something more musically continuous and more apposite. The fact remains, however, that *I Puritani* is mainly a singer's vehicle—specifically, a showpiece for a gifted soprano—and the justification for its revival (as for any Bellini opera) rests on the availability of the proper heroine.

The appearance of London's present recording is going to set off a great deal of controversy. As Elvira we have Joan Sutherland, a choice between whom and the 1953 Elvira of Maria Callas (Angel 3502 C) is the kind of decision that can sunder family groups and end friendships. One can hedge and admire them both, but that is no answer where sopranos are concerned.

First of all, Sutherland admirers who may have felt betrayed by her last year's recording of *Traviata* can rest assured. Her voice has regained its brightness, and it seldom droops here. There is also far less of the crooning that all but obliterated the sense of the text; the current Sutherland, in this new album and this season at the Met, is a far tidier and more careful singer than she has recently been. Beyond this rather negative praise, one must stand in awe at her exhilarating command of pure vocal pyrotechnics. Her *fioritura* is literally breath-taking and she has the advantage here of her husband's intensive researches into bygone styles in vocal ornamentation. To hear Sutherland sing the ornamented reprise of *"Vien, diletto"* is to forgive her all her sins. The cascades of runs and trills never impede the surge of the music, as they do in, say, the old Frieda Hempel recording; they speed it irresistibly onward. Throughout the album there are gorgeously placed Ds and E flats before which one can only gasp.

In this kind of singing Sutherland has no rival in recent or current history. Certainly not Callas. The latter sings the music pretty much as written, with only the minimum of traditional interpolations. She sings only one verse of *"Vien, diletto,"* and there she misses the first D flat by miles and gets the final E flat

Sutherland: awesome pyrotechnics.

only through a Kelly slide. What Callas does bring to her performance is a quality as yet beyond Sutherland's reach. Her Elvira (and this lady is by some distance the most interesting in any of Bellini's operas) is a person, a creation out of flesh and blood who experiences emotions and reacts to them. Her participation in the Act I finale makes Arturo's seeming betrayal a real tragedy, which it certainly is not in the new album. That she creates a living Elvira cannot be denied; that she does so at the expense of many a sour note cannot be denied either.

There is your choice. My own preference is the Sutherland, because I feel that the supreme freedom and stylistic comprehension displayed in her performance come closer to the demands of Bellini's music. The Callas mystique is a valid one, heaven knows, but it has little place here.

Aside from their respective Elviras, neither album contains much to quicken the pulse. Pierre Duval, the new Arturo, has all the notes of his role at his command, but attains many of them with obvious effort. At that, he sings in a cleaner and more stylish manner than did Giuseppi di Stefano for Angel. (What a shame, tho, that the finest tenor currently active in this repertory, Nicolai Gedda, couldn't have been pressed into service.) Neither of the Riccardos, Renato Capecchi or Rolando Panerai, has the richness of voice of the ease to make much of this routine role. The London album has a positive asset, however, in the agile and forceful Giorgio of Ezio Flagello, far better than Rossi-Lemeni in the Angel set, and Margreta Elkins, its Enrichetta, sings her few lines with fine dramatic power.

Richard Bonynge knows the style and he paces the score intelligently. Tullio Serafin both knows the style and loves it, and there is a measure of eloquence in the older performance directly attributable to that love. London's version contains somewhat more of the score than Angel's, but neither is note-for-note complete. It would be more pedantry than scholarship to follow every repeat in some of the long choral scenes, and this mistake Bonynge sensibly avoids.

The new recording is splendid in its balance and realism. Even in the monophonic edition the feeling of depth comes across, and the stereo pressings are faithful to London's highest standard. Unquestionably, the set stands as a clear projection of the composer's work. with all its flaws, it contains much that could hardly be bettered. A.R.

BERG: *Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6*—See Schoenberg: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16.*

BERLIOZ: *Les Nuits d'été, Op. 7*—See Falla: *El Amor brujo.*

BLOCH: *Proclamation for Trumpet and Orchestra*—See Martin: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.*

CHARPENTIER: *Messe de Minuit*

Chorale des Jeunesses Musicales de France; Jean-François Paillard Orchestra, Louis Martini, cond.
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 522. LP. $2.50.
•• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 522S. SD. $2.50.

CHARPENTIER: *Te Deum; Recardare; Oculi omnium; Instrumental Pieces*

Chorale des Jeunesses Musicales de France; Orchestre des Concerts Pasdeloup, Louis Martini cond. [from Haydn Society 2065, 1953].
• MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY 531. LP. $2.50.

Both of these discs, one a new recording, the other a revival, are welcome indeed, offering, as they do, attractive works by one of the finest of seventeenth-century French composers. The *Midnight* Mass must be one of the very few such works in the literature to which the adjectives "delightful" and "charming" can be properly applied. For this work is based almost entirely on Christmas carols popular in seventeenth-century France, and a jollier and more lighthearted setting of that ordinarily solemn service would be difficult to imagine. Except in the *"Qui tollis,"* where Martini applies some heavy and uncharacteristic accents, the performance is a lively one, faithful to the written score (though some experts would insist on a more liberal rhythmic interpretation), and clearly recorded with a considerable dynamic range.

The older recording—originally issued here by the old Haydn Society—presents a splendid Te Deum, as elaborate as Lully's. Claudine Collart, soprano, and Yvonne Melchior, alto, do some lovely singing here. The *Recordare* (an excerpt from the *Troisième Leçon de Tenebres*) and the motet *Oculi omnium* are skillfully written, elegant, and expressive works. They are well performed, but there is some distortion near the end of the motet, and the violin tone throughout is a bit sugary and pinched. The recording was made in the church of St. Roch in Paris. One wonders whether the somewhat excessive reverberation can be charged to "realism." Would the music have sounded as blurred as it occasionally does here if the church had been filled with people and hung with tapestries and banners, as it presumably would have been for the original performance of the Te Deum? N.B.

CHOPIN: *Ballades*

No. 1, in G minor, Op. 23; No. 2, in F, Op. 38; No. 3, in A flat, Op. 47; No. 4, in F minor, Op. 52.

Witold Malcuzynski, piano.
• ANGEL 36146. LP. $4.98.
•• ANGEL S 36146. SD. $5.98.

Malcuzynski's performance of these favorites successfully combines the best-known features of the old school with the incisive energy and proficient virtuosity of the modernists. His firm, clear tone and declamatory rubato are reminiscent of Cortot's playing, but Malcuzynski has much better control over the works: he never permits license to become empty rhetoric, and he is a far cleaner executant. Uncompromising anti-traditionalists will want to hold off buying a recording of this music until someone brings out a version that purges all needless *tenutos* and *rallentandos*, but less intransigent music lovers will find much to enjoy in Malcuzynski's performances. I would rank his edition, along with Fou Ts'ong's for Westminster, at the top of the list of complete sets.

Angel's monophonic version has extremely attractive and compact sound. The stereo pressing offers somewhat fuller tone, but it also has more noticeable "end-of-side" deterioration. (I do not understand why this should be, for much longer sequences than these pieces constitute have been managed on a 12-inch LP without crowding.) H.G.

DUFAY: *Motets*

Gian Lyman, organ; viol consort, Otto Joachim, cond.; Le Petit Ensemble Vocal de Montréal, George Little, dir.
• Vox DL 990. LP. $4.98.
•• Vox STDL 500990. SD. $5.98.

The first great composer of the Flemish fifteenth century, Dufay was a kind of

Price: Falla earthy and impassioned.

musical Van Eyck or Van der Weyden. Like his great painter contemporaries, he had a faultless technique, an exquisite sense of line, and an ability to build up great structural balances and planes out of a wealth and perfection of detail. On the present recording we are given examples of his talents in both sacred and secular settings sung in Latin, French, and Italian. Included are the exquisite *Craindre vous vueil* (in its French vocal version and in an instrumental performance), the New Year's song *Bon jour, bon mois*, the delicate, canonic *Vostre bruit*, and the beautiful Italian sacred song *Vergine bella*. The sacred settings include two sections of the famous Mass which the composer based on his own chanson *Se la face ay pale* as well as a pair of hymns written for the dedication of a church. There are also several pairs of Gregorian settings which juxtapose in one case two different settings of the same plainsong melody by Dufay himself; in other instances, a pair of earlier settings with corresponding versions by Dufay; and, in another pair of examples, the original Gregorian intonation itself with the composer's setting. These pairings as well as some instrumental realizations indicate many things about the musical practices of the age and the musical and intellectual thinking of the master himself. The expressive skill of the *cantus firmus* technique (involving the use of preëxisting melodic material on which to base new creations) combined with an extreme beauty and subtlety of rhythm and phrase suggests the nature and depth of Dufay's genius.

Dufay is at his severest, most complex, and most profound in the Mass (what a pity, however, to have only parts of what is a very grand and unified conception). The *chansons* are simpler, more flexible, and perhaps more endearing. The differences between these compositions demonstrate the range of the composer's genius; the high quality of workmanship and subtle beauty is everywhere the same.

These are excellent performances and the quality of the singing is always superb: pure, accurate, balanced, sensitive to phrase meaning and rhythmic motion. The instrumental playing is also on a high level, but unfortunately instruments are used with the singers only in the secular works. I might also add that the tempos as a whole seem to me to be too uniform; the only really lively reading comes in an instrumental version of a motet. Still, these reservations melt away before the beauty of the music and its realization. The recording catches it all most attractively; the presentation includes interesting notes and all-but-complete texts and translations. E.S.

DVORAK: *Quartets for Strings*

In A, Op. 2; No. 6, in F, Op. 96 ("American"); No. 7, in A flat, Op. 105; No. 8, in G, Op. 106.

Kohon Quartet.
• Vox VBX 50. Three LP. $9.95.
• • Vox SVBX 550. Three SD. $9.95.

Although Dvořák secured himself a place in America's heart for all time with Opus 96, he saved the best for home. Within a few months after returning happily to Prague after his three-year New York sojourn he completed Opp. 106 and 105, in that order (a few pages of the latter had actually been written during the very last weeks in America and then laid aside). They were his last chamber works, and though somewhat uneven, at their best they reach far deeper than the *American* Quartet. Their "best" is epitomized in the first and second movements of Op. 106, the scherzo and perhaps the first movement of Op. 105. The listener can only rejoice, as the composer himself must have, in the union of heart and intellect achieved here, the revelation of a direct and spontaneous spirit not in the least hampered by the sure sense of design. The opening movement of Op. 106 is as tightly knit as any model of classicism, yet its beguiling syncopated second subject is never for a moment obscured by the fairly complex surroundings in which it is set. The second movement is sometimes voted one of the finest things Dvořák wrote, and it would be hard to say nay. Its emotional range is great and its colors impressive—particularly when the dark-hued and moody opening bars expand to a climax in double stops almost organlike in their reverberance.

Opus 2 is recorded here for the first time—not so tardy a debut when one considers that it waited twenty-six years for its first performance and eighty-five for publication. Written when the composer was twenty-one, it is a pleasant if not provocative piece, showing that Dvořák already had the medium pretty well in hand. He did, however, make extensive cuts for the premiere performance, the Czech Quartet made more at a later date, and the Kohon has made still more—all helpful in absorbing the overflow of Dvořák's youthful enthusiasm. Performances here are of a high caliber: rhythmically alive, accurate, and colorful. Sound is close-miked, with the violins rather sharply separated from viola and cello in stereo. S.F.

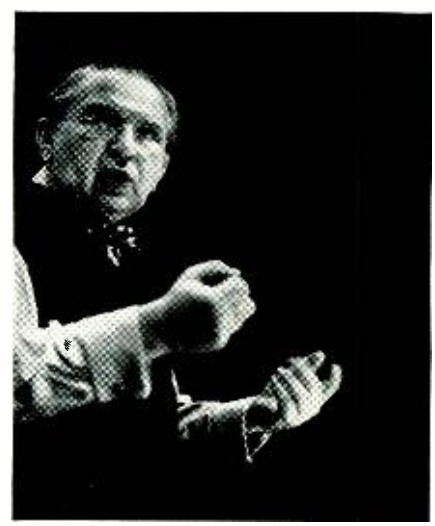
FALLA: *El Amor brujo*
†Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'été, Op. 7*

Leontyne Price, soprano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond.
• RCA Victor LM 2695. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA Victor LSC 2695. SD. $5.98.

In his final season with the Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner made two records. Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto (with Van Cliburn) was the second of the pair and the finale of that performance comes from the session on April 23, 1963, in which he directed the orchestra for the last time. The other disc is the collection at hand, which grew out of subscription concerts of February 28-March 1, 1963, and was recorded immediately afterward. With its appearance the Reiner-Chicago discography is complete. There is a Brahms Fourth made in London, but it is not planned for commercial release, and there is also some Haydn material from autumn sessions in New York which employed a pickup orchestra including some Chicago players who had made the trip East to work with their old boss. That, however, is the end. No spectacular Reiner seventy-fifth-birthday set was made, and nothing monumental remains in the vault to constitute a Reiner memorial album. So, without fanfare, ends one of the most distinguished recording careers of recent decades.

In a way, every Reiner record was a testimonial to the conductor and his achievement as an orchestra builder, and this one certainly brings his memory further distinction. The playing displays the sense of total control characteristic of Reiner's leadership, and the accompaniment fuses vocal and instrumental lines with the sure hand of a master. The contrasting styles of the two scores are beautifully achieved, each in its own terms, and the performances carry the authoritative stamp which suggests that they will be landmarks of the catalogue for many years. Both are enhanced by the recording, which is technically among the finest products of a series distinguished for notable sound.

Miss Price is able to bring to the



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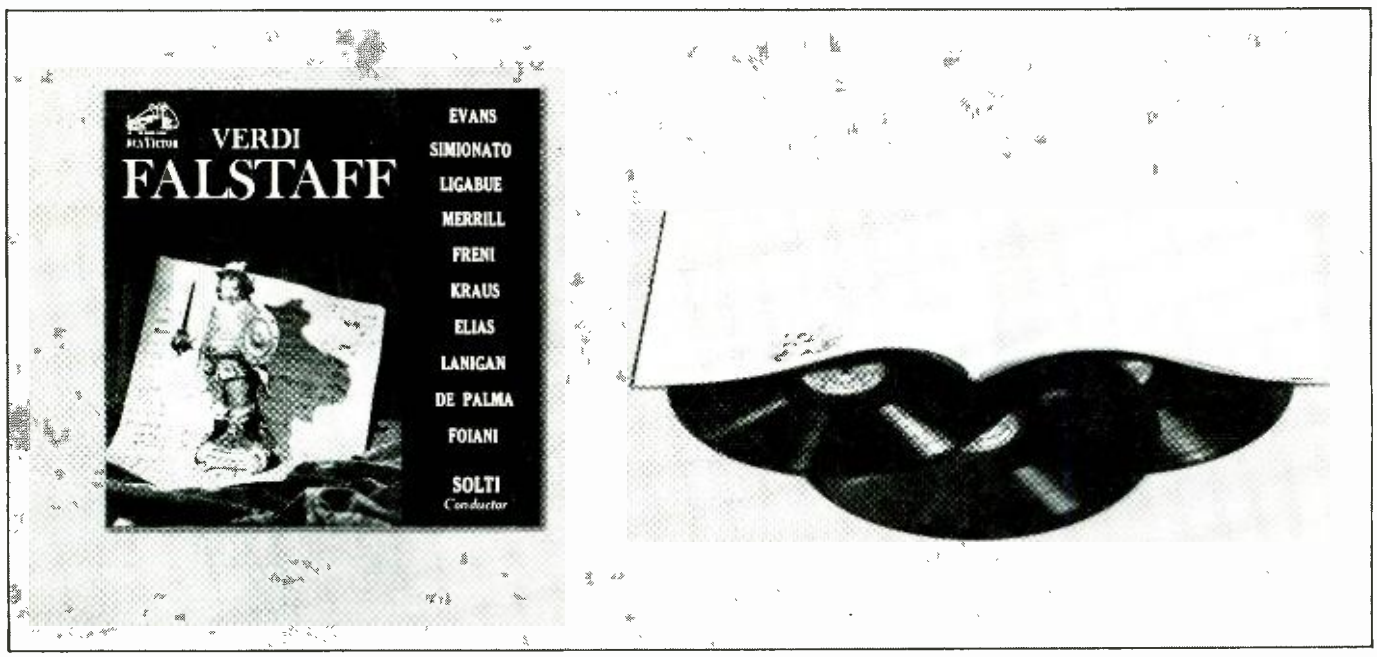

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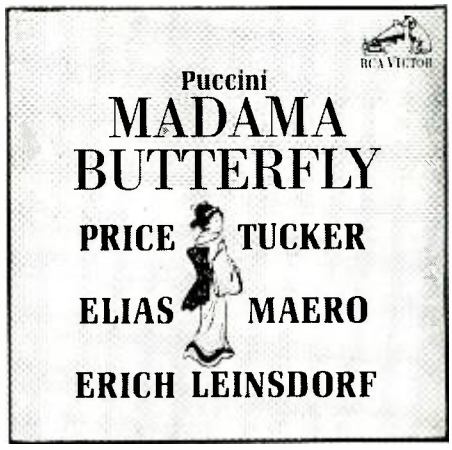

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Watch for two new Red Seal recordings of Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" coming later in this year. The complete opera, in German, stars Wächter, Rothenberger, London, Stevens. Opera highlights, in English, feature Moffo, Franchi, Stevens and London.

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Gautier poems an evocative lyricism artfully uniting the sounds of the words with the flow of Berlioz's melodic line. The previous standard of recording in this music was a version by Steber and Mitropoulos, and it remains a lovely set, but Reiner and stereo, plus the shaded tones of the Price soprano, create even more striking effects, impressionistic colorings achieved with voice and instruments. The Falla, in contrast, is the most earthy and impassioned recording of this music in many years. Price is in her element as the haunted gypsy woman caught between a living lover and his spectral rival. One becomes entirely conscious of how bland this music seems in the average, routine, restatement, and of how much force and originality it has when its content is given a performance worthy of it. Here the orchestra has more to do, and such moments as the *Ritual Fire Dance* become lasting examples of the ensemble virtuosity that Chicago knew under the Reiner baton.

R.C.M.

GLINKA: *Songs*

The Midnight Review; Cradle Song; What, Young Beauty; Where Is Our Rose? The Lark; Ah, You Darling, Lovely Girl; Doubt; The Girls Once Asked Me; How Sweet To Be with Thee; Do Not Say the Heart Is Sick; Hebrew Song; Elegy; I Remember the Wonderful Moment.

Boris Christoff, bass; Gaston Marchesini, cello; Alexandre Labinsky, piano.
• ANGEL 36133. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36133. SD. $5.98.

Recordings continue to make us aware of wonderful things in the Russian song literature—Christoff himself with his comprehensive Mussorgsky album and his relatively unhackneyed Tchaikovsky selection, Boris Gmyrya with his presentation (for MK-Artia) of the beautiful Dargomijsky romances, and now this grouping of Glinka's songs, only two or three of which are heard with any regularity in American concert halls. The songs are charming, full of a simple but by no means unsophisticated tenderness. They often smack a bit of the salon if we remember that in the salon too words of bitterness and loneliness may be spoken. In addition, of course, they are important for their influence on a succeeding generation of Russian composers; in these songs, as in his operas, Glinka demonstrated that Western harmonic and technical devices could be combined powerfully with native Russian raw material. My own particular favorites are *Where Is Our Rose?*, a stunning setting of a little verse by Pushkin that hardly amounts to more than a proverb, and the three pieces from the set entitled *Farewell to Petersburg*—the exquisite *Cradle Song*, *The Lark* (which in its opening moments carries a strong premonition of Schubert's *Die Krähe* and the whole related genre of German romantic songs that uses birds of one sort or another as a symbolic device), and

Christoff: Glinka done tenderly.

the *Hebrew Song*, which has a rocklike strength and simplicity. But the others are also good, and of course *The Midnight Review* remains an enormously effective piece in the hands of an unashamedly melodramatic interpreter.

Christoff is at his best in the songs that can receive a *piano* treatment—there are breath-taking examples of soft legato singing in the *Cradle Song*, *How Sweet To Be with Thee*, and several others. He is apt to get a spread, rather dry, guttural sound when he pulls out the stops—*Midnight Review* and the climaxes of two or three other songs suffer from this. But everything is interpretatively alive, and the songs themselves are so attractive that the disc would be desirable even if less well sung. Labinsky's accompanying is sensitive, and the sound is excellent. Notes, texts, and translations.

C.L.O.

HANDEL: *Nine German Arias*

Edith Mathis, soprano; instrumentalists.
• ODEON 91262. LP. $5.98.
• • ODEON ST 91262. SD. $6.98.

In 1729 Handel, on a visit to the Continent to recruit some singers for London, spent some time in Germany, chiefly to see his ailing old mother. While there, he seems to have written these German pieces. The texts are simple homilies, and Handel set them in a style that is more elaborate than that of a song but less so than that of a full-fledged aria. Although some of them are rather florid, and all have the *da capo* form, they have a tenderness and intimacy distinguishing them from the operatic type. All are for voice, obbligato instrument, and continuo. The sameness of construction is somewhat mitigated by variety in the choice of obbligato instrument here, which is sometimes a violin, at others an oboe, a recorder, or a flute. I found *Künft'gen Zeiten, Süsse Stille,* and *Flammende Rose* especially beautiful. All are sung with unobtrusive skill and attractive tone by Edith Mathis. Half the liner notes, which are in German, is devoted to the texts of the songs and the other half to a blurb about Miss Mathis. The writer's enthusiasm is understandable: not only is her voice extremely agreeable, but her photo shows her to be a real cutie-pie.

N.B.

HAYDN: *Music for Solo Instruments and Strings*

Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra, in E flat; Divertimentos: for Flute and Orchestra, in D; for Strings, in E flat ("Echo"); Quartet for Strings, in F, Op. 3, No. 5: Serenade.

Bernard Jeannoutot, trumpet; Kurt Redel, flute; Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich, Kurt Redel, cond.
• ANGEL 36148. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36148. SD. $5.98.

What a charmer we have here!

The Trumpet Concerto, and its merits, hardly require introduction, but this is a superlative performance by an artist who has a real trill to offer you rather than a fast shake. I'm not splitting hairs. The quality is different, more brilliant and exciting, and a comparison with most other recordings (some of which offer fairly slow shakes in place of trills) will demonstrate the point. Trumpeter Jeannoutot is always outstanding, and his long sustained tones in the slow movement are just as impressive in their way. The result is a version of this work exceptional even in terms of the fairly wide recorded representation it has been given.

Let us have more from M. Jeannoutot.

As Karl Geiringer suggests in the notes, the remaining works in the collection may not all be authentic Haydn; but if they're not, they are thoroughly attractive fakes. The *Echo* Divertimento doesn't really come off in mono (good as the recording is), but the progression of statements and replies in stereo is perfect for the medium and a ravishing example of baroque entertainment music at its most beguiling. The little Serenade is a well-known piece for strings, here played with great sympathy and taste. The Flute Divertimento suggests a royal amateur—Frederick the Great, or George the Third, say—taking the solo role before his private band for the amusement of himself and his noble guests. It has that kind of elegance, and the performance brings it out.

R.C.M.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 15, in D; No. 55, in E flat ("The Schoolmaster")*

Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Max Goberman, cond.
• or • • LIBRARY OF RECORDED MASTERPIECES HS 12. LP or SD. $8.50 on subscription; $10 nonsubscription.

Haydn's capacity for striking musical thought matured early in his career and produced many an interesting work before the products of his old age which we know so well. The Symphony No. 15, here recorded for the first time, is such a composition. To his contemporaries it was daring in its tonal effects. To us it is strikingly unstereotyped as an example of baroque writing, with some beautiful solos and imaginative blending of ensemble voices with a harpsichord continuo. I cannot imagine why it has

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As Norma in *Norma*

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gone unrecorded so long, but now that it has been discovered, it is not to be neglected.

The *Schoolmaster* Symphony has appeared on microgroove before, although the only remaining version (a Scherchen production of musical worth but sonic antiquity) is no competition. Goberman's is quite the most perceptive statement of this music I know, for he sees all the solemn humor of the slow movement in which pedantry is personified with deadly strokes. Elsewhere the work is very tightly written and full of concentrated energy, qualities made clear in the performance and splendidly projected in the excellent recorded sound.

R.C.M.

HINDEMITH: *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes by Carl Maria von Weber*—See Strauss, Richard: *Metamorphosen.*

JACOBI: *Concerto for Cello and Orchestra; Hagiographa*

Guido Vecchi, cello, members of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, William Strickland, cond. (in the Concerto); Irene Jacobi, piano, Claremont String Quartet (in *Hagiographa*).
• COMPOSERS RECORDINGS CRI 174. LP. $5.95.

Hagiographa, a work for piano and strings composed in 1938, may well be the late Frederick Jacobi's finest piece of writing. Based on the Old Testament stories of Job, Ruth, and Joshua, its three movements have no obvious Biblical coloring in the ordinary sense of the term, but the themes of protest and yearning, and the poignancy and drama inherent in the Biblical narratives, brought forth a strong response from the composer. Intense lyricism is contrasted with passages brilliantly evocative of battles and ritual dances, and the whole is beautifully realized.

The Cello Concerto is also inspired by the Bible. Like *Hagiographa,* it is very tuneful and elegantly written, but it lacks any great degree of power. Both works are extremely well performed and recorded.

A.F.

MAHLER: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn: Songs (13)*

Maureen Forrester, contralto; Heinz Rehfuss, bass baritone; Orchestra of the Vienna Festival. Felix Prohaska, cond.
• VANGUARD VRS 1113. LP. $4.98.
• • VANGUARD VSD 2154. SD. $5.98.

This is an exact, note-for-note remake, with the same conductor and orchestra, of a set long available as Vanguard VRS 478. The earlier version had as vocal soloists mezzo Lorna Sidney and baritone Alfred Poell, and the change of singers has shifted the emphasis down to darker and heavier voices. In the case of Rehfuss this is thoroughly unsatisfactory. He lacks the top range necessary to sing the music with comfort, and the tone production is far too inflexible for the demands of Mahler's line. Moreover, he is not a very imaginative singer in projecting a text. Poell is to be preferred.

Miss Forrester also has occasional problems in conveying the meaning of a text, and at times her distinct contralto quality is less effective than the lighter, brighter effect of a mezzo. But she is plainly a finer artist than Sidney, and there are many places (*Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen* is a good example) where her superiority is very great indeed.

If you have the older record (and many do since it was something of a Mahler best seller) keep it by all means —and decide for yourself whether stereo and Miss Forrester are worth reinvestment in this music. (The mono of the new version is perfectly good; but if mono is what you want, the old set is still the better buy.) If you have both versions, by picking and choosing between them you can assemble a truly satisfactory series of performances, and that, I suspect, is what many people will do.

R.C.M.

MARTIN: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*
†Bloch: *Proclamation for Trumpet and Orchestra*
†Mayazumi: *Pieces for Prepared Piano and Strings*

Paul Kling, violin; Leon Raper, trumpet; Benjamin Owen, piano; Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond.
• LOUISVILLE LOU 636. LP. $9.86. (Available on special order only, from 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville, Ky., 40203.)

Frank Martin's Violin Concerto, composed in 1950, is one of this master's finest works. It is a grandly scaled, highly dramatic composition, making marvelous use of the long lines and soaring lyricism which define the grand style so far as violin playing is concerned but with an elegance and finesse especially characteristic of Martin. This, in short, is a modern violin concerto to set beside the familiar masterpieces of Stravinsky and Prokofiev, and it is quite as fine. No small part of its magnificent effect in the present recording is to be ascribed to the superb performance by Kling, ably seconded by Whitney and the orchestra.

Ernest Bloch's *Proclamation for Trumpet and Orchestra,* dating from 1955, sounds a little like one of the climactic passages out of *Schelomo* with the solo part played on the trumpet instead of the cello. It was Bloch's nature to write pronunciamentos, and he frequently managed to bring them off. Here, however, the solo trumpet sounds a little brash and brassy; the fine, bright, noble tone one associates with the instrument is less in evidence than it should be, though perhaps deficiencies in the recording are responsible.

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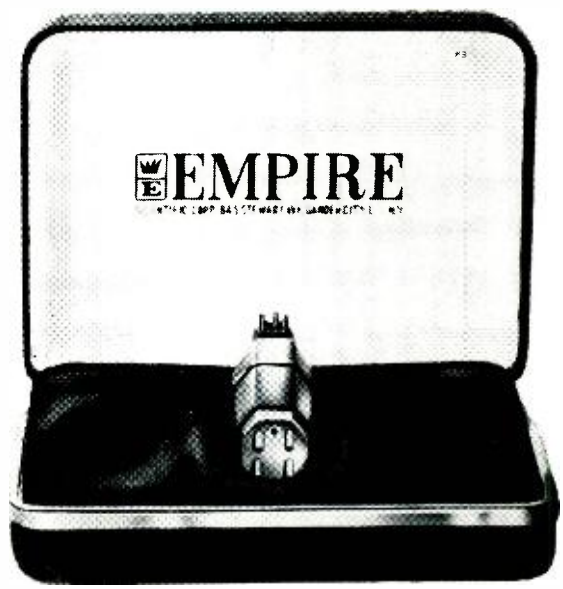

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Berg, Schoenberg, Webern: a specific moment in time but a moment often transcended.

the strings to produce all manner of new sounds, is an invention of the American John Cage. The Japanese composer Toshiro Mayazumi perceived analogies between the tones of the prepared piano and those of the Japanese gong and lute, or so he says; actually, the prepared piano as handled by Mayazumi sounds like some exceptionally colorful koto, and the music he has written for it mingles Oriental traditionalism and Western avant-gardism in quite fascinating and significant ways. This is the same Mayazumi who composed the fabulous *Nirvana* Symphony, in my opinion the finest example of musical modernism yet to emerge from the Orient, at least on records.

All in all, this is a splendid album, one of the best in the long and distinguished Louisville series. A.F.

MAYAZUMI: *Pieces for Prepared Piano and Strings*—See Martin: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.*

MOZART: *Symphonies: No. 33, in B flat, K. 319; No. 39, in E flat, K. 543*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond.
• LONDON CM 9354. LP. $4.98.
• • LONDON CS 6354. SD. $5.98.

The Vienna Philharmonikers play very well for Mr. Kertesz. In the E flat Symphony he gets a fine, mellow tone and clean precision. His tempos are sensible, his phrasing sensitive, his rhythm even but not inflexible. In the Andante, the F minor section could have more intensity, be more slashing, but otherwise the performance is high-grade and almost on a level with those by Fricsay, Karajan, Klemperer, and Szell. (Of all the Mozart symphonies, this one has been best served on records. In addition to those just mentioned, there were first-class performances by Böhm and Jochum, now no longer listed.) In the B flat Symphony, Kertesz does not have to face such powerful competition. He runs through that songful Italianate work in completely satisfactory fashion. If in K. 543 the flute is a bit too faint in the first two movements (not in the finale), there is nothing wrong with the balances in K. 319, and the sound throughout is rich and resonant. N.B.

SCHOENBERG: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16*
†Berg: *Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6*
†Webern: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10*

London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond.
• MERCURY MG 50316. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90316. SD. $5.98.

The three works on this record represent most of the purely orchestral output of the masters of the modern Viennese school in their atonal or expressionist period. The music represents a very specific moment in time—the years just before the First World War—and a very specific experience in the history of the modern imagination.

It is remarkable how, within this common background, we find the widest possible range of expression: the Berg is huge, agonized, dense; the Webern, tiny, poignant, aphoristic. The first movement of the Berg—like the middle movements of the Schoenberg and the Webern—grows out of and returns to an invented nontonal world of imagined space and expressive color. The second movement is a kind of round dance, an old Viennese Ländler gone mad; the martial third movement is a throbbing, packed series of brutal climaxes, one piled on the other, a kind of unbearable, macabre marching-off to the First World War. This work lasts almost twenty minutes; the Webern by contrast is scarcely four. One movement of the Webern has just a bit over six bars of music: an odd, wailing bit of melody on the mandolin; an echo in the trumpet and trombone; bare touches of drum, harp, and celesta; a faint clarinet trill; a dying whisper in the violin; silence. The movement takes less than a quiet half a minute, and most of the other sections are hardly any longer or louder. Only the third movement (which, like the comparable section in the Berg, emerges from and returns to a vibrating, shimmering background—soft bells and drums, harp, celesta, guitar, mandolin, and harmonium) lasts more than a minute. The orchestra is to scale: a mere handful of solo winds, strings, keyboard, and percussion. There is a hint here, a whisper there, a restless stirring, a momentary rustle in the silence. Yet within the tiny scope of this music, every whisper becomes an expressive and formal gesture of the highest significance. For Webern, a single touch on the harp is the expressive equivalent of a huge Bergian *tutti*.

The Schoenberg, perhaps more completely than even the Berg and Webern masterpieces, transcends its particular expressionist location in time and space—it seems closely linked to its past and yet thoroughly contemporary. Not yet twelve-tone (Schoenberg evolved his twelve-tone idea only many years later), it employs a great, wide-ranging, and free vocabulary in a melodic and harmonic style of the highest expressive and structural significance. In this work Schoenberg began to approach his remarkable artistic and poetic idea—so important in this century—that musical form and expressive content must be organic and, indeed, identical. His incisive first movement with its long, long pedal and driving ostinato; the winding, searching second movement with its touches of color; the extraordinary and completely new third movement organized entirely on the most remarkable shifting, invented orchestral sonorities; the blocked-out brassy fourth with its strident construction by contrast; the long, on-going, spun-out *espressivo* finale—all combine to form a unique and imaginative ensemble, one of the great artistic creations of the century.

All of these works have been recorded before but there is, in every case, a good deal to be said for the new version. The old Reiner performance of the Schoenberg was perhaps, in its conception, the most satisfactory of all; Robert Craft's more recent version, still on the books, has an edge in certain qualities of musical and intellectual perception. Dorati, on the other hand, gets the best playing and the best sound (all the recorded versions, by the way, are of the composer's 1949 revision which reduced the gargantuan forces of the original to a merely large orchestra).

Similarly, Dorati's Berg and Webern outrank the Rosbaud and Craft versions and for similar reasons. Dorati has a fine sense of orchestral balance, detail, and line. Aided and abetted by the Mercury engineers, with their particular genius for close-up sound, he has had remarkable success in picking the main lines clearly and succinctly out of even the densest orchestral textures. If you think this ought to be easy, check out the last movement of the Berg. I had long ago concluded that it was virtually

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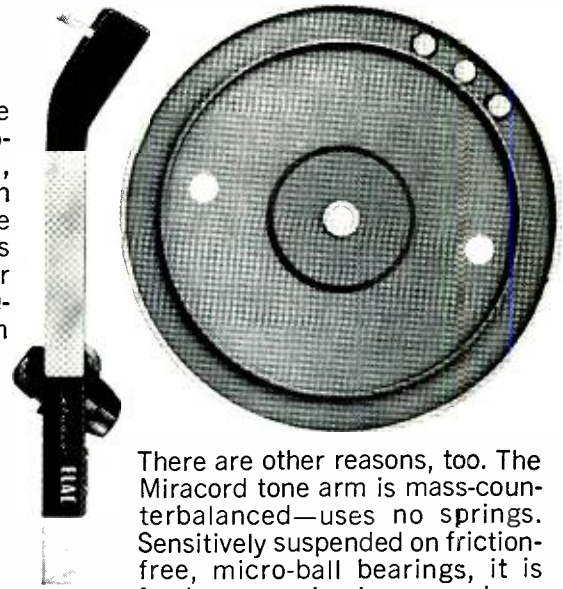

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impossible to clarify the lines in that incredible last-movement avalanche of orchestral contrapuntal *fortissimo* sound; Dorati comes close to achieving the impossible.

Dorati's genius, in fact, consists of bringing out, with the fine assistance of his remarkable orchestral musicians, the sweeping lines and vital interior motion. What the recording lacks, however, is any sensuous or structural sense of the use of sonority in this music. Thus, the middle movement of the Schoenberg, with all its remarkable shifting, kaleidoscopic color melodies, emerges as a bald series of barely connected chordal antiphonies. Similar problems arise with the celesta in the second movement of the Schoenberg, in the middle movement of the Webern, and in every place where something more than clarity and rhythmic phrase articulation is required. In general, Dorati's clarifying instincts extend to details and to on-going lines but not always to bigger issues of sonority, large-scale harmonic and phrase rhythm, and structural interrelationships. On the other hand, no recording—indeed, in my experience, no performance—of this music has succeeded in conveying so much of the actual musical substance, and these performances are as successful as such careful, exciting, limber, tense, dry, substantive readings can be. E.S.

SCHUBERT: *Impromptus: Op. 90 (4); Op. 142 (4)*

Alfred Brendel, piano.
• Vox PL 12390. LP. $4.98.
• • Vox STPL 512390. SD. $4.98.

After listening to so many mincing and sentimental expositions of these popular pieces, I take particular pleasure in hearing the direct, unostentatious readings presented here.

Brendel's performances, as a matter of fact, are worthy of the highest compliment: namely, comparison with the nonpareil Schnabel editions (once again available as a Pathé import). But while these artists produce similarly satisfying results, they achieve their ends by totally dissimilar means. Brendel, to take one example, conveys a brisk vivacity in the roguish Op. 142, No. 4 by racing the piece off its feet, so to speak. Schnabel, on the other hand, takes a much slower tempo, giving by his supple use of rhythmic distentions and elaborate punctuation an illusion of reckless abandon and at the same time suggesting much more suavity. In the A flat Impromptu (No. 2 of the second group) both pianists abjure the sentimentality and languishing superficiality of the "standard" approach. Brendel cleanses the music of its superimposed "Lavender and Old Lace" simply by observing the usually disregarded *Allegretto* tempo mark and by placing the weight on the first beat of every measure rather than on the second. Schnabel, in this instance, attempts something that only a sovereign master could accomplish with success: he sets a slow pace, exaggerates the basic rhythm so that some measures even have extra beats in them, and clarifies the harmonic and melodic content by placing his accentuation asymmetrically—now on the first count, now on the second. Brendel, in effect, clarifies the unity of the total piece, while Schnabel clarifies the rhythm of each sentence.

Brendel: no languishing Schubert.

What could sound like anarchy and fussiness in the Schnabel reading manages, miraculously, to sound like simplicity itself. One is never conscious of eccentricity or metric violation because Schnabel's judiciously applied distortions cancel themselves out. In the end, Schnabel makes us aware only of heartfelt directness and greater breadth of vision. Throughout this disc, one hears subtleties of inflection and coloration which no other pianist can seem to capture. Brendel's accomplishment, however, is a substantial one. Certainly his virile and straightforward statements would be my second choice, and Vox has given his rich-sounding instrument first-rate reproduction. H.G.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Metamorphosen*
†Hindemith: *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes by Carl Maria von Weber*

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond.
• DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18857. LP. $5.98.

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Metamorphosen; Der Bürger als Edelmann: Orchestral Suite*

Lausanne Chamber Orchestra, Victor Desarzens, cond.
• WESTMINSTER XWN 19026. LP. $4.98.
• • WESTMINSTER WST 17026. SD. $4.98.

The product of a 1947 broadcast, Furtwängler's performance has the limitations characteristic of recordings made with an audience in place and no opportunity for retakes. Yet it is certainly the most intense statement of the *Metamorphosen* on records. The work had been given its premiere only a year or so before this playing, and Furtwängler (who, like the composer, spent the war years in Germany) seems to have been particularly in harmony with this brooding, introspective music in which the funeral march from the *Eroica* and Strauss's chromatic speech blend as a sort of

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summation of German composition from Napoleon to Hitler.

The next time I want to hear this Strauss, the Furtwängler record is the one I shall play. It has two stereo rivals: the Desarzens, which is also new, and a Klemperer set of recent vintage. Contrasting them I find the sound of Desarzens's disc somewhat more agreeable, but the playing is bland and the line never has the firm control, the strong shaping hand provided by the other conductors. The Klemperer version remains a good one, but the lyric and expansive qualities of the Furtwängler seem to draw more from the climactic passages.

Furtwängler's account of the Hindemith is slower than we are accustomed to, but the sound, for all of its seventeen years, is bright and full-bodied enough to give us the impact of the conductor's intentions. I am particularly taken by his skill in phrasing, which makes the third movement unusually lovely. The total effect, therefore, is that of a significant memento of a distinguished musician.

The reverse side of the Westminster disc appears to be the only version of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* suite currently in print. By the standards of the best we have had before (Reiner's edition, for example), this is a fairly plain and literal performance. In the absence of competition it is, however, an acceptable representation of the score. R.C.M.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet; Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond.
• ANGEL 35980. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 35980. SD. $5.98.

From all appearances, Giulini reacts more to the literary antecedents of these scores than to Tchaikovsky's heart-on-sleeve translations of them. The result is a pair of readings that are intelligent, sober, and compellingly lyric, but which do not storm the heavens. This approach works to the particular advantage of *Francesca*, but there are moments in *Romeo* (in the "rumble" scene, for example) where greater color and thrust would be desirable. On the whole, however, these are satisfying performances, enhanced by spectacular sound. They represent a wholly reasonable way to hear this music, and the freedom from flamboyance augurs for their wearing well.

A.R.

VERDI: *Falstaff*

Geraint Evans, et al.; RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond.

VERDI: *Falstaff* (highlights)

Fernando Corena, et al.; New Symphony Orchestra of London, Edward Downes, cond.

For a feature review of these recordings, see page 65.

VIVALDI: *Four Concertos for Violin, Strings, and Cembalo: in D, No. 162; in A, No. 141; in D, No. 10; in D, No. 133*

Nathan Milstein, violin; Robert Conant, cembalo; et al.
• ANGEL 36004. LP. $4.98.
• • ANGEL S 36004. SD. $5.98.

None of your ascetic, thin-blooded Vivaldi-playing here: Milstein will not let a brisk tempo rob him of the privilege of warming up a cadence note or sounding totally at ease while cantering up a hill of accumulating arpeggios. This very healthy approach seems out of place only on occasional shifts which are audibly slurred; otherwise, everything is trim enough—as the fine, light mordents in the third movement of D. 162 amply demonstrate. D. 141, composed for the German virtuoso Pisendel, is marked by an unusually delicate, rather feminine solo part and by pyrotechnics in the finale. The *Inquietudine* lives up to its name: the solo violin's rather plaintive statements in the opening Allegro are contradicted by the orchestra in no uncertain terms, but in the following Largo the mood of lament catches everybody. Milstein's colleagues support him with warmth and precision. Angel's sound, while not overly brilliant, is full; stereo spread is evident but inconspicuous.

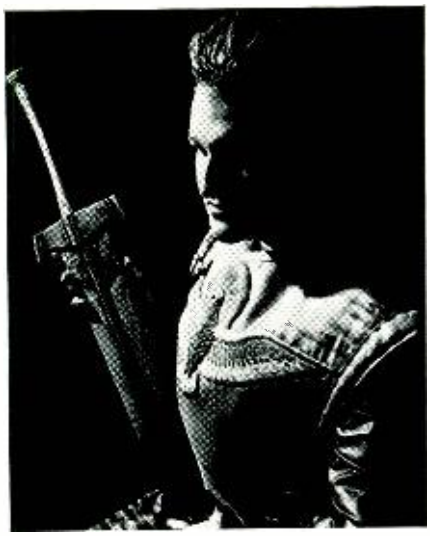
S.F.

WAGNER: *Lohengrin*

Elisabeth Grümmer (s), Elsa; Christa Ludwig (ms), Ortrud; Jess Thomas (t), Lohengrin; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (b), Friedrich; Gottlob Frick (bs), King Henry; Otto Wiener (bs), Herald; Chorus of the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic, Rudolf Kempe, cond.
• ANGEL 3641 E/L. Five LP. $24.90.
• • ANGEL S 3641 E/L. Five SD. $29.90.

It's been a long time between *Lohengrins*. This is the first recording of Wagner's "Romantic Opera in Three Acts" since the Deutsche Grammophon Bayreuth sets of 1953, only the fourth complete *Lohengrin* ever, and the first in stereo. Happily, it is a sound and welcome performance with excellent singing by the two leads, some good though somewhat disappointing performances by the other principals, a lot of vitality from orchestra and conductor, and some problems with the chorus and with the acoustics.

In the principal role we have Jess Thomas, one of the prime examples of the American-singer-makes-good-in-Europe syndrome. A native of Hot Springs, South Dakota, and a leading German-repertoire singer in Germany for many years now, Thomas makes a better impression here than he did in his long delayed Metropolitan debut last season. He has the kind of voice that represents the closest we seem to get these days to the vanished *Heldentenor*: a strong, full, almost baritoneish sound with a



Jess Thomas: latter-day Heldentenor.

firm, ringing upper register. His Lohengrin is not subtle but it is always true, handsomely controlled and shaped, a little monochromatic but always with substantial musical push. The outstanding musical and dramatic interpretation here, though, is that of Elisabeth Grümmer, a sensitive, dramatically convincing, and vocally superb Elsa. Elsa is a part that still has the big lyric line of older tradition, and Grümmer has the open, lyric quality of voice and the control of phrase and phrase sense to convey a strong conception.

The big disappointment is Fischer-Dieskau's Friedrich. Perhaps one wouldn't be so ready to complain if one hadn't expected so much; there is, in fact, a lot of good singing and a dramatic conception of the role as well. The difficulty is that the two aspects of the characterization do not coincide. The part is, of course, closer in many respects to some of the later Wagnerian roles and it contains a good deal of rhythmically and dramatically accented *parlando*. Fischer-Dieskau lays heavily into his lines, taking his cue from Wagner's own markings but with an accentual overemphasis which goes beyond the indication. For example, he uses a characteristically mannered way of accenting entrances, phrase articulations, and key notes which actually results in rough attacks of momentarily undefined pitch. The resulting vocal quality and projection are uneven and mannered; lines are badly broken up. It is a surprisingly unmusical approach from a singer like Fischer-Dieskau and it tends to distract from some good singing and some forceful musico-dramatic purpose.

Christa Ludwig's Ortrud is a little one-dimensional and, at times, she pushes her voice towards a tense, hard, vibrating sort of tone; the results, although not entirely unsuitable for Ortrud, are not altogether grateful either. When her singing is less tight and tense, it is strong and musical. Frick is a reliable King Henry. Wiener a passable Herald.

Kempe's direction is generally praiseworthy. Occasionally, one has the feeling that he has not quite determined how to resolve the inner tensions of a work that is caught between the composer's sense of lyric, vocal expansion and his strong impulses towards a new orchestral-dramatic declamatory style with a major admixture of German romantic *Singverein* choral music. At any rate, the chorus definitely takes a back seat here; this is, in fact, a major weakness. The chorus does not sing well much of the time, and it is often heard only dimly. Kempe, in the meantime, shifts his ground—somewhat uneasily—between a large-scale music-drama approach (big orchestral webs of sound, controlled flexibility in the vocal lines vis-à-vis the orchestra) and something more traditionally vocal-operatic (letting long vocal lines take the lead in setting an on-going, sweeping, free-phrase style). A place where this ambiguity emerges quite clearly—quite intentionally and free of any actual vocal considerations—is in the Act III prelude with its hard-driving sonorous main section and its flexible melodic rubato in the middle. At any rate, there is always a good deal of musical vitality and dynamism at work, and this really carries the performance right along from start to finish. It is a notable measure of the strength, tension, and sense of motion inherent in this reading that the endless first-act sound of low male voices in recitative—the Herald, the heavy (Friedrich), as well as Henry and his henchmen—does not pall; the opening scenes along with most of the rest retain vitality and a sense of proportion and significance in the dramatic whole.

This is the first recording made in the reconstructed Theater an der Wien and, for most purposes, the sound works quite well. The engineers, however, did not succeed in getting much more than a murky presence out of the chorus and a lack of clarity also seems to obtain in the ensembles. Part of the fault, here, however, seems to lie with the musicians; neither soloists nor chorus seem to adjust to the problems of ensemble clarity and accuracy. The solo singing comes through well and the orchestra—in excellent form—is recorded with clarity and richness. The stereo version is the clearer in some spots (because of its directionality which, for example, nicely separates the double choruses) but less so in other passages (because of the reinforced effect of deep and obscuring reverberation).

There are rumors that the *Lohengrin* famine is definitely over. A recent Bayreuth performance, released in Europe by Philips, is said to be due here before long, and a Victor *Lohengrin* project, featuring Erich Leinsdorf's return to opera, is said to be planned. At any rate, we have at hand right now a solid *Lohengrin*, a performance of real substance—quite enough substance, I should think, to outweigh the shortcomings.

E.S.

WEBERN: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10*—See Schoenberg: *Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16.*

Continued on next page

Recitals & Miscellany

ENSEMBLE VOCAL "CONTREPOINT": *"Chansons de la vieille France"*

Trad.: *L'amour de moy* (arr. Boller); *Chansons populaires, Choral, Noëls* (arr. Liébard, Langlais, Gevaert, Chailley). Costeley: *Las, je n'eusse jamais pensé.* Thiriet: *Trois Ballades.* Saint-Saëns: *Le Pas d'armes du Roi Jean.*

Ensemble Vocal "Contrepoint," Jean-Gabriel Gaussens, cond.
• SPOKEN ARTS 213. LP. $5.95.

This group is nothing more spectacular than a rather good French glee club established in a well-known Parisian lycée. The repertoire is of the better glee club type—arrangements of folk and traditional songs, with a madrigal or so and some nineteenth- and twentieth-century imitations thrown in, the whole put together in a kind of Merrie Olde France spirit. The music, almost all of it heard in arrangements, is pleasant and unimportant; everything is well enough sung. French texts and notes only are provided. E.S.

EILEEN FARRELL: *French and Italian Songs*

Respighi: *Io sono la Madre; In alto mare; Nebbie; Invito alla danza; Venitelo a vedere'l mi' piccino; Mattinata.* Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *La Pastorella; "Ninna Nanna"; La Ermita de San Simon.* Debussy: *La Faune; La Mer est plus belle; La Chevelure; Aquarelle.* Fauré: *Nell; Claire de lune; Vocalise; Noël,*

Eileen Farrell, soprano; George Trovillo, piano.
• COLUMBIA ML 5924. LP. $4.98.
• • COLUMBIA MS 6524. SD. $5.98.

This beautifully balanced song recital reveals many aspects of Eileen Farrell's art, most notably the intelligence and integrity with which the singer approaches this repertory. Miss Farrell has, first of all, a cultivated sense of the difference between French and Italian singing styles, and she brings to each what is proper to it. There is scarcely a hint of the size of her voice: it is scaled down, with its full powers used only occasionally, and then with taste and discretion. Every word of the text is given its appropriate vocal color; and while she does not sound wholly idiomatic in either language, she is always clear and intelligible. Equally impressive is her ability to focus attention on the delicate nuances of these songs without distorting the shape of the phrase or resorting to mannerisms. In all of this fine music-making she is assisted by George Trovillo, whose refined playing, at once independent and sympathetic, equals Miss Farrell's singing in artistic insight. JEAN BOWEN

ROBERT MERRILL: *Operatic Recital*

Verdi: *Otello: Credo. Ballo in maschera: Alzati! . . . Eri tu. Il Trovatore: Il balen. La Forza del destino: Morir! . . . Urna fatale. Don Carlo: Per me giunto; O Carlo ascolta.* Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Si può!* Giordano: *Andrea Chénier: Nemico della patria.*

Robert Merrill, baritone; New Symphony Orchestra of London, Edward Downes, cond.
• LONDON 5833. LP. $4.98.

This is the first recital record in some years for Merrill, who has—since the death of Leonard Warren—become very much the *primo baritono* of the Metropolitan.

Rich-toned and exciting as Merrill's singing often is, it has, for two reasons, always fallen short of the very highest level. The first is purely a vocal matter; the transition between the middle and higher ranges is very abruptly made. He can sing Es and Fs either "open" or "closed," but when he decides to cover on these and higher pitches, he does so with a vengeance—there is no gradual blend from one pitch to the next. This is perfectly illustrated by the close of *"Per me giunto,"* where the baritone moves from D to E flat on approximately the same vowel (the words are *"per te"*). In Merrill's rendition, the voice does a "flip" as it moves from one pitch to the next—the half step makes a tremendous, sudden difference in vowel formation and coloring of the tone. For Merrill's singing in general, this means that some of the tones in this area assume a locked, almost hollow quality (the closed E flat and E natural are the least ingratiating sounds in his range); it also means that there is a certain stiffness and an inability to indulge in dynamic nuance in cantabile passages that happen to cross this divide—as in the cantabile section of *"Eri tu."*

The second failing is a lack of interpretative imagination. Everything seems to get the same warm, lovely tone, relieved only by the broadest and most obvious indications of feeling—which usually means that an important word or phrase is rendered in a huffy *parlando* entirely outside the singing line. This sort of emphasis has no specific emotional import, does not inflect the text—it merely tells the audience that a Dramatic Moment of some kind has ar-

rived. Examples here: *"Credo che il GIUSTO"* in the *Credo*; *"Vedrete dell' odio i TRISTI frutti"* in the Prologue; *"Ah, PEGGIO!"* in *"Nemico della patria."*

No doubt such comment sounds rather niggling, especially when the record under review actually illustrates improvement in nearly all aspects of the singer's work. Yet these points cited involve the qualities that separate the very gifted and accomplished vocalist from the polished artist, and Merrill's basic equipage of voice and temperament deserves judgment by the highest standards. Thus, it must be observed that *"Eri tu"* has not a trace of sadness or of nostalgic longing (though Merrill phrases it rather better than he used to), and that the *Pagliacci* Prologue is quite choppily vocalized, with less smoothness of line than is desirable. On the other hand, the *"Credo"* is infused with a nasty coloring, heavily daubed on but still appropriate and effective, and the wonderful dramatic recitatives before and after the cavatina of *"Urna fatale"* are projected with surprising point and appositeness—if all the singer's work were this dramatically aware, he would be *the* baritone of the moment. I'm sure it is needless to add that throughout the recital there is much rich, beautiful sound—there is no gainsaying the potency of the voice.

The sound is fine, and the accompaniments well above routine; occasionally, I would like to hear more expansion in the treatment of the great melodies, but it is hard to say whether or not another conductor would have induced a more caressing treatment by the singer.

C.L.O.

ANNA MOFFO: *"A Verdi Collaboration"*

I Vespri siciliani: Mercè, dilette amiche. Ernani: Ernani, involami. Aida: O Patria mia. Il Trovatore: D'amor sull' ali. Giovanna d'Arco: O ben s'addice questo torbido cielo. Otello: Salce, salce; Ave Maria. Ballo in maschera: Morrò, ma prima in grazia. Simon Boccanegra: Come in quest' ora bruna.

Anna Moffo, soprano; RCA Italiana Orchestra, Franco Ferrara, cond.
• RCA VICTOR LM 2685. LP. $4.98.
• • RCA VICTOR LSC 2685. SD. $5.98.

This album has been made on the theory that Verdi's accompaniments are just as important as his vocal parts: Ferrara, a youngish Italian conductor who has supervised some RCA Italiana releases, is given equal billing with Miss Moffo, and George Marek devotes his liner note to emphasizing the importance of Verdi's orchestral writing.

With regard to most of the selections on the record, I think the theory is arrant nonsense. Verdi wrote vocal melodies, and to go with them he wrote accompaniments—in some cases, very beautiful, subtle accompaniments, which go far towards underlining mood and clarifying the feelings of the characters, but still accompaniments, intended as clearly subordinate to the vocal line. Of course, if such a presentation will serve to call attention to the delightful and atmospheric orchestral writing in, say, *"Come in quest' ora bruna,"* so much the better. But one always wonders about a record put forth in such a way. Is the knowledge that Miss Moffo does not have the sort of voice to make these arias "go" in the opera house a factor in underlining the importance of the orchestra? The jacket blurb speaks of presenting Verdi's music "truthfully"—but how truthful is a recording which casts a light, rather small lyric voice as Aida, or Amelia, or Giovanna?

All this is not to say that Moffo is a poor singer, or even that the recording is unattractive on its own terms. Her voice is warm and free, her sense of Verdian style admirable. One is naturally conscious of a lack of weight and at some points (the second phrase of the *Boccanegra* aria, for example) of an inability to expand. Still, the balance between voice and orchestra is excellent, and one does not get the feeling of a singer struggling to get out from under the strings. I cannot say, though, that the interpretations are strong enough to rise above competition. There are better versions of almost every single aria on the disc, from singers whose everyday repertory embraces these roles. Apart from a few musical departures—a couple of high options in *"D'amor sull' ali,"* some cadenza variants—Moffo does not bring

enough that is individual to these pieces to face down a Tebaldi or Price or De los Angeles. One small but gratifying footnote: it is good to have the *Giovanna* prayer on commercial recording. It is a little conventional-sounding and not remarkable melodically, but still very effective, with a particularly interesting recitative.

The accompaniments are very clean and rendered with close attention to detail: one or two are a bit rigid-sounding, and there are a couple of overblown climaxes that stretch the frame, but in the main they are fine. The sound, though, is somewhat hard and overbrilliant, albeit extremely clear and spacious. C.L.O.

THE SINGING CITY CHORALE OF PHILADELPHIA

The Singing City Chorale (Philadelphia), Elaine Brown, cond.
• THE SINGING CITY. LP. $4.95.
(Available on special order only, from The Singing City, 35 S. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa., 19107.)

The Singing City, an interracial choral society with several different branches, is a superbly trained group which has been extremely well recorded in this miscellany of pieces ranging from Bach to the American composer Stanley Hollingsworth. The latter's *Stabat Mater*, a delightful work in medieval-polyphonic style, is perhaps the most interesting thing in the album, though the piano used in its accompaniment grates against the manner of the music like a motorcycle in a Papal procession.

Also included are two of the Four Songs of Samuel Barber, the *Six Chansons* of Hindemith, two songs (*Nächtens* and *Der Abend*) by Brahms, the chorale from the Bach cantata known as *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, a Spanish carol entitled *Ya viene la Vieja*, a Negro spiritual called *Soon-ah Will Be Done*, and an arrangement of the Appalachian folk song *He's Gone Away* (as notated exactly forty years ago, from the singing of Carl Sandburg, by the writer of this review).

The effectiveness of this release is seriously compromised by failure to provide the texts, but a lot of music is offered and (except for that anachronistic piano) it is all excellently well done. A.F.

A TREASURY OF EARLY MUSIC

Soloists, choruses, and instrumental groups.
• HAYDN SOCIETY HSE 9100/03. Four LP. $23.92.
• • HAYDN SOCIETY ST HSE 9100/03. Four SD. $27.92.

People interested in ancient music will be glad to know that as a companion to its earlier *Masterpieces of Music Before 1750* Norton has now issued a volume entitled *A Treasury of Early Music* (price $6.50), compiled and edited, with notes, by Carl Parrish. This roller-coaster ride from Plainsong to Pergolesi is also offered on a new four-disc album. The ride takes a little more than three hours, and all but the hardiest travelers should arrange for frequent stopovers. Many will find the first lap toughest of all, when an unidentified Schola Cantorum plods wearily through excerpts from Ambrosian, Gallican, Mozarabic, and Roman liturgies, making no attempt to distinguish between what were highly diversified chants, set apart not only by regional and racial characteristics but also by their respective degree of development. Now that so many fine plainsong records are to be had, there is no excuse for performances such as this, where Milan, Montpellier, Toledo, and Rome are reduced to a kind of faceless Podunk. Similarly, examples of Provençal, Spanish, and German monody feature a baritone who seems determined to sing everything in the same style and the same tone of voice. Even remote comparison with the sensitive and correct performances by Russell Oberlin for Expériences Anonymes seems out of the question.

In pleasant contrast comes a group of early polyphonic pieces, for the most part fairly well sung and played. But what we hear in the organum duplum and motet are sections of longer works, the first being the beginning of a Christmas Gradual, and the second the ending of a troped Benedicamus for Vespers of the B.V.M. The one outstanding artist in these medieval items is contralto Raudi Tejlbjørg, whose interpreta-

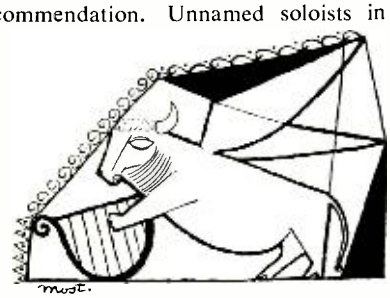
tions of a motet, a Kyrie trope, a ballade, a villancico, and a frottola show a genuine sympathy with the frequently arcane subtleties of phrase and paragraph. Even so, the performance of the Kyrie trope leaves much to be desired, for the texture clearly suggests two solo voices supported by a pair of sackbuts: what we hear is one voice accompanied by an oddly assorted group of secular instruments. Worse still is the Agnus Dei from the Tournai Mass, which instead of being sung by three soloists receives a hopelessly distorted—and unauthentic—performance by a boy's choir and organ. The organ used by Finn Viderø for an Italian Kyrie sounds delightful, but his interpretation of this, as of the Merulo Toccata, leans too much in the direction of Maelzel's metronome.

Occasionally the strangest things happen in casting. A primary characteristic of an Italian caccia is the strict canon between the two upper voices: they are necessarily of the same range. But *Con brachi assai* loses most of its appeal because the two soloists chosen are a tenor and a baritone. A subsequent *gaffe* is, however, allowable since it appears as a corollary of *l'affaire* Tournai. There, music for soloists was performed by choir and organ; in Dunstable's *Veni sancte spiritus* (the three-part setting, relatively little known) music obviously intended for a small choir and organ is performed by two soloists and a trombone! As might be expected, the trombone sticks out dangerously, and the net result is hardly pleasant.

Mogens Wøldike's readings of a fine Magnificat by Morales and a chorale by Walter sound dull and flabby, the Danish State Radio Choir being partly to blame since it apparently does not begin to understand what polyphony is about. The wide vibratos, sentimental allargandos, slides and slithers, all combine with an unchurchly acoustic to kill this noble music stone dead. Works by Hassler and Senfl hardly fare better. It comes as a real relief to hear the clear, balanced tone of the Copenhagen University Choir, under Niels Møller, in music by Goudimel. The Tallis anthem is simply ludicrous. In harpsichord solos by Bull and Poglietti, Finn Viderø is noticeably more successful than in the organ music. The four solo voices chosen for the fricassée fail utterly to blend, and they commit the unforgivable sin of singing loud all the time. For some unknown reason, French music of the Renaissance is sung by soloists, while German and Italian music suffers from choral interpretation.

The baroque pieces, generally speaking, emerge in fairly satisfactory shape, the viol consort in particular deserving commendation. Unnamed soloists in a fragment of Cavalieri acquit themselves well, but the performance *in toto* sounds uninspiring. A scene from an oratorio by Charpentier is better realized, but—alas!—ends just as the listener becomes interested. Blow's Jubilate Deo is sheer caricature; if you want to hear English church music well sung, go to King's College Choir on the London label. A Chaconne by Campra is played in pedestrian fashion by M. Wøldike. Operatic excerpts from Keiser and Pergolesi prove briefly attractive, though the interpretations lack polish and true feeling for style.

To sum up: although this album is based on fine material of unusual interest, includes excellent jacket notes (presumably by the general editor, Mr. Parrish), and affords some pleasurable musical moments, it is on the whole a disappointment. One can only hope most fervently that if the Haydn Society continues anthologizing ancient music, it will look elsewhere than to Denmark for its realization. DENIS STEVENS



WELTE-MIGNON: *"Legendary Masters of the Piano"*

Piano roll recordings by Busoni, Debussy, Hofmann, and others.

For a feature review of this album, see page 67.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for Cello and Piano*

Vol. 1: *No. 1, in F, Op. 5, No. 1; No. 4, in C, Op. 102, No. 1: No. 5, in D, Op. 102, No. 2.* Vol. 2: *No. 2, in G, Op. 5, No. 2; No. 3, in A, Op. 69.*

Antonio Janigro, cello; Carlo Zecchi, piano [from Westminster 18346/47, 1956].
• WESTMINSTER COLLECTORS SERIES W 9010/11. Two LP. $9.96.

Janigro makes use of very wide vibrato and pursues the rather broad effects I associate with romantic music rather than with this literature. My preferences consequently go to Fournier, who is more reserved, more penetrating. But Janigro is a distinguished artist, and this was a successful set for many years. If you like the cello played with all the stops out, it ought to please. The recording remains of agreeably high quality. R.C.M.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6, in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral")*

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, cond. [from RCA Victor M 417, 1937].
• ODEON ALP 1664. LP. $5.98.

Anyone who collected records in the late 1930s recalls this performance as one of the greatest of the day, an achievement that gave many of us a standard for the evaluation of all other accounts of this familiar score. For those reasons the long-play transfer is a welcome one, since it is a faithful replica of the originals, made to sound as wide-range as possible. (I suggest, indeed, a modest treble cut to restore original balances.) However, it should quickly be added that Toscanini re-recorded the symphony, in virtually the same performance, with the NBC Symphony and that that 1952 version is sonically a great deal better in all respects. The present issue of the BBC performance is therefore for those who feel that this earlier edition, and no other, is the Toscanini paradigm. I do not share this view; if you do, the present reissue should be your heart's delight. R.C.M.

CHARPENTIER: *Te Deum; Recordare; Oculi omnium; Instrumental Pieces*

For a review of this reissue, see the review of Charpentier's *Messe de Minuit*, page 72.

DELIUS: *"Delius Centenary Recordings," Vols. 1 and 2*

Song of the High Hills: Irmelin: Prelude; Concertos: for Violin and Orchestra; for Piano and Orchestra (A). *Summer Evening* (B). *Hassan: Intermezzo and Serenade; Dance Rhapsody, No. 1* (C).

Jean Pougnet, violin (in the Violin Concerto); Betty Humby Beecham (in the Piano Concerto); Luton Choral Society (in the *Song of the High Hills*); Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. [(A) from HMV recordings, 1946; (B) from HMV, 1949; (C) from HMV, 1952].
• ODEON ALP 1889/90. Two LP. $5.98 each.

Originally made under the auspices of the Delius Trust, these recordings were reissued on LP in 1962 and are now made available here through Capitol's import department. The Concertos on ALP 1890, everything else on 1889.

Delius is one of those composers who has become a Cause, and it seems almost pointless to attempt a criticism of his music since Delius lovers will continue to love Delius and everybody else will continue indifferent. Still, it is interesting for a nonpartisan to hear this selection from his work and to make the discovery that the pat labeling of this composer as an "impressionist" is misleading and that he was often as German as French. Delius lived in France most of his mature life but he was of German extraction and was perhaps accorded greater recognition in Germany than elsewhere. The *Song of the High Hills* contains a lot of Tristanesque music of the type that one finds in, for example, early works of Schoenberg; the Piano Concerto is a big Liszt-Grieg mélange. Delius was capable of writing a pompous and empty work like said Piano Concerto and a sophisticated, elegant one like the Violin Concerto. The best works here, though, seem to me the least pretentious ones: the Prelude to the opera *Irmelin* (actually written in 1932, forty years after the opera itself), the music from *Hassan*, and the *Dance Rhapsody*.

The performances range from poor (*Irmelin* and the choral singing in *High Hills*) to very good (Violin Concerto); most of the readings are certainly on the creditable side, and the resurrected sound is perfectly passable. E.S.

HAYDN: *Symphonies*

No. 1, in D; No. 13, in D; No. 28, in A.

Vienna Symphony, Jonathan Sternberg, cond. [from Haydn Society 1001, 1949].
• HAYDN SOCIETY HS 9110. LP. $4.98.

No. 26, in D minor ("Lamentatione"); No. 36, in E flat.

Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Anton Heiller, cond. [from Haydn Society 1019, 1952].
• HAYDN SOCIETY HS 9119. LP. $4.98.

No. 38, in C; No. 39, in G minor ("The Fist").

Vienna Symphony, Jonathan Sternberg, cond. [from Haydn Society 1010, 1949].
• HAYDN SOCIETY HS 9115. LP. $4.98.

No. 42, in D; No. 47, in G.

Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Franz Litschauer, cond. [from Haydn Society 1026, 1951].
• HAYDN SOCIETY HS 9121. LP. $4.98.

The reappearance of this material is a timely reminded that we owe much of the growing popularity of the composer to the Haydn Society's pioneering of some fifteen years ago. In many cases theirs was the first recording of a score which has since received the recognition resulting in multiple versions. Such later sets as the Ansermet edition of the "Paris" symphonies or the Goberman series for the Library of Recorded Masterpieces have an obviously heightened appeal for the customer of 1964, but the four discs cited above have resisted time more successfully than some of their fellows and still can make a strong claim for inclusion in a comprehensive record library.

My first choice from this collection goes to the imaginative Symphony No. 28, with an opening theme rather like the Beethoven Fifth in reverse. It is an interesting example of early Haydn, well played and worth having. Goberman duplicated the Symphonies Nos. 1 and 13, but Sternberg's versions are acceptable. While Heiller's account of the Symphony No. 26 is unexceptional, No. 36 is a real little beauty—it remains the only recording, and it's a good one. Both Nos. 38 and 39 are powerful scores, surprisingly so, and the Sternberg performances make this clear. (There is a better version of

No. 39 by Goldberg on a Philips 45-rpm import, ABE 10168, but it may be difficult to secure.)

Nos. 42 and 47, somewhat less interesting works, are given forthright performances which provide our only opportunity to hear this music on records. If you are a real Haydn fancier, you will not pass up the opportunity to add these two further items to your holdings. R.C.M.

MACDOWELL: *Woodland Sketches, Op. 51; Sonata Tragica, in G minor, Op. 45*

Vivian Rivkin, piano [from Westminster 18201, 1958].
• WESTMINSTER COLLECTORS SERIES W 9310. LP. $4.98.

MacDowell belonged to that northern branch of the Mendelssohn school which produced composers like Niels Gade and (with a slight assist from Liszt) Grieg. The *Sonata Tragica* is, for me, mostly a conventionalized set of Mendelssohnian romantic gestures, brought up to date (1891, that is) by the addition of some rather richer harmonies and inflections than Mendelssohn would have used. I much prefer the tasteful sentiment of the charming miniatures. So, I would think, does Miss Rivkin; at least her playing in the *Woodland Sketches* seems to me to have been more grateful and to have had much more character and style. The old Westminster piano sound is on the hollow side but is perfectly serviceable. E.S.

PROKOFIEV: *Love for Three Oranges: Orchestral Suite, Op. 33a*
†Rimsky-Korsakov: *Le Coq d'or: Orchestral Suite*

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. [from Capitol P/SP 8445, 1958].
• PAPERBACK CLASSICS L 9228. LP. $1.98.
• • PAPERBACK CLASSICS SL 9228. SD. $2.98.

Steinberg's way with Russian music is interesting. He keeps to the line, resists the temptation to linger for the sake of pure color, and produces results that are strong and intellectually satisfying. Considering that his orchestra is somewhat below virtuoso quality, this is probably a sensible approach. On the other hand, the best of these qualities, plus a richer palette, may be found in the Ansermet recordings of these suites, although the Ansermet *Coq d'or* is not available on stereo. Capitol's sound is a little shrill, as it was in the original issue. A.R.

RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 2, in E minor, Op. 27* (A)
†Tchaikovsky: *Francesca da Rimini, Op. 32* (B)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, cond. (in A); Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. (in B) [(A) from Mercury MG 50142/SR 90019, 1957; (B) from MG 50201/SR 90201, 1959].
• MERCURY MG 50345. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90345. SD. $5.98.

As can be noted from the prices cited above, these reissues are no monetary bargains. They are bargains in another way, however, since Mercury has managed to include a great deal more music on each disc side than is usually the custom—in fact thirty-four minutes' worth, which for stereo must be something of a record. Paray's is one of the best-proportioned versions of the richly romantic Rachmaninoff Second Symphony in recorded form, and the conductor manages to draw superb performances from his orchestra. The sounds from the Minneapolis Symphony aren't always as refined, but Dorati offers an acceptable account of the Tchaikovsky fantasia. (Incidentally, Paray observes the customary cuts in the symphony, whereas Dorati presents the fantasia uncut.) Stereo separation is quite good, but the over-all sonic quality could have been a trifle brighter.
PAUL AFFELDER

SCHUMANN: *Kinderszenen, Op. 15*
†Chopin: *Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in B minor, Op. 58*

Rudolf Firkusny, piano [from Capitol P/SP 8526, 1960].
• PAPERBACK CLASSICS L 9225. LP. $1.98.
• • PAPERBACK CLASSICS SL 9225. SD. $2.98.

SCHUMANN: *Kinderszenen, Op. 15* (A); *Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44* (B)

Artur Schnabel, piano; Pro Arte Quartet (in the Quintet) [(A) from HMV DB 6502/03, 1947; (B) from RCA Victor M 267, 1934].
• PATHE COLH 35. LP. $5.98.

These two *Kinderszenen*s provide us with the opportunity of comparing the work of a master and his pupil. Firkusny, a onetime Schnabel student, has incorporated many of his mentor's ideals in his playing here, and both performances share a certain structural lucidity and lack of ostentation. But Firkusny's framework is wholly the product of his own temperament, and the two presentations are, indeed, totally dissimilar.

Firkusny's is much the more conventional. He plays, so to speak, in curves (while Schnabel plays in cubes and angles). Firkusny emphasizes the dreamy, tender characteristics of these vignettes with an ultrasmooth legato and undulant shifts of tonal coloration. If anything, his approach is *too* delicate and petite. I have much the same reaction to the playing of the Chopin Sonata on the reverse side of the Firkusny disc. Here is superlative craftsmanship without doubt—a loving and musical presentation full of subtle and imaginative detail. Still, I would prefer something a bit less small-boned, with a trifle more sweep and virility. But one should not quibble; at its modest price, the disc is truly an outstanding value, and its sound seems to be notably brighter and cleaner than that of the original issue. I might also note that this series now come in cardboard folders and contain program notes—a marked improvement over the original flimsy paper sleeves.

Schnabel never fails to evoke interest and admiration, even if he sometimes does fail to make his viewpoint convincing. I am certain that this 1947 reading of *Kinderszenen* (making its first U. S. appearance in this imported pressing, and in sound better than merely serviceable) is going to get a very mixed reception. It is definitely a strongminded rendition, and one which should be listened to many times. On first hearing, I found the playing to be downright unsettling in its severity. The opening piece, *Vom fremden Ländern und Menschen*, is direct to the point of brusqueness, and *Wichtige Begebenheit* sounds portentous rather than merely important (it marches ahead in heavy Prussian boots, with exaggerated *ritenutos* at the end of every cadence). *Träumerei*, on the other hand, is stated with absolute cogency; it is the finest account of that much abused piece I have ever encountered. All told, while Schnabel's sublime artistry is evident throughout the performance, I feel that he overpowers the music. A Keyboard Lion, after all, is *not* a Kitten, and Schnabel would have been cast to much greater advantage in such "big" Schumann as the *Fantasy, Symphonic Etudes*, or even *Carnaval*.

The performance of the Quintet is much more along accepted lines. This is a sober, finely pointed interpretation with well-shaped, beautifully detailed phrasing from Schnabel and slightly stodgy, old-fashioned playing from the Pro Arte. The dubbed sound is rather leaden and constricted, with the violin tone suffering particularly. Curzon/Budapest and Hess/Schneider/Stern/Thomas/Tortelier (both Columbia) offer equally conscientious readings with far superior sonics.

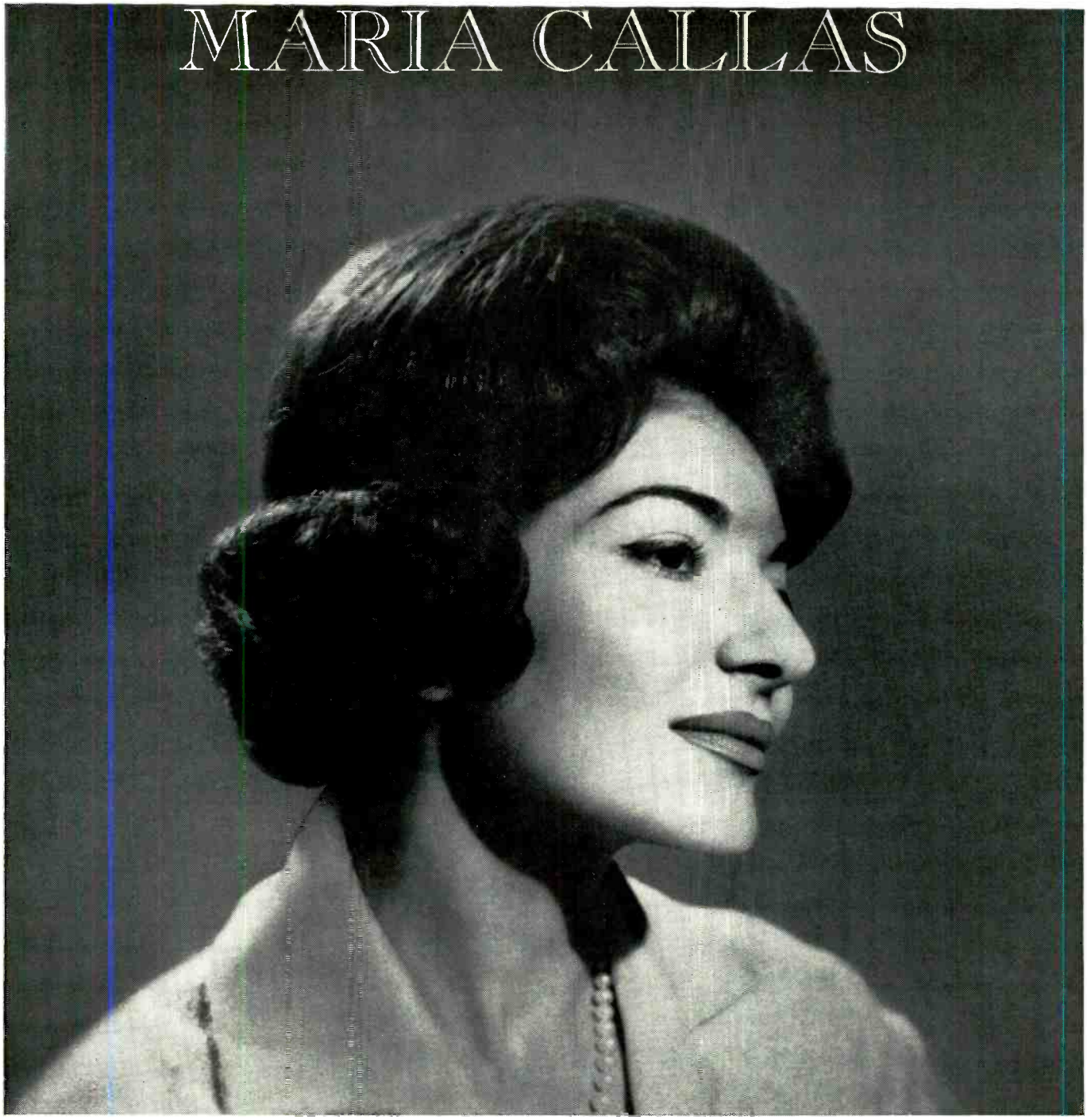
But, if only for the sake of Schnabel's provocative playing, this reissue is decidedly worthwhile. H.G.

PAUL PARAY: *"Heroic Overtures"*

Bizet: *La Patrie* (A). Offenbach: *Orphée aux Enfers* (B). Rossini: *Guillaume Tell* (C). Suppé: *Poet and Peasant* (D).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, cond. [(A) from Mercury MG 50191/SR 90191, 1959; (B) from MG 50215/SR 90215, 1960; (C) from MG 50203/SR 90203, 1960; (D) from MG 50269/SR 90269, 1961].
• MERCURY MG 50359. LP. $4.98.
• • MERCURY SR 90359. SD. $5.98.

Except possibly for Bizet's martially



MARIA CALLAS on ANGEL RECORDS

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Angel

CIRCLE 10 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ceremonial *Patrie*. "heroic" may be a rather farfetched term for this anthology, but it certainly fits aptly the bold stride and dramatic intensity of the present performances. Paray and the Detroit Symphony are at their vital best here, and the blazing recordings of their taut, rousing performances sound just as impressive today as when they first appeared. But, as with the originals, the present SD is not only more vivid and expansive than the mono edition but less glassily sharp in its *fortissimo* highs.

R.D.D.

HELGE ROSWAENGE: *Operatic Recital*

Leoncavallo: *Pagliacci: Nein, bin Bajazzo nicht bloss; Hüll dich in Tand nur.* Verdi: *Aida: Holde Aida. Ballo in maschera: O sag, wenn ich fahr auf schäumenden Wogen. Rigoletto: Liebe ist seligkeit. La Traviata: Ich sah euch lieblich. Il Trovatore: Das nur für dich mein Herz erbebt; Lodern zum Himmel.* Weber: *Oberon: Du, der diese Prüfung schickt.* Cornelius: *Der Barbier von Bagdad: O holdes Bild.* Bizet: *Carmen: Hier an dem Herzen treu geborgen.* Strauss, Richard: *Der Rosenkavalier: Di rigori armato.* Wille: *Königsballade: Euren König will ich preisen.* Offenbach: *Die Banditen: Banditenwalzer.*

Miliza Korjus, soprano (in *Rigoletto*); Margherita Perras (in *Traviata*); Helge Roswaenge, tenor; orchestra [from various Electrola albums, 1929-40].
• ODEON 83382. LP. $3.98.

There have been several previous Roswaenge recitals on LP but there is always room for another if it contains (as this does) a fair proportion of previously untransferred material. The voice was assuredly one of the most exciting of this century and just last season its owner demonstrated, in a Carnegie Hall recital, that he is still capable of some splendid singing. Of special interest here: the *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* duets, which find Roswaenge singing with a lovely, warm lyricism not always associated with this tenor's later discs; the beautiful prayer from *Oberon*, which is a perfect performance in every respect; and the thrilling rendition of the Singer's aria from *Rosenkavalier*—an unbroken legato stream of full, brilliant tone. The *Pagliacci* arias are somewhat harsh-sounding and rather overblown interpretatively, though still effective; the little Offenbach song, apparently recorded quite recently, is labored.

For the rest, Perras is a very sympathetic partner in the *Traviata* duet, but Korjus is blank-sounding in the *Rigoletto* scene. Transfers: very good. Liner material: adequate biographical notes, no discographic information. Roswaenge's spoken commentary (a peculiarity of these *"Goldene Stimme"* releases) includes a recitation of *"Vesti la giubba,"* just prior to his singing of it.

C.L.O.

CESAR VEZZANI: *Operatic Recital*

Meyerbeer: *L'Africaine: Combien tu m'es chère; Erreur fatale.* Halévy: *La Juive: Dieu, que ma voix; Rachel, quand du Seigneur.* Reyer: *Sigurd: J'ai gardé mon âme; Esprits gardiens.* Charpentier: *Louise: Depuis longtemps.* Rossini: *Guillaume Tell: Asile héréditaire.* Gounod: *Reine de Saba: Inspirez-moi.* Massenet: *Werther: Oui, ce qu'elle m'ordonne. Hérodiade: Jean, je te revois: Adieu donc vains objets; Quand nos jours.*

Odette Ricquier, soprano (in *"Erreur fatale"*); Jeanne Guyla, soprano (in *"Depuis longtemps"* and *"Quand nos jours"*); César Vezzani, tenor; orchestra [from various French HMV albums, 1930s].
• ROCOCO 5209. LP. $4.95.

Vezzani was an exciting singer. He had a genuinely dramatic voice, strong and ringing, which was nevertheless capable of suavity. His enunciation was crystal clear, his temperament generous and direct. To hear this sort of gift coupled with a native sense of French style is, regrettably, now possible only on records, and the release at hand reminds us of the dignity the French romantic repertory can take on in the hands of a singer of stature.

Rococo's record happily duplicates none of the selections on the Odéon recital released about four years ago (which is, in any case, available on a very limited import basis). I do not find the *Africaine* scenes very likable, but all the Massenet numbers, the splendid aria from *Reine de Saba*, and even the *Sigurd* passages deserve hearing. (*Sigurd* was Reyer's attempt to give the French a native Wagnerian music-drama; the title, of course, is the French spelling of Siegfried. These excerpts are not even remotely Wagnerian, but neither are they as meretricious as generally supposed, and Vezzani makes portions of them thrilling.) The Rossini, Halévy, and Charpentier passages are better known, and are here given stirring voicings. No one unacquainted with either the singer or the repertoire should waste any time acquiring the disc. The transfers are clean; soprano Ricquier has her problems above the staff, but soprano Guyla is excellent.

Vezzani, incidentally, is the tenor of the old *Faust* under Henri Büsser, with Journet as Méphistophélès. It is still decidedly the best *Faust* ever recorded. When, I wonder, will it be accorded an LP transfer?

C.L.O.

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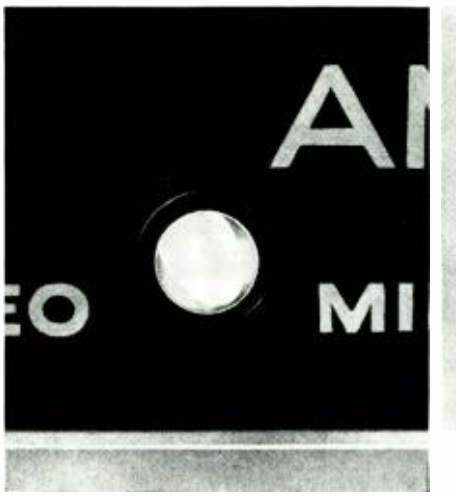

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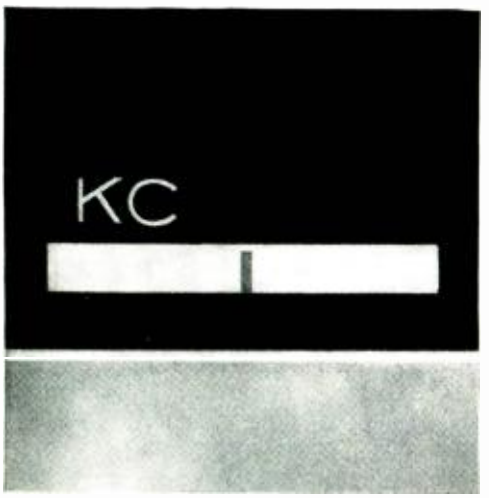

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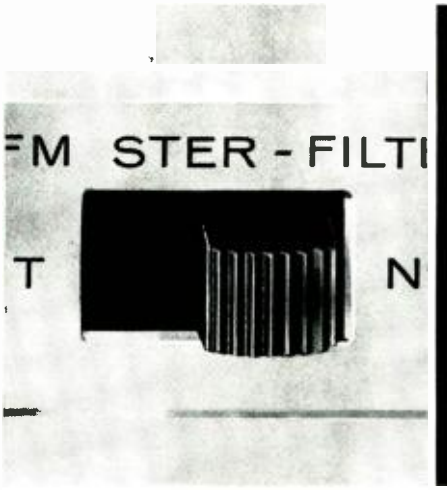

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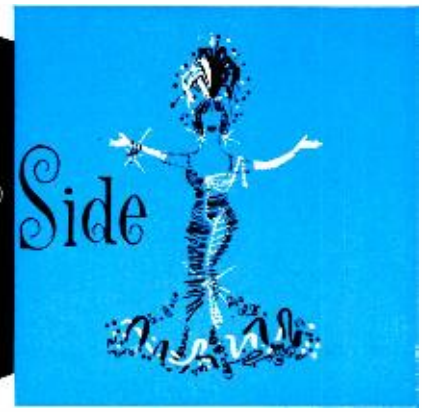

"The Girl Who Came to Supper." *Original Cast Recording. Columbia KOL 6020, $5.98 (LP); KOS 2420, $6.98 (SD).*

THE PERIOD PIECE has challenged Noel Coward to some of his finest work—when, of course, the period happens to be one to which he responds. *Bitter Sweet* and *Cavalcade* bear witness to his abilities to evoke the atmosphere, the sound, and the emotional context of the recent past. The opportunity to create a score reflecting the end of the Edwardian era in England—specifically, the coronation of George V in 1911—has been provided by Terence Rattigan's play *The Sleeping Prince*. For its present mutation, as *The Girl Who Came to Supper*, Coward has written the music and lyrics. (The same play provided the basis, several years ago, of the Olivier-Monroe film called *The Prince and the Show Girl*.)

Rattigan's play, which is followed closely in Harry Kurnitz's libretto for the musical, deals with an American chorus girl who, at the time of the coronation of George V, is playing in London in a show called *The Coconut Girl*. She becomes entangled, briefly, with one of the numerous royal personages in town for the occasion—the ruler of Carpathia, that inevitable mythical kingdom in the Balkans.

Britain's Tessie O'Shea: she quite stops the show.

For Coward, the year 1911 has more than casual significance, for it was the date of his first appearance on the stage. And, as he has said, he was brought up on the songs of the era. He has recalled one species of those songs with obvious fondness and with a great sense of style in four numbers written for Tessie O'Shea, a veteran British music hall star: *London Is a Little Bit of All Right*, a cheery soft shoe number; a merry romp called *What Ho, Mrs. Brisket*; *Don't Take Our Charlie for the Army*, a bit of mock comic pleading; and a wonderfully lilting and nostalgic tune, *Saturday Night at the Rose and Crown*. They are so completely right for the music hall and pub that one thinks of them as old, established favorites; it is hard to realize that they were created for this show. No small part of their effectiveness is due to the beguiling presence of Miss O'Shea, who distills her years of experience as a topnotch performer in a delivery that is disarming, infectious, and utterly delightful. She stops the show at every performance, and also provides the unquestioned high point of the recording—helped, in the stereo version, by a feeling of spaciousness that conveys the full stage setting in which she sings. All four songs are lumped together in a single scene, perhaps because they have nothing whatever to do with the development of the plot and Coward wished to avoid the continued interruption of *non sequiturs*. They are the one touch of unalloyed quality in an otherwise uneven production.

Coward's contribution is actually of higher quality than the recorded results would indicate. In addition to the Tessie O'Shea numbers, he has written an appealing ballad, *Lonely*—which, in the manner of his *Parisian Pierrot*, makes effective use of a melodic line that lifts from low to high register in what may be considered typical Coward fashion. There is also an airy waltz, *Here and Now*, and a pair of crisp patter numbers, *My Family Tree* and *Coronation Chronicle*. But these songs lose considerably

in the singing. Florence Henderson, though she is attractive and spontaneous on stage, projects a rather formal vocal manner here not really compatible with her material. And, unfortunately, a great many singing assignments fall to José Ferrer, who lumbers stiffly through lyrics that Coward himself would snap off with crisp precision.

And where, one wonders, is the lively music of one of the most appealing scenes in the show, the Embassy Ball? It has been omitted from the recording, but it certainly might have taken precedence over any one of several drab selections kept in. Among the latter is a parody of a 1911 musical which suggests, as did *The Student Gypsy* earlier this season, that a parody of a dull musical is apt to be at least as dull as the original. J.S.W.

The Buffalo Bills: "Together!" Warner Brothers 1520, $3.98 (LP); S 1520, $4.98 (SD).

The Buffalo Bills are the delightful vocal quartet that sang so successfully in the Broadway production of *The Music Man* (*He Doesn't Know the Territory* and *Lida Rose*). The members came up through the ranks of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America (SPEBSQSA), winning the International Championship in 1950. They were successful and busy amateurs until 1957, when a request for their presence in *The Music Man* made them face the decision of abandoning their regular jobs to go full time into show business. There is certainly a place for them. Not only are their harmonies exemplary, but their solo efforts are heard to advantage in *Lucky Old Sun, What Kind of Fool Am I*, and a spiritual, *So High, So Low, So Wide*. The Bills are at their best, however, when they are in the barber shop quartet vein or close to it. They do *Lida Rose* and *76 Trombones* from *The Music Man, Waitin' for the Evenin' Train* from *Jennie, Together Wherever We Are* from *Gypsy*, and such standards as *Bill Bailey* and *They Didn't Believe Me*. Barber shop quarteting has its traditions and limitations, and within these boundaries the Buffalo Bills are exceptionally good. Even beyond that, their straightforward, unmannered style is of a quality rarely heard from a male quartet since the days of the Revellers. In this day of stereotyped group singing, the Buffalo Bills are distinctive.

"Zu schön, um wahr zu sein." Odeon 83301, $5.98 (LP).

"Berlin die dufte Stadt." Odeon 83295, $5.98 (LP).

"Die goldenen zwanziger Jahre." Odeon 83348, $5.98 (LP).

"Papas Tanztee ist nicht tot." Odeon 83379, $5.98 (LP).

These discs will undoubtedly appeal most to those who knew Europe in the Twenties and Thirties. But anyone with the slightest affinity for the popular music of those decades should find them unique and refreshing, despite the fact that almost all the singing is in German, as are the occasional spoken passages. But what treasures are offered! Early recordings by Marlene Dietrich, Lotte Lenya, Richard Tauber, Claire Waldoff, Josephine Baker, and Pola Negri are on the long list presented.

Willy Fritsch serves as an amiable and knowledgeable *compère* on *"Zu schön, um wahr zu sein,"* a fascinating collection of film songs from the Thirties which includes Dietrich's original recording of *Falling in Love Again*, dramatically followed by a postwar performance of the same song before an enthusiastic German audience. There is also a selection by Pola Negri revealing a delightfully sinuous delivery, in addition to Richard Tauber's classic *Dein ist mein ganzes Herz* and songs by Lillian Harvey and Jan Kiepura.

Pola Negri: où sont les neiges . . . ?

"Berlin die dufte Stadt" offers recordings by Dietrich, Lenya, Tauber, Oscar Karlweiss, and Blandine Ebinger, among others, with early performances of a pair of Brecht-Weill numbers. *The Cannon Song* and *Moon of Alabama*. *"Die goldenen zwanziger Jahre"* is more of the same, dressed in documentary style so as to evoke memories of the Tiller Girls and to permit brief spoken passages by Max Schmeling, Hindenburg, Goering, and Hitler.

"Papas Tanztee ist nicht tot" moves into the world of the dance bands, as Michael Jary introduces recordings by the orchestras of Helmut Zacharias, Benny de Weille, Will Glahe, and Marek Weber, the Weintraub Syncopaters, the Lecuona Cuban Boys, and several more who bring back a bright, lighthearted sound that lives on now only as a memory.

Erwin Lehn and His Sudfunk Dance Orchestra: *"Tanz am Funkturm."* Odeon 83195, $5.98 (LP); S 83195, $6.98 (SD).

Lehn's German radio studio ensemble is an example of the full-bodied dance band almost extinct in the United States but still to be found in Europe. Lehn's is a highly skilled, polished group that can—and does (sometimes regrettably)—tackle practically anything in a fashionable dance tempo. There are some sterile moments, but by and large the selections are viable dance numbers, played in a variety of tempos with a rich sound and a loose, easy rhythm seldom achieved by our own ponderous studio bands. If one is looking for the swing band sound of yesteryear in contemporary dress, one looks to Europe. And Lehn's band is a prime proponent of the style.

Joe "Fingers" Carr: "The Hits of Joe 'Fingers' Carr." Capitol 2019, $3.98 (LP); D 2019, $4.98 (SD).

Joe "Fingers" Carr and "Big" Tiny Little: "Mr. Ragtime Meets Mr. Honkytonk." Coral 57444, $3.98 (LP); 757444, $4.98 (SD).

For all his association with the doctored piano and hoked-up pop tunes of the Twenties, Joe "Fingers" Carr (or Lou Busch, to remove his professional disguise) is a very capable performer of rags. The Capitol disc is devoted largely to classic rags which he plays with consideration and sensitivity—even though his tempos may stir complaints from some of the more adamant purists. His meeting wtih "Big" Tiny Little, at which both are accompanied by a small and exuberant band, is full of wonderfully high spirits. There is, however, one confusing factor here. Aurally, one would assume the very capable ragtime piano to be played by Carr, and the heavy, gimmicked honkytonk piano by Little. Yet, according to the jacket picture and to the stereo positioning described in the notes, quite the opposite seems to be true. But the problem is a minor one. Whoever plays what, the results are excellent—as wallopingly zestful a disc as has been issued in some time.

Jane Morgan: "Serenades 'The Victors.'" Colpix 460, $3.98 (LP); S 460, $5.98 (SD).

Miss Morgan is a sensitive, well-equipped, and knowledgeable singer who, fortunately, is not restricted here to the score of the film *The Victors*. Except for a delightfully dire Brecht-Weill sort of tune, *Magda's Song*, which she sings with obvious pleasure, the movie tunes are of little consequence. Half the album, however, is made up of popular tunes set in imaginative arrangements by Charles Albertine, skillfully sung in a variety of manners. *Red Sails in the Sunset*, for instance, is approached with unexpected blitheness and bounce; *Bless 'Em All* has an open, easy camaraderie; and *Glory of Love* is given a raucous, rugged, belting treatment. The now out-of-season *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas* is a stringent test of Miss Morgan's abilities;

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CIRCLE 59 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

she passes with flying colors by projecting a sense of emotion into material of little real intrinsic emotional value.

Arthur Godfrey: "Golden Hits." Contempo 3900, $3.98 (LP); 6900, $4.98 (SD).

As one who is usually repulsed by Arthur Godfrey's oily folksiness, I was startled to find this disc thoroughly ingratiating and possessed of an unpretentious charm that no amount of preconditioned antagonism could obliterate. Godfrey's friendly, let's-gather-round-the-piano-and-sing approach is carried out in exemplary fashion as he wends his way through a varied list of songs running from *Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Too Fat Polka,* and *Mama Goes Where Papa Goes* to such contemporary matters as *This Is All I Ask* and the nostaligic tune *Till Tomorrow* from *Fiorello.* Godfrey bumbles through them in a casual fashion, winning in his air of effortlessness.

Buck Owens: "Sings Tommy Collins." Capitol 1989, $3.98 (LP); S 1989, $4.98 (SD).

One of the most ingratiating characteristics of "country and western" music is the loose, swinging song, usually equipped with self-deprecating lyrics. In the past one could count on groups such as that led by Bob Wills to produce this species at its best; in recent years, however, such songs have tended to be buried under maudlin ballads. But there is still one bright light shining, as is indicated by this set of songs by Tommy Collins, sung by Buck Owens. There are some descents into sentimental banality here, but the feeling in general is cheerful and lively. Spirits are spurred on by the toe-tapping humor of *It Tickles* ("it" is a mustache), *I Always Get a Souvenir, Whatcha Gonna Do Now,* and *Down, Down, Down*—any one of which could stand as an example of the vitality that country-and-western has contributed to the mainstream of American popular music.

Jack La Forge: "Unchain My Heart." Regina 288, $3.98 (LP); S 288, $4.98 (SD).

This is a strange but interesting record. Bearing in mind that La Forge is the head of Regina Records, one reads Jerry Marshall's fatuously fulsome liner notes about his brilliance as a pianist, and then one listens to the first side of the disc, which consists largely of instrumental ensembles with stray piano tinklings —and one shakes one's head in dismay. But on Side 2 La Forge plays a piece called *Like Latin* with swiftness and skill, and reveals ingratiating humor in Don Sebeskey's unusual arrangement of *Up a Lazy River.* Both La Forge and Sebeskey come off quite well in other selections on this side, and one can only wonder why La Forge produced a record that so determinedly puts its worst foot forward.

Frank Ifield: "I'm Confessin'." Capitol 10356, $3.98 (LP); S 10356, $4.98 (SD).

So much of this program is fresh and well done that it is particularly disappointing to find parts of it sliding downhill into banality. Ifield, an Englishman who grew up in Australia, starts off singing *My Blue Heaven* (with falsetto trimmings) in a gentle, easy, fresh manner that harks back to Whispering Jack Smith, to Art Gillham, and to the *Blue Heaven* singer, Gene Austin. His version of *Star Dust* does credit to his taste and perception, and a *Tumbling Tumbleweeds,* also with skillfully controlled falsetto, is effective. But then Ifield's attitude changes. The big beat moves in, he reaches for hipness, and soon he is immersed in out-and-out rock and roll—a very aggravating state of affairs. Obviously, Ifield is someone to watch; let us hope that he can find a record producer sufficiently sympathetic to his individual talent.

Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra: "Here's Love." London 3330, $3.98 (LP); 330, $4.98 (SD).

The Merrill Staton Voices: "Here's Love." Columbia 2099, $3.98 (LP); 8899, $4.98 (SD).

The case against original cast albums is supported with considerable force by these two discs. Listening to the recorded cast performance of *Here's Love* is a rather drab experience. Yet if one were introduced to Meredith Willson's score through these discs, one might assume that he had done a far better job. Chacksfield, with a strong assist from arranger Roland Shaw, has managed to attach zest to these songs—in fact, one who has seen the show may well rub his ears in amazement, so imaginative and buoyant are these performances. And the Merrill Staton Voices prove that even the lyrics are not insurmountable—though perhaps the listener is simply less conscious of them in a choral setting. The arrangements by Frank Hunter for Merrill Staton, like Roland Shaw's for Chacksfield, have a vitality and exuberance missing in the original.

Living Strings: "New from Broadway." RCA Camden CAL 790, $1.98 (LP); CAS 790, $2.98 (SD).

This entry in the Living Strings series is arranged and conducted by Hill Bowen and, belying the group's name, employs brass when the occasion requires it. The program consists of four tunes apiece from three of this season's Broadway shows, *110 in the Shade, Here's Love,* and *The Student Gypsy.* The last-named is the work of Rick Besoyan, whose reputation rested on his off-Broadway success *Little Mary Sunshine. The Student Gypsy* was his first Broadway venture, and closed so quickly that a projected original cast album was never made. Like *Little Mary Sunshine,* Besoyan's second undertaking is a parody of musicals of bygone years, this time of the Viennese-Ruritanian type, and its failure seems to prove that it is all but impossible to parody a style that was ridiculous to begin with. On the basis of these performances Besoyan's score was, at best, pleasant but undistinguished. The tunes from the other two shows come off much better.

Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band. Vanguard 9139, $4.98 (LP); 2158, $5.95 (SD).

The Even Dozen Jug Band. Elektra 246, $4.98 (LP); 7246, $5.95 (SD).

A rising phenomenon on the popular music scene is the jug band, a contemporary adaptation of one of the early folk products of jazz known variously as the spasm band and the skiffle band. The hallmark of such groups was the homemade or improvised instrument—the cigar-box guitar, the jug bass, the kazoo, the washboard, and the washtub bass (which consisted of an inverted metal washtub with a rope attached to the center and run up to the top of a broom handle, the base of which rested on the tub and was moved back and forth to create varying tones as the rope was plucked). This collection was supplemented by guitars, banjos, and mandolins. Both the ensembles represented here are semiamateur—and display occasionally distressing evidence of the fact. Their difficulties center on the kazoo players, who are invariably flat and lacking in tonal color, and on the vocalists, who are apt to display far more exuberance than their singing can justify. Kweskin's group shows a considerable range in its search for material: in addition to drawing on old recordings of the Memphis Jug Band and the Dixieland Jug Blowers, it has also turned to some Paul Whiteman records of the late Twenties. There is a contemporary interpretation of Jack Fulton's memorable falsetto vocal on *Sweet Sue*, and a revival of an otherwise forgettable tune, *Borneo*. This is, to quote a statement by Kweskin, "fun music," though it sometimes requires a high degree of tolerance to experience the full value of the fun involved.

The Even Dozen is a flexible group that divides itself into all sorts of combinations and, in the process, maintains a decidedly higher level than the Kweskinites. The bright light here is Josh Rifkin, who plays piano and kazoo, composes, and occasionally sings. When he is doing almost anything except playing the kazoo, the group sparkles. And even when he is kazooing, the results are less dire than those brought about when the Kweskin group allows *its* kazoo virtuoso to be heard. The Even Dozen projects a very attractive lusty spirit, and it successfully attempts some original material by Rifkin.

Kai Winding. Verve 8556, $4.98 (LP); 6-8556, $5.98 (SD).

Winding, once prominent in jazz as a member of Stan Kenton's band and later as joint leader, with his fellow trombonist J. J. Johnson, of the occasionally provocative Jay and Kai groups, is now a no-bones-about-it commercial musician. His tunes here are, for the most part, those in teen-age demand—*Only in America, Hey Girl, Mockingbird, China Surf*—and he gives them a big sound built around a trombone ensemble sparked by his own solo horn. There is, to be sure, a twangy guitar but there is also unusually deft ensemble playing.

JOHN S. WILSON

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CIRCLE 73 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The Weavers: "Reunion at Carnegie Hall —1963." Vanguard VRS 9130, $4.98 (LP); VSD 2150, $5.98 (SD).

In the fifteen years of the Weavers' existence, America's premier folk group assumed the status of a living legend. It was they, in the post-World War II era, who sparked the revival of folksong-for-the-many, and it was they who pioneered the ensemble approach to balladry. Although the Weavers have now disbanded, every folk group extant bears their imprint.

To celebrate their fifteenth anniversary, the Weavers gave two sold-out concerts at Carnegie Hall last May. All members of the group, past and present, were in attendance and all lifted their voices in ballads old and new. Here is the exuberance (*When the Saints Go Marching In*), the tenderness (*Ramblin' Boy*), and the social conscience (*Banks of Marble*) that have always marked their work. The mixture, as before, is unalloyed listening joy, and no one should miss this vivid memorial of a great occasion.

Manuel Fernandes and Maria do Espirito Santo: "Fados of Portugal." Monitor MF 406, $4.98 (LP); MFS 406, $4.98 (SD).

In the midnight world of Lisbon, songs of deep sadness seep from behind certain doors in the old quarters of Alfama and Bairro Alto. Inside, in smoky *boîtes*, men in black suits and women in black shawls sing, with a kind of iterative Moorish grief, of love slain and hope lost. This is the fado, traditional song form of the Portuguese capital, which unites singers and listeners in a soft melancholy. Manuel Fernandes is one of Lisbon's top male *fadistas*, and his singing of *Trova Eterna* (Eternal Song) on this disc will demonstrate why. Maria do Espirito Santo, somewhat more distantly miked than Fernandes, is husky-voiced and moving in *Não Te Digo* (I'll Never Tell You) and properly bitter in *Maldição* (Malediction). Fado is well worth an audition, and this release—though no threat to those of Amalia Rodrigues—ranks as a superior exemplar.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem: "In Person at Carnegie Hall." Columbia CL 1950, $3.98 (LP); CS 8750, $4.98 (SD).

Each new recording provides further testimony to the preëminence of this foursome on the current hootenanny circuit. While the songs of Ireland—a seemingly inexhaustible freshet of clear melody—are their stock in trade, their unique style, as well as a certain solid urbanity beneath the brogue, lends universality to their performances. They also possess in abundance today's most precious commodity, a sense of humor. A typical recital runs from deep pathos to wild gaiety, and this one is no exception. The quiet tragedy of *The Patriot Game*—a deadly indictment of present-day Ireland's propensity for laying all ills at England's door—counterpoints the manic merriment of *The Juice of the Barley*. Other high points are a moving recitation of a Yeats poem by Tom Clancy, and a medley of children's play songs that would awaken nostalgia in a Scrooge. Resplendent stereo sound captures the full excitement of the live performance.

Peter LaFarge: "Sings of the Cowboys." Folkways FA 2533, $5.95 (LP).

Raised on a Colorado ranch and a veteran of the rodeo circuit, Peter LaFarge brings the accents of the prairies and the mordant wit of the West to this outstanding collection of cowboy songs and calls. Sung in the intense LaFarge manner, chestnuts such as *Streets of Laredo* and *Old Chisholm Trail* take on a craggy, lonesome beauty; *Strawberry Roan* and *Sirey Peaks* roar with frontier slapstick. But it is in the bleak bitterness of *I've Got No Use for the Women* that LaFarge strikes the most memorable note in this memorable album. The West of the horse wranglers and the cowpokes has all but disappeared, and we are not likely to hear its classic ballads sung with greater affection and authenticity in this generation.

LaFarge: sometimes a bitter balladry.

Chad Mitchell Trio: "Singin' Our Mind." Mercury MR 20838, $3.98 (LP); SR 60838, $4.98 (SD).

This group, one of the most consistently satisfying of the young, campus-formed folk trios to be heard on vinylite, offers another solidly programmed, handsomely executed recital. With stunning versatility, they range from the old sorrowing Scottish broadside *Bonny Streets of Fyvie-O* to a biting satire on the University of Mississippi called *Alma Mater*. Unfortunately, their most ambitious attempt, a take-off on *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, comes a woeful cropper. Aimed at Germany's residual Nazism, it is long on bitterness, short on wit, and delivered with a kind of sophomoric silliness. Otherwise, the singers are on target all the way.

Lui Tsun-Yuen: "Exotic Music of Ancient China." Lyrichord LL 122, $4.98 (LP).

It is due largely to the enterprise of Lyrichord that the recorded catalogue boasts so splendid a cross section of Chinese classical music played on authentic instruments by artists of stature. Here Lui Tsun-Yuen plays the four-stringed *pipa*—which probably came to China from central Asia early in the Christian era—and the older, more fragile, seven-stringed *chin*. The melodies, dissonant at first hearing to the Western ear, are very old and possess the spare, austere beauty that one sees in Chinese

painting. *Sound of the Temple*, with its evocation of bells and cymbals, is the most immediately accessible selection, but *The Great Ambuscade* and *The Flowing Streams* will brilliantly repay the American listener. If you meet this music halfway, it will lead you into a world of exotic melody and profound emotion.

Bob Gibson: "Where I'm Bound." Elektra EKL 239, $4.98 (LP); EKS 7239, $5.98 (SD).

Long a germinal talent in folk balladry, Bob Gibson has never quite scaled the heights of the hit parade attained by many lesser singers. He is, of course, an original—and this is a burden in any field. One of the charms of folk music, however, is its plasticity, and Gibson has no peer in the art of squeezing an old song into a new mold. His racy treatment of *Frankie and Johnny* on this superbly recorded disc epitomizes his art: save for its story line, Gibson's version owes virtually nothing to the original. Other striking Gibson interpretations include *Fog Horn* and a peculiarly somber *Sweet Betsy from Pike*. His talents deserve a wide public, and this album showcases them marvelously.

Phil Ochs, et al.: "Broadside Ballads, Vol. 1." Broadside BR 301, $4.25 (LP).

Pete Seeger: "Broadside Ballads, Vol 2." Broadside BR 302, $4.25 (LP).

"The ballads of the people," noted a nineteenth-century writer, "are the bulwarks of the State." If this is true, then the U. S. Constitution lies safe behind a rampart of indignant songs sung by a battalion of outraged balladeers. Actually, today's young folk singers possess very sensitive social consciences, along with the courage to express their convictions in song. These two discs, containing some thirty topical ballads culled from the pages of a mimeographed periodical called *Broadside*, have a sprawling vitality and flaming idealism that can shake even a dedicated cynic. Some of the songs, to be sure, are disasters on every count: one such is the simplistic, silly *Ain't Gonna Let Segregation Turn Us Around*. And the unflagging devotion of the composers to clichés (e.g., it's always a "jailhouse," never a jail) brings many a wince.

But there is big medicine in these albums. Phil Ochs's *The Ballad of William Worthy* bouncily satirizes the hypocrisy of a State Department mouthing eternally of The Free World while deftly lifting the passport of a journalist who went to Cuba for a first-hand report. Ochs also strikes a note of genuine lyricism in his *Ballad of Lou Marsh*. *Benny Kid Paret* bitterly records the cruel death of a Negro boxer, and Peter LaFarge's *Faubus Follies* goes straight to the jugular. On a quiet but effective level, *William Moore the Mailman* memorializes the murder of the Baltimore mailman who embarked on a Freedom Walk through the South. To repeat, the albums are uneven: at their worst, they are dismal and artificial; at their best, they are incandescent.

Carolyn Hester: "This Life I'm Living." Columbia LL 2032, $3.98 (LP); CS 8832, $4.98 (SD).

Possessor of a small but luminous soprano voice, Carolyn Hester is evolving a unique singing style. At its best, her voice has a reedy, haunting quality somewhat reminiscent—in effect, if not in textures—of John Jacob Niles. And, like Niles, she has struck out on a path of her own—no mean feat in this age of furious cross-pollination. Miss Hester's forte is the ballad of lost love, and her wispy, carefully shaded versions of *I Loved a Lass* and *Come, O My Love* are molten heartbreak. *Brave Wolfe*, a traditional lament for General James Wolfe killed on the heights at Quebec in 1759, is shaped into starkly recollected tragedy. But the singer's finest moment comes in the old Shaker hymn *'Tis the Gift To Be Simple*, used by Aaron Copland as a recurrent theme in his *Appalachian Spring*.

The Galliards. Monitor MF 407, $4.98 (LP); MFS 407, $4.98 (SD).

Two members of this English quartet, Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, have already made a happy American recording debut ("Two Heids Are Better Than Yin," Monitor MFS 365). The foursome displays a high degree of musicality along with a sure instinct for the emotional essence of a ballad in a program extending from very old English songs to current Israeli favorites. Their most attractive offering is the Gaelic *Birlinn Ghoraidh Chrobhain*, a haunting highland lay brand-new to this side of the Atlantic. *Johnny Todd*, a ballad out of Liverpool, swings with soft rue; and Shirley Bland's floating soprano is a lovely vehicle for the vintage sadness of *Lowlands of Holland*. A singularly attractive release.

Judy Collins: "Judy Collins No. 3." Elektra EKL 243, $4.98 (LP); EKS 7243, $5.98 (SD).

Her style maturing with every album, Judy Collins here offers a program of "city" folk songs—those written by the urban folkniks who, for better or for worse, now constitute the mainstream of American traditional song. Miss Collins' bright, solid soprano beautifully etches Bob Dylan's *Fare Thee Well* and lends ominous overtones to *Masters of War*; she infuses a sleepy sorrow into Bob Gibson's *Ten O'Clock, All Is Well*; and she offers a magnificently nuanced interpretation of Woody Guthrie's shattering *Deportees*. Here, crystallized on a single disc, are the crosscurrents—political, social, moral—that have shaped the current folk song renascence. Miss Collins sings with exceptional beauty, and Elektra's engineers have caught every note.

Calum Kennedy: "Islands of Scotland." Orchestra, Eric Rogers, cond. London TW 91322, $4.98 (LP).

Strangely neglected by ballad singers, the airs of Scotland's Hebrides have a mystical quality intoxicating to the imagination as well as to the ear. Calum Kennedy, himself an islander, has chosen a dozen Hebridean songs, as well as two

from neighboring Scotland, to weave a recorded spell of the lonely reaches of the Western Sea. *The Skye Fishers' Song* is an ache of melancholy; *An Island Sheiling Song* is like a fresh breeze; *Kishmul's Galley* echoes ancient glories. Despite orchestral accompaniments that are sometimes too elaborate, sometimes too obtrusive, Kennedy succeeds in conveying the magic of these melodies.

The Kingston Trio: "Sing a Song with the Kingston Trio." Capitol KAO 2005, $3.98 (LP); SKAO 2005, $4.98 (SD).

At first blush it would seem that the awful inevitability has finally happened: the Kingstons really *have* run out of material. But this release proves to be a new type of wordless sing-along. Continuing the guitar and banjo accompaniments to some of the trio's greatest hits (*Tom Dooley*, *Greenback Dollar*, *A Worried Man*), the disc invites the listener to raise his voice and provides complete texts to assist him. For those who would go a step further, chord symbols enable the musical neophyte to add his own guitar to the ensemble. Actually, since no melody is carried by the instruments, the appeal of this album is restricted to those buffs who really wish to enter into the fun.

Odetta: "One Grain of Sand." Vanguard VRS 9137, $4.98 (LP); VSD 2153, $5.95 (SD).

The rich, powerful voice of Odetta combines with a forceful artistic personality to shape one of the foremost folk singers of our time. While formerly she might have lacked a certain vocal suppleness, this album testifies to a complete mastery of her formidable resources. Her almost raucous *Midnight Special* here stands as one of the finest things she has ever sung, and contrasts remarkably with the light-textured, almost airy *Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies*. An Irish air, *She Moved through the Fair*, flickers with tragedy, and once again displays Odetta's affinity for Celtic material. Excellent recorded sound, with virtually nothing to choose between the stereo and mono versions.

Enoch Kent, Patrick O'Malley, Diarmuid O'Neill: "Irish Rebel Songs." Orchestra. London TW 91296, $4.98 (LP).

Not since Patrick Galvin's magnificent series of recordings for Riverside some ten years ago have the songs of the Irish Rebellion enjoyed such virile, stirring interpretations. While each of the soloists sings with intensity, with—if you will—full emotional engagement, Enoch Kent is hamstrung by vapid arrangements of *The Manchester Martyrs* and *Sean South of Garryowen*. But Patrick O'Malley, to my ear the finest of a fine lot, strikes brilliant fire with *The Wearin' of the Green* and *The Soldier's Song* (the Irish national anthem); and the white-hot fervor of his *Rody Macorly* will sear your soul. For too many years sopranos have been raising the odd tear with these songs. Sung here with masculine brimstone, they are vivid and unforgettable.

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CIRCLE 67 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

George Hoefner

King Oliver's Band, with young Louis Armstrong.

Treasure of the Twenties

A FASCINATING COLLECTION of early jazz recordings, almost all of them new to LP in this country, is now available through Capitol's import program. These four volumes, originally issued in England, have been prepared and annotated with skill and thoroughness by Brian Rust, known primarily as an outstanding discographer, particularly of the earlier years of jazz. One of the most remarkable aspects of this release is the general excellence of sound. The transfers are often amazingly clean and full, although the limitations of the recording techniques of the Twenties are still apparent. But there is none of the "enhancing" that has damaged so many jazz reissues in this country, and none of the clumsy tape splicing evident when bits and pieces of a master are tied together.

The first disc covers the so-called "big bands." These are not the conventional big groups of the Twenties—neither Fletcher Henderson nor Duke Ellington turns up in the entire series—but, rather, eight- and nine-piece bands playing to a great extent in an ensemble style. There is the Original Tuxedo Jazz Orchestra of New Orleans, a loose and driving group led by the two-cornet team of Papa Celestin and Kid Shots Madison. Two rugged Kansas City bands are represented—the early Bennie Moten ensemble and Jesse Stone's Blue Serenaders who, to judge from the two selections here, must have set the pattern for Moten's later style. King Oliver's Jazz Band with Louis Armstrong playing second cornet, Clarence Williams' solid New York orchestra, the brilliant recording group from Henderson's band called The Little Chocolate Dandies (with Rex Stewart, J. C. Higginbotham, Don Redman, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, and Fats Waller), and Charlie Creath's legendary Jazz-o-Maniacs of St. Louis —all are here, playing in a pulsing, punching style that creates, through its concentration on ensemble work, a tremendous momentum.

Volume 2 focuses on New Orleans groups. Except for two selections by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band recorded in New York, all fourteen of the remaining ones were made in New Orleans—a fact which, in view of the sparseness of recording done there in the Twenties, makes this LP unusual. Here we find some of the rare clarinet solos of the extraordinary Leon Rapollo, playing with the Halfway House Orchestra and the later New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Young Sharkey Bonano's cornet helps to drive Brownlee's Orchestra. Such misty jazz names as Johnny De Droit, Johnny Bayersdorffer, and the Original Crescent City Jazzers, whose records have been few and obscure, suddenly come into focus.

"Small Groups and Piano Solos" (Volume 3) is a mixture of the relatively familiar and the totally obscure. James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and the brash, pungent group called the Chicago Footwarmers (headed by Natty Dominique, Kid Ory, and Johnny Dodds) are the more familiar entries. But at the other extreme are piano solos by Arizona Dranes, a gospel musician who was swinging hard in 1926, and by Clay Custer, an otherwise unknown pianist. Less obscure are selections by Clarence Williams' rousing washboard band and a pair of piano solos by Williams, who is much better known in England than in this country; a strong blues by Richard M. Jones's Jazz Wizards; and a fine tune played by a small group from Doc Cook's Dreamland band, sparked by the great cornettist Freddie Keppard.

The fourth disc, devoted to blues singers, concentrates on what might be considered the second rank of performers of that decade. There are no Bessie Smith or Ma Rainey selections here, but the singers represented indicate that there was a vast amount of fine talent around then. Sippie Wallace, for instance, possesses much of Bessie Smith's authority and timbre and phrasing. Chippie Hill's curt, dark-toned voice is backed up by Louis Armstrong's cornet, and the ingenious team of Butterbeans and Susie is heard in two selections, accompanied by Armstrong's Hot Five. Sidney Bechet's vibrant soprano saxophone all but dominates two songs by Sara Martin, while a group including both King Oliver and Eddie Lang is heard supporting Victoria Spivey.

This period of jazz has been skimmed only lightly by American record companies, and all kinds of riches have remained neglected just under the cream at the top. These four discs are an invaluable documentation of an era of jazz that is the foundation of every later development in the art.

JOHN S. WILSON

"Jazz Sounds of the Twenties, Vols. 1–4." Odeon 1166, 1171, 1174, 1177; $5.98 each (Four LP).

Dave Brubeck Quartet: "Brandenburg Gate: Revisited." Columbia CL 1963, $3.98 (LP); CS 8763, $4.98 (SD).

The Brubeck Quartet is heard here in the company of a large string-laden orchestra in arrangements of five Brubeck compositions by the pianist's brother Howard, who also conducts the orchestra. For some strange reason, when Dave Brubeck works with a large group such as this or, at the other extreme, as an unaccompanied soloist, he usually gives a much more valid expression to his talents than when he appears with his Quartet. His playing here is simple, direct, and generally felicitous, and he maintains a limber, loping rhythm quite in contrast to the heavy, stiff effects often produced with the Quartet. For Paul Desmond, Brubeck's alto saxophonist, the situation is not so favorable. The quartet is decidedly his milieu, while here, enmeshed in strings, woodwinds, and formality, his playing is relatively pale and matter-of-fact. The tunes are pleasant, subdued Brubeck melodies—*In Your Own Sweet Way, G flat Theme, Kathy's Waltz, Summer Song,* and *Brandenburg Gate.* Howard Brubeck has handled them appropriately, although the extension of *Brandenburg Gate* to a twenty-minute opus is stretching an amiable bit of material farther than it can go.

Joe Daley Trio: "At Newport '63." RCA Victor LPM 2763, $3.98 (LP); LSP 2763, $4.98 (SD).

One of the new groups introduced at the Newport Jazz Festival last summer was the Joe Daley Trio: Daley on tenor saxophone, Russell Thorne on bass, and Hal Russell on drums. The three arrived with considerable touting from those who had heard them in the Midwest. Presented at the tag end of an afternoon session, they received a relatively apathetic reception from a small audience which was by then well baked by the July sun. Their performance that day, preserved on this disc, displays a strong, direct attack, but also a tendency to go after effects for their own sake as well as the common contemporary habit of stretching every piece beyond its limits. Thorne, one of the new school of bassists, plays with astonishing virtuosity and, by this means alone, often contributes considerable interest to the performances. One hears much of Sonny Rollins in the playing of Daley, who uses a rather strident tone and often seems determined to work his way through a piece by main force. It is a hard, battering style that can quickly become overpowering. The program consists of three Daley originals (including one based on the idea of improvising on a single note), one by Thorne. Charlie Parker's *Dexterity,* and Ornette Coleman's *Ramblin'.* The last provides the most favorable context for Daley and Thorne.

Nancy Harrow: "You Never Know." Atlantic 8075, $4.98 (LP); S 8075, $5.98 (SD).

Miss Harrow's promise as a singer, evident on her only other LP (a Candid disc) is scarcely realized here. One is inclined to think the fault lies less with her than with John Lewis, who seems to overextend himself. Lewis, the pianist and musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is also an a & r man for Atlantic Records. He supervised this recording, played piano on eight of the selections, arranged three of them, and wrote five. Most of his tunes have already been heard as instrumental selections, and they had merit in that form. But they do not make particularly good songs—especially with these sometimes awkward lyrics. Four are arranged for string accompaniment, which rarely jells with Miss Harrow's singing. For her part, her coyness gives the impression that she is constantly singing through a toothpaste smile. Still, the disc has some definite points. Lewis' piano accompaniment is a consistent delight in its accenting and its sinuous propulsion. And Miss Harrow comes closer to realizing her potential in two old songs that involve no formal arrangements—*T'Ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do* and Lil Armstrong's memorable *Just for a Thrill,* in which one can hear in her voice faint but distinct echoes of Mildred Bailey.

Coleman Hawkins: "The Essential Coleman Hawkins." Verve 8568, $4.98 (LP); 6-8568, $5.98 (SD).

A properly "essential" collection of Coleman Hawkins would fill considerably more than the single LP disc involved here. But this collection does bring together several interesting performances made over a postwar period of more than a decade. One is the unaccompanied saxophone solo, *Picasso,* which he contrived for Norman Granz's experimental album, "The Jazz Scene," in 1948. It holds up today as a remarkable (and apparently still unchallenged) tour de force. There are several pieces with trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who ranges from uncertain to brilliant (Hawkins remains unruffled no matter what is happening around him). And there is a performance of *Body and Soul* in which Hawkins still manages to find fresh ideas and new twists, though he must have played the piece a thousand times. It is this ability, if anything, that comprises the essential Coleman Hawkins.

Andre Hodeir: "Jazz et Jazz." Philips 200-073, $3.98 (LP); 600-073, $4.98 (SD).

Hodeir, who is both critic and composer, labels these performances of his compositions by a fourteen-piece French group as "Jazz Experiments," a statement no one can argue with. The results are frequently fascinating, even when an idea is not completely successful. In one piece, electronically processed musical sounds are filtered, reversed, and transposed to form rhythmic rips, bleats, and static over which Martial Solal plays an aptly swinging piano solo. Quite often these sounds are related to well-established jazz root devices (an electronic wahwah passage straight out of the Ellington brass section, for example). Hodeir has also composed a *Jazz Cantata* which includes some of the wildest and most expert jazz vocalizing I have ever heard (vocalist unidentified). Another multitaping effort transforms a flutist into a beautifully molded flute ensemble which moves in fascinating leaps and stabs. These are provocative and fun. On the other hand, Hodeir has included a long section, originally written for a film, which is mostly bits and pieces and fails to add up to anything of consequence. Solal is heard on several selections and adds his own interesting piano concepts to Hodeir's unusual foundations.

"Jazz Workshop Concert." Odeon 83342, $5.98 (LP); ST 83342, $6.98 (SD).

A remarkable international group of jazz musicians gathered in the Ruhr in 1962, and their concert is recorded here. Of primary interest is the presence of Friedrich Gulda, the classical pianist, who appeared briefly in the United States several years ago playing jazz. Since then we heard almost nothing of Gulda in a jazz vein except for the information that he has taken up the baritone saxophone. He apparently plays his saxophone in the full ensemble here, but he is heard as a soloist only on piano in his own composition *The Air from Another Planet,* a lovely, airy piece which he develops into a warmly expressive performance.

There are other outstanding individual performances by Toots Thielemans, the Belgian, who gives a brilliant interpretation of Sonny Rollin's *Airegin* on harmonica, getting remarkably full tonal values from the instrument, and by bassist George Riedel of Sweden, who builds a catchy, dark ensemble riff into a delightful setting for a well-constructed bass solo.

Hans Koller, the Austrian saxophonist, is leader of the nineteen-piece band heard on most of the tracks. It includes Arne Domnerus of Sweden; Ronnie Ross of England; Herb Geller, Rolf Ericson, and Nat Peck from the United States; and Fatty George, the Austrian clarinetist who, after running through a swing-era Benny Goodman style and a bop-influenced period, seems to have settled on something close to Buddy De Franco. They have been welded into an unusually good big band and their material—all originals except for Rollins' *Airegin*—is stimulating, both in the variety and voicing of the ensemble writing and in the brief solos it provokes.

Stan Kenton Orchestra: "Adventures in Blues." Capitol 1985, $3.98 (LP); S 1985, $4.98 (SD).

To judge from the band's personnel, this set was recorded a couple of years ago, but it continues the new, ingratiating turn in Kenton's work that was apparent in his last LP, *Artistry in Bossa Nova* (Capitol 1931). All the arrangements are by Gene Roland, whose association

with Kenton goes back to the band's heyday in the Forties. Roland is also the featured soloist, playing both soprano saxophone and mellophonium. The program consists entirely of originals by Roland which, while not necessarily in the strict blues format, convey a strong blues feeling. Dark brass and reed ensembles are used frequently as settings for Roland's two horns, Kenton's piano, Marv Stamm's muted trumpet, and Bob Fitzpatrick's trombone. The rich sonorities once characteristic of the Kenton band, before it went on its ear-shattering brass binge in the Fifties, are back again, creating a thick-textured mood music highlighted by the work of the soloists. Subtlety and melody are returning, and the band is shedding the stolid, lumbering rhythm that has plagued it in times past. It is very encouraging to hear the band's new style so successfully projected.

Billy Maxted: "The Big Swingers." K & H 103, $4.98 (LP); 303, $5.98 (SD).

Maxted's band continues to turn out some of the most consistently swinging jazz discs being produced today. Although his repertory is based on the jazz of the Twenties and Thirties, he covers a broad range. This set includes such contemporary pieces as *Alley Cat* and *Like Young*, as well as *Love's Got Me in a Lazy Mood* and *My Inspiration* from the Bob Crosby book, *Savoy Blues* and *Cornet Chop Suey* from the Louis Armstrong Hot Five and Seven days, and a couple of Maxted's own originals. The first two pieces are not really compatible with Maxted's pulsing ensembles, but the rest give this spirited band a good opportunity to show off its strong sense of style and its good solo points. John Dengler, who plays cornet, bass saxophone, and tuba, continues to be the invaluable extra element here, and Dan Tracey emerges more decisively than in the past as a strong soloist on both tenor saxophone (on which he sounds somewhat like Eddie Miller) and on clarinet.

Gerry Mulligan: "Night Lights." Philips 200-108, $3.98 (LP); 600-108, $4.98 (SD).

Gerry Mulligan: "The Essential Gerry Mulligan." Verve 8567, $4.98 (LP); 6-8567, $5.98 (SD).

Gerry Mulligan's customary taste and imagination distinguish both these discs. *Night Lights*, performed by a sextet of musicians who have been associated frequently with Mulligan as members of his quartet (Art Farmer, Bob Brookmeyer, Jim Hall, Bill Crow, and Dave Bailey), concentrates on the low-keyed, introspective side of Mulligan. There are three easygoing, slightly moody Mulligan originals, a bossa nova on which Mulligan makes excellent use of his unusually light-textured baritone saxophone, an unusual bossa nova adaptation of Chopin's Prelude in E minor, and a gently rocking treatment of *Wee Small Hours*. Mulligan is completely in the mood all through the set, establishing a tone which Farmer and Brookmeyer readily follow. This pastel type of jazz can also be found on "The Essential Gerry Mulligan" in his Concert Jazz Band's *Manoir de mes rêves* and in a gorgeous performance with Stan Getz of Mulligan's lovely tune *A Ballad*. But there are other aspects of Mulligan to be heard here, too—his solidity and rugged strength in a vivid quartet version of *I Believe in You*, the happy feeling he engenders in his big band on *Utter Chaos* (their theme), and the tremendous, driving pulsation the band works up on *Blue Port*. Like the other discs in Verve's "Essential" series, this one does not quite live up to the title, but it comes considerably closer than most. In any event, it is an exceptionally good collection of jazz performances.

"Outstanding Jazz Compositions of the Twentieth Century." Columbia C2L 31, $7.98 (Two LP); C2S 831, $9.98 (Two SD).

The title of this two-disc set may seem a little grandiose until one considers the fact that, until very recently, there were no jazz compositions—only jazz performances. Everything in this collection was written within the past ten years. The composers represented are J. J. Johnson, John Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, George Russell, Teo Macero, Bob Prince, Teddy Charles, Charlie Mingus, Milton Babbitt, Harold Shapero, Gunther Schuller, and Duke Ellington. Of prime importance is the restoration of two excellent recordings that were withdrawn from Columbia's active catalogue before they had aroused the interest they eventually attracted—"Music for Brass" (CL 941) and "Modern Jazz Concert" (WL 127). From the first of these come some of Miles Davis' early, ground-breaking work on flugelhorn in Lewis' perky *Three Little Feelings* and Johnson's *Jazz Suite for Brass*, a piece which grows in interest on repeated hearings. The "Modern Jazz Concert" disc consisted of works commissioned for the 1957 Brandeis University Festival of Arts, highlighted by Russell's *All About Rosie*, with its remarkable piano interlude by Bill Evans, Schuller's *Transformation*, pointing the way toward what he was to call "third-stream music," and Mingus' tentative but provocative attempt at a larger work than he had had an opportunity to try previously, *Revelations*.

Ellington is the only composer in the album who is not represented in a relatively early stage of development. And he is the only one of the lot who is an old hand at jazz "composition," with a long list of viable works to his credit. (It's reasonably safe to say that he was the pioneer in the field.) *Idiom '59*, the one piece included here, is more characteristic than most of the longer works he wrote during the Fifties. It is a loose, free-flowing composition that allows the individual musical personalities in the band to color the over-all texture to a greater extent than in many later works.

Even though many of the pieces in this album can be considered only first steps, several are as basic as anything in the field. Let us hope that this time Columbia will show patience in maintaining this album in circulation. J.S.W.

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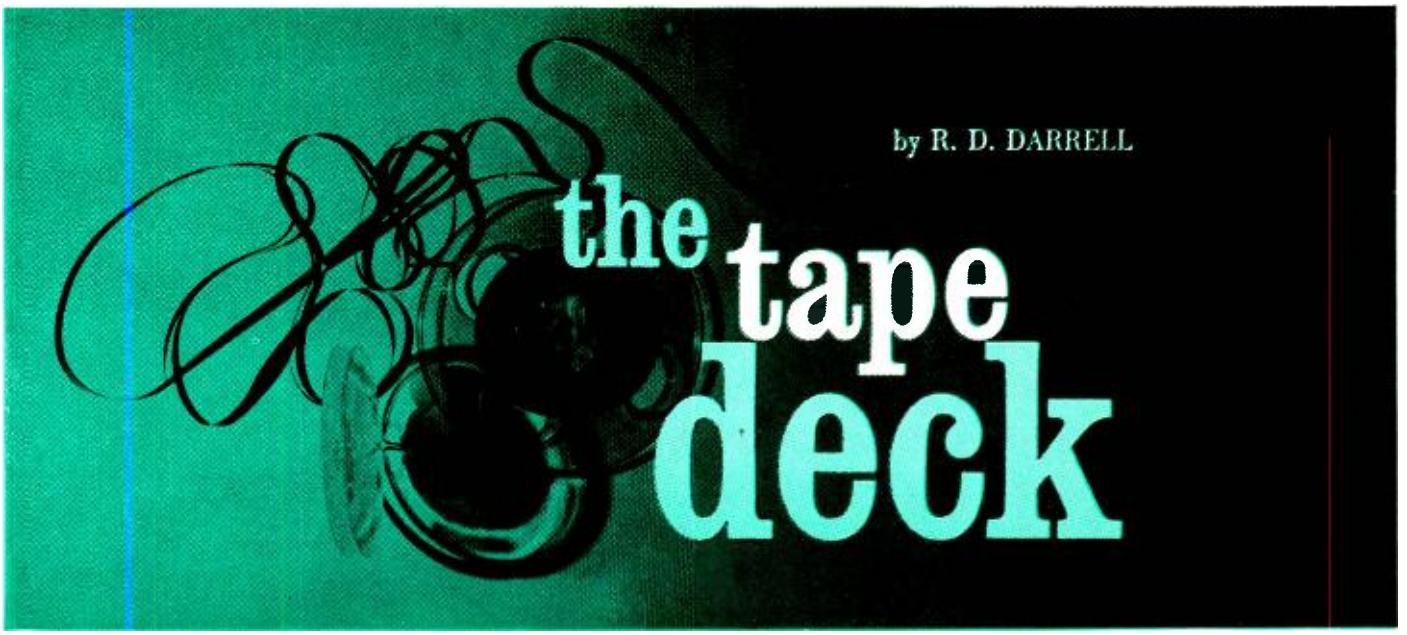

The following reviews are of 4-track 7.5-ips stereo tapes in normal reel form.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in G, Op. 58*

Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, cond.
• • RCA VICTOR FTC 2147. 34 min. $8.95.

The appeal of this reel as a memorial of Fritz Reiner's last Chicago recording sessions tends to eclipse its strictly interpretative and sonic merits. Reiner leads his orchestra in the grand manner, and for all Cliburn's earnestness and strength he seldom matches the players' eloquence, especially in the slow movement. The Dynagroove recording is almost overpowering in its breadth and weighty impact, qualities that tend to emphasize the soloist's relative lack of grace in the first two movements and his heavy-handedness in the finale. This reel is unlikely to satisfy Beethoven fanciers as well as the tauter Fleisher/Szell taping for Epic (which also includes Mozart's K. 503) or the glowing and gracious London version by Backhaus and Schmidt-Isserstedt (twin-packed with the Beethoven Third Concerto).

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

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond.
• • COMMAND CC 11019. 47 min. $7.95.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9, in D minor, Op. 125 ("Choral"); Leonore Overture No. 3, Op. 72a*

Adele Addison, soprano, Jane Hobson, mezzo, Richard Lewis, tenor, Donald Bell, bass, Cleveland Orchestra Chorus (in the Ninth); Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
• • EPIC EC 832. 81 min. $7.95.

Here is a gloriously invigorating and eloquent *Eroica*. It is as rewarding sonically as artistically, with recorded sound that is live, luminously transparent, and tonally honest. I rank it as my first tape choice—and hope that the unavoidable side-break may eventually be eliminated by Command's reissuing it in an unbroken twin-pack coupling.

Szell's Ninth is notable for its freshness, tautness, and lyricism. But here the 1961 recording seems lacking in sonic breadth. Another handicap lies in the choice of vocal soloists in the finale: they are competent enough but scarcely thrilling, and are quite outshone by the Cleveland orchestral players and the fine chorus trained by Robert Shaw. The Krips/Everest Ninth remains my choice.

BIZET: *Carmen*

Joan Sutherland (s), Micaëla; Regina Resnick (ms), Carmen; Mario del Monaco (t), Don José; et al.; Chorus of the Grand Théâtre (Geneva); Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Thomas Schippers, cond.
• • LONDON LOR 90070. Two reels: approx. 85 and 56 min. $21.95.

Like the curate's egg, this international cast recording may be bad only in parts (mainly in Del Monaco's Italianate bellowing in the role of Don José and in the occasionally quite mushy vocalism of Resnik), but I can muster little enthusiasm for it, nonetheless. Despite beautiful singing by Sutherland and spirited though sometimes tense directing by Schippers, there is seldom any suggestion of genuine Gallic grace or elegance, and almost never a gripping sense of personal involvement. The Beecham performance (Angel, June 1963) remains unmatched. London's sound is vivid, and stereo spacing is effective.

HAYDN: *Symphonies: No. 52, in C minor; No. 60, in C ("Il Distratto")*

Esterhazy Orchestra, Daniel Blum, cond.
• • VANGUARD VTC 1674. 47 min. $7.95.

These two tape firsts bring the total of Haydn symphonies available in this medium up to ten—a not very impressive achievement when one considers the extensive repertory on discs. More importantly, this reel helps redress the the previous emphasis on the late works: the earlier symphonies have been represented before only by No. 45. The present examples throw welcome new light on Haydn's "experimental" period when, having mastered the craft of symphonic composition, he began to give his imagination and humor free rein. There are arresting evidences of his originality in No. 52, with its invigorating terminal movements and tenderly expressive inner ones; and there are even more startling revelations in No. 60 (including intimations of the *Eroica* in its finale), and some deliciously humorous touches. Haydn thriftily rescued some of the material for No. 60 from his incidental music to a comedy *The Absent-Minded One*, which gives the symphony its subtitle.

Young David Blum may be as yet no Max Goberman, but the fine work he has been doing in concert with his ensemble is perpetuated here (for the first time) in generally taut, expressive (though unmannered), and often dashing performances. They are admirably captured in clean, vigorous, warmly colored, unexaggeratedly stereoistic recording. How satisfying this music is to those who can appreciate "infinite riches in a little room!"

STRAUSS, RICHARD: *Ein Heldenleben, Op. 40*
†Beethoven: *Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica")*

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond.
• • RCA VICTOR FTC 3006. 91 min. $10.95.

This blockbuster of an economy-priced twin-pack seems destined to be one of the most controversial of tape releases.

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Both its interpretative and technical merits can, and surely will, be debated at great length. I myself am most favorably impressed by the Bostonians' fine solo and ensemble performances, and by interpretations as massively scaled and extrovertedly "heroic" as the scores themselves. The recording is sonically bigger, heavier, and more forcible than almost any previous example of Dynagroove, and the tape processing is, apart from a few preëchoes on the Beethoven side, notably successful in handling such high modulation levels. Many listeners, however, may be less favorably impressed (if indeed not actively antagonized) by the vehemence and lack of grace and humor in the readings, and by the unnaturalness of the acoustical ambiences—the startling contrasts, for example, between the density of massed sonorities and the close-up focusing on many solo passages. The musical and sonic impact is tremendous here, but the effect must strike many listeners as wholly alien to any they have ever known in the concert-hall.

Readers who remember Robert C. Marsh's "disappointment" with the disc version of *Ein Heldenleben*, in his review of last November, may be interested to know that in comparing stereo disc and tape editions I found the latter significantly superior in its freedom from the excessive edginess of the disc's *fortissimo* highs, although in neither version is the high end glittering enough to balance adequately the extraordinarily massive lows. In other respects, especially in the tumultuousness and stridency of the too hard-pressed Battle section and the generally unnatural sonic qualities, the two editions are more closely akin.

ANTONIO JANIGRO: *"The Virtuoso Trumpet," Vol. 2*

Helmut Wobisch, Adolph Holler, et al., trumpets; I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro, cond.
• • VANGUARD VTC 1672. 47 min. $7.95.

The superlative executant and technical merits of Volume 1 in this series (April 1962) are maintained here, and this time the tape processing itself is flawless in its freedom from surface noise, preëchoes, and spill-over. The musical contents are perhaps not quite as exciting, since Wobisch's latest performance of the favorite Haydn Concerto in E flat is genial and assured rather than outright dazzling, and of the works new to tape (as far as I can check), only the Torelli two-trumpet Concerto in D, G. 18, boasts pealing brilliance and sustained dramatic excitement. Nevertheless, the somewhat naïve Concerto in D by Leopold Mozart has considerable *galant* charm; the Manfredini Concerto in D for two trumpets is engaging in its bounce and éclat; and the Biber Sonata in B flat for six trumpets, timpani, and organ is typically baroque in its "lift." More routine is the Alberti Sonata in D à 4 *con trombe*. Wobisch and his colleagues are as authoritatively virtuosic as ever, sharing honors with the superb players of the Zagreb ensemble.

ROBERT SHAW: *"On Tour"*

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra, Robert Shaw, cond.
• • RCA VICTOR FTC 2143. 46 min. $8.95.

The scarcity of short, musically significant choral works on tape gives this reel special importance. Yet the diversity of its contents creates a problem, for the program as a whole is not likely to appeal throughout to an individual listener. Those with a taste for the unusual will relish particularly the strikingly original three *Harvest Home* chorales by Charles Ives, and perhaps too the relatively early (and orthodox) *Frieden auf Arden* by Schoenberg. Mozarteans will welcome three psalms from the *Vespers for the Confessor*, K. 339, but will regret almost as keenly that all six sections of the work could not have been done in their entirety and in proper sequence. Everybody should enjoy the three *Chansons* by Ravel, a poignant Russian folk song *The Nightingale*, and perhaps best of all the distinctive Shaw-Parker arrangement of *Sometimes I Feel Like a Moanin' Dove*—all of which are sung *a cappella* and reveal to particular advantage the Shaw Chorale's inimitable color nuances and floating vocalism. The broadly expansive recording seems a bit dense at times, but it is not too closely miked and in general does justice to both the orchestral and vocal sonorities. The tape processing is very good.

STANLEY TAYLOR: *"The Dulcet Pipes"*

Stanley Taylor Consort.
• • VANGUARD VTC 1671. 52 min. $7.95.

Readers of Nathan Broder's criticism of this program and of Dr. Cornelius Lansing's rebuke to Mr. B. ("Records in Review," Sept. 1963 and "Letters to the Editor," Nov. 1963) reasonably may expect my tape review to take sides. I'm afraid I have to admit that the "dulcet pipes give me the pip" too, at least when an ensemble of them is used as it occasionally is here (most jarringly in a transcription of Peter Warlock's *Capriol* Suite transcription of early French dance tunes) in arrangements of unsuitable materials. A solo recorder or very small recorder group would be fine for the original *Orchésographie* tunes, but in any quantity the old instruments are all wrong for Warlock's piquant modern harmonizations and figurations. Several of the Elizabethan pieces here (by Byrd, Farnaby, and Holborne) are more appropriately arranged for solo or ensemble recorders, but the transcriptions of a Palestrina organ Ricercar and Byrd's elaborate *The Bells* are doubtfully justified.

As for Dr. Lansing's other point—is the program as a whole a desirable purchase or not?—no reviewer can give a decisive answer. I'd guess it might well be "yes" for any recorder player or fan who wants competent if somewhat stilted recorded performances of the fine Handel Sonata in G minor originally written for treble recorder and harpsichord, the mildly engaging seventeenth-century Sonata for 7 Recorders by Johann Heinrich Schmelzer, and the aforementioned Elizabethan transcriptions. It would be "no," of course, for a listener to whom these attractions are overshadowed by the anachronisms and incongruities of the present *Capriol* and *Bells* versions. A choice is complicated too by the fact that the brightly pure recording is rather closely miked (although this probably won't bother overmuch anyone who plays the recorder himself) and also by the lack of any notable animation or sensibility in the performances themselves. The best I can say is that a considerable variety of *Blockflöte*, from descant to bass, *can* be heard in the first tape to be devoted entirely to this instrumental family. But the program as a whole is scarcely planned or played to win new disciples for the "dulcet pipes."

Leonard Bernstein: Popular Music, Selections. Roberta Peters, Alfred Drake, Ray Charles Chorus, Enoch Light and His Orchestra. Command RS 855, 39 min., $7.95.

This striking release miraculously matches the executant and technical triumphs of the Command *Carousel* of just over a year ago. One's only regret may be that the program is thinly spread to cover highlights from four Broadway shows (*On the Town, Wonderful Town, Candide, West Side Story*). Most of the performances are so good—Miss Peters' *Glitter and Be Gay*, Drake's *Best of All Possible Worlds*, and all those involving the Ray Charles Chorus—that one craves for the complete scores. As in *Carousel*, the Lew Davies arrangements and the playing of the big orchestra under Light are fine, and the vividly open stereo recording superlatively good. And this time the tape processing itself succeeds in practically eliminating the preëchoes which slightly marred the earlier reel.

"The Cardinal." Original Sound Track Recording, Jerome Moross, cond. RCA Victor FTO 5025, 41 min., $8.95.

"Charade: Film Score Selections." Henry Mancini and His Orchestra. RCA Victor FTP 1221, 30 min., $7.95.

If you haven't seen *The Cardinal*, some of the pops interpolations in the score (*Dixieland-Tango, Way Down South*, and the vaudevillian *They Haven't Got the Girls in the U.S.A.*) will sound incongruous in the present context. But in the more serious sections, Moross (the composer of *Frankie and Johnny*, etc.) amazes at least one of his old admirers by his ability to create, without pretentiousness or the usual Hollywoodian

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THE TAPE DECK

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clichés, a genuinely solemn musical atmosphere. Less successful, to my ears, is his intricate arrangement of Mozart's *Alleluia* for soprano soloist Wilma Lipp and the Wiener Jeunesse Choir; but another Austrian genre piece, *The Cardinal in Vienna*, is a suavely Kreislerian waltz surely destined to become a light symphonic concert favorite. The stereo recording is appropriately spacious and rich, and the tape processing, apart from a few preëchoes, first-rate.

The *Charade* selections are characterized by more stereoistic, brilliant, but sometimes obviously gimmicked recording. They do, however, give renewed evidence of Mancini's astonishing stylistic versatility. For haunting evocation of romantic atmosphere it would be hard to beat *Latin Snowfall*; for delicate humor there are the deftly colored and rhythmed *Bateau mouche* and *Drip-Dry Waltz*; and *The Happy Carousel* is surely one of the most distinctive pieces of its particular kind. For that matter, only the too closely miked and thickly sung choral version of the title theme fails to come off.

"Cry of the Wild Goose." Terry Gilkyson and the South Coasters. Kapp KTL 41062, 31 min., $7.95.

Best known as a composer-arranger of folkish songs, Gilkyson is a suavely persuasive vocalist as well. This first reel release of his own mildly cowboy- and country-flavored materials, accompanied by a small but skillful singing and guitar-strumming ensemble, is mightily ingratiating—especially in such casual, catchy airs as the title song, *Quit Kickin' My Dog Around*, *Saturday's Child*, and *The Lights of Town*. Performances are enhanced by beautifully transparent and vibrant recording in this immaculately processed reel.

"Here's Love." Original Cast Recording. Elliot Lawrence, cond. Columbia OQ 602, 41 min., $9.95.

"110 in the Shade." Original Cast Recording. Donald Pippin, cond. RCA Victor FTO 5026, 49 min., $8.95.

While I'm quite willing to concede that these musical comedy adaptations (of *The Miracle on 34th Street* and *The Rainmaker*, respectively) may warrant moderate Broadway success as ever so wholesome, not too sentimental family entertainments, neither comes off convincingly on records, at least for me. Janice Paige and Laurence Naismith work valiantly in the former; Inga Swenson, in the latter, seems worthy of better things. The over-all performances are spirited, if sometimes self-consciously so; the recordings robustly vivid, with more marked stereoism (and use of stereo motion) in the Columbia reel. Both tapes are excellently processed.

"In the Wind." Peter, Paul, and Mary. Warner Brothers WSTC 1507, 38 min., $7.95.

As in earlier releases, the trio's style here is straightforward, engaging, and often (as in *Blowin' in the Wind*, *Polly Von*, *Hush-a-Bye*, and *All My Trials*) quite haunting. There is vivacity, too, in *Don't Think Twice* and *Freight Train*. Immaculate recording and tape processing are almost superfluous enhancements in this attractive production.

"Just Kiddin' Around." Ray Conniff, Billy Butterfield, Orchestra. Columbia CQ 566, 29 min., $7.95.

Re-creating their old ad-lib extracurricular jamfests as Artie Shaw sidemen, Conniff and Butterfield, on trombone and trumpet, have a field day here as featured soloists or antiphonal partners in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and other standards. I care less for their hard-plugging accompaniments and for the wheezily slapdash electronic organ contributions. The recording itself is extremely brilliant with rather too sharp highs but notably solid lows; the quiet-surfaced tape processing is plagued with preëchoes.

"The Original Washington Square Village Stompers." Joe Sherman, cond. Epic EN 620, 28 min., $6.95.

I'm enough of a Dixieland "purist" to approach with considerable suspicion any of its stylistic variants. But the lusty Village Stompers prove such masters of rhythmic pulse, and project so much sheer instrumental gusto in these imaginative arrangements, that they won me over immediately. Apart from a few unduly strident moments, an annoying frequency of fade-out endings, and occasional cliché modulations, this is a novel and invigorating program—and never more so than in two of Bob Goldstein's originals, *Washington Square* and *We Can't Stop Singin'*.

"Red Army Ensemble," Vol. 2. Col. Boris Alexandrov, cond. Angel ZS 36143, 47 min., $7.98.

This is the same big Soviet Army Chorus and Band which, under its old name, has been heard before on tapings by Artia (September 1961) and Angel (Vol. 1, October 1960). The folk and showpiece materials are much the same, and the robust singing and accompaniments (featuring balalaikas and accordions) are impressive. Stemming from a London session of last year, the present program includes a somewhat melodramatic version, in not-bad English, of *Annie Laurie*, but I doubt if this will appeal as strongly as the more typical and precisely controlled selections such as *Meadowland*, *Kalinka*, and *Kamarinskaya*. The most effective vocal soloist is the bass, A. Sergeyev, who contributes some exceptionally fine singing to A. V. Alexandrov's evocative *Ukrainian Poem*.

"Sing and Dance Along." Edmundo Ros Orchestra and Chorus. London LPM 70072, 36 min., $6.95.

Everyone who enjoys such Latin-American favorites as *Amor*, *Bésame mucho*, *Perfida*, and *Tico-Tico* will find this program tempting for its express sing-along purpose, which is abetted by the inclusion of texts (but in English only; why not

Spanish as well?). But what pleased me particularly was the opportunity to hear Ros's characteristic capacities for precision and nuance applied not only to his usual full orchestral projections but even more illuminatingly to lightly scored small-ensemble accompaniments. As always, every sprightly and colorful detail is caught to perfection in pure, smoothly spread stereoism. I can even overlook the slight whisper of spill-over at the very beginning which mars (in my copy) the otherwise impeccable tape processing.

"The Barbra Streisand Album." Orchestra, Peter Matz, cond. Columbia CQ 593, 34 min., $7.95.

This reel by the sensational "Miss Marmelstein" of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* proves to have been well worth waiting for. I'm not yet convinced that the soloist's unique gifts, both comic and vocal, are as yet ideally exploited, but their potentials are suggested in vivid flashes here—especially in *A Sleepin' Bee, Taste of Honey, Come to the Supermarket,* and *I'll Tell the Man in the Street.* Peter Matz's orchestral accompaniments are consistently deft and appropriate. The recording is excellent, with the soloist well centered.

New Formats: The latest Columbia $11.95 "two-for-one" (i.e., twin-pack) combinations include Bernstein's Mussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures* with the Rimsky-Korsakov *Scheherazade* and *Capriccio espagnol* (M2Q 578); the Entremont/Bernstein Rachmaninoff Second and Tchaikovsky First piano concertos (M2Q 577); the Mormon Tabernacle Choir/Philadelphia Orchestra "Lord's Prayer" programs, Vols. 1 and 2 (M2Q 579); and Percy Faith's "Columbia Album of Victor Herbert" (M2Q 571)—only a part of which was once taped in 2-track form.

From Mercury (via Bel Canto) there is a reissue of Dorati's Brahms *Variations on a Theme of Haydn* (once on 2-track tape), now accompanied by the same conductor's hitherto untaped versions of the *Academic Festival* and *Tragic Overtures,* and *Hungarian Dances* No. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 11, and 21 (ST 90336, $8.95).

From United Stereo Tapes there are London twin-packings ($11.95 each) of Von Karajan's recordings of Richard Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra, Tod und Verklärung, Till Eulenspiegel,* and the *Dance of the Seven Veils* from *Salome* (LCK 80128); and the Ansermet Tchaikovsky *Swan Lake* highlights with the *Nutcracker* Suites Nos. 1 and 2 (LCK 80131). Also a single reel (LOL 90072, $7.95) of highlights from the complete Handel *Messiah,* featuring Joan Sutherland and conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

From RCA Victor there are single reels ($8.95 each) of highlights from the complete tape albums of Puccini's *La Bohème,* with Anna Moffo (FTC 2156), and Wagner's *Die Walküre,* starring Birgit Nilsson (FTC 2155).

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complete recording of July 1957, although the final phrase *"come un sogno gentile e di pace e d'amor!"* is even more seductive in the earlier performance. The last-act aria, *"Sola, perduta, abbandonata"* also provides a fascinating comparison. The performance in the complete set is the more heartaching, but in neither does Callas' intense portrayal involve as much rhythmic license as most singers demand. She injects the last degree of emotion without disturbing the rhythm or shape of the vocal line, yet there is no stiffness at all, and the singing sounds entirely spontaneous. The phrase *"Ahimè, son sola!"* shows a wonderful merging of the natural voice with chest register—for once Callas avoids the characteristic "gear-change"—and the final outburst on *"Non voglio morir"* has become shatteringly effective in the complete set.

Simplicity of line coupled with a sense of emotion only just suppressed is again characteristic of Callas' performance of *Madama Butterfly*. Both in the recital and the complete set, Butterfly's simple dignity in *"Un bel dì"* is conveyed most effectively. Then with the new section *"Chi sarà? chi sarà?"* she portrays more deliberately a little girl, not with a coy, babyish voice as some singers do but with hushed intensity—the genuine bright-eyed alertness of a child. So too in the solo later in the same scene, *"Che tua madre."* But when challenged by Sharpless, Callas then goes on to show us a genuinely angry Butterfly, far more than merely a hurt child.

The Mimi arias in the recital disc reveal the voice beautifully scaled down—Callas was obviously thinking of Mimi in relation to the other, more robust, Puccini heroines—but the complete set presents the more vivid picture, even if one considers the arias alone. By the summer of 1956 Callas' idea of Mimi had matured, so that her conception was far more than the conventional picture of a pathetic victim. In *"Si, mi chiamano Mimì"* the *pianissimo* may not be so exquisite as in the recital reading, but the tone is warmer and the phrasing more affectionate. In the earlier version, *"Vivo sola, soletta"* is completely thrown away. And while the great outburst of Act IV, *"Si, rinasce,"* is not quite so emotionally intense as it is in, say, De los Angeles' performance in the Beecham set—it makes its effect mainly through sheer power—the scaling down to the *pianissimo* of *"Ho tanto freddo"* of a few bars later is wonderfully done.

With Turandot's *"In questa reggia"* the contrast is not so marked. The part of Turandot brings some sense of strain; it is a role that Callas attempted, I believe, in the opera house only at the beginning of her career. Though *"In questa reggia"* has its quota of sour notes in both versions, in the complete set what impresses most of all is the wonderful passion in her plea to Calaf at the end of Act II to release her from her promise.

There remains a fourth stream of repertory which Callas has as yet barely touched—the French repertory extending to the mezzo roles of *Carmen* and Gluck's *Orphée*. Several French items from earlier recital discs—the "Bell Song" from *Lakmé*, the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and Ophelia's Mad Scene from *Hamlet*—should perhaps have prepared us, but Callas' French recital made in Paris at the Salle Wagram in the spring of 1961 seemed to open up entirely new possibilities for her. I would count it the most uneven set she has yet produced, but at its finest it is one of the most exciting; and even the failures, such as the very wobbly *"Depuis le jour,"* show clearly how in intention at least this is the most compelling performance of Charpentier's aria ever recorded. Even if there are unfortunate moments in Juliet's "Waltz Song" and *"Je suis Titania,"* there are incomparable ones too, and only a couple of wildly flapping notes mar a truly magnificent account of *"Divinités du Styx." "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice"* from *Orphée* is superlatively fine, intense to a degree that few other singers have ever achieved on records.

The two *Carmen* arias are perhaps a shade disappointing, but not for the slightest vocal shortcoming. Callas shows clearly what a supreme Carmen she would obviously be—a Spanish tigress—and then somehow holds back just a little. In neither *"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle"* nor *"Près des remparts de Seville"* is the music allowed to linger as it should; and if it were any other singer, one would swear that Georges Prêtre was forcing his soloist along against her will.

The latest Callas disc, a second installment of "Callas à Paris," was recorded last May, and the sessions showed from the start what a dangerously long interval she had spent away from the recording studio (and for that matter away from almost any major engagement). It would be idle to pretend that the result represents Callas at her best, except in a couple of items. The singing poses all the old questions with renewed intensity. How can one possibly hear the coloratura at the end of Leila's cavatina from Bizet's *Pêcheurs de perles* as anything but ugly? One winces and hopes for better later, but how can one fail to notice that the final trill melts into the last note with barely any distinction between trill and wobble? Admittedly, the opening of the aria shows the deliciously nudging way Callas can still handle turns and grace notes, but even there the reprise shows a slight falling off.

In the Berlioz too, *"D'amour l'ardente flamme"* from *La Damnation de Faust*, one hears wonderful flashes, notably when the glorious chest register emerges; but too often when the vocal line rises to the top of the stave—and this applies equally to the aria from Gluck's *Iphigénie* and the second *Manon* aria, *"Je marche sur tous les chemins"*—one has the impression of sharp, jagged rocks jutting

up where the surface should still be smooth. Worse still. Callas seems more conscious of the technical difficulties than usual. The performances do not hang together as they should, and the Callas intensity comes over in patches merely, not as a coherent experience.

Out of this cruel disappointment come two performances and parts of a third that show every reason for hope and every reason for immediate enjoyment. The simple little song Massenet gave to Manon, *"Adieu, notre petite table,"* is a wonderful example of the Callas miracle, the voice and personality scaled down to produce something distilled to its essence. The opening phrases of recitative *"Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité"* have not the intensity of the rest, and in the aria itself there are hints of jagged rocks above, but listen to the crescendo on *"souvent"* and the breath-taking half tone on the *"Adieu!"* following.

The "Jewel Song" from *Faust* also has its fascination. Marguerite's joy has a bright-eyed wildness which is most convincing, particularly after a rather dull and by no means perfect account of the "Thule" aria. But the gem in this new collection is the *Werther* aria. From the very first murmur of the hero's name, Callas has the listener intent to catch every phrase. The recitative is a marvel, leading inevitably to Charlotte's realization that she cannot bring herself to destroy the letters. In the phrase *"Je devrais les détruire—je ne puis"* Callas is incomparable in conveying so much more than the notes. Her success, vocally and dramatically, in this opening section seems to have steadied her for the vocal tests later. Her half tone as she begins to read is exquisite, and there is much more of the old firmness and control as she reaches the climax. Even the scherzando section has no ungainliness. With a lovely scaling down for the final section, *"Ne m'accuse pas,"* I am convinced that she can achieve new successes.

Callas will, of course, please herself, and temperamental objections to accepting, say, that hers is now a Carmen voice rather than a Lucia or Tosca one may be formidable. But on the strength of this latest disc, its failures as well as its successes, they are problems she must face at all costs. A complete *Carmen* recording from her, for example, could be the greatest thing she has ever done, perhaps to rank as a monument in the history of the phonograph with Flagstad's account of Isolde under Furtwängler and with very little else.

The opportunity is still there, and one prays that she will take it. Callas, after all, is an operatic miracle, comparable in the magic of her voice, her musicianship, her personality with very few even among Golden Age singers. More than any other singer, she demands to be judged by standards of her own; if the serious faults cannot be disguised, they detract from the greatness of her kind far less than they would with a lesser singer. As to the records, they present a personality of almost unique dominance. If she never made another disc, her place would be secure.

An Important Announcement to High Fidelity Readers who want to BUY, SELL or SWAP

So many of you are in the market to buy, sell or swap used equipment and records that we've been swamped with listings for Trader's Marketplace. This section couldn't begin to accommodate the many classified ads we receive from readers each month. It was therefore discontinued with the March issue.

To give everybody a chance to reach HIGH FIDELITY'S interested readers, we've started publication of a monthly Buy, Sell or Swap Newsletter. Subscriptions are accepted at a nominal charge of $1.00 per year to cover part of our printing and mailing costs.

Classified listings of used equipment and/or records are available at $1.00 per advertisement. Messages limited to 30 words, including name and address. No dealer ads can be accepted. Publishers cannot guarantee the accuracy of statements or condition of merchandise advertised.

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in any case, produce a clean, undistorted sound. Again, some experimentation is called for.

If more pressure is needed than your present tone arm can deliver, try taping a quarter to the arm directly over the stylus. If this fails, try a fifty-cent piece. On my Garrard, I am able to regulate the stylus pressure by means of a small screw at the back of the tone arm, and I have not had to resort to such measures. But don't be afraid of them—stylus pressure measured in grams is strictly an LP era phenomenon.

Given a clean record, the right speed, stylus, and pressure, one can next consider the playback equalization for 78-rpm discs. If you own one of the de luxe preamp-control units with variable equalization controls, set them to conform to the nominal characteristic indicated for the particular disc being copied. Inasmuch as in former years many different recording curves were used, this operation may take some trial-and-error by listening. If so, don't be afraid to let your own ears be the final judge of what sounds natural to you. After all, you are performing this chore for your private pleasure. For that matter, whether or not you have variable equalization, don't hesitate to use ordinary treble and bass tone controls—which can be adjusted to bring most old 78 rpms into a nice tonal balance. If raising the treble increases the prevailing noise level, try to strike a happy medium—and also look to your scratch filter (one is provided on most of today's amplifiers). With some manipulation of available controls you thus can effect a good balance between music and extraneous noise.

THE TAPE RECORDER itself should be hooked to the playback system in the same fashion as for making any other recording—from a tuner, for instance. In my system this involves plugging a cable into a terminal marked "radio input" on the tape machine and into one marked "Rcdr" on the amp/preamp combination. The only trouble with this hookup—in some amplifiers—is that the signal is taken off at too early a stage to be affected by tone control settings. I'd say just get all the sound you can onto the tape, and worry about controlling it later.

You should record at the highest volume level compatible with undistorted sound; on most home units, this means keeping watch on the flashing light to avoid blasting. It pays to record a side or two on an experimental basis to determine the best level for each recording. With the old *Faust* set, I found that the level was consistent enough so that once I had set it to encompass the dynamics of Side 1, I was able simply to leave it in position. Naturally, one wants to avoid having to monitor the volume every time a climax comes along: find the volume setting that will barely ac-

commodate the loudest of the recording's climaxes, and then leave the knob alone.

What I am saying here, you will note, is only this: one should take care to get the best possible results from the original recordings, and then just run them onto the tape. Splicing will enter the picture when it comes to joining sides (some blank tape should be left, I should think, between the movements of a symphony or the scenes or even arias of an opera). For splicing, you will need a splicing block; many low-cost models—some including a razor-sharp cutter—are available. Just be sure the cutter is demagnetized, unless you want a thump to mark every splice. (An easy way to test this is to lay the cutter across the tape, then play back that section of the tape—if you hear no thump or knock, all is well.)

To be honest, I don't bother with splicing. There were not more than a half-dozen joins in the entire *Faust* set that I regarded as crucial, and for these I fell back on my experience as an apprentice during my first season of summer stock, plus the good will of my wife. While she pressed the "Record" button on the recorder, I plunked the needle into the first groove of the new side. Crude, I concede, but perfectly workable, and I have no shame. For the rest, I placed the turntable and the recorder side by side to eliminate hopping back and forth; this system leaves a gap of two or three seconds between sides, which I am somehow able to bear. In one or two cases, I accidentally recorded a fairly maddening sound of the needle scooting through the lead-in groove; I simply erased it, leaving a lovely, short-lived silence.

So there we are. The old *Faust*, when played through my system, sounds remarkably fine, and the cost of the two reels is a small price to pay. I take a very slight treble rolloff when listening to it, as the pressings were not in mint condition though free of any major blemishes. I have even found that one can duplicate a tape by hooking one tape machine to another (any instruction booklet spells it out) and letting the reels roll.

One could almost grow fond of this sort of thing.

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No other writer for the musical theatre has, to my knowledge, guided the sound of the voice with such care, prepared the great effects with such mastery. The artist has only to follow precisely the printed score, with its myriad vocal accents and indications, to arrive at a true rendering of the character in question. As to Massenet's handling of the voice itself, he has achieved an ideal type of sonority, idiomatic and unforced, utilizing the coloristic effects of every possible timbre, making sure that the required notes lie comfortably for the type of singer involved, preparing the grand climaxes so that they contain no shouted top tones but, instead, a glistening vocal sound supported by luminous orchestral underpinning. At the culminating point, for example, of Thaïs' invocation to the mirror—"*Dis-moi que je suis belle éternellement!*"—the vocal writing is so expertly handled that the upper B flat packs the acoustical wallop of a high D. This is the composer's professional magic.

Massenet, at his finest, has a way of reducing the framework of his final scenes to the barest minimum of characters with a maximum of expressive power. Verdi achieved this special kind of effect twice, in the lonely episode for Gilda and the jester at the close of *Rigoletto* and in the tomb duet which concludes *Aida*; Puccini once, in the Louisiana chapter of *Manon Lescaut*; but Massenet comes near it constantly. The final pages of *Manon*, *Werther*, *Sapho*, *Don Quichotte* are cases in point. The unearthly moment in *Don Quichotte* when the voice of Dulcinea floats from the horizon to console the dying knight as he lies attended by the faithful Sancho is one of the master strokes in a type of operatic composing that springs directly from the poetry, unhampered by musical formalities.

One does not claim that Massenet is a composer without limitation. I know of only three such figures in operatic literature: Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner—with Strauss as a possible fourth. Massenet was never able to shift his sights successfully from lyric drama to full-scale grand opera, as even Puccini (in my opinion less attractive and touching a composer) managed to do in his last work. *Turandot* has its share of musical banalities and dramatic incongruities, but it does come off—something that cannot be said for Massenet's large canvases: *Le Roi de Lahore*, *Le Cid*, and *Hérodiade*. All have their moments of course; but *Le Cid* is a supercolossal, its grandiose nature incompatible with the genre touch in which Massenet excelled; and *Hérodiade*, despite some pages of prime intensity—notably the first-act duet for Jean and Salomé—is undone by a ridiculous rewrite of Biblical history in which Salomé becomes the first Girl Scout, loving Jean like a sister, and by an oppressive use of pseudo-Oriental color that mars (at least for this writer) certain other French operas such as *Lakmé* and *Les Pêcheurs de perles*. Both *Le Roi de Lahore* and *Hérodiade* are early works by this master, essays at ambitious formalism before he found his métier in *Manon*. *Le Cid* followed *Manon* by a year; and then the grand-heroic dropped away permanently, yielding to that tender human insight which was to characterize Massenet at his best.

If a general revival of this composer's operas were indicated, there might be further fields to till: the charming *Cendrillon*, in which Mary Garden and Maggie Teyte once played opposite each other as Prince Charming and Cinderella, and the highly dramatic *Esclarmonde*. The entire Massenet terrain is marked by unpredictability. Let those who accuse him of excessive sweetness make a study of the bitter *Navarraise*; those who find in him a constant vein of refined escapism turn to the unbuttoned frankness of *Sapho*; those who accuse him of being a "tune" composer examine the sparingly devised, almost laconic, last act of *Don Quichotte*. A major figure in musical history? Hardly—but our opera houses are in need of minor composers. The Big Three can provide only so much for the seasons that come and go. As an opera buff who craves a change in menu, I plead the cause of a fragrant saffron dish: the music of Massenet.

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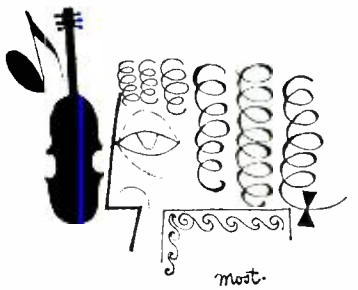
Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, and the Sadler's Wells Opera has taken an important step in appointing Glen Byam Shaw—one of England's finest stage directors and a onetime Director of the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Memorial Theatre—as permanent "Director of Productions" for a period of five years. This does not mean that Mr. Shaw will personally direct every production; it does mean that for an extended period the directors at this opera house will be chosen by someone of wide theatre knowledge (himself a former distinguished actor) and the company will therefore benefit from long-range application of a single unifying intelligence to their problems of acting and style. It means, moreover, that someone of theatrical authority will be constantly available to keep an eye on productions and rehearsals during cast changes, when the original director is no longer present. Thus, the preservation of the original style of a production—which is notoriously lacking in the international opera world today—will be assured.

Many difficulties the operatic singer must still face alone until his basic training includes drama and acting as a matter of course. Already in London there is one School of Opera, founded and directed by two well-known former opera singers, Joan Cross and Anne Wood. This concentration on dramatic as well as voice training is likely to be more helpful than in general Schools of Music, where opera problems can be covered only as a portion of the curriculum. It is significant that Miss Cross was a product of the Old Vic Opera, which later became the Sadler's Wells Opera but in its formative years shared a theatre with the Old Vic Shakespeare Company. She has stressed how much she learned as an actress by watching rehearsals of the Shakespearean productions—from the young John Gielgud, then playing his first great classic parts, in particular.



There is much to be said for this system—widespread in Germany—of opera and plays sharing a theatre in repertory, or at least working within the same organization. Both artists and audiences gain wider standards by exposure to both media. This was certainly proved by the Old Vic in the past. It is something the new Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York might well try and emphasize. I myself have long wished to see a Festival (such as that at Edinburgh) or a Theatre Center imaginative enough to coördinate a program in which, say, Verdi's *Otello* and Shakespeare's *Othello*, the Carl Orff opera *Antigone* and the plays of that name by Sophocles and Jean Anouilh, the Strauss *Elektra* and the Sophocles, Euripides, or Eugene O'Neill versions, the Stravinsky or Orff *Oedipus* and the Sophocles play, are performed in conjunction by first-class operatic and dramatic companies. From such juxtapositions a broad sense of theatrical values might be developed in both audiences (including critics!) and artists, and the present segregation of theatre cultures be broken down.

For the singer, a study of the best acting in the theatre is, in the meantime, likely to be of more help than a study of operatic acting, with all its accumulation of outmoded gestures and conventions, as such. But the busy singer has all too little time, and he must often fall back on his own intelligence and imagination, and on his study of the best actors in opera itself. This is the main argument against inbred opera, and the reason why the international exchange system of artists, with all its dangers, is still valuable and necessary. It is through the greatest singing actors that the dramatic basis of opera is preserved and handed on to future generations to disseminate in their turn.

ADVERTISING INDEX

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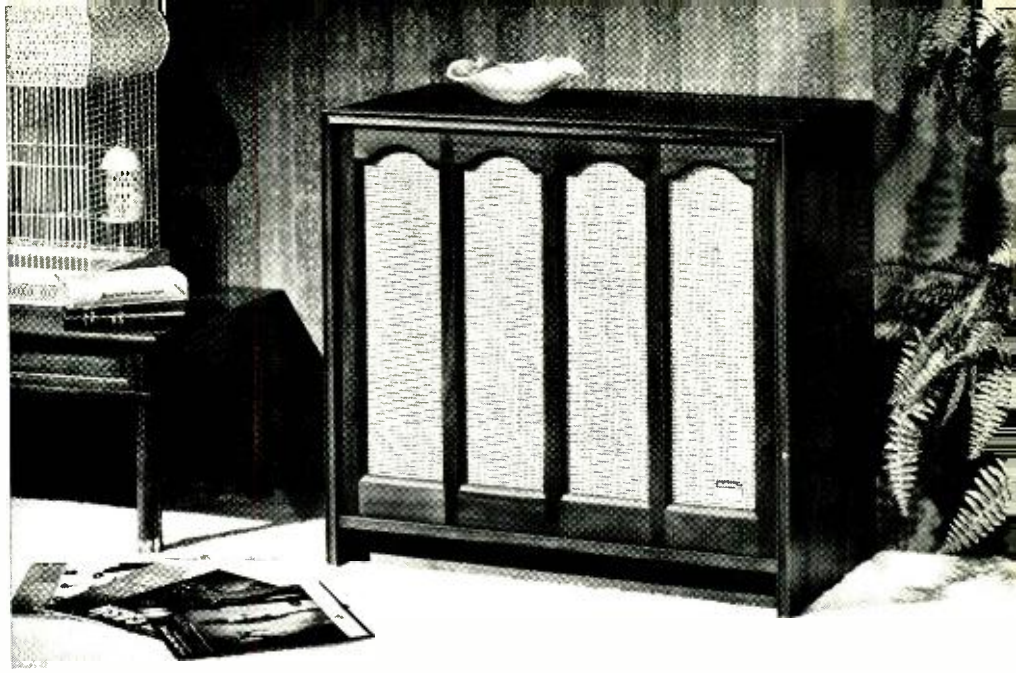

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Mid-bass frequencies from 250 to 800 cps are developed by a specially designed 8-inch speaker whose characteristics exactly complement the 18-inch woofer. From 800 to 3,500 cps a true compression-loaded driver with diffraction horn preserves the vital presence tones that add definition to both voice and music. The diffraction horn ensures uniform dispersion of sound throughout the listening area. The driver employs a "ring" diaphragm (lacking a central dome that is the frequent cause of distortion in this range.)

From 3,500 cps to beyond audibility (20,000 cps) a deluxe compression-loaded driver and diffraction horn completes the EV- SIX speaker complement. And all of these specialized audio instruments are combined and controlled by an electrical crossover network that utilizes the latest techniques in etched circuit board construction. A 5-position control is provided to discreetly balance the output of the E-V SIX to your listening room characteristics.

And what about E-V SIX appearance? No photograph can do justice to its hand-rubbed walnut or mahogany finish, or to the elegance of its traditional styling. And the moderate E-V SIX dimensions allow great flexibility of placement. Height is but 30 inches, width is 32 inches and depth only 17½ inches. The price is equally moderate: just $330.00 in either finish.

We believe the E-V SIX heralds a new era in speaker system design, based on greater emphasis on performance. The task of providing a distinct improvement in sound quality with but a modest increase in size has proved both stimulating and rewarding. We urge you to consider carefully the advantages of the E-V SIX for your high fidelity system. You can hear it now at your Electro-Voice showroom. Write today for free catalog and name of the E-V dealer nearest you.

E-V SIX components include:
18-inch acoustic suspension woofer
8-inch mid-bass speaker / Etched circuit crossover
Ring-diaphragm mid-range driver
Compression-loaded diffraction VHF driver

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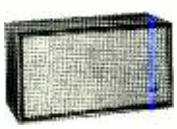

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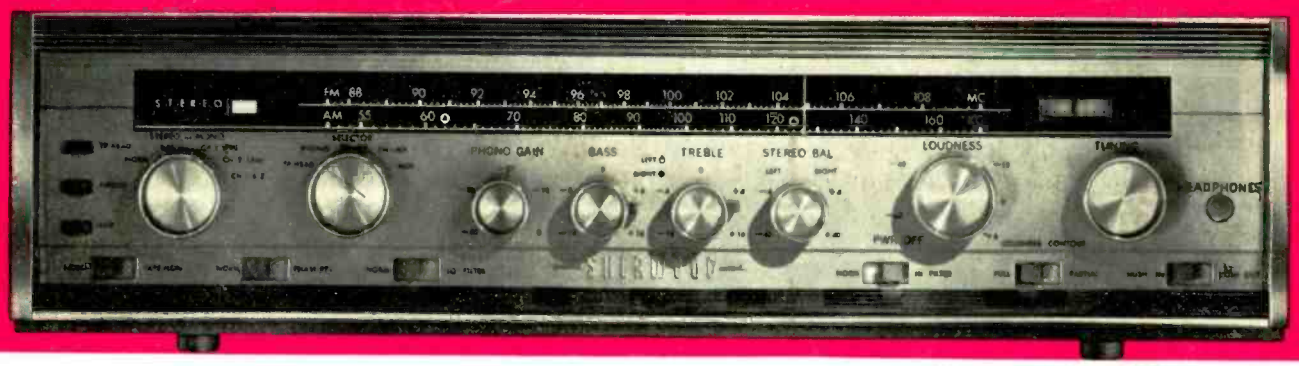
Are separate tuners and amplifiers passé?



An outstanding new combined tuner/amplifier component . . . the S-7700II AM/FM/FM Stereo 80-watt Receiver.

Nothing duplicates the installation flexibility of separate components. This is one of many reasons why Sherwood sells so many of them. But for those who do not need this flexibility, Sherwood engineers have created an outstanding single component, which without compromise of fidelity, combines both functions.

The new S-7700II AM/FM/FM Stereo Receiver combines the 1.8 microvolt sensitivity and 2.4db capture effect of Sherwood's finest tuner with the 80-watt dual channel music power of Sherwood's highest-rated high fidelity amplifier. The size is a space-saving 16¼" x 4" x 14". You enjoy all the tuning surety of Sherwood's D'Arsonval zero-center tuning meter and 8" long professionally calibrated dial scale. And, you have front panel control of all stereo amplifier functions for phono, tape—plus a stereo headset jack. As trim as the size, is the less-than-separate-components price of $374.50 (slightly more on the West Coast).

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Ravinia: 3-way/48—17,500 cps/$139.50 · Newport: 2-way/48—17,000 cps/$79.50 · Berkshire: 3-way/53—17,500 cps/$99.50 · Tanglewood: 4-way/29—17,500 cps/$199.50

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