ICD

HIGH FIDELITY

OCTOBER 1970 60¢

Prisoner: 1337

Occupation: Conductor, Boston Symphony Orchestra

A Bumper Crop of New Stereo Products

e Fisher 701, 4-channel receiver.

CABINET OPTIONAL, AT $22.95.

(Alternate
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Fisher has a
Our AM section
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The kind of distortion-free power the 701 delivers is made possible through some unique circuitry in the amplifier section. The Darlington output stages are fully integrated (for the first time in a piece of commercial high-fidelity equipment). Which means that the resultant circuit takes up less space, yet is more reliable than the more conventional circuit it replaces.

The control panel.

Designing the control panel was quite a challenge to the Fisher engineers.

Because they had two goals which at first seemed to conflict: Make the controls as easy to use as possible. And make the controls as versatile as possible.

As you can see, the paradox was finally resolved. With some characteristically Fisher innovations. There are separate volume controls for front and rear channels. And the sliding volume controls move with the smoothness of professional studio faders.

The volume of the left and right channels is controllable with the balance control.

There are Baxandall (the best kind) tone controls, separate for bass and treble, clutched for front and rear.

There's a tape-monitoring control that works for left and right channels: front and rear together, front separately, or rear separately.

And there are loudness contour switches for front and/or rear channels. The high-filters also work on front and/or rear channels.

A muting switch quiets the noise between FM stations.

And a mode switch lets you listen to mono, two-channel stereo, four-channel stereo, four-channel reverse, or, as we've explained above, two-channel stereo with the two rear channels delayed and softened.

In addition to the controls we've mentioned, there's a speaker-selector switch and source-selector switch.

And there are input and output jacks for everything imaginable; our engineers saw to that.

The four-channel era.

The Fisher 701 is the first four-channel AM/FM stereo receiver. But we're predicting it'll be the first of many.

Fisher's admirers in the industry will undoubtedly bring out four-channel equipment of one sort or another.

Just as they've been following our lead ever since we invented high fidelity.

The Fisher
We invented high fidelity.

Introducing the
the first and only 4

In 1937, Fisher announced the first high-fidelity system available to the public. (The original system is now in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution.)

In the thirty-three years that followed, Fisher made other significant contributions to the science of sound reproduction.

But there has never before been anything like the Fisher 701. We believe it's the most important development in sound reproduction since the invention of high fidelity.

Why four channels?

The difference between four-channel and two-channel stereo is just as dramatic as the difference between two-channel stereo and mono.

And for a very good reason.

With two-channel stereo, you normally have a speaker on the left, and one on the right.

And the sound reflects off the back wall, adding the acoustics of your living room to the music to which you're listening.

With four-channel, the back wall reflection is replaced by the sound from speakers on each side of the back of the room. Those speakers are providing information about the acoustics, not of *your* living room, but of the room in which the music was recorded. So you feel as though you were really attending a concert.

Introducing the Fisher 701.

Now that we've introduced four-channel, we'll tell you something about our new four-channel receiver.

First of all, it's not *just* a four-channel receiver. It's also the finest *two*-channel stereo receiver in existence (that, alone, would justify the $699.95 price tag).

As for FM, FM stereo, AM, or reproducing your mono or stereo records, the 701 is unexcelled.

So in a sense, the four-channel part of it is pure gravy.

And there's a way to make your stereo records and tapes sound like four-channel records and tapes.

Turn the mode selector to the 2-plus-2-channel position, and you get conventional stereo coming out of the left and right front channels, while the same signal comes out of the rear channels delayed slightly, and at a slightly reduced volume. The effect is to produce a slight reverberation, as if the music were being performed live, in a large room.

What four-channel program material is available?

As of now, the best source of four-channel program material is a four-channel tape deck, of which several models now are on the market. But several methods of transmitting four channels of information over FM stereo, and methods of providing four channels of information in a phonograph record, are being studied. We just want you to know that the Fisher 701 has the input and output jacks to make it compatible with *all* methods of four-channel FM and phono transmission now being considered.

Three ways to tune the 701.

The Fisher 701 has conventional (yet unusually smooth) flywheel tuning.

And it has AutoScan® automatic push-button electronic tuning. Push a button and you're tuning across the FM band, silently. Release the button and you're tuned in to a station. Push the *one*-station-advance button and you're tuned in to the next station on the band. Tuned in with more accuracy than you could achieve with a meter or a scope.

Remote-control AutoScan® is also included at no extra cost (with the help of the Fisher accessory RK-40).

The FM section has five Integrated Circuits.

All the active elements in the FM section are Integrated Circuits. And those five ICs in the IF and multiplex sections of the 701 comprise a total of fourteen amplification stages. The result? A tuner section that brings in more stations than has previously been thought possible. (FM sensitivity is 1.7 microvolts.)

And bringing in more stations is just the beginning. Even when a strong signal from a local station threatens to overpower a weak signal from a distant station, the 701 pulls in that weak signal with incredible clarity. channel selectivi

The wide-ba

A lot of recei reasonably good fully bad AM. But different policy. (is just about as g theoretically pos AM section. It cl FM in quality.

The Fisher 7 hundred and fif music power.

250 watts so power. And it is, receiver.

But conside has to drive four of two, 250 watts It's just right.

(Actually, th driving not one, four speakers, o remote.)

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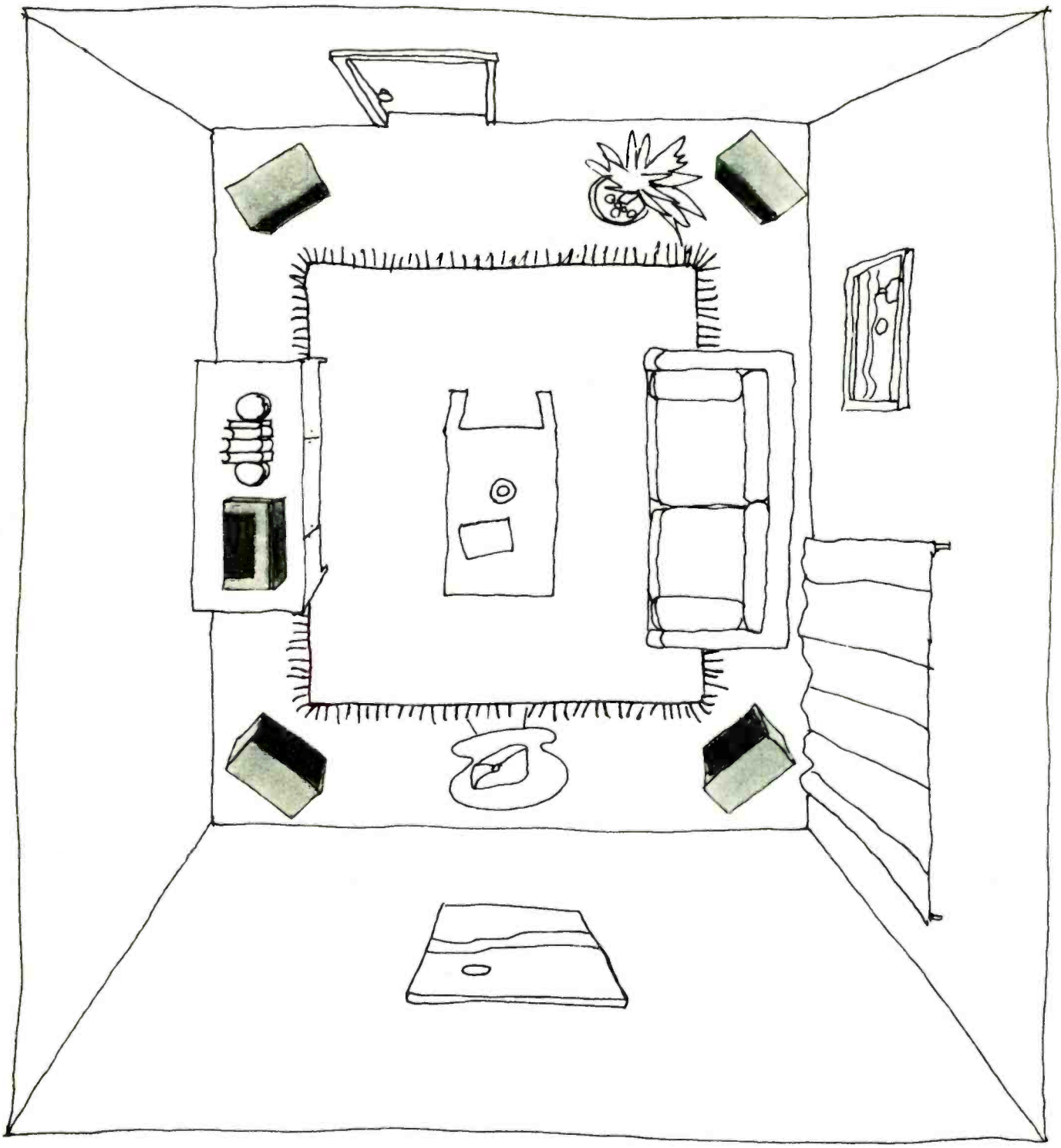

THE CARTRIDGE KILLER.

Scott Muni
WNEW-FM, New York

This man doesn't have time to baby the tools of his trade. Not with a commercial, a traffic report and time check breathing down his neck. He's got to keep those records spinning fast and furious. And, if he kills a cartridge or two along the way, well—that's how it goes.

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The Stanton Model 500AL is just one of many cartridges engineered by Stanton for the varied and critical applications in the fields of broadcasting and recording. For nothing less than Stanton performance and reliability would meet the needs of the engineers who have made Stanton —The Professional Standard.

For free literature write to Stanton Magnetics, Inc., Terminal Drive, Plainview, L.I., New York 11803

CIRCLE 68 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

HIGH FIDELITY

VOL. 20 NO. 10 OCTOBER 1970

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Who Are You?

DEAR READER:

The Census Bureau is not the only organization keeping tabs on you; we do, too. Through constant reader surveys, which many thousands of you have participated in, we learn who you are, what you do, and what you like (and, for our advertisers, what you buy). I thought you might like to know what we have found.

First of all, you are schizophrenic. Not individually, perhaps, but collectively. About one-third of you read HIGH FIDELITY for our coverage of classical music and recordings. Most of you in this category have only a passing interest in nonclassical music, and as for audio matters, you view them simply as the means to quality reproduction of your latest Mahler symphony or Mozart opera. Not so another third of you, whose interest is primarily in audio and who couldn't care less about the classical tradition emphasized in our music coverage: the only Engelbert Humperdinck in your collection is a TV star, the only Nilsson a male singer, you eschew the performances though hardly the shows of Leonard Bernstein, but have greater passion for Bose and Bozak than either Bach or Bacharach. The final third of you, Renaissance men all, have equal knowledge of and interest in music and audio.

Enough of the arts and sciences; it's time for sex: 92.2% of you are male, *most* of the rest female. It is a statistical fact that 0.8% of you could specify no gender. Your median age is exactly thirty, making you just barely trustworthy, but even this much benefit of a doubt is probably dissipated by the fact that your average income is over $17,000 (almost 45% of you earn over $15,000), thus making you rich, and even worse, that some 57% of you are professional or managerial, and therefore Establishment. In a halfhearted attempt to offset these figures, 20% are students. More than one out of four, though, have postgraduate degrees, with another 11% attending or having attended graduate school. More than twice as many of you live in the southern Atlantic states (13.1%) as in New England (6.3%), our home area, with another nearly 10% from other states in the South. The Pacific Coast is home for 15.2% of you, but 27.9% live in the Middle Atlantic states, including 18.8% in Greater New York alone (which has only 8% of the U.S. population).

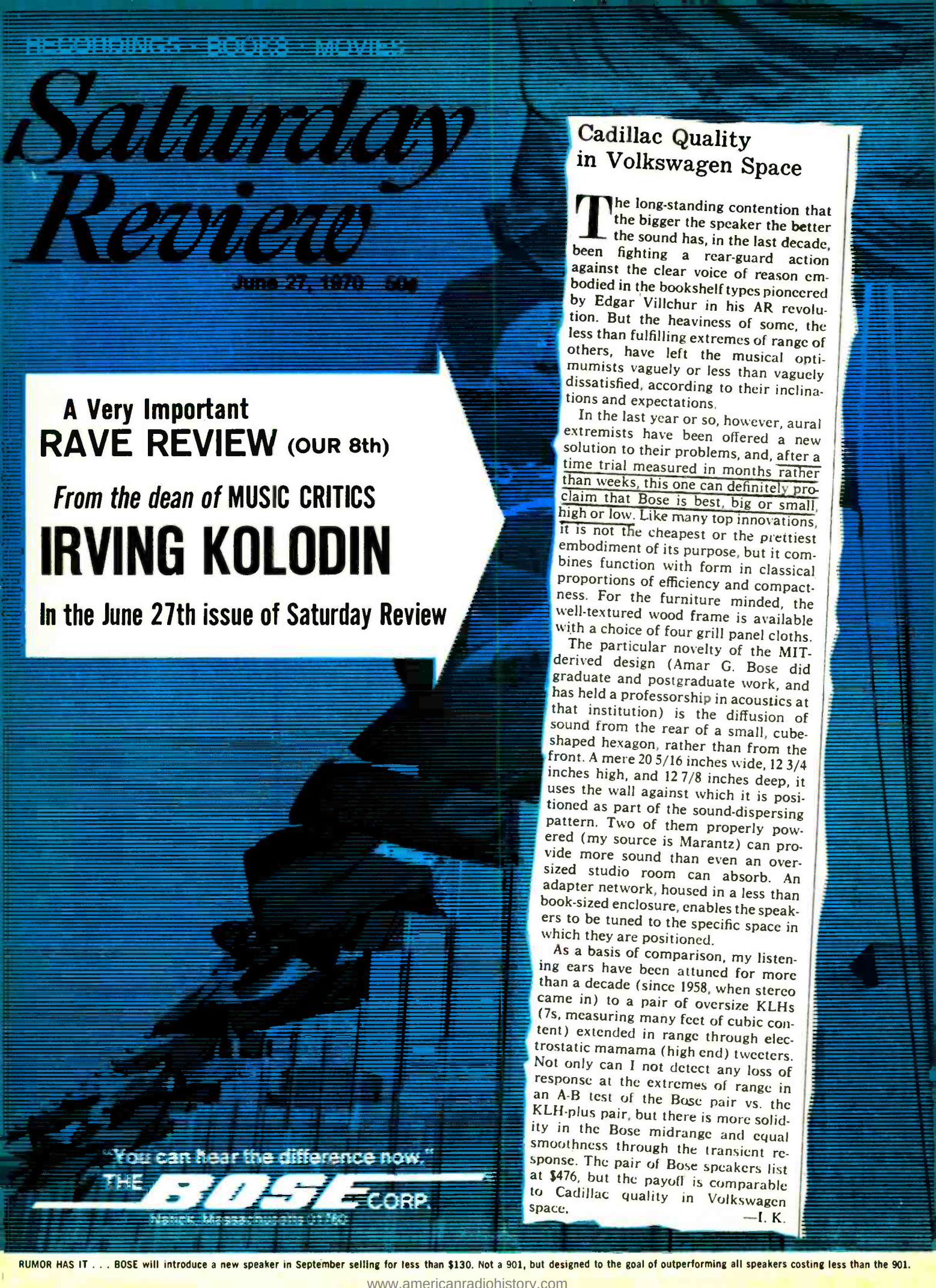
Almost half (47%) of you are single; some 12% own more than one house and over 52% of your families have two or more cars. While Ford and Chevrolet make up nearly half of these, you are three times more likely to buy a Volkswagen than a Cadillac.

Of those who have purchased separate record-playing equipment, nearly two-thirds have changers; over 28% of you who bought separate speakers or speaker systems have installed at least some of them in enclosures yourselves. About 75% understand the graphs and charts we publish in our equipment reports. More surprising, about half of you can read the orchestral scores!

Did I say schizophrenic? More like quadriphrenic.

Next month we will celebrate Aaron Copland's seventieth birthday, which falls on November 14. Our November issue will include **AARON COPLAND—AN INTIMATE SKETCH BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN, MY LIFE IN PICTURES** by Aaron Copland, and **A COMPLETE COPLAND DISCOGRAPHY** by David Hamilton. We will also have a comprehensive discussion on **ARE CASSETTES FULFILLING THEIR PROMISE?**

Leonard Marcus



Cadillac Quality in Volkswagen Space

The long-standing contention that the bigger the speaker the better the sound has, in the last decade, been fighting a rear-guard action against the clear voice of reason embodied in the bookshelf types pioneered by Edgar Villchur in his AR revolution. But the heaviness of some, the less than fulfilling extremes of range of others, have left the musical optimumists vaguely or less than vaguely dissatisfied, according to their inclinations and expectations.

In the last year or so, however, aural extremists have been offered a new solution to their problems, and, after a time trial measured in months rather than weeks, this one can definitely proclaim that Bose is best, big or small, high or low. Like many top innovations, it is not the cheapest or the prettiest embodiment of its purpose, but it combines function with form in classical proportions of efficiency and compactness. For the furniture minded, the well-textured wood frame is available with a choice of four grill panel cloths.

The particular novelty of the MIT-derived design (Amar G. Bose did graduate and postgraduate work, and has held a professorship in acoustics at that institution) is the diffusion of sound from the rear of a small, cube-shaped hexagon, rather than from the front. A mere 20 5/16 inches wide, 12 3/4 inches high, and 12 7/8 inches deep, it uses the wall against which it is positioned as part of the sound-dispersing pattern. Two of them properly powered (my source is Marantz) can provide more sound than even an oversized studio room can absorb. An adapter network, housed in a less than book-sized enclosure, enables the speakers to be tuned to the specific space in which they are positioned.

As a basis of comparison, my listening ears have been attuned for more than a decade (since 1958, when stereo came in) to a pair of oversize KLHs (7s, measuring many feet of cubic content) extended in range through electrostatic mamama (high end) tweeters. Not only can I not detect any loss of response at the extremes of range in an A-B test of the Bose pair vs. the KLH-plus pair, but there is more solidity in the Bose midrange and equal smoothness through the transient response. The pair of Bose speakers list at $476, but the payoff is comparable to Cadillac quality in Volkswagen space.

—I. K.

RUMOR HAS IT . . . BOSE will introduce a new speaker in September selling for less than $130. Not a 901, but designed to the goal of outperforming all speakers costing less than the 901.

letters

The Lees—and Other—Sides

The remarkable article in your July issue by Gene Lees ["Leave the Message for Western Union"] must be counted among the most needed, thought-provoking, and perceptive writings in or out of the recorded music field. In an era whose hallmarks are confusion and studied make-believe, he calls the shots on the ultimate reasons for *all* the arts.

Billy Nalle
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Lees has much to say about "the antisensitivity mode that is one of the really frightening developments of our time." This antisensitivity is not, as he claims, a result of art that is concerned with what is "ugly and wrong about our world" but is instead a result of people refusing to acknowledge our social and foreign problems and to work actively for their immediate solutions.

The greatest examples of antisensitivity can be seen in the response of "Middle America" to the deaths at Kent State and Jackson State ("They got what they deserved!") and the complete inability of many people to accept the fact that American soldiers were capable of slaughtering innocent women and children at My Lai.

This antisensitivity is not new. People have always been more sensitive to the concerns of persons with whom they agree, with whom they share common racial and cultural characteristics. Needless to say, this does not come about as a result of the kind of art that focuses on the wrongs of the world. Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, although certainly "worthy of our aspirations," didn't prevent antisensitivity to the non-Christians of the time.

Mr. Lees claims that art is "making it impossible for people to love one another." But I say it is rather our inability to separate *people* from their beliefs, prejudices, and ideologies.

Tom Patty
Los Angeles, Calif.

Nowadays the art has gone out of protest because the protests are inartistically and inarticulately communicated and are so specifically delimited that they will soon become dated. Nothing needs to be added to the rest of this controversial article, a courageous defense of the doctrine of "Art for Art's Sake."

Reed J. Hoyt
Philadelphia, Pa.

Perhaps it would benefit Gene Lees's column if a few intelligent people read his blatherings before they were printed. I doubt that anyone with any grasp of semantics would advise another fiasco like the Dylan "Art for Art's Sake column." What strikes Lees as "ugly sound" is quite acceptable to a large portion of the young populace, and if he cannot call it "art" it is because of his definition.

"Relevancy" applies not only to the works themselves but to the authors and audience. Is "relevant" music any less artful by any objective definition than blues or jazz? No doubt the popular protest writers and groups will lose their influence and their status as artists, leaving only those who have made meaningful contributions. But this fact cannot deny to them acceptance here and now.

Anthony R. Moore
Irving, Texas

Gene Lees's criticism of Bob Dylan as a "bad artist" is unduly harsh. Agreed, Dylan is not the best guitarist, nor the best singer, and certainly not the best poet; but then, by what standard do you judge him? Although he feels that Dylan makes "ugly sounds," many other people feel that he makes "beautiful music."

My point is that an emotional experience (which seems to be Lees's definition of all "art") is truly an individual experience, and is not universal. We do not all experience the same feeling from a work of art, or from any motivating object or force.

As an educator, I try to present objectively as many kinds of artistic experiences which the scope of my discipline (high school English and dramatics) will allow, for I cannot demand that another person must love what I love; nor that he be moved artistically by that which moves me artistically. I can only present my students with a choice—and then hope art will prevail.

A. J. Stone
Greenwood, Ind.

Melchior and Flagstad

In his otherwise excellent article, "The Duet of the Century: Flagstad and Melchior" [July 1970], I was surprised to note that Mr. Zakariasen failed to list these Flagstad recordings: "A Song Recital by Kirsten Flagstad" (RCA Red Seal LM 1738, deleted); "Hymns from Norway" (London 5638, deleted); "Bach and Handel Recital" (London 25151); and "Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss Recital" (London 5292, deleted).

R. A. Stevens
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I was delighted to see William Zakariasen's evaluation of the Preiser reissues as "most important." I have suffered frustration for years with inferior, inaccurate, or careless LP dubbings of 78-rpm vocal recordings. The Preiser label's *Lebendige Vergangenheit* series maintains an extraordinary standard of quality and should be sought after by every lover of great singing. I have compared their Melchior and Giannini LPs with my original 78s and found them superior in sound.

As Mr. Zakariasen indicated, these records are available at Mielke and King

Continued on page 8

180-53 4-63 180-55 932-11 931-74 932-10 931-72 932-00 931-36

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CIRCLE 17 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

Karol in New York. I might add that a very comprehensive stock is carried by Darton Records in Patelson's Music House on West 56th Street.

One little correction to your article's discography, which lists Georg Solti as conductor of Flagstad's *Die Walküre*, Act I recording. Hans Knappertsbusch is the actual conductor. The reason why is an amusing story, but I am saving it for my memoirs!

T. A. McEwen
Manager, Classical Division
London Records
New York, N.Y.

One long-deleted item overlooked by Mr. Zakariasen is the Flagstad/Svanholm *Tristan* duet, conducted by Karl Böhm. RCA released it a year or so before undertaking the complete recording in 1952 under Furtwängler. In my opinion the earlier recording is quite valuable: Svanholm recorded nothing more of his Tristan, while Flagstad was given better recorded sound than in the 1939 performance with Melchior.

Dr. Frederick W. Seinfelt
Indiana, Pa.

Record Cleaners

In the "Too Hot To Handle" column [July 1970] Harold P. Bechtoldt of Iowa asked a question which I believe was not completely answered. His primary concern was the lubrication, rather than cleaning, of the grooves of 78-rpm records.

At the present time, most of the products available have been designed with the vinyl record in mind. Therefore, they are not all that effective with shellac records. In my extensive research into record cleaners, I have found a very simple method for reducing shellac surface noise and friction, as well as stylus wear. This consists of making a solution with Ivory Flakes, dipping the shellac record in the solution, and standing it on end until dry. The dipping will last through several playings, depending on environmental factors. It's hard to specify the exact amount of flakes to use since the mineral content of tap water, so various in different locales, will be the determining factor. But generally speaking, a half cup of Ivory Flakes in two gallons of water will be adequate. Short experimentation will permit anyone to determine the exact proportions.

Although the film which forms on the record will cause a deposit on the stylus tip, the tracking force, when playing 78s, is large enough to nullify the problem—although the stylus should be cleaned with a soft brush after playing each stack.

The only way to clean dirty 78-rpm records is with a solution of detergent and water. To a gallon of water add a capful of Joy (without lemon) or any other detergent free of additives (photographic wetting agent, for example). With 78s this solution should be applied via a facial brush, available in any

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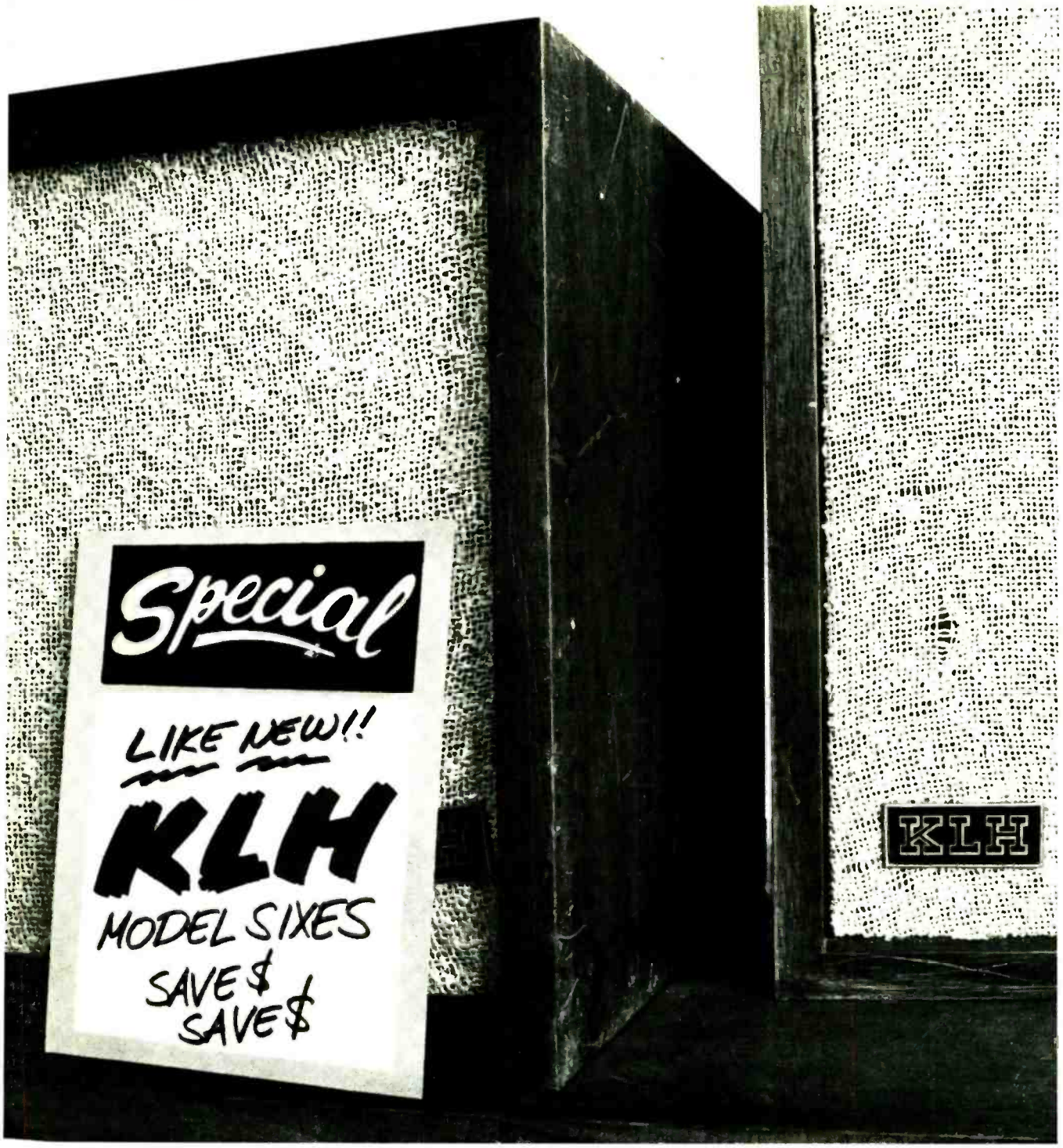

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31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

15116 HANDEL—Jephtha
Vangu LP (3 records)

17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP

44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away
Phili LP

33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

17238 BERLIOZ—Te Deum—London Sym.
Phili LP

44373 HAIR: French Original Cast
Phil LP

16759 TCHAIKOVSKY—1812 Overture
Mercu LP

67503 SMITH—Minus—Plus
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, CASS

33065 JOAN BAEZ—David's Album
Vangu LP 8TR, CASS

30606 TEMPTATIONS
Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

33078 WEAVERS—On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

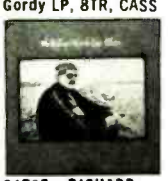
42715 BEST OF MJQ
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

66546 RARE EARTH—Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

15113 MAHLER Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

48782 APPLAUSE—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF THE BEE GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

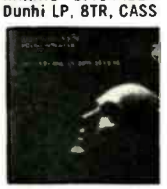
WOODSTOCK

Original Movie Soundtrack includes uncut music, stage announcements and live performances from the Music Event of the Year.

42745 WOODSTOCK—Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP

33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



17042 BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas
Richter Phil LP

43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

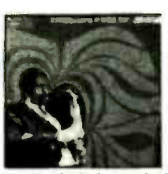
30609 SUPREMES—Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP

33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS



31973 JOHN COLTRANE—Selflessness
Impul LP

30601 DIANA ROSS & SUPREMES—Greatest Hits
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

67500 STEPPENWOLF Live (2 record set)
Dunhi LP

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We're the largest all-label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes) . . . on any label . . . including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You never pay full-price! You get bestsellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

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With Record Club of America there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LP's or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). We send only what you order.

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We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER. Choose any three LP's or any one tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing charge for your free records or tapes will be sent later). This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. You are never obligated to buy another record or tape ever. Your savings have already MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THE NOMINAL MEMBERSHIP FEE.

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☐ ☐ ☐

or 1 FREE TAPE

☐ ☐ 8 track
☐ cassette

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Address ________________

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CIRCLE 57 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

drugstore, in order to make sure that the groove walls are properly cleaned. The records should be rinsed, although this is not a necessity. A soft Turkish towel may be used to dry the records before placing them in their sleeves.

For gummy residues which are insoluble in water, it's recommended that a solution of isopropyl medicinal alcohol (not the rubbing variety), obtainable also in any drugstore, and distilled water may be used. The solution can be mixed using equal parts of alcohol and water.

C. Victor Campos
Manager, Technical Marketing and Product Development
KLH Research and Development Corp.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Quadriphony Quandary

In the July "Letters" column, E. D. Hoaglan attempts to repudiate what he terms as a "rather bitchy damning [by HIGH FIDELITY] of the potential of four-channel sound." After reading the April "Too Hot to Handle" in question, with all manner of evil in my mind, I still cannot see how HF damns the potential of surround sound.

In an intelligently written paragraph, the technical editor answers the question at hand, namely: should I upgrade my present system, with quadriphony leering over my shoulder? I echo: why not? Mr. Hoaglan states that he has found "side-riding" equipment to be inferior "in any long-run sense." Does this mean that my Revox A77 recorder, remodeled via new heads and four more preamps (rec/playback) will be inferior in the end result to newer, nontransitory equipment of the same quality? I think not. And would I have better sound if I used "an integrated four-channel preamp driving a four-channel separate power amplifier, 40–60 watts per channel, all channels driven," than if I added a *second* AR amplifier to my present system? Don't be absurd.

I promise Mr. Hoaglan that I won't "permit [myself] to think that a defensive desperation born of the current market can hold back the tide," but I still reserve the right to take that tide one wave at a time.

William F. Stine III
Elizabethtown, Pa.

Alfred Frankenstein

Arrogant and uninformative summary judgments are what I have come to expect from Alfred Frankenstein, but he really outdid himself in his July 1970 review of "Eugene Rousseau: The Virtuoso Saxophone." The final sentence reads: "The other four pieces on the record are trash of the kind they print in instruction books and need not even be listed by title."

Now this is very snappy, authoritative-sounding stuff—even worthy of Gene

Continued on page 16

After you've introduced the world's finest $500 tape deck* what do you do for an encore?

You make the world's finest popularly priced tape deck.

When our Tandberg 6000X was reviewed by Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, they said it set a new standard for others to aim at.

Well, we're not about to rest on our laurels, because we've got another winner in our 3000X.

For a start, you'll probably never use its 7½ ips speed—except to play back your old tapes. After all, at 3¾ ips you can record everything from 50 to 16,000 Hz with perfect fidelity.

At a signal-to-noise ratio of better than 60dB.

That's because the 3000X gives you Tandberg's uniquely-engineered Cross-field bias head in addition to separate erase, record and playback heads. With full monitoring facilities, three speeds, cueing lever to locate recorded passages during fast-forward and rewind...and just about everything you're likely to need this side of getting your own professional studio.

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Prove it by testing it out at your nearest Tandberg dealer.

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*"It is difficult to imagine how the Tandberg 6000X could be improved."—Stereo Review, June 1970.

CIRCLE 71 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Now that you know you want a Dual, the next question is which one?

1219—$175.00

1215—$99.50

1209—$129.50

It's not an easy decision to make. There's such a wealth of precision built into every Dual that even the testing laboratories can measure only small differences in performance among the Dual 1215 at $99.50, the 1209 at $129.50 and 1219 at $175.00.

This raises an interesting question for you to consider: What are the important differences to you among these three Duals?

Let's consider them in turn.

Even our lowest priced turntable, the 1215, boasts features any turntable should have (and few do).

Its low-mass counterbalanced tonearm accepts the most sensitive cartridge available today and tracks flawlessly as low as ¾ gram.

Tracking force and anti-skating settings are ingeniously synchronized, so one setting does for both. The cue control is silicone-damped, and eases the tonearm onto the record more gently than a surgeon's hand.

The hi-torque motor brings the heavy 3¾ pound platter to full speed in less than a half turn, and maintains that speed within 0.1% even if line voltage varies widely.

And it even has a control to let you match record pitch with less fortunate instruments such as out-of-tune pianos.

Even a professional doesn't need more.

But you may want more. In which case the 1209 offers some refinements that are both esthetically pleasing and add something to performance.

For example: its tonearm tracks as low as a half gram. Its anti-skating system is calibrated separately for elliptical and conical styli. Its counterbalance features a 0.01 gram click-stop. And its motor is hi-torque and synchronous.

Now what could the 1219 add to this?

The only true gimbal suspension ever available on an automatic arm. Four identical suspension points, one ring pivoting inside another.

And the Mode Selector, which shifts the entire tonearm base — down for single play, up for multiple play — so that the stylus will track at precisely the correct angle (15°) whether playing one record or a stack.
The tonearm is 8¾" long, and the 12 inch dynamically balanced platter weighs 7 pounds.

So the question really isn't which Dual is good enough, but how much more than "good" your turntable has to be.

If our literature doesn't help, perhaps a visit to your dealer will.

United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York 10553. Dual

CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

LETTERS

Continued from page 12

Lees—but I think your readers deserve something better than such contempt. I read record reviews to help me decide which records I should consider buying (because I lack the time and means to listen to them all myself). Therefore, I would like at least some attempt at objective description, not just the decrees of a Big Brother of taste. This is particularly important in Frankenstein's specialty, contemporary music, because the music itself is often unfamiliar.

Anthony E. Gray
New York, N.Y.

A Market for Beethoven

Leonard Marcus' editorial "How do you Spell *Eroica*?" [August 1970] was vitally interesting to me, as I am in charge of the classical music department of what is probably Michigan's most complete record store.

The panic button has been pushed because the percentage of total record sales in the classical field is shrinking. The sales figures in my store would bear this out. But percentage does not express the entire situation. In our store the *percentage* of sales has decreased, while the *actual number* of classical sales has increased. This is due to the growth of sales in other areas of the store being greater proportionally than the growth in the classical field.

All this leads to the conclusion that the classical music-buying populace is a fairly stable one in a field of merchandising that has burgeoned in the past ten years. Recent developments in the field of rock music would seem to substantiate Mr. Frey's belief that a larger classical market is waiting untapped. Frank Zappa's appearance with Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, rock groups like the Nice, Procol Harum, and Deep Purple, and even the cartoon *Fantasia*'s new-found popularity all suggest that he is right.

R. Gordon Hershey
Lansing, Mich.

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CIRCLE 60 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

behind the scenes

Erik Smith, Sir Michael Tippett, and Colin Davis at Wembley Town Hall.

Taping Tippett's Midsummer Marriage

LONDON

After their success with *Les Troyens*, based directly on a Covent Garden production, Philips has embarked on another Covent Garden project, with Colin Davis again in charge. Davis has a special affection for Sir Michael Tippett's first opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, and it was partly through his insistence that Philips, with financial help from the British Council, undertook a complete recording. Apart from Britten's operas, no other full-length contemporary British opera has been put on discs before, and Sir Michael is naturally delighted. He feels that the availability of a first-rate recorded version will be particularly valuable in familiarizing America with the work. As he says, the difficulties that English audiences have experienced in coping with the symbolic and allusive plot have tended to evaporate on acquaintance, for the emotional basis is just as clear as in, say, *Magic Flute*. The latest Covent Garden revival, with exactly the same cast as in the recording, has reconfirmed the work's warmth and richness.

The same Philips team that worked on *Les Troyens* reassembled for *The Midsummer Marriage*—Erik Smith as recording manager and Tom Lauterslager as engineer headed the production crew. The venue was different, however—Wembley Town Hall, Smith explained, would help supply extra resonance for some of the scenes that required a churchlike reverberation or a simple echo-chamber effect. Even in its untreated form the sound was exceptionally rich and the first two full sessions that I attended gave ample proof that everyone concerned had benefited from the careful opera-house preparation.

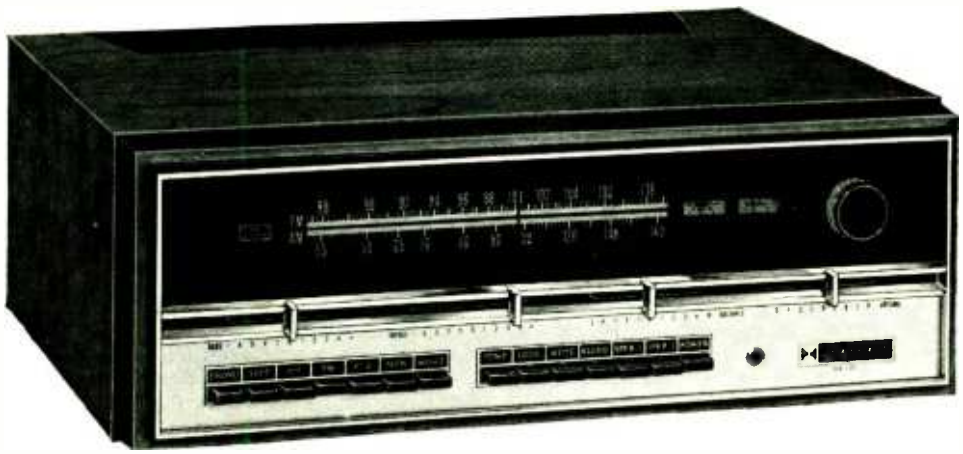
"Be-be-be-be-bee!" sang Davis over part of the clairvoyant Sosostris' Erdalike music—and he sounded something like a latter-day Bing Crosby. "It's tremendous," he said, unable to control his enthusiasm, and a few moments later, for a still grander tune, Davis/Crosby was joined by Tippett/Sinatra. Davis was worried when a new take brought a lowering of tension, even with fine singing from Helen Watts as Sosostris. "I like it when singers get tired," he said cryptically. "When they start fresh in the middle, it doesn't lead the listener on emotionally."

"Seven years you spent on this, didn't you, Michael?" Davis said. Tippett admitted that during the seven years he had sometimes been very depressed, worrying over symptoms of cancer that would disappear the moment he went on holiday, but return immediately when he went back to work. Once the opera was out of his system, the troubles disappeared and he now seems to love it more than any of his works. The recording will feature, besides Davis and the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra, Joan Carlisle as Jennifer (the part created by Joan Sutherland), Alberto Remedios as Mark, Elizabeth Harwood as Bella, Stuart Burrows as Jack, and Raimund Herincx as King Fisher.

Further Projects Operatic. Like *Midsummer Marriage* (three very well-filled discs), the new RCA *Aida* was recorded in an even dozen sessions. This was the second time that Leontyne Price had recorded the opera for RCA, this time with Leinsdorf conducting the London Symphony and John Alldis Choir. The cast could hardly be stronger: Placido Domingo as Radames, Grace Bumbry as Amneris, Sherrill Milnes as Amonasro, Ruggero Raimondi as Ramfis, and Hans Sotin as the King of Egypt. Leinsdorf declared that he had never conducted an operatic session so utterly free from temperament: satisfactory takes were achieved at an unbelievable pace—one session, in fact, was ad-

Continued on page 25

Is the Heathkit AR-29 Stereo Receiver Really As Good As We Claim?



The Experts Say It's Even Better

Audio, August 1970—C.G. McProud on the AR-29:

"The Heathkit AR-29 is a worthy companion to the famous AR-15 —somewhat easier to build, somewhat lower in power, somewhat less expensive—but nevertheless a superb receiver in its own right."

". . . measured distortion of 0.15 per cent as typical over most of the audio range, even though the specifications rate the receiver at a distortion of 0.25 per cent."

"We noted a power output of 36 watts per channel at a distortion of 0.15 per cent, with both channels driven, and at the rated distortion of 0.25 per cent, we measured an output of 42 watts per channel. Power bandwidth also exceeded specifications, extending from 7 Hz to 43 kHz at the half-power point. Frequency response at the 1-watt level was from 7 Hz to 62 kHz, ±1 dB, and from 4Hz to 110 kHz ±3 dB, also exceeding specifications. Full limiting occurred at an input signal of 1.4 uV, while IHF sensitivity measured 1.8 uV."

"After such an impressive set of measurements, we could only hope that listening tests would bear out what we had measured, as indeed they did. We first found that we could pull in 26 stations with only our finger on one of the FM antenna terminals, which was impressive in itself. After we connected the antenna, we brought in 43 stations, with 32 of them in stereo." ". . . to date we have never pulled in over 41 stations heretofore with any receiver, and not all of them were listenable."

"Even the AM reception was excellent . . ."

". . . the construction and final testing is a short course in electronics, well done as is usual with Heath instructions, and effective enough that it is not necessary to give a final alignment with instruments to get the receiver operating in accordance with its specifications"

"Its performance should satisfy the most critical audiophiles thoroughly."

Radio Electronics, June 1970—

". . . this receiver is easily built, mechanically sound, and most enjoyable to use. FM sensitivity and selectivity are very good. FM stereo reception from stations 100 miles away was loud and clear, and stayed 'locked in' well."

Popular Electronics, April 1970—

"How does a company that is reputed by the experts and hi-fi purists to be the maker of the world's finest top-of-the-line stereo receiver (AR-15) outdo itself? Simple (or so it seems)! It proceeds to make the world's finest medium-power, medium-price stereo receiver. This is exactly what the Heath Company . . . has done with its Model AR-29 receiver. For features and styling, the AR-29 is, in our opinion, a triumph of modern technology."

"The assembly/operating manual that comes with the kits bears the usual Heath mark of excellence."

"You don't have to live with the AR-29 to know you have a good receiver. Turn it on and tune along the dial and listen to how stations drop in and stay solidly in place in both FM and AM."

"You will know right away that the Heathkit AR-29 *is* the best medium power receiver you have ever heard or are likely to hear".

Stereo Review, April 1970—Julian Hirsch on the AR-29:

"Its FM tuner had an IHF sensitivity of 1.75 microvolts, placing it among the finest in respect to sensitivity." "Stereo FM frequency response was extremely flat, ±0.25 dB from 30 Hz to 15,000 Hz."

"We found the audio amplifiers to be considerably more powerful than their rated 35 watts (RMS) per channel. With both channels driven at 1000 Hz into 8-ohm loads, we measured about 50 watts (RMS) per channel just below the clipping level."

"Harmonic distortion was under 0.1 per cent from 0.15 to 50 watts, and under 0.03 per cent over most of that range. IM distortion was about 0.1 per cent at any level up to 50 watts. At its rated output of 35 watts per channel, or at any lower power, the distortion of the AR-29 did not exceed 0.15 per cent between 20 and 20,000 Hz. The distortion was typically 0.05 per cent over most of the audio range, at any power level."

"Hum and noise were extremely low: –90 dB at the high-level auxiliary input and –71dB on phono, both referenced to a 10-watt output."

". . . the AR-29 construction made a positive impression". ". . . assembly has been markedly simplified."

Says Mr. Hirsch about overall performance: "The test data speaks for itself." ". . . no other receiver in its price class can compare with it."

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CIRCLE 33 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

To call it "an amplifier" would be like calling a Porsche "Basic transportation."

There is unusual satisfaction that comes from fulfilling a prosaic task in a far from prosaic manner.

Hence this amplifying system: the Sony TA-2000 professional preamplifier and the Sony TA-3200F power amplifier. Together, they perform all an amplifier's standard tasks in a satisfying impeccable manner; but their 67 levers, switches, meters, knobs and jacks allow you to perform some interesting functions that are anything but standard.

Dual-purpose meters.

The two VU meters on the preamplifier front panel, for example, are no more necessary than a tachometer on an automobile. But they do serve the dual purpose of simplifying record-level control when the TA-2000 is used as a, dubbing center, and of allowing you to test your system's frequency response and channel separation (as well as those of your phono cartridge), and to adjust the azimuth of your tape heads.

A broadcast/recording monitor console in miniature.

The TA-2000 resembles professional sound consoles in more than its VU meters. In addition to the 20 jacks and seven input level controls provided on its rear panel for permanent connections to the rest of your hi-fi system, the TA-2000 boasts a professional patch board in miniature on its front.

Thus, you can feed the inputs from microphones, electric guitars, portable recorders or other signal sources into your system without moving the preamplifier or disturbing your normal system connections in the least. And a front-panel Line Out jack feeds signals for dubbing or other purposes into an external amp or tape recorder, with full control of tone and level from the front-panel controls and VU meters.

The tone correction and filtering facilities are also reminiscent of professional practice, allowing a total of 488 *precisely repeatable* response settings, including one in which all tone controls and filters are removed completely from the circuit.

The amplifier — no mere "black box."

A power amplifier can be considered simply as a "black box" with input and output connections, a power cord, and an on/off switch; and such an amplifier can perform as well (or poorly) as the next one. But in designing the TA-3200F Sony took pains to match the amplifier's facilities to the preamplifier's.

Thus to complement the TA-2000's two pairs of stereo outputs, the TA-3200F has two stereo pairs of inputs, selected by a switch on the front panel. Other front panel controls include independent input level controls for both channels, a speaker selector switch, and a power limiter (in case your present speaker should lack the power handling capacity of the next one you intend to buy).

Circuitry unusual, performance more so.

The output circuitry of the TA-3200F amplifier is of the Darlington type, with single-ended, push-pull complementary-symmetry driver stages supplied with both positive and negative voltages (not just positive and "ground"). This system eliminates the possibility of DC linkage to the speakers, so the amplifier can be coupled directly to the speakers, with no intervening coupling capacitors to cause phase shift, distortion, or low-end roll-off. (A switch on the rear panel does let you limit the bass response below 30Hz if you should want to, otherwise, it extends all the way down to 10Hz.)

As a result, in part, of this unique approach, the TA-3200F produces 200 watts of continuous (RMS) power at 8 ohms, across the entire frequency range from 20 to 20,000 Hz; IHF Dynamic Power is rated at 320 watts into 8 ohms (and fully 500 watts into a 4-ohm load).

But more important by far is the quality of the sound; intermodulation and harmonic distortion levels are held to a mere 0.1% at full rated output, and 0.03% at the more likely listening level of one-half watt. The signal-to-noise ratio is an incredible 110dB. And the full damping factor of 170 is maintained down to the lowest, most critical frequencies (another advantage of the capacitorless output circuit).

The companion TA-2000 preamplifier also boasts vanishingly low distortion and a wide signal-to-noise ratio, but this is less unusual in a preamplifier of the TA-2000's quality (and price). What *is* unusual is the performance of the phono and tape head preamplifier circuits; for though they have sufficient sensitivity (0.06mV) for the lowest-output cartridges (even without accessory transformers), these preamplifier circuits are virtually immune to overload — even with input signals 80 times greater than normal.

Their sole vice: they are hardly inexpensive.

Of course, at a price of $329.50 (suggested list) for the TA-2000 preamplifier, and $349.50 (suggested list) for the TA-3200F power amp, this system cannot be considered other than a luxury. But then, it was intended to be. For there are those to whom fulfillment of prosaic tasks is unfilling. And among them are not only many of our customers, but also many of our engineers. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.

SONY®

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BEHIND THE SCENES

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journed an hour ahead of time. Richard Mohr, RCA's regular man on London projects, was in charge.

Massenet's *Manon* was also being recorded at the same time—improbably enough, at a church in the suburb of Tooting—with Beverly Sills as the heroine. This was a joint EMI/Westminster project, and some sixteen sessions had been scheduled. An independent recording manager, Michael Williamson, was brought in—with whom Miss Sills has worked very happily on her previous London sessions. Also in the cast are Nicolai Gedda as Des Grieux and Gérard Souzay as Lescaut. Julius Rudel conducts the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus.

Menuhin Meets Kempff. When Deutsche Grammophon announced that Yehudi Menuhin would record the Beethoven Violin Sonatas with Wilhelm Kempff for DGG's bicentennial edition of the composer's works, the news was greeted with general astonishment. Here was EMI's prize violinist, an exclusive artist for more years than anyone can remember, recording a central part of the violin repertory for a rival firm. Here too were a pair of artists who, perhaps more than most prominent recording musicians, rely on a spontaneous approach. Potentially a very wonderful partnership, but obviously fraught with problems.

Yet despite gloomy predictions from some quarters, the sessions at Conway Hall in London rolled on oiled wheels. EMI, of course, had loaned Menuhin to DGG in return for an important concession: EMI will be able to use Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic in a forthcoming operatic project that is still under discussion. Another significant point: EMI has recorded Menuhin in the Beethoven violin sonatas twice in the past (with his sister Hephzibah and with Louis Kentner), and the label is currently planning a cycle with Daniel Barenboim and Pinchas Zukerman. So why restrict Menuhin?

On the day before sessions were due to begin, Kempff and Menuhin met at Conway Hall for some preliminary test tapes: they greeted each other like long-lost brothers and launched at once into Op. 12, No. 1. It was an instinctive partnership. The only time that Kempff and Menuhin had previously played together was in Greece some fifteen years ago when they performed the *Kreutzer* and the Brahms G major for the king and queen of Greece. Menuhin and his son, Jeremy, had visited Kempff at home in Positano only recently, but that was more of a social meeting than a series of detailed interpretative discussions. Mutual musical understanding was to come later, from actual playing experience rather than through any verbal preparation.

Kempff called it a "mystic harmony" between him and Menuhin. By some musical magic their spontaneous approaches met and merged perfectly, just as the collaboration of Menuhin and Furtwängler years ago in the Beethoven Violin Concerto brought a natural understanding between two unique musical personalities. The practical results of this *simpatico* relationship yielded the first six sonatas (taped in chronological order) in only three days of recording. Since a day off seemed in order after so much hard work, Kempff found his relaxation by visiting Kew Gardens to look at the rare plants and trees. At seventy-five his energy is still prodigious. He had just given a complete Beethoven sonata cycle in Lisbon at the Gulbenkian Festival, and before that there had been another complete cycle plus all five Beethoven concertos in Tokyo. All this as well as three nerve-wracked days in Vevey when, working against the clock, Kempff, Henryk Szeryng, and Pierre Fournier completed their cycle of the Beethoven piano trios for DGG.

Even after such strenuous activity Kempff's energy was undiminished during the week of sessions in London. He actually wanted to travel from his hotel to Conway Hall every day by the underground railway, but DGG finally persuaded him to use the official car instead. After three hours of sessions every morning from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., a two-hour break was called. Kempff would rush back to his hotel for a siesta, while Menuhin stayed at the hall (not a very comfortable place) and found rest in Yoga exercises. From the start the German engineers were confident that the collaboration was going to prove a winner. Dr. Wilfred Daenicke, in charge of DGG's Beethoven Edition, arrived for the first sessions, but left the detailed recording direction to Dr. Manfred Richter. Naturally DGG is anxious to issue the completed records well before the end of the bicentenary year.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

MUNICH

Kubelik and Mahler's Mighty Eighth Symphony

Deutsche Grammophon's recording of Mahler's Eighth Symphony with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra almost became a sixtieth anniversary performance of the work, which had its world premiere here in Munich on September 12, 1910. I had always thought the work's later subtitle—*Symphony of a Thousand*—had about as little actual application as such monikers usually do, but at Kubelik's concert performance in Munich's Deutsches Museum, preceding the actual recording sessions, the program contained an exact breakdown of that first performance: 170 in the orchestra (including, among other forces, 41 violins, 6 harps, 6 flutes, 8 horns, and an extra 4 trumpets and 3 trombones offstage), 850 in the chorus, and 8 vocal soloists: add the organist and the conductor and you get, sure enough, a grand total of 1,030. Little wonder, then, that one rarely gets a chance to hear a live performance.

The concert and recording sessions on

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BEHIND THE SCENES

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the following days marked the latest step in the joint project by the Bavarian Radio and Deutsche Grammophon to perform and record all the Mahler symphonies under Rafael Kubelik with the orchestra that has come to mean to him what the Czech Philharmonic did before postwar political developments in his native country sent him into voluntary exile. The Munich audience adores him; the ovation he received even before he began the Eighth, let alone at the end of it, led me to muse sadly on how one musically semiliterate termagent on an influential newspaper succeeded in hounding this extremely able conductor out of Chicago when he headed the orchestra there. I also couldn't help wondering, in all fairness, how much Kubelik's personal appearance had figured in his lack of success in the American Midwest; with his enormous height, his bald pate, and his long hair, he looks almost like a caricature of the Central European *Herr Professor*—a type many nervous Americans find not only exotic but downright comical. In Munich such things attract no attention, and the fortunate Müncheners have taken Kubelik to their hearts.

To get the statistics out of the way, Kubelik's Mahler Eighth has as its soloists Martina Arroyo, Erna Spoorenberg, Edith Mathis, Julia Hamari, Norma Procter, Donald Grobe, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Franz Crass. The gigantic chorus includes the staff radio choirs from Hamburg and Cologne as well as Munich, plus the famous Regensburg Boys' Choir (known as "The Cathedral Sparrows"), and the female voices of the Munich Motette Choir.

One tends to link Mahler primarily with Vienna—although he actually came from Bohemia—and the folksongs he learned as a child there and never forgot give him a strong cultural overlap with Kubelik, who learned his Mahler from such guest conductors in Prague as Walter, Klemperer, Kleiber, Zemlinsky, and Talich. Kubelik describes his feelings about Mahler thus: "Mahler is the composer who, at least for me, has perhaps the strongest heart of all composers. He has the courage to say everything which the others perhaps dare only in idealistic form. Beethoven had this courage, and Mahler has it, too. He was the unhappiest of all. He struggled like a titan, like a Hercules, but precisely because he struggled he had such strength. Mahler regarded the symphony as the creation of a world."

Deutsche Grammophon has entered the final stretch of its big Mahler/Kubelik undertaking. It has already released Kubelik's recordings of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Ninth symphonies, as well as the big Adagio from the unfinished Tenth. Later this year Kubelik and his orchestra will record the Seventh, and next year, the Fifth. DGG plans to put a special prerelease edition of the Eighth on sale at this year's Lucerne Festival, where Kubelik has long conducted as one of the annual stars. Elsewhere it will appear next year.

PAUL MOOR

CIRCLE 65 ON READER-SERVICE CARD→

There wasn't room for a big improvement. So we made a little one.

Our engineers made three changes in Sony's popular PS-1800 playback system. They added a little button called "Automatic/Manual"; streamlined its appearance and added "A" after the PS-1800. Obviously, none of these, earth-shaking changes.

You might never use the little button labeled "Automatic/Manual," unless you ran across a non-standard record where the recorded material goes too far into the normally "dead" space surrounding the label. Such records are few and far between. If you run up against one of them, the automatic tonearm return on the Sony would ordinarily lift and return just *before* the record's end. However, if you push the button to "Manual" the arm will track the entire record until you lift it off by hand (or push the reject button).

The styling change means that this superb playback instrument will enhance any room. And the "A" will help you identify it as the new model when you visit your hi-fi specialist.

What's more important is what our engineers didn't do to the PS-1800; what they left well enough alone. The servo control DC motor that keeps wow and flutter at an inaudibly low 0.08; rumble down 60dB (ARLL). A variable pitch control from ±4% (if you don't need it, the built-in strobe disc assures that the variation is indeed tuned out). And the balanced, low mass tone arm is capable of tracking virtually any cartridge at its lowest recommended tracking force.

Not to mention the automation system, which uses a remarkable new solid-state device, the Sony Magnetodiode (SMD). Automatically, it lifts and returns the arm without imposing any drag on the arm during play. The SMD eliminates a variety of mechanical linkages formerly necessary for this function. And there's a reject button (on the front panel so you don't have to lift the dust cover to get at it).

The price of the PS-1800A? No change. $199.50 (suggested list), includes turntable, arm, base and dust cover (cartridge not included).

Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.

SONY® PS-1800A

too hot to handle

I have been trying to decide which of the top automatic turntables to get, but the test reports were done at different times and the methods of measuring flutter and rumble differ, so I can't make a valid comparison. How can I choose between the top Dual, Miracord, PE, Garrard, Lesa, and Sherwood changers?—Daniel J. Horowitz, Springfield, Va.

Our reports on relevant models were indeed made under the same conditions. If rumble and flutter are your major concern, the -56 dB rumble figure measured for the Garrard SL-95 and the Lesa PR-6 was the lowest in the group. Lowest flutter figures were found in the Miracord 50H, Dual 1219, and Garrard SL-95 (0.05%). In our view, differences of a few hundredths of a per cent of flutter or a dB or so of rumble are insignificant however. All of the models we tested came in at 0.1% wow and flutter or better and at -53 dB rumble or better. You should also be aware that there are new top automatic turntables that we have not yet tested in three lines: the Garrard SL-95B, the Miracord 770H, and the PE-2040.

I was thinking of buying a Norelco 2401 cassette deck—a record/playback unit with automatic cassette changer—but I understand that the Staar System cassette changers will be coming out soon and that they are better. Is this true?—Christopher Deens, Mineola, N.Y.

It's true that Staar System cassette changers are being introduced this year. But since we haven't tested them as yet we can't comment on their operation, let alone compare them with existing models. On the basis of advance information and visible evidence only, however, we can point out one advantage and one disadvantage of the Staar System. The advantage over the 2401, at least in some Staar models, is the automatic-reverse feature that plays *both* sides of the cassette before going on to the next. If you like to listen to long works (symphonies, operas, or musical comedy scores, for example) on cassette, you may find the lack of this feature on the 2401 somewhat annoying. But if you like to record long works, you may find the Norelco easier to use because it allows you to see the tape within the cassette while you're recording (as long as there isn't a second cassette on the changer stack covering the one in use). The cassette disappears altogether within the Staar System changers we've seen; the only way to check the remaining space on the tape is to stop the unit and remove the cassette for inspection. We should point out though that if you record and listen to short pops numbers exclusively the differences we've indicated will be relatively insignificant.

Does anyone, at any cost, manufacture a silencer that affects transistor radios within the confines of, say, a city bus or a train car? I am constantly annoyed on public transportation by noise from radios, usually being played by kids. Although it's against the law in Chicago, I doubt that anyone has ever been arrested for it.—Don E. Manning, Chicago, Ill.

Nobody makes such a device intentionally—or legally—to our knowledge. But any device that, by design or misadventure, produces radio-frequency interference can be a strong deterrent to listening, on AM at least. Some radios manufactured in Europe are illegal in this country for that reason. That is, they produce spurious radiation that is above the minimum levels set by the FCC, since such radiation can be picked up as interference by other receivers. Unfortunately for your purposes, the FCC does its best to keep them out of the country.

Spending a year in Vietnam at least provides an opportunity to buy some stereo equipment. However when it comes to buying Japanese-made speakers—e.g., Pioneer and Sansui—the trouble starts. Some say they are bass-heavy, others that they lose their sound quality over the years, etc. I've looked for reviews without success. Does this mean that I should avoid them?—Paul Ahlquist, APO, San Francisco.

Not necessarily. The reason we don't review many Japanese-made speaker systems is that relatively few of the models you're likely to see in the Far East ever make it across the Pacific. Shipping costs on such bulky, heavy items tend to run prices up to uncompetitive levels by the time a system reaches a U.S. dealer. (In electronic components, the shipping costs represent a relatively small proportion of total costs, of course, so the problem is not as severe.) We have no reason to suppose that if a system sounds good to you in Saigon it won't sound equally good to you in Seattle. But you'd still have the problem of shipping it to the U.S.

The audio equalizers discussed in Leonard Feldman's article on "custom-tailored stereo" [July 1970] are intended for playback purposes. But can they be used for recording as well? I want to tape some of my old 45-rpm records and make them into simulated stereo. Can I use these equalizers for the purpose?—Scott C. Lewis, Fort Myer, Va.

Yes; we've fiddled around with the Advent equalizer, connected between the stereo system's tape outputs and the line inputs on the tape recorder, and have had interesting results. But you must use a unit that, like the Advent, lets you equalize the two channels independently. You might also want to try Harman-Kardon's Quadraphonic Processor, which was not covered by Mr. Feldman because it had not yet been announced. It uses a somewhat different approach to simulate a stereo effect from mono signals and, on the basis of advance demonstrations, seems to open up the sound without producing the excessively artificial effects that are all too easy to get with less-than-tasteful use of an equalizer.

My mono system, which uses a McIntosh M-60 amplifier, a C-4 preamp, a University S-8 speaker system, and Garrard record changer with a Pickering 370D cartridge, sounds better than some stereo systems I've heard. However, the replacement needle for the Pickering no longer is available—nor are mono records, for the most part. I've heard that stereo records can now be played through a mono system. Is this correct, or is there a needle that works for both stereo and mono?—Patrick F. Ruggles, Ravenna, Ohio.

The critical element is stylus compliance. Too little vertical compliance and a stereo record will start to fall apart, so to speak, under the rough handling. Almost all cartridges nowadays have styli with enough compliance so that you need not worry, whether you're using them to play mono or stereo records. If you want to stick with your mono system, we'd suggest you buy a new stereo cartridge, one that is recommended by its manufacturer for use with your Garrard model, and connect it with both "hot" leads going into the center wire of the arm cable and both ground leads to its outer shield. It will track both mono and stereo records correctly and reproduce both as mono. As a rule, such a cartridge's stylus will not be elliptical but 0.7-mil conical.

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speaking of records

Why I Didn't Become a Heart Specialist

by Jorge Mester

BACK IN 1939, when I was four years old, I made a discovery that was to set the course for my entire life. Occupying a place of honor near the wind-up Victrola in the living room of our house in Mexico was an album of Hungarian gypsy music lovingly cared for by my immigrant parents. Only on special occasions (usually card parties) were these precious reminders of life in the old country put on the turntable and played, loudly and incessantly. My function at these soirees was to crank the already obsolete machine every time the mechanism slowed down—and I needed no prompting, for I hated to hear the music stop. The sound of the violin was very thrilling to me, and one day, in all innocence, I asked my parents if they would buy me a fiddle. Their eager complicity in launching me into the *wunderkind* circuit brought an abrupt halt to my previous pianistic pursuits. As a matter of fact, the day after my request I terminated my seventh piano lesson with a sharp uppercut in the general direction of my piano teacher's unsuspecting and rather receding chin. I ask myself often what would have happened if Columbia's Stethoscopic Heart Beat record had been our home's Muzak during gin rummy games. Would I have asked for a stethoscope for Christmas?

When I came home for the summer after my sophomore year at the Black-Foxe Military Institute in Hollywood, California (that's another story), I was presented with a new six-record set of Beethoven's Fifth, pressed in manual sequence instead of the usual automatic arrangement. Some genius had invented an automatic record changer especially designed for such records, and it could perform some amazing tricks, all in the interest of uninterrupted—relatively speaking—listening. First it would drop a disc on a flat platform in such a way that the record often did not break. Then a small turntable, no larger than the record label, rose to meet the disc, sometimes miraculously finding the spindle hole on the very first try. When the four minutes were up, the turntable reversed its direction and the tone arm, equipped with a cartridge below as well as above, played the underside of the same record. To allow for the next sequence, the tiny turntable tilted and its burden slid off into a container, permitting the next record to drop. Very often the first record would really succeed in getting out of the way before the second arrived.

This machine was lodged in my bedroom, and before the album was decimated, I had a chance to listen to the Beethoven Fifth several times. One evening, stealthily and with great palpitations, I locked the door, turned on the machine, and actually conducted the first side—without a score. What a great feeling of fulfillment! And how easy it seemed! Every entrance together, every note in tune—this, I felt, was one of the great interpretations of the decade. Why quit now, I asked myself! Why not go on, make a profession of the whole thing?

When I returned to the Institute for my junior year, I joined a local youth orchestra as first violinist (how embarrassed all my friends would have been—not to mention the family—if I had landed among the seconds!). The conductor, a great man I now realize, was aware of my interest in conducting and one day telephoned to ask me if I would conduct Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture*. Colonel Hufford, my immediate supervisor at the Institute, granted me leave to go to a record shop at Sunset and Vine to buy a recording of the overture. During study-hall periods I was permitted to listen to this work several times. I was ready for my debut.

My mother, who was visiting at the time, came to the rehearsal. I began to conduct, and to my ears it was an even greater, deeper, more sublime interpretation than my Mexican Beethoven Fifth. Somewhere toward the middle of the piece, from several rows behind me, I heard the urgently whispered advice: "Faster, faster, darling"—the resident family reviewer had spoken. I will wager that nothing like this ever happened to Portnoy.

As a member of the first violin section of the youth orchestra I had once so slowly conducted, it had been my privilege (at the age of fifteen and dressed in the blue uniform of the military school) to fake many passages from Franck's D minor Symphony, Lecuona's *Malagueña*, and Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture. The one work which most deeply stirred me, however, was Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio espagnol*, which seemed at the time to contain the world's most exciting and beautiful music. Besides, our concertmaster, a beautiful blonde, had lots of solos to play, during the course of which I would count bars of rests and stare at her—an even more satisfactory diversion than playing the violin.

My roommate in school was the son of a German family living in Mexico—a family devoted to evenings of playing chamber music. His father often sang Schubert songs, accompanied by his wife, who later in the proceedings played second violin to his first in Haydn and Beethoven quartets, with other members of the family playing viola and cello. I found these evenings deeply refreshing and revitalizing. Sitting in the comfort of a sofa at the far end of the living room, I could sleep through all the groaning and scratching, awaken at the sound of applause, and inform them all without fear of contradiction that "that was some performance!"

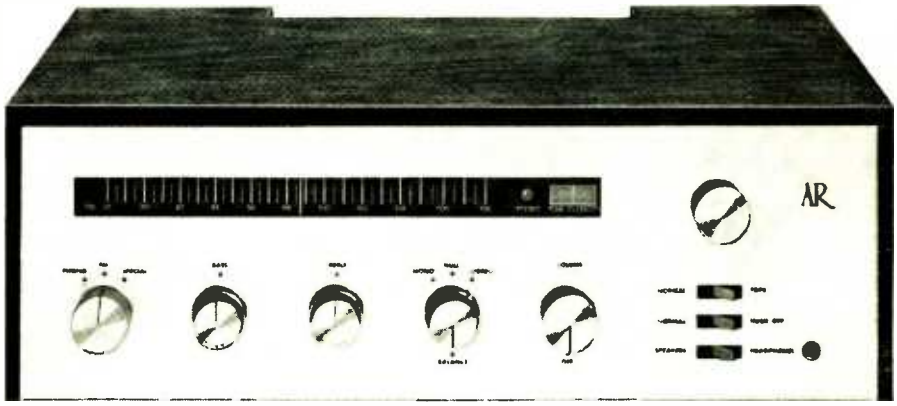
All this is duly noted by way of making it clear that my musical tastes were not really what they should have been. My roommate realized this, and one Saturday he suggested that we visit a nearby record shop to hear some music which he felt I ought to know. With great reluctance I accepted his invitation.

And so that morning I heard Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge* for the first time in my life. The depths of the universe opened up for a few moments and I suddenly knew I would never live without music. That record, a Concert Hall disc by the Pascal Quartet, was the first of a series that firmly ensnared me in the wondrous world of beauty that is music. In quick succession came all the recordings by the Pascal Quartet of the Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn string quartets, and the Budapest Quartet's version of Schubert's C major Quintet; Bruno Walter's *Eroica*, Toscanini's Brahms First, Rodzinski's Shostakovich Fifth, Bernstein's *La Création du Monde*, and Francescatti's Paganini Concertos.

Now, after some twenty years as senior members of my record collection, these old friends never fail to evoke the tumultuous excitement that a fifteen-year-old boy felt one fine Saturday morning in that record shop in Hollywood.

Jorge Mester, conductor of the Louisville Orchestra, this past July began his first season as director of the Aspen Festival.

the AR receiver:
the critics' choice



Stereo Review

"From 0.1 watt to 60 watts (both channels driven into 8-ohm loads), the harmonic distortion with a 1,000-Hz input signal fell from less than 0.2 per cent to less than 0.03 per cent . . . IM distortion was under 0.1 per cent from 0.1 watt to well over 60 watts . . . Previous experience with the AR amplifier suggests that the receiver's maximum 4-ohm output for normal operation on program material is in the vicinity of 100 watts per channel . . . The tone controls of the AR receiver are certainly among the best we have ever used. They are meant to be used, and do not destroy musical values at any settings . . . The FM sections measured IHF sensitivity was 1.8 microvolts (better than AR's specified 2 microvolts). Distortion was under 0.5 per cent – which is as low as our test equipment can measure . . . In short, the AR tuner section is, in a number of areas, simply better than we can measure . . . The FM sound was notably clean, and tuning was non-critical. The flywheel tuning mechanism ranked with the best we have used . . . Considering that their amplifier at $250 is a very good value, one is effectively buying a first-rate FM tuner for $170 more. We have yet to find a component tuner at anywhere near that price that can compare to the tuner section in the AR receiver."

AMERICAN record guide

"Power? There is plenty. AR advertises 60 watts into 4-ohm loads, 50 watts into 8 ohms, and 30 watts into 16 ohms . . . I found AR to be extraordinarily *conservative* in its rating . . . at 4 ohms, my sample delivered *90 watts* per channel over a 50-20,000 Hz range, *60 watts* at 9 ohms, and *48 watts* at 16 ohms. That is a lot of power! . . . I have painted a purely technical picture. But that does not tell the whole story. Let me say that in practical performance, with *music*, it was simply flawless. I was also impressed by many little things, such as the fact that the unit really *is* flat at the indicated flat settings on the tone controls, and the fact that the tuning meter really *does* indicate the center of a channel accurately.

To sum up: AR's receiver is a handsome, impressively-powered unit that delivers fine performance at a reasonable price."

AUDIO

". . . a basic honest design which meets or exceeds all its specifications . . . demonstrates its more than adequate reserve power at all dynamic levels . . . Transparency of sound and good transient response were in evidence throughout our listening tests. Calibration was just about perfect . . ."

Full specifications of the AR receiver are available upon request. The AR receiver has a suggested retail price of $420. An optional walnut case is $20 additional.

AR

Acoustic Research Inc.
24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

CIRCLE 1 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

new equipment reports THE CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

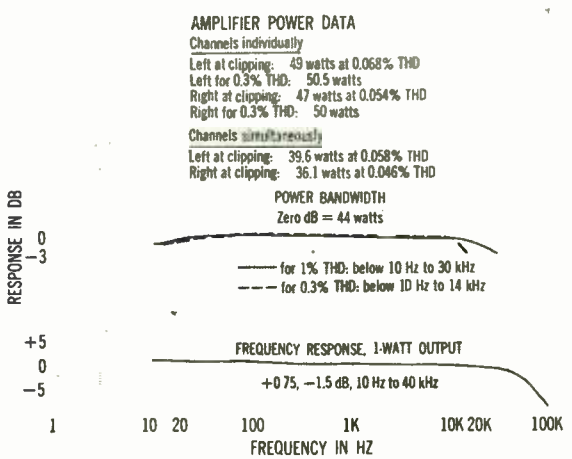
SHERWOOD UPGRADES ITS TOP-LINE RECEIVER

THE EQUIPMENT: Sherwood S-8900, a stereo FM receiver. Dimensions: front panel, 16½ by 5 inches; chassis depth, 13⅜ inches. Price: $399.50. (Same unit with AM added, as Model S-7900, $439.50.) Manufacturer: Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 North California Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618.

COMMENT: Sherwood's S-8900 receiver looks like the company's 1969 top-of-the-line model, the S-8800a, but it offers a little more performance in both its amplifier and tuner sections. For instance, where the S-8800a's amplifier section produced (on the left channel) 45.1 watts for rated distortion of 0.35 per cent, the S-8900 produces 50.5 watts for 0.30 per cent THD. Both low- and high-frequency square-wave responses are a shade better in the new model. The phono input S/N ratio is markedly improved, from a very good 58 dB to an outstanding 77 dB. The amplifier power bandwidth is about the same at the high end in both models, but reaches down more firmly into the bass region in the new set. Frequency response has been improved from +0, −2 dB, 10 Hz to 30 kHz in the S-8800a to +0.75, −1.5 dB, 10 Hz to 40 kHz in the S-8900.

As for the tuner section, we measured an IHF sensitivity of 1.9 microvolts in the older receiver, and 2.2 microvolts in the new model. At first glance it may seem that the newer set is less sensitive. This is not so, however, and here's why. At normal FM received-signal strength, the S-8800a achieved maximum quieting action of 54 dB. For similar incoming signals, the S-8900 achieves quieting of 58 to 59 dB. Both amounts of quieting are better than average, but the 59-dB figure may be something of a record in this particular performance area. In terms of stations logged, the S-8800a pulled in a total of forty-five; the present model received fifty, of which thirty-seven were judged suitable for long-term critical listening or for off-the-air taping. Capture ratio in the new set is a jot poorer than in the older model (3 dB versus 2 dB), but signal-to-noise ratio has been improved from 68 dB to 73 dB. Distortion in the new set, while generally a few hundredths of a per cent higher, was still well below audible levels. FM response and stereo channel separation were about the same in both sets.

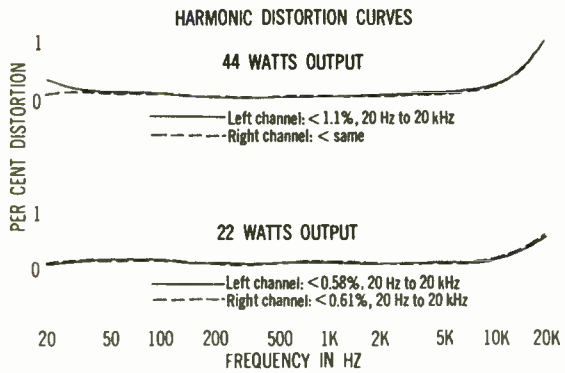
Styling has been updated: the front escutcheon now has a sculptured look, with a long black section (that holds the tuning dial, tuning knob, and volume off/on control) standing out somewhat from the rest of the brushed-chrome panel. Tuning is aided by a center-of-channel meter and a stereo signal indicator. Controls across the lower half of the panel include two small knobs for phono level and FM hush; four larger knobs for input selector, bass, treble, channel balance; and pushbuttons for mono/stereo mode, tape monitor, high filter, loudness contour off/on, speakers main and remote off/on. The phono level control lets you balance the signal from whatever pickup you're using with other program sources. The FM hush knob, which ranges from completely off to maximum, introduces varying degrees of interstation muting. The selector control chooses phono, FM, or auxiliary (on the S-7900, it also has an AM position). Bass and

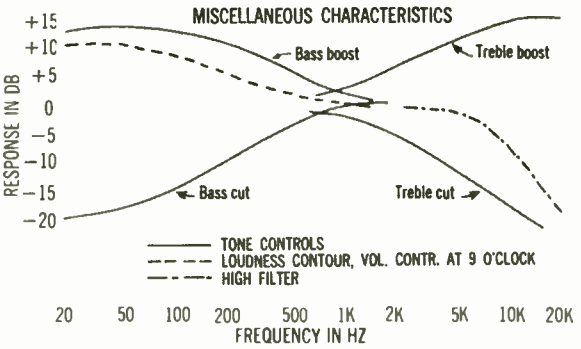


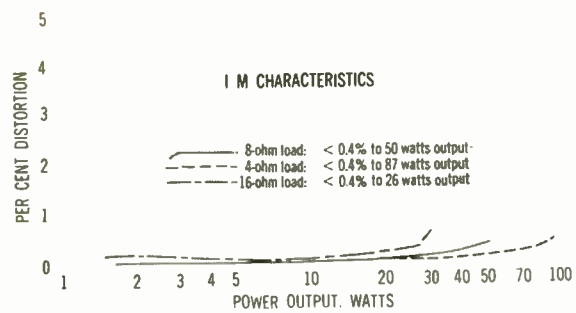
REPORT POLICY

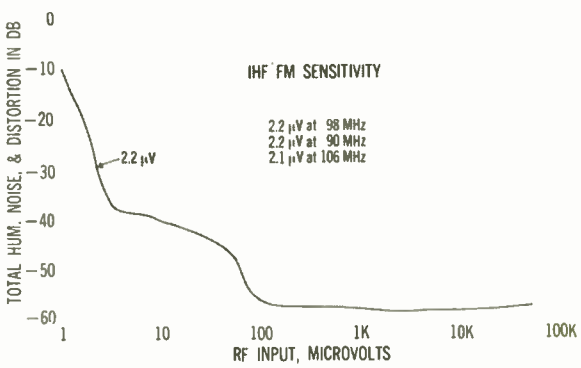
Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and controlled listening tests. Unless otherwise noted, test data and measurements are obtained by CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Connecticut, a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., one of the nation's leading research organizations. The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

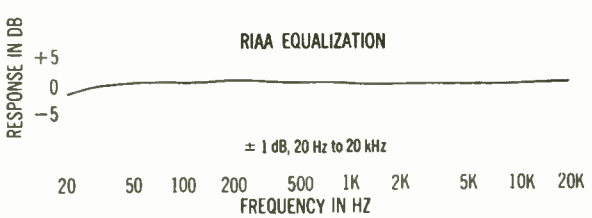
Uncluttered back panel of the Sherwood S-8900 has FM connections at lower left, preamp and control-section inputs at upper right, convenience outlets flanking line cord. Special feature is "mono spkr" (center-channel) output plus stereo pairs.

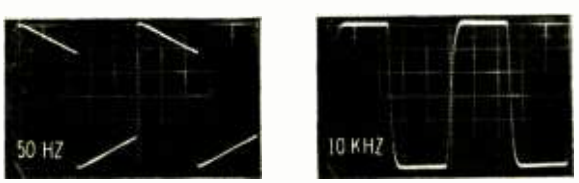




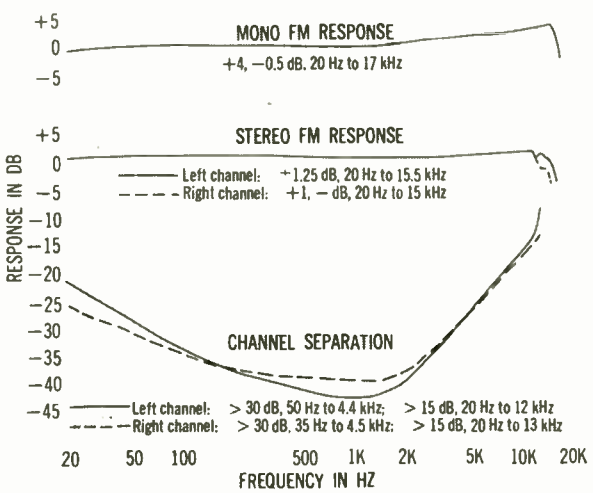








Square wave response.



Sherwood S-8900 *Additional Data*

Tuner Section

Capture ratio		3 dB	
S/N ratio		73 dB	
IM distortion		0.55%	
THD	mono	l ch	r ch
40 Hz	0.18%	0.64%	0.69%
400 Hz	0.11%	0.65%	0.66%
1 kHz	0.28%	0.48%	0.55%
19-kHz pilot		48 dB	
38-kHz subcarrier		41 dB	

Amplifier Section

Damping factor	61	
Input characteristics (for 44 watts output)	Sensitivity	S/N
phono	2.5 to 6.4 mV	77 dB
aux	138 mV	71 dB
tape monitor	295 mV	73 dB

treble controls operate on both channels simultaneously. The front panel also has an output jack for convenient hookup to feed signals into a tape recorder or to play them back from the recorder, and another jack for driving headphones. Both these jacks are live regardless of the positions of the speaker selectors.

The rear of the set contains stereo inputs for magnetic phono, auxiliary, and tape monitor. There's also a stereo pair for tape feed. Terminals are provided for connecting two pairs of stereo speaker systems (nominally "main" and "remote") on each output channel, plus a fifth mono ("center") speaker. The FM antenna input accommodates either 300-ohm or 75-ohm lead-in. (On the S-7900, there's an additional antenna terminal for a long-wire AM antenna plus a built-on removable FM rod antenna.) A fuse-holder, two AC outlets (one switched), a system grounding post, and the set's power cord complete the picture.

Either the S-8900, or the S-7900 with AM, can serve as the control and power center of a high-quality home stereo installation. It may be installed as is on a shelf or surface, inserted into an optional wooden case, or fitted into a custom cutout.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A TAPE RECORDER THAT THREADS ITSELF

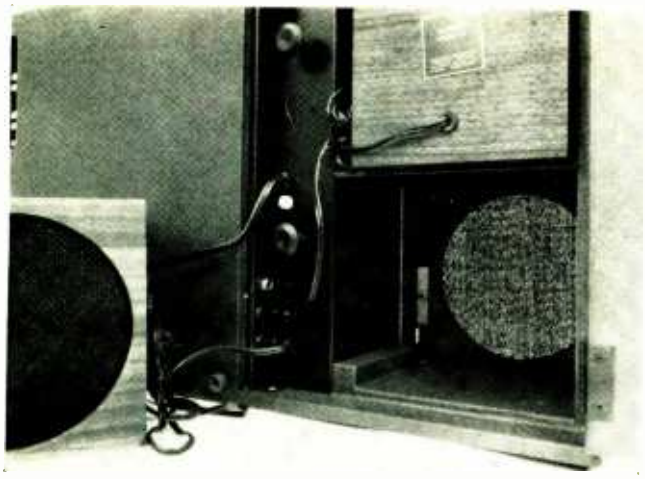
THE EQUIPMENT: Ampex 1467 quarter-track stereo open-reel tape recorder with automatic threading and reverse, built-in record/playback amplifiers, and extendable speakers. Dimensions: 13½ by 23¾ by 8 inches plus carrying cover. Price: $479.95, including a pair of microphones. Manufacturer: Ampex Corporation, 2201 Estes Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007.

COMMENT: Most home tape recorders in use today find service primarily in playing recorded tapes, whether commercially or privately made. The 1467 is a model that recognizes the fact quite frankly by addressing itself handsomely to this use in providing maximum convenience and excellent sound in tape playback. At the same time, the unit is very much a recorder that can be used as a self-contained machine or connected as a deck in a component stereo system. It can produce sound-on-sound recordings or add tape echo to mono signals.

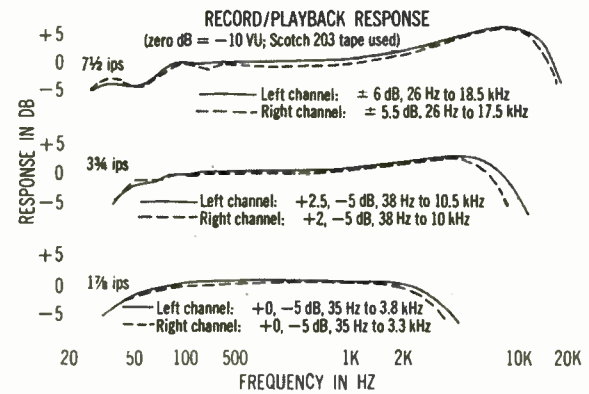
Although it has a carrying handle, the 1467 is not what we'd call "portable." The unit is not light, nor does it run on battery power. With all its elements in place, however, the 1467 allows its user to transport an entire recording system—the tape mechanism with its record and playback electronics, a pair of microphones, and a complete stereo monitoring system that includes a pair of small extension speakers. The speakers, when stored in the case behind a grille cloth, act as a mono monitoring system. But each has a nine-foot cord connecting to a speaker jack at the rear of the unit. Removed from the case and extended, they offer plenty of separation for true stereo monitoring. And despite their small size, we found them quite satisfactory for monitor use or relatively casual listening with a little help from the unit's tone controls.

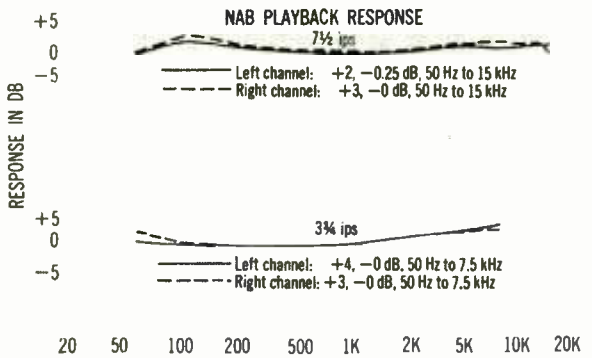
In appearance, the transport is typical of those from Ampex Consumer Products in recent years. It operates at three speeds (7½, 3¾, and 1⅞ ips) and is designed for mono or stereo operation. For automatic threading, the free end of the tape is

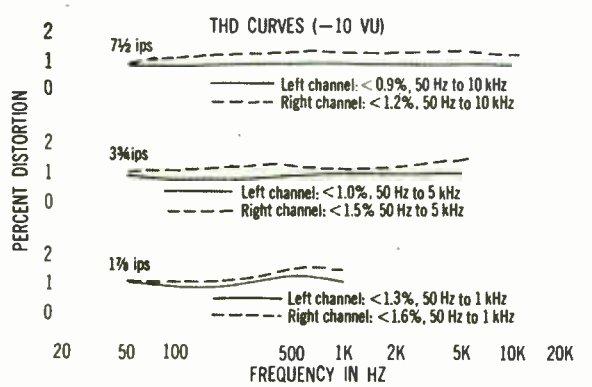
At left are main record controls: pause button, ganged level controls (plus push on/off), mode selector combined with cross-feed level for echo and sound-on-sound. Record buttons, mike inputs, auto-reverse signal button, and reverse-mode switch are above. At right is auto-thread wheel—which can be replaced by reel—with cover panels removed to show how tape take-up works.



Extension speakers nestle in case as mono monitor or when unit is transported. But either or both can be slipped out to separate them for full stereo perspective.





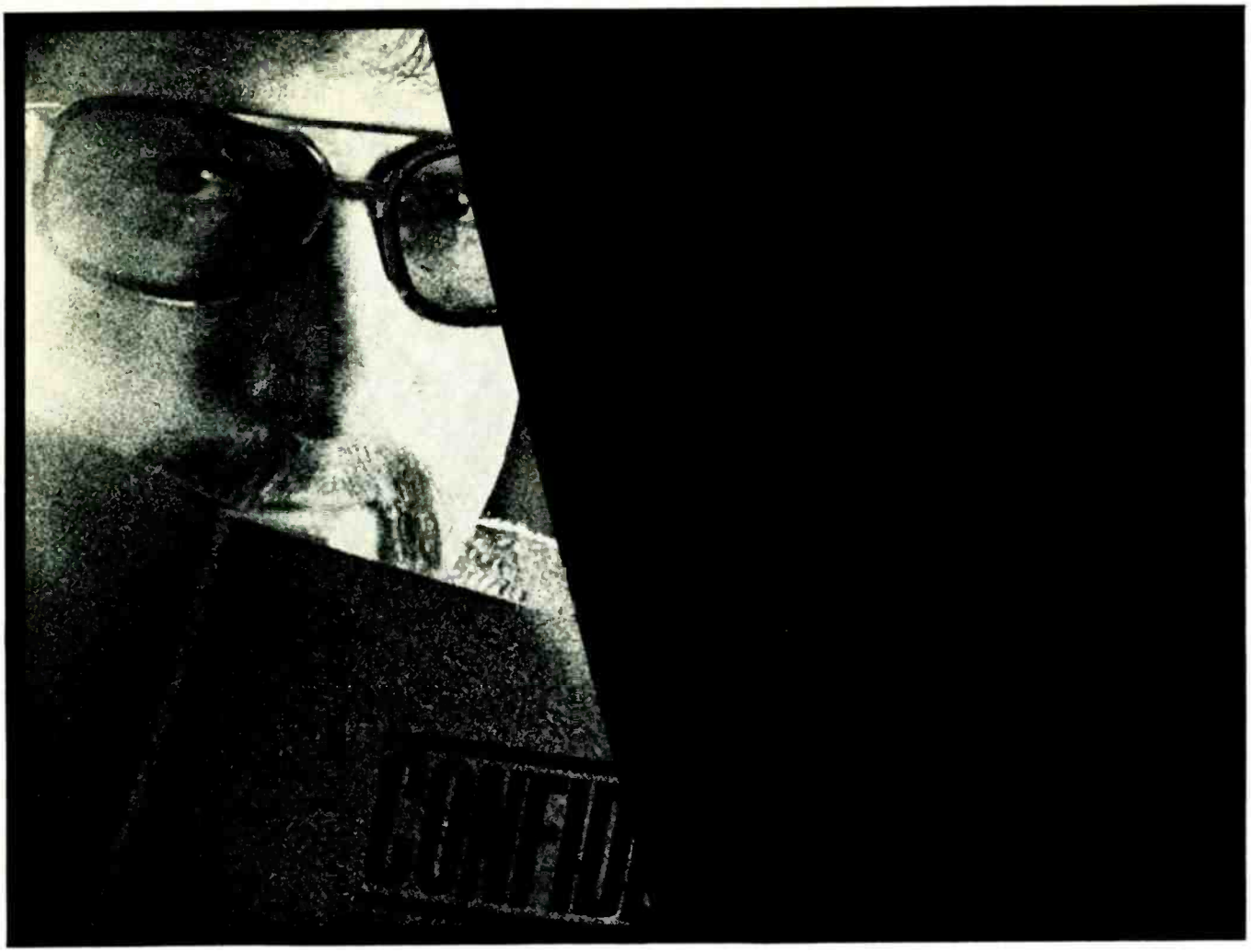


drawn around the head housing and through a long slot on the take-up side. When the transport is started, a toothed wheel below the slot grasps the end of the tape and begins winding in the tape. The automatic reverse (triggered by a 20-Hz cue signal on the tape) changes transport direction, and the tape rewinds onto the reel. At the end of the second pass, the machine will either stop or begin once again on the first side, depending on the position of a front-panel switch. The unit therefore will play a properly tone-cued stereo tape either out-and-back or continuously. (The tone is provided on all Ampex-processed tapes; on other tapes, the cue can be added by the 1467.) The motor stops automatically if the tape runs through (or loses tension through malfunction).

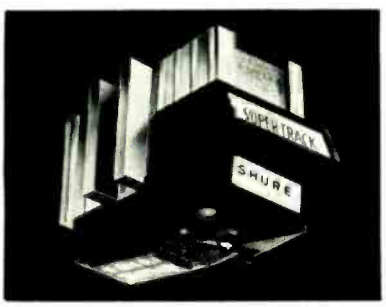
For editing, it is necessary to remove the cover over the automatic-thread wheel so that the tape can be "rocked" for an accurate fix on the edit point. The pause control is used for this purpose, since in the playback mode it leaves the playback heads (for either direction) live and the tape in contact with them. For recording on both sides of a tape, the automatic-thread wheel must be replaced by a standard reel, using an accessory shaft-adapter supplied with the unit, since the record mode operates only in the forward direction. While the process is neither

Ampex 1467 — *Additional Data*

Speed accuracy, 7½ ips	105 VAC: 0.7% slow 120 VAC: 0.7% slow 127 VAC: 0.7% slow	
3¾ ips	105 VAC: 1% slow 120 VAC: 1% slow 127 VAC: 1% slow	
1⅞ ips	105 VAC: 0.5% slow 120 VAC: 0.5% slow 127 VAC: 0.5% slow	
Wow and flutter, 7½ ips	playback: 0.07% record/playback: 0.08%	
3¾ ips	playback: 0.10% record/playback: 0.18%	
1⅞ ips	record/playback: 0.25%	
Rewind time, 7-in., 1,200-ft. reel	1 min., 48 sec.	
Fast-forward time, same reel	1 min., 50 sec.	
S/N ratio (ref. 0 VU, test tape)		
playback	l ch: 50.5 dB	r ch: 48 dB
record/playback	l ch: 49 dB	r ch: 47 dB
Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)	62 dB	
Crosstalk (400 Hz)		
record left, playback right	59 dB	
record right, playback left	58 dB	
Sensitivity (for 0 VU recording level)		
line input	l ch: 125 mV	r ch: 132 mV
mike input	l ch: 1.4 mV	r ch: 1.5 mV
Accuracy, built-in meters	left: reads exact right: reads exact	
IM distortion (record/play)		
7½ ips, 0 VU record level	l ch: 3.4%	r ch: 2.9%
−10 VU record level	l ch: 1.4%	r ch: 1.1%
3¾ ips, 0 VU	l ch: 3.0 %	r ch: 3.0%
−10 VU	l ch: 2.1%	r ch: 2.5%
Maximum output, preamp or line	l ch: 560 mV	r ch: 560 mV
Power output, built-in amplifier (into 8-ohm loads)	l ch: 8 watts	r ch: 8 watts



Our worst kept secret.



We were finally found out! Hirsch-Houck Laboratories, in a published report, said, "The trackability score for the *Shure V-15 Type II Improved* is by a comfortable margin the best we have measured to date." They also said, "Shure had, without fanfare, made a few other improvements." I suppose we'd better 'fess up. It's true. We'll be pleased to send you the Hirsch-Houck report covering such things as improved separation; perfect tone bursts; the first visually perfect sine wave; freedom from "shattering;" neutral sound; and how to convert your present V-15 Type II for only $27.00! Write to Shure Brothers Incorporated, 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60204.

SHURE

CIRCLE 63 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

complicated nor time-consuming, it is one that would not be required at all by a machine without the automatic-thread feature.

The record meters, though accurately calibrated, are very small in size and therefore may hinder pinpoint critical work by the more demanding recordist. This recorder, however, is not designed with such use in mind. Its performance characteristics, as outlined in the acccompanying data, are adequate for a great many home users. The unit may be used either vertically or horizontally, although in the latter position the back-panel connections, including the headphone jack, are inaccessible.

LEAK'S NEW SANDWICH SPEAKER

THE EQUIPMENT: Leak Mark III, a compact, full-range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: 25¾ by 14⅞ by 12¼ inches. Price: $199. Manufactured by H. J. Leak & Co., Ltd., London, England; U.S. distributor, Ercona Corp., 2121 Bellmore Ave., Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.

COMMENT: The Leak Mark III is the newest version of the Sandwich loudspeaker introduced about nine years ago. A two-way sealed-cabinet system, it employs a woofer made of laminations of foam and aluminum (hence the name "sandwich") crossed over at about 1,200 Hz to a smaller cone tweeter. The woofer composition is designed for rigidity and stiffness to aid its piston action while avoiding cone breakup. The new Sandwich is more efficient than the older model and requires less amplification power for full output. At the same time, it is robustly made and can take fairly high amplifier power before distorting. A minimum average of 2.25 watts will produce an output level of 94 db at 1 meter on axis through the midrange; the speaker can handle up to 100 watts of steady-state power before exceeding 10 per cent harmonic distortion. For the user this means that the Mark III can be driven successfully and safely to very loud levels by just about any amplifier on the market. Impedance at 100 Hz is 9 ohms; it does not dip below 8 ohms across the audio band. No controls are furnished. Styling is simple and neat: a sturdy walnut box faced with a dark tan grille cloth surrounded by thin aluminum strips.

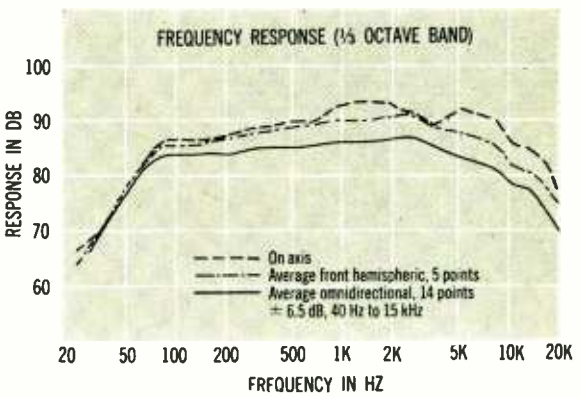
The response of the Mark III is similar to that of the earlier version: it spans the audio range smoothly with few dips and no peaks, but with a characteristic slight midrange pre-emphasis, and smooth roll-offs in the extreme bass and highs. Over-all response was clocked as plus or minus 6.5 dB from 40 Hz to 15,000 Hz. As we noted on the previous Sandwich system, the upper middles and highs sound somewhat directive when heard close up; they become less directive and more spread out as you step back a few feet. This characteristic seems related to the system's ability to project its sound away from itself which, on stereo, imparts a kind of dramatic impact to many passages, especially those strong in percussives and transients. Some ringing was noted in pulse tests at 3 kHz.

In direct comparison with other bookshelf speaker systems, we found the Mark III more efficient, stronger through the midrange, while sounding relatively thinner in the deepest bass. At that, you can get stronger bass out of the Leaks by installing them closer to, or right on, the floor. Beyond this comment, we'd say that the Mark III is probably less critical of room size than many bookshelf reproducers; because of its "projection" and its ability to handle very high amplifier power, it could fill a larger-than-average room with clean sound.

CIRCLE 142 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The 1467 is, to repeat, above all a convenience playback unit. As such it is amply endowed with additional features that will allow the owner to venture into most of the activities pursued by the hobbyist, though in some ways without the flexibility or extra precision that would be expected of a true hobbyist unit. But it is not a compromise: its priorities evidently have been treated with care by Ampex. In putting maximum emphasis on those functions that it believes will be paramount to most users—while retaining a striking degree of versatility—Ampex has demonstrated considerable ingenuity.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Leak Mk III Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level dB	Frequency			
	80 Hz		300 Hz	
	% 2nd	% 3rd	% 2nd	% 3rd
70	0.88	0.9	0.54	0.35
75	0.95	0.7	0.52	0.25
80	0.82	0.65	0.5	0.2
85	1.0	0.95	0.48	0.45
90	1.2	1.3	0.52	0.45
95	1.8	1.5	0.5	0.2
100	3.0	2.1	0.6	0.3
105	buzzing		1.2	0.45
110			buzzing	

*Distortion data is taken on tested speakers until a level of 100 dB is reached or distortion exceeds 10 per cent or the speaker buzzes.

REPORTS IN PROGRESS

Sony TA-1144 Integrated Amplifier
Marantz Imperial III Speaker System

CIRCLE 103 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

At our Swindon works, for every man who assembles we have one who tests.

Garrard of England is the world's largest producer of component automatic turntables.

And our SL95B is generally conceded to be the most advanced automatic you can buy, at any price.

Yet we confess to some startlingly old-fashioned ideas.

Instead of rewarding the speedy, for example, we encourage the persnickety.

In final assembly, each man who installs a part tests that finished assembly. The unit doesn't leave his station until he's satisfied it's right.

For a faulty unit to be passed down the line, a man must make the same mistake twice. An occurence we find exceedingly rare.

If something *isn't* up to standard, he adjusts it on the spot—or sets it aside to be made right.

Hardly the sort of thing production records are made of.

A modest record

But as Brian Mortimer, Director of Quality Assurance, has said, "We absolutely refuse to let units per hour become an obsession. It is simply a useful statistic.

"Each final assembly line for our 95B consists of nineteen men and women.

"In top form, they turn out twenty units an hour. A rather modest record in these days of mechanized production lines.

"But if we were to speed it up, we'd pay for it in quality. And, in my book, that's a bad bargain."

Of roots and heritage

We admit, however, to enjoying a special circumstance. Garrard recently marked its fiftieth year, all of them in the town of Swindon, England.

In a time of people without roots and products without a heritage, many Garrard employees are second and third generation.

Brian Mortimer's father, E. W., hand-built the first Garrard.

And in all, 256 of our employees have been with us over 25 years.

A happy circumstance, indeed.

To buy or not to buy

In an age of compromise, we indulge still another old-fashioned notion.

Of the 202 parts in a Garrard automatic turntable, we make all but a piddling few.

We do it for just one reason. We can be more finicky that way.

For instance, in the manufacture of our Synchro-Lab motor we adhere to incredibly fine tolerances.

Bearings must meet a standard of plus or minus one ten-thousandth of an inch. Motor pulleys, likewise.

To limit friction (and rumble) to the irreducible minimum we super finish each rotor shaft to one *micro-inch*.

And the finished rotor assembly is automatically balanced to within .0008 in.-oz. of the absolute.

Not parity, but superiority

Thirty-odd years ago, H. V. Slade (then Garrard of England's uncompromising Managing Director) set policy which endures to this day.

"We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. only when it is more advanced than any machine available there."

Spurred by this commitment, Garrard engineers have produced every major advance in automatic turntables.

Today's SL95B remains the world's premiere automatic turntable.

Its revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor produces *unvarying* speed, and does it with an ultra-light turntable.

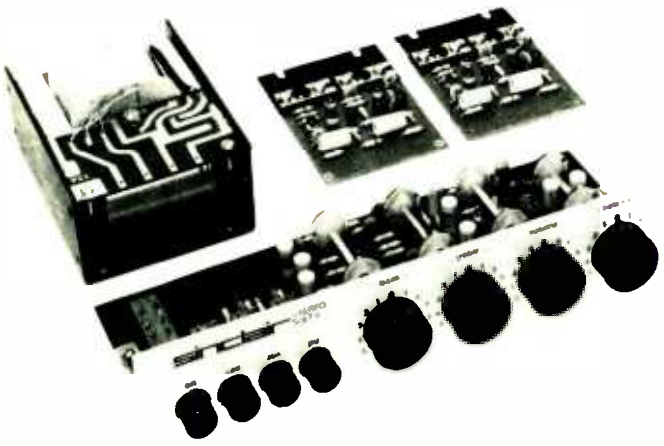
Its new counterweight adjustment screw lets you balance the tone arm to a hundredth of a gram.

And its patented anti-skating control is permanently accurate.

The six Garrard component models range from the 40B at $44.50 to the SL95B (shown) at $129.50.

Your dealer can help you select the right one for your system.

Garrard®
British Industries Co.



Basic sections of Sinclair amplifier include preamp-control unit, power supply subchassis, and a pair of power output modules. Buyer also can exercise his option as to choice of noise filter.

CUSTOM AMP FROM STANDARD MODULES

Lately we've heard that the British company Sinclair Radionics is applying the modular principle of assembly to home electronics in a way that is just about unique. Sinclair's Project 60 series of modules—which are now distributed here by Audionics, Inc., of Portland, Oregon—allow the purchaser to concoct just the amplifier system he wants, using factory-wired subassemblies.

The basic unit is the Stereo 60 preamp/control module. It can drive a pair of either Z.30 (20 watts continuous each) or Z.50 (40 watts continuous each into 4 ohms or 30 watts into 8 ohms) power amp modules. There are three power supply modules. The PZ-5 drives a Stereo 60 plus a pair of Z.30s; the PZ-6 is intended for the same combination of modules when they are used with speakers of unusually low efficiency; the PZ-8 powers a Stereo 60 plus a pair of Z.50s. This last combination, which would seem to be closest to American tastes, is delivered minus the power transformer, perhaps to encourage the substitution of a 120-volt transformer for the 220-volt model standard in Britain. Batteries can be used too.

The latest module to be added to the Project 60 system is the Active Filter Unit, a steep-contour (12 dB per octave), multiposition rumble and scratch filter. The filter unit is delivered with a front panel and knobs to match the Stereo 60 preamp. Specifications for the modules generally are attractive: typical THD ratings, for example, are 0.02%. And the entire system can be built into a base (or plinth, as the British call it) for a Garrard turntable.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

DO IT YOURSELF—!N STYLE

If you're ever built your own components from the plans in hobby-electronics books, even if you attempted nothing more complex than a speaker-control box, you know how hard it is to get an elegant-looking result. Indeed most of us are the sort of dufters who consider anyone attempting to make his own audio equipment from scratch as a sort of Saint George with a soldering iron. But for the dragon-slaying crowd—and you might be surprised how large a crowd it is—Ten-Tec is offering a series of unusually handsome enclosures for home-brewed electronic components, designed to modular-size relationships.

There are two series of Decorator models: the 4½-inch-high MW series and the 2½-inch-high JW series. Both of the front panels on these models are eggshell white and the side panels are made of wood-finished Cycolac. (Professional models in grey are designated MG and JG series respectively.) Prices for the Decorator models range from $4.50 to $13, depending on size, plus a dollar or two for an appropriate internal chassis.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERIVE CARD

HEART THROBS IN STEREO

Boghos L. Artinian of the Tapline Base Hospital in Beirut, Lebanon has devised a stereo stethoscope that, he says, makes it much easier for the doctor to differentiate and localize sounds generated by the heart and lungs. The design is quite simple: it uses two chest pieces, each connected to the other and to one of the ear tubes of a standard stethoscope "headset" by flexible tubing. Mr. Artinian says that he got the basic inspiration (though not the design itself) from that self-styled arbiter of all matters of the heart, *Playboy* magazine.

CHOOSING AND USING A MIKE

Advanced recordists may be interested in a new booklet from Electro-Voice: "Microphone Primer for the Professional Performer." It contains a good deal of basic information that can be helpful no matter what brand of mikes you use, though of course it features E-V's own broad range of models. You can get a copy free by writing to Electro-Voice, Inc., Department NB670, 619 Cecil Street, Buchanan, Michigan 49107.

POWER and purpose are implicit in its every distinctive line...

Never before has there been a receiver like the 387. Power and purpose are implicit in its every distinctive line . . . from its bold new high-visibility dial face to the sweep of its comprehensive control panel. And just wait until you experience the 387's effortless performance! A new kind of receiver power is yours to command — instantaneous, undistorted, unmatched for flexibility and responsiveness.

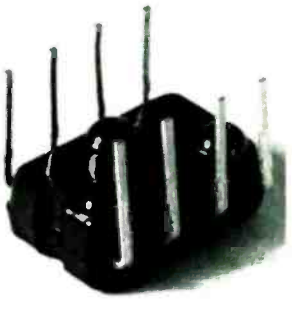
Inside, the 387 justifies its advanced exterior. Here are tomorrow's electronics . . . Integrated Circuits, Field Effect Transistors, solderless connections, and electronic safeguard systems to keep the 387's 270 Watts of power totally usable under all conditions.

Decades of manufacturing experience and engineering skill have gone into the 387. But to really appreciate how its designers have totally rejected the ordinary, you must see it and hear it.

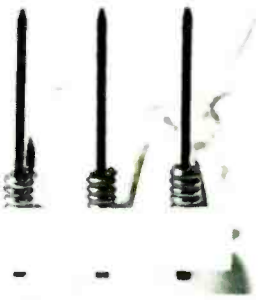
SCOTT 387 AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER

Computer-activated "Perfectune" light: Perfectune computer decides when you're tuned for the best reception and lowest distortion, then snaps on the Perfectune light.

New Modutron Circuit Board Exchange Policy: Takes over after your warranty expires; insures quick, inexpensive replacement of any plug-in printed circuit board for as long as you own your Scott unit.



Ultra-reliable Integrated Circuits: Seven IC's are included in the 387 . . . totalling 91 transistors, 28 diodes, and 109 resistors.



New solderless connection techniques: Tension-wrapped terminal connections plus plug-in circuit modules result in the kind of reliability associated with aerospace applications.

387 SPECIFICATIONS

AMPLIFIER SECTION: Total power (±1 dB) 270 Watts @ 4 Ohms; IHF music power, 220 Watts @ 4 Ohms; 140 Watts @ 8 Ohms; Continuous output, with one channel driven, 100/100 Watts @ 4 Ohms; 63/63 Watts @ 8 Ohms; Continuous output, with both channels driven, 85/85 Watts @ 4 Ohms; 55/55 Watts @ 8 Ohms; Harmonic distortion, 0.5% at rated output; IHF power bandwidth, 10 Hz — 38 kHz; Hum and noise, phone, —70 dB. TUNER SECTION: (FM); Usable sensitivity (IHF), 1.9 uV; Stereo separation, 40 dB; Capture ratio, 2.5 dB; Signal/Noise ratio, 65 dB; Cross modulation rejection, 80 dB; Selectivity, 42 dB. TUNER SECTION: (AM); Sensitivity (IHF), 4 uV @ 600 kHz; Selectivity (IHF), 32 dB.

Price: $449.95 Accessory case, extra.

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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Export: Scott International, Maynard, Mass. 01754

CIRCLE 100 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A Bumper Crop of New Products

By Robert Long

Probably the most varied, most exciting product introductions in the history of high fidelity will begin to reach dealers this fall.

To look at the products that high fidelity manufacturers are introducing during the fall and winter season, you'd think that components had just been discovered. Never before have there been so many products, so many product types, or so many brand names to confront the prospective purchaser. And there are some fascinating new wrinkles in the physiognomy of high fidelity—wrinkles that suggest a certain maturity and since they're more than skin deep can be a source of some embarrassment to the wearer. But we'll come back to that.

As the spring of 1970 deepened into summer, manufacturers and dealers became increasingly candid about the degree to which component sales have fallen short of projections based on the preceding boom years. The prime cause, according to most, was the general economic malaise that has affected so many industries. Why then such a rush to new products? Are stereo components being treated to a massive infusion of new styling, much as women's fashion designers are relying on the midi to help ailing sales? In the main, I think not.

Sales figures have their influence of course. For instance, it is the medium-priced products that have suffered most in recent months; and it is striking how many of the new products are either high-end state-of-the-art equipment or budget-priced basics. It therefore seems more than accident that Scott, Sherwood, Kenwood, and others are introducing $200 receivers for the fall season, while Fisher has one at $250 and both Sony and Sansui have $150 models. And there are many high-end products that might be cited—notably among tape recorders of all sorts, turntables, tuners, special amplifier systems, and even compacts.

But while manufacturers must take the state of the market into account if their new products are to succeed, a careful look at the new wares convinces me that most of the true components being readied for market offer features that outstrip earlier models and constitute more than cosmetic updating. The low-price compacts and pseudo-component modules that are being announced for the mass market, on the other hand, display discouragingly little improvement. That is to say that while a digital dial may help to sell a clock radio, for example, it doesn't improve its performance or versatility in any material way.

Crow's Feet or Frown Lines?

Among the wrinkles we mentioned earlier, the most noticeable—and talked of—is the result of the four-channel concept in sound reproduction. And since it cuts across all product categories, it deserves special consideration. Almost inexorably, the high fidelity industry seems to be accepting the idea that four-channel sound will be a commercial reality in the not too distant future. Of course some manufacturers would maintain that it is so now. The hardware is there in terms of open-reel tape equipment, and has been for a year. To the original roster of Crown International, Teac, and Telex/Viking have been added the names of 3M/Wollensak, Sony/Superscope, Astrocom/Marlux, Ampex, and Roberts—roughly in the order of appearance of pilot open-reel quadriphonic models. Some manufacturers of open-reel equipment had previously spoken disparagingly of the four-channel idea; by the summer of 1970, however, they seemed a trifle more circumspect.

Following the RCA/Motorola announcement of quadriphonic eight-track cartridges in the spring, it was assumed that other companies would produce similar equipment. And by summer it had become evident that Lear Jet, Telex, Automatic Radio, Car

Tapes, and probably others were indeed thinking in that direction. A number of companies (for instance, Ampex, 3M/Wollensak, and Astrocom/Marlux) have demonstrated prototypes of four-channel cassette equipment; but like Lumistor Products (the first company to announce plans for a quadriphonic cassette deck), they have said that no product could appear until Philips had set four-channel standards for all its cassette licensees. And while a Norelco/Philips pilot model has been demonstrated too, final standards according to Norelco spokesmen will depend on compatibility. That is, four-channel cassettes must be playable on all stereo and mono equipment without the loss of any program information—even ambience channels—and without compromising the cassette's potential for quality sound reproduction.

In electronics, Scott announced its four-channel amplifier last winter. Fisher followed with a four-channel receiver that included delay lines to derive the rear-channel signals when a standard two-channel stereo program source is in use. Harman-Kardon has a four-channel control unit and "synthesizer" that includes everything necessary to turn a stereo system into a four-channel system except the program source and the two extra speakers. (It even includes special circuitry to turn mono into stereo and stereo into four-channel sound.) Marantz too is working on an add-on unit to adapt stereo systems to four-channel use. And manufacturers like JVC are saying that within a few months their entire electronics line will be quadriphony-ready: that is, there will be all the necessary jacks or replaceable printed-circuit boards to accommodate the adapters and add-on units that presumably will be required. Just what sort of adapting will be needed is one of the "iffy" questions involved. The recently announced Advent/Scheiber encoder system presumably would take care of all quadriphonic program sources, allowing the four channels to be transmitted on the two now available on discs, FM multiplex, and even regular stereo tapes. But a good deal of engineering opinion still classes the Scheiber system as a compromise by comparison to the transmission of four discrete (in this context, that means unencoded) channels of information.

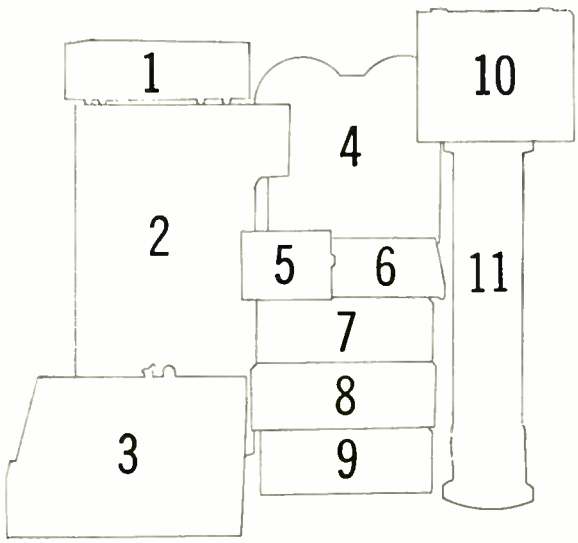
Set against this sort of encoding are a number of proposed systems for broadcasting four channels from a single FM station. One of the most recent—and most interesting—of these is that of Quadracast Systems, designed by engineer Lou Dorren, hardware for which will be manufactured by Mikado Electronics Corporation if and when it receives FCC approval. Models from such companies as Fisher (the 701 receiver), Marantz (Model 19 receiver and Model 20 tuner), JVC (the aforementioned component line), and Harman-Kardon (the new High Performance compacts) allow for the substitution of multiplex boards to receive the four-channel broadcasts once the FCC has acted. And all have the jacks needed for such products as the Advent/Scheiber adapter or the Harman-Kardon Quadraphonic Sound Processor.

What about the tapes and discs to play on quadriphonic gear until the FCC comes through? Their virtual nonexistence is the reason why so many manufacturers consider quadriphony as no more than an intriguing idea with eventual (rather than present) commercial potential. There are a limited number of Vanguard tapes in circulation, plus some recently announced by the Project 3 label. Four-channel cassettes—like all Scheiberized materials—exist only in handmade demonstration samples at present. And aside from a few sample discs made expressly for Advent (Scheiber system, of course) and Dynaco (Dave Hafler's competing though perhaps compatible system), there simply are no four-channel records to be had.

That's important. Since the major record companies control the recorded output of most major recording stars, and since these companies also have a vast investment in records as such, there seems little doubt that there will be a paucity of attractive four-channel program material available until the problems of four-channel discs are solved to the satisfaction of those companies. So far, the only crack in the noncommittal façade being presented by the majors is RCA's sortie into quadriphonic cartridges.

Surprise Identities and New Companies

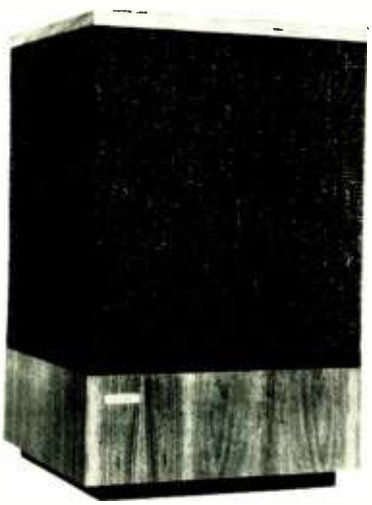
Stereo products, as we've said, will be showing up in bewildering variety this year. So before we get down



Shown on cover: 1) Scott 299 quadriphonic amplifier; 2) JBL Aquarius 2A omnidirectional speaker; 3) Altec 912A compact with slot-load cassette recorder; 4) Astrocom/Marlux 711 quadriphonic tape deck; 5) Benjamin/Lenco Staar System cassette changer; 6) Harman-Kardon ***CAD5 Dolbyized cassette deck;*** *7)* ***Telex/Viking 814-S*** *compact (speakers omitted) with FM, AM, eight-track cartridge recorder; 8) BIC/Lux 71/2R AM/FM receiver; 9) Fisher 701 quadriphonic receiver; 10) Norelco 202 electronic servo-control turntable; 11)* ***Epicure Micro-Tower*** *speaker system.*

Home style, superior specs: the Crown IC-150 preamp.

DC motor drives a manual turntable: Panasonic SP-10.



Lower cost direct/reflecting speaker: Bose 501.

Total restyling in open-reel recorder: Ampex AX-300.

to the specifics of new items in the well-recognized product categories, there are relatively comprehensive introductions that you should know about. In some cases they represent names new to the industry, at least as we know it in this country. In others they represent significant additions—whole new lines or a broadening of existing lines—within the familiar pattern. Alphabetically, then, we'll give you a run-down on some major changes in dramatis personae.

■ Altec Lansing has added a whole new line of stereo electronics, including two AM/FM receivers, two AM/FM/phono compacts (one with a built-in cassette recorder), an AM/FM tuner/preamp, and a single-channel biamplifier designed to be built into the speaker enclosure.

■ Audio Research Corporation now is making the electronics originally offered under the Peploe name to drive the latter's line of electrostatic speaker systems. The top-of-the-line models will be offered as a state-of-the-art, no-compromise stereo preamp/control unit and power amplifier respectively.

■ British Industries Company, importer of Garrard turntables and Wharfedale speaker systems, has added an electronics line to be known as BIC/Lux stereo components. The line consists of two receivers, two tuners, and two amplifiers. Top of the line is the 71/2R AM/FM receiver at $580. Among its unusual features are muting and center-tune indication on AM as well as FM, variable turnover points for both bass and treble controls, and a special noise-limiting volume control configuration. (The Lux line has been available in Japan for several years, specializing in professional and high-end consumer products, but has been little known in this country.)

■ BSR McDonald has broadened its line from record-playing equipment into components and compacts, including some models that handle eight-track cartridges or cassettes. The receivers are offered as modules in the compact systems, together with speakers and accessories like dynamic microphones and headphones.

■ Bang & Olufsen has set up offices in this country to import products from its Danish plant. For the present the American subsidiary will be handling only the pickup cartridge line, but more products are expected in the future.

■ Benjamin Electronic Sound is importing a whole line of cassette mechanisms made by Italian Lenco under license from Theo Staar, the inventor of the Staar System cassette players.

■ Bogen has gone into tape equipment with a cassette recorder and an eight-track player.

■ Castagna Electronics (erstwhile source of the Castagna tone arm) is planning national distribution of the Japanese-made Nikka line of cassette and compact equipment.

■ Crown International has given itself new home styling by introducing the IC-150 Stereo Console, a

The CAD4 made cassettes respectable. The CAD5 makes them preferable.

Until Harman-Kardon introduced the CAD4 a little more than a year ago, most people viewed the cassette recorder as a convenience rather than as a high performance recording medium.

The CAD4 changed all that.

Most of the seemingly inherent shortcomings of cassettes were designed out of the CAD4. Wow and flutter were drastically reduced. Frequency response was considerably extended. And speed stability optimized. In fact, Electronics World in comparing the CAD4 to several other top quality cassette machines, summed it all up when they said, "The Harman-Kardon CAD4 is the best of the group in performance..."

Now with the new CAD5, we have taken the next logical step in establishing the cassette as the medium of choice for the high fidelity enthusiast. By adding the widely acclaimed Dolby noise reduction system, we have for all practical purposes, eliminated the problem of tape noise.

In brief, the Dolby system boosts low-level, high frequency signals during recording and then attenuates them in a complementary manner during playback. This produces a 10 dB improvement in the signal-to-noise ratio without introducing any audible distortion or altering the original program material.

The result: the kind of dynamic range and clarity usually associated only with the most expensive reel-to-reel recorders.

We have also anticipated recent improvements in tape technology, by including a special control which provides the proper equalization and bias adjustments for the new chromium dioxide low noise tape.

To sum up, we set out to produce a tape recorder that combined simplicity and convenience with exacting performance standards. The CAD5 is that instrument.

For a more comprehensive description of the CAD5 and the Dolby system, please write. Harman-Kardon, Inc., 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803. Dept S.

harman kardon
A subsidiary of Jervis Corporation

CAD5 (with Dolby) $229.95. CAD4 (without Dolby) $159.95.

CIRCLE 31 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Deluxe quadriphony-ready receiver: Marantz Model 19.

Electrostatic headset: Stanton Isophase Mark III.

Bookshelf/corner speaker: Wharfedale Achromatic W35.

Reel/cartridge/cassette record deck: Roberts 333X.

preamp/control unit with a number of unusual features: continuously variable blend control, monitor switching for two tape recorders, new tone control circuits, and (most unusual of all) published phase-response figures. The IC-150 will cost $239 and an optional walnut cabinet $37. Similar home-style cabinets are available for other Crown units.

■ Kenwood, in case you hadn't noticed, is getting into tape recorders. The open-reel line now consists of the automatic-reverse, remote-control KW-8077; the four-head KW-5066; and the three-head KW-4066. And there's a cassette deck, the KX-7010.

■ MMF Industries is importing from West Germany the Stereo 6000 tape recorder/storer/player. The unit uses a permanently installed four-inch tape on which the owner can record about thirty hours of music using an elaborate selector dial to pick out the music he wants to hear.

■ The Mincom Division of 3M has begun making speaker systems under its own name (as opposed to the tape recorders, which it markets under the Wollensak name). The top of the line is the acoustic suspension Model A-2000 at $159.95. It has a number of unusual design features and an equally unusual impedance rating: 5 ohms. Actually that's the minimum working impedance at any frequency for almost any setting of the three controls. (Don't be surprised if this type of rating eventually supersedes the standard 4, 8, and 16 ohms, now that solid-state equipment is here to stay.)

■ Nikko Electric's line of stereo components, best known on the West Coast, will receive broader distribution in coming months. (If the name is unfamiliar, don't confuse it with Nikka, which is an entirely separate company. See Castagna Electronics.)

■ Norelco has announced that it will be bringing in components made by Philips for distribution entirely independent of the Norelco/Philips tape equipment line. Among the components are a $300 multiband receiver, separate matched tuner and amplifier, a servo-controlled turntable, a pickup cartridge, and speakers.

■ Revox of America is importing the Beyer line of dynamic microphones from West Germany.

■ SAE is entering the room-equalizer field with the Stereo Octave Equalizer, using eleven slider controls each of which adjusts both channels simultaneously. The unit will sell for $450 and is listed for a whopping 90-dB S/N ratio.

■ Sansui has ventured into the tape recorder field with the SD-7000, a solenoid-operated, automatic-reverse, open-reel deck.

■ Schweizer record and tape accessories should start to appear here this fall. They are made in Europe by a company that claims to be the world's largest in record-care products.

■ Selectron International, U.S. distributors of Aiwa cassette and cartridge equipment, has introduced the Milovac line of home entertainment products: compacts, cartridge and cassette equipment, TV receivers,

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Concert Grand

Tempo 1

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and radios. The new line is designed to complement—rather than parallel—the Aiwa products.

■ Stax electrostatic headphones and pickup cartridges have received U.L. approval and should begin to appear here this fall. Marketing is being handled jointly with the Transcriptors turntable and Schweizer accessories.

■ The Stellavox Sp 7, a Swiss-designed professional portable recorder roughly comparable to the Nagra, is being imported into this country on a regular basis by Gotham Audio Corporation. (In the past the Stellavox has been known here only to a limited number of professionals and readers of European journals.)

■ Uher—the tape recorder people—makes electronics as well. The CV-140 stereo integrated amplifier is now being imported into the U.S. by Martel. The unit, which sells for $399.95, has a separate level adjustment for each input and an integrated level meter reading peak value for both channels.

■ VM (for Voice of Music) Corporation is coming out with a line of components, including a turntable quite similar to the Sherwood SEL-100, which was developed jointly by Sherwood and VM. Also in the initial offering will be the Professional 1521 AM/FM receiver and a Spiral Reflex System loudspeaker.

Burgeoning Lines, Familiar Names

■ Stereo electronics. If you thought separate units—as opposed to all-in-one receivers—were on the wane, take another look. Four major companies will be offering what each regards as a state-of-the-art FM tuner this fall, for example. JBL's is the ST860; Marantz will have the Model 20; Scott's is the Model 433; Sherwood's, the SEL-300. Both Scott and Sherwood use digital readout systems for the tuning. JBL uses something more like the conventional dial, but with unusually accurate calibration, according to the company, and a system that lights up the digits before the decimal point in the center frequency to which the unit is tuned. An unusual feature on the Scott is a dynamic compressor that can be switched in when the tuner is used as a background music source. Final prices have yet to be announced for these units. Marantz also will have the 250-watt-per-channel Model 50 power amplifier.

Among other separates now being readied for market are more in the Sansui line (the AU-999 amplifier and TU-555, for example). Pioneer has the TX-700 tuner with station preselector buttons. And Kenwood has two integrated amps and a tuner, all of which follow the styling pattern set by the company's KR-7070 remote-control receiver.

Kenwood also has four new receivers of similar styling, three with mike inputs on the front panel. Mike inputs and VU meters—both features that add versatility to tape systems or "commercial sound" installations—seem to be gaining some ground in equipment imported from both East and West, though at present these features are included in relatively few units. Pioneer's SX-9000 receiver has both mike-mixing facilities and built-in reverb. Another growing trend, at least in equipment originating in Europe, is the multiband receiver. Grundig and Norelco both are showing new models for fall delivery.

There are many other new receivers, of course: three from Concord, three from Electro-Voice, two from Hitachi, and even one from Ampex to match one of the new cassette decks—to concentrate on those companies that you may not think of immediately as receiver-makers. At the high end there are two extra-fancy $1,000 FM receivers to be introduced this fall, both with built-in scopes. One is the Marantz 19, which uses circuitry of the Marantz 20 separate tuner in its FM section. The other is the SAE Mark V, which uses the same tone-control system as the SAE Mark I preamp: the individual bass and treble controls for each channel provide maximum boost or cut at frequencies that can be preselected on separate multiposition controls.

And there are more. But if the list of new receivers is long, the list of new compacts is longer. Fisher alone has several. Harman-Kardon's new High Performance series includes one model with built-in cassette recorder, as do many other models from companies as diverse as Altec Lansing, Grundig, and Denon. The JVC multislider SEA tone controls have been built into two of the company's compacts, an index of the growing trend toward the inclusion of component features on the better compacts. But by the same token, there are also growing numbers of relatively low-priced units that are little more than table phonographs, AM/FM radios, or even clock radios masquerading as component-quality compacts through the use of separate speakers and special styling touches.

■ Record-playing equipment. There are fewer modifications in the major record-changer line than we have seen in recent years, although BSR McDonald and Dual units for examples do feature some new details. The top of the McDonald line for instance—the 610X—now has a hysteresis motor, viscous-damped cueing, and a dual-calibrated (spherical or elliptical) antiskate control. Miracord's top-of-the-line 770H ($225), which has a vertical-tracking-angle control, is now reaching dealers in this country. And the Lesa and Perpetuum-Ebner (PE) lines are gaining extra models—five, ranging from $65 to $145 in the case of PE.

The Pioneer PL-A25 is the only Japanese automatic presently featured by a major component company, though a number of Japanese companies, including Panasonic and Sansui, have been showing prototypes of manual units. Some of these manuals will not reach the U.S. market this year however.

Bogen is introducing its Micro MR-111 two-speed

Continued on page 52

You can pay a lot more to get a lot less.

If you know any 2-speed manual turntable that costs $129.95 and also gives you automatic operation . . . two motors . . . belt drive precision . . . drift-free plug-in shell tonearm . . . lateral tonearm balancer for equalized stereo sound . . . high compliance magnetic cartridge with diamond stylus . . . oiled walnut base . . . hinged dust cover . . . 12" dynamically balanced platter . . . automatic stylus protection lead-in device . . . automatic stop, return, repeat . . . oil-damped cueing . . . adjustable stylus tracking force — then buy it.

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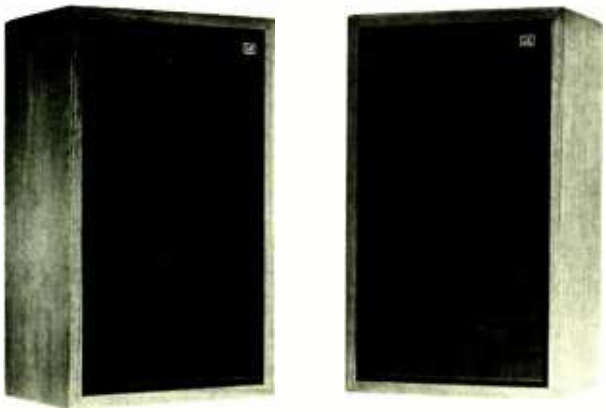

Bookshelf speaker system: 3M Mincom Model A-2000.

Quadriphonic open-reel deck: Sony/Superscope 654-4.

Continued from page 48

unit for $99.95, including base and dust cover. Another manual expected on the market this fall is the Norelco 202. It has a servo-controlled motor system that provides for independent fine tuning of each of its three speeds. The 202 costs $129.50; the Norelco magnetic cartridge costs $67.50. There are new cartridges from Stanton Magnetics too: the 681SE with an intermediate-size elliptical stylus and the ruggedized 500AL for broadcast and other tough-duty uses.

■ Tape equipment. At the moment, there's more activity among the purveyors of cassette equipment than in any other category of recording gear. Major thrusts include Dolbyizing, new oxide formulations for the tape (both improved iron oxides and the expected introduction of chromium dioxide), new biasing arrangements to match recorders to these tapes, the use of Staar-type loading slots, and the proliferation of multiformat units that handle cassettes plus at least one other type of tape. Details of these developments will appear in an article on the cassette field, in our November issue.

Eight-track cartridge recorders are proliferating too. Concord, Craig, Panasonic, Roberts, and Telex are among the companies offering new decks for the purpose, several with built-in tuners or as part of complete receivers.

Much of the most exciting new open-reel equipment coming along—even excluding four-channel models—is in the relatively high-priced brackets, though Sony/Superscope for instance has a couple of new, moderately priced three-head decks. Roberts and Sony/Superscope both have new units capable of handling 10½-inch NAB reels: the 5050XD (actually announced some months ago) and the 850 series, respectively. The new Ampex AX Series, which breaks entirely with several years of tradition in Ampex Consumer Products open-reel styling, covers a range of prices from less than $280 to less than $650. So far, only the two models at these extremes (the AX-50 and automatic-reverse AX-300) are being offered. And Telex is offering a new consumer-styled Magnecord model: the $799.95 Lab Series 2001, an 8¼-inch-reel deck.

One unusual recorder feature deserves special note: variable speed control. Over the last year, Sony/Superscope has added models with this feature to its line, and now Revox is offering a $75 accessory with special-order models of the A77, allowing a −10% to +15% speed variation. While relatively few users will have much practical use for this feature, it seems to create fascination wherever it appears; and for those special uses that require it (matching pitch on separately made recordings, for example), its availability is welcome indeed.

A last word on quadriphony. Sony/Superscope plans to have as many as six four-channel models on the market by the end of the year, ranging in price up to $1,395 for the Model 854-4. Teac has settled

This is the tape system that turns blank 8-track cartridges into recorded 8-track tape. One. After another. After another.

Slip in a cartridge. Talk or sing into the mike. Use any other sound source. And you're doing what the cartridge recording companies do. Just on a smaller scale.

And to help you become a pro at this business we've put the two hottest developments in 8-track together for the first time. Automatic shut-off which makes it impossible for you to tape over what you've just recorded. (Shuts off even if you're not around listening to what's being taped.) And Fast Wind that lets you get where you want to on tape without wasting time.

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on three models, all with in-line heads: the playback-only TCA-40, the two-channel-record/four-channel-playback TCA-41, and the four-channel play/record TCA-42. Telex has added the Quad/Sonic 2 + 2 playback deck for $250. And Astrocom/Marlux will have an NAB-reel model. More equipment has been shown in prototype, of course, including four-channel cartridge recorders, but delivery dates remain uncertain at present.

■ The listening end. "Omni" speaker systems continue to appear in the middle and upper price brackets. JBL has the recently introduced Aquarius line, of course, and Fisher has added two units: the WS-70 and WS-80. The Sonab line from Sweden is slated for introduction in this country this year. Harman-Kardon's Citation speaker is already being shipped to dealers. Epicure is adding smaller column-type speakers to the Model 1000 "tower" it introduced last year. (The company now has a total of nine models.) And Bose has introduced the $124.80 Model 501, which uses conventional drivers (i.e., a woofer/tweeter/crossover system without electronic equalizer) but retains the Direct/Reflecting principle of the crossoverless Model 901.

The entire Wharfedale line is either restyled, redesigned, or entirely new. It consists of a somewhat restyled W80A Variflex omni system, the floor-standing W70E, bookshelf units from $163 (W60E) down to $58.75 (W25), and the W35, a new compact unit that can be placed either in a corner or midwall and is suggested as a logical choice for adding four-channel sound to existing systems. Electro-Voice has added six new bookshelf systems; Rectilinear the Models XI and XIII; Dyna the $179.95 A50; Jensen the RF-26 bookshelf unit (under $90); and Fairfax a number of new items from budget-priced bookshelf models through a pair of omnis and two floor-standing systems to the five-way twelve-driver Wall of Sound ($399.50).

Among new furniture designs are the alternatives of finish offered by Empire in the Grenadier 6000 and the co-ordinated speaker systems and equipment cabinets from Aztec. One new special-interest product is the Round Sound Machine, an under-$50 indoor/outdoor speaker from Maximus. Another is the center-channel bass reproducer made by Electra Amplidyne Research. It is intended for use with regular stereo systems to reinforce the deep bass frequencies and employs a design in which a dynamic driver is air-coupled to panels with a flexible surround so that they radiate sound. A similar principle is used in the woofer of the full-range Air-Coustic speakers.

Air-Coustic, incidentally, is one of a number of loudspeaker manufacturers that started on what might be called a regional basis but now are broadening distribution. Others that might be cited are Infinity Systems, LWE, and Loudspeaker Design Corporation. If you have been interested in the products of these companies but unable to find them locally, take another look in the next few months. Loudspeaker Design Corporation has two models—the $159.95 Ezekiel I bookshelf system and the $279 Ezekiel II floor model—and Air-Coustic's two bookshelf systems are being offered to new dealers. LWE, maker of feedback-type speaker systems in various sizes, is adding some new models this fall as well.

In headphones, there are two new electrostatic models to look for this fall: the Stax headset at $89.95 with its polarizing unit, and the Stanton Isophase at $159.95 including both a Model 570 headset and a Model 572 polarizer. The 572 can be driven by any amplifier rated at 10 watts or more and has outputs for two headsets; an additional 570 headset costs $75. Stanton also is planning a line of dynamic headphones. The first of these, the Model 527 ($59.95), will be available this fall.

Another headset to keep an eye out for is the Telex Studio Professional Series. Telex tells us that the series was developed for audiometric purposes, where linearity, stability, and repeatability of results are essential. As a result, the company believes the design to be a true state-of-the-art dynamic headphone. The Studio 1 will have volume- and tone-control sliders built into the earpieces; the Studio 2, without these controls, is intended for audiometry applications (hearing testing) as well as for consumer sale. The models cost $99.95 and $98.95 respectively and both include 25-foot coiled cords.

The latest model from Koss is the Pro-4AA, which the company calls a Super-Dynamic Stereophone. It will sell for $60. Superex likewise has upgraded an existing model. Its Pro B-V ($59.95 for the low-impedance model) uses a tuned port in the earpiece and a new crossover between drivers. Superex also has introduced the Swinger at $34.95. David Clark's latest model is the 100A. Bogen also will be marketing a headphone model, the EP-10.

If you want to see as well as hear your music, there are more models of "color organs" than ever to choose among—so many in fact that we will make no attempt to enumerate them. Suffice it to say that the field continues to grow. Symptomatic of that growth are the introduction of a speaker-system-plus-light-display by Benjamin Electronics—the Benjamin/EMI Sonoglo 5—and a "light sculpture" built into the front of Seeburg's new tempered glass and chrome Futura console.

Shopping Around

One cautionary note. So vast and varied is the total range of products that you can buy—or soon will be able to—that an article of this sort can't hope to cover them all, much less do full justice to those it does cover. So when you shop, go into the store with a well-formed idea of the features you are looking for, a fair idea of what you want to spend, and an open mind. You may discover that a model you hadn't considered—or hadn't even known about—is just about custom tailored to your needs.

Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia

Prisoner: 1337

Occupation: Conductor, Boston Symphony Orchestra

The strange case of Dr. Karl Muck, who was torpedoed by *The Star-Spangled Banner* during World War I.

By James J. Badal

AFTER SIX DECADES with RCA, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has now switched its recording allegiance to Deutsche Grammophon. This Teutonic association may do much to erase the memory of certain bizzare events, fifty-odd years ago, when a bout of rabid nationalism resulted in such a wrench of violence that the orchestra almost went under.

In the years before World War I, Dr. Karl Muck had made the BSO the finest in the United States, comparable only to Nikisch's Berlin Philharmonic. But wars claim victims who never come near the battlefield, and Karl Muck was such a casualty of World War I. He was caught up in the intense anti-German sentiment that swept America in 1917 and managed to ban the German language from schools, banish German art from American enjoyment, change the names of Teutonic-sounding streets, and even transform sauerkraut into "Liberty Cabbage." The hysteria would soon also send the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to a federal prison.

Karl Muck was born in Darmstadt in 1859. His father, fearing Prussian domination over his native Bavaria, moved to Switzerland when the son was about eight, but as a young man Karl returned to Germany to study both classical philology and classical music, earning his Ph.D. in the former at Heidelberg in 1879. Thereafter he devoted all of his attention to music and within a decade emerged as one of the greatest conductors of his age. Although Muck's repertory was wide, he was particularly known as an exponent of Wagner. As a member of Angelo Neumann's Wagner company, Muck in 1888–89 conducted the *Ring* in Russia where he won the admiration and praise of Rimsky-Korsakov. In 1889 he conducted the Wagner repertory at Covent Garden and by 1900 his fame as a Wagnerian interpreter had become so well established that Cosima Wagner engaged him to conduct *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. From then until 1930 Muck appeared at every festival, devoting himself primarily to *Parsifal*. He was also one of the regular conductors of

Mr. Badal teaches comparative literature at Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pa. and is concert and record reviewer for the weekly Cleveland After Dark.

the Vienna Philharmonic and the head of the Berlin State Opera where his colleagues were Richard Strauss and the very young Bruno Walter.

In 1906, Major Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, engaged Dr. Muck to conduct the BSO. Muck remained with the orchestra until 1908. In 1912, after severing his ties with the Berlin State Opera, Muck returned to Boston and signed a five-year contract.

When war broke out in Europe in 1914, Muck found himself in an embarrassing position. Because he was a German, he quite naturally became a target of suspicion for the pro-Allied Americans. There were complaints that his concerts tended to be all-German. Many of course were. Rumors arose that Muck was a spy; that he kept a wireless in his Maine cottage; that he had been seen sending signals to waiting U-boats; that he was involved in plots to blow up the American navy and to kidnap major American businessmen.

His five-year contract ended in 1917; seeing signs of trouble, Muck asked Major Higginson to allow him to return to Germany with German ambassador Von Bernstorff. Higginson, however, convinced Muck that his position as an artist would be respected and persuaded the reluctant conductor to sign another five-year contract—with the understanding that he would be permitted to return to Germany should events make it necessary. At the end of the 1916–17 season, in April 1917, the United States declared war on Germany.

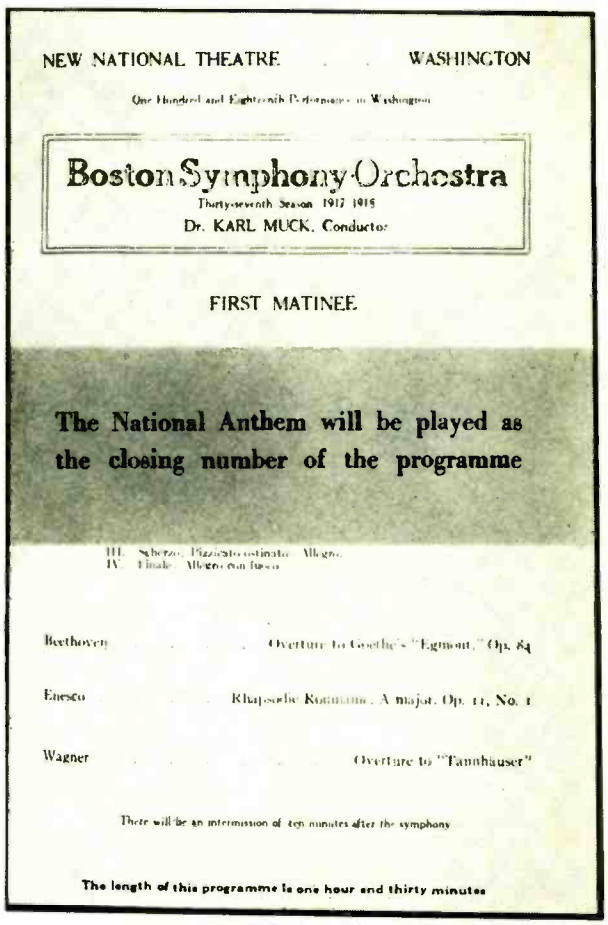
Both William E. Walter, the orchestra's publicist, and William H. Brennan, its assistant manager, thought that national sentiment might make it advisable to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* at the next season's concerts. Manager C. A. Ellis vetoed the idea. A symphony concert, he argued, was not an appropriate place for such a thing. Ellis added that he would not embarrass Dr. Muck with such a request. The issue was dropped.

Early the following season, on October 30, 1917, the orchestra was scheduled to give a concert in Providence, Rhode Island. Manager Ellis received a telegram asking that *The Star-Spangled Banner* be played to open the concert; it was signed by representatives of such prominent women's organizations as the Chopin Monday Morning, MacDowell, Schubert, and Chaminade Clubs, the State Federation of Musical Clubs, and the State and National Federation of Women's Clubs and was supplemented by a similar request from the Liberty Loan Company of Rhode Island. Ellis apparently conferred with Major Higginson and both men decided to ignore the telegram. The subject was not mentioned to Dr. Muck. But, perhaps in anticipation of trouble, Higginson took the train from Boston to Providence with the orchestra and returned with them after the concert was over.

The anthem was not played. The concert was completed without incident. On the train back to Boston, Muck was told of the request. Shocked, he demanded to know why he had not been told before the concert, since he would have been willing to play the piece as a gesture of good will. Muck worried that trouble would result because the anthem had not been played. How right he was!

The following morning the *Providence Journal* attacked him bitterly. The Rhode Island Council of Defense adopted resolutions condemning Muck for his insult. The police commissioner was asked to bar future concerts by Muck. Thomas Howick, special agent of the Department of Justice in Providence, recommended to Washington that the Boston Symphony Orchestra be prohibited from playing anywhere unless *The Star-Spangled Banner* opened the concerts. Major Higginson was absolutely furious. He stated that the anthem had no place on a symphony program, declared it would be no test of patriotism to force Muck to play it, and threatened to disband the orchestra and sell Symphony Hall if the public clamor did not cease. Naturally the country was far more interested in hearing what Dr. Muck had to say.

Muck possessed a kind of direct honesty which was extremely blunt and decidedly tactless; he was willing to display it now. The *New York Times* quoted him:


NEW NATIONAL THEATRE WASHINGTON

One Hundred and Eighteenth Performance in Washington

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Thirty-seventh Season 1917-1918

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

FIRST MATINEE

The National Anthem will be played as the closing number of the programme

III. Scherzo. Pizzicato ostinato. Allegro.
IV. Finale. Allegro con fuoco

Beethoven — Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

Enesco — Rhapsodie Roumaine, A major, Op. 11, No. 1

Wagner — Overture to "Tannhäuser"

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

The length of this programme is one hour and thirty minutes

The November 6, 1917, concert in Washington with last-minute inclusion of The Star-Spangled Banner. *The hidden opening work is Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.*

> Why will people be so silly? Art is a thing by itself and not related to any particular nation or group. It would be a gross mistake, a violation of artistic taste and principles for such an organization as ours to play patriotic airs.

Both Walter Damrosch and Joseph Stransky had opened their New York concerts with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. In a statement to the press, Damrosch declared that the anthem should have been played by the BSO but with an assistant conductor directing, since it would have been an act of hypocrisy for Muck to lead the piece.

On November 2 an editorial in the *New York Times* stated that Dr. Muck's explanation would probably have been accepted in normal times. Since these quite obviously were not normal times, it was wrong to turn one's back on a popular demand. The editorial charged that such a refusal was to be "taken as a strong indication, if not absolute proof, that these men, so estimable as artists, are rather more Germans than musicians."

That afternoon in Boston, at the regular public rehearsal, rumors were spreading that the hall's license would be revoked unless *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played. An American flag flew over the hall in response to public demands. Amid tremendous applause Major Higginson appeared before the audience to announce that Dr. Muck would play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. He insisted that Muck had never refused to do so before. The Major went on to say that Dr. Muck had handed in his resignation so that any feelings against him would not damage the orchestra. Dr. Muck then appeared, shook hands with Higginson, and led the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the national anthem.

As Muck was conducting *The Star-Spangled Banner* in Boston, Theodore Roosevelt was visiting Public School 45 in New York. Upon entering the music room and hearing a group of children singing *America*, Roosevelt remarked, "Any man who refuses to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* in this time of national crisis should be forced to pack up and return to the country he came from." Apparently unaware that Muck was conducting the anthem. Walter Damrosch issued another statement in which he repeatedly branded Muck's actions as cowardly and insisted that since the BSO was an American institution the anthem should be played whenever public patriotism demanded. On November 3, Dr. Henry van Dyke, clergyman and author, lectured at Carnegie Hall to the League for Political Education. Asked about the Muck affair, he said, "Now that he has played *The Star-Spangled Banner* nothing better could be done for his improvement than to make him play *Yankee Doodle* and *Dixie*." Dr. William Starr Myers of Princeton stated at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences that the national anthem expressed the noble emotion of patriotism and that this emotion was higher than any expressed in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

On Sunday, November 4, Richard Aldrich wrote in the *New York Times* that when Muck played the anthem, it was probably the culmination of an unfortunate excitement which was allowed to get out of hand. He remarked that he could see how it would go against Muck's grain to play the piece, and how it might well create trouble for him in Germany when he returned. Major Higginson also made a statement to the press assuming full responsibility for the controversy. Again he insisted that Dr. Muck did not know of the request. Thus, less than a week after the incident began, it seemed as though the matter would finally come to a quiet end. On November 5, an editorial in the *New York Times* praised Muck for leading the anthem and counseled all concerned to "forget it."

Edwin Warfield, ex-governor of Maryland, called a protest meeting in Baltimore and offered to lead the mob to force the cancellation of the BSO concert to be conducted by Muck in the birthplace of The Star-Spangled Banner.

On Tuesday, November 6, Muck conducted a concert in Washington which included the national anthem and the very German *Tannhäuser* Overture. Although some box holders had relinquished their seats because of the Muck controversy, the concert was well received.

Unfortunately, the Boston Symphony was scheduled on November 7 to give a concert in Baltimore, where of course *The Star-Spangled Banner* had been written by a native son. Edwin Warfield, president of the Fidelity Trust Company and ex-governor of Maryland, announced that a patriotic protest meeting would be held at the Lyric Theater and issued the following statement:

> Karl Muck shall not lead an orchestra in Baltimore. I told the Police Board members that this man would not be allowed to insult the people of the birthplace of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. I told them that mob violence would prevent it, if necessary, and that I would gladly lead the mob to prevent the insult to my country and my flag. I told them I knew of a thousand

The East Cambridge Jail, where Muck was first imprisoned after his arrest, March 25, 1918, as an enemy alien.

> others who would gladly aid in leading the throng.
>
> This is a time when our government must stand endorsed. We should not and will not tolerate any dictation as to the patriotic feeling for our flag. Our people have only contempt for the man who utters a criticism of the demand to play our national anthem. We consider it a symphony incomparable at a time like this, greater than anything ever composed in Germany, more glorious and more befitting the hearing of true Americans than the works of any composer living or dead. We deny that our anthem jars with any harmony or symphony to which the American people should listen. *The Star-Spangled Banner* will be sung when the others are long forgotten.

It was also announced that soldiers from Camp Meade would take part in the rally. Under threats of violence and bloodshed the grand jury notified the police commissioner that the concert should be canceled. It was. Warfield issued a victory statement:

> The action of the Commissioners follows, of course, upon a tremendous wave of popular sentiment against Muck, and is in the interest of peace and order. Whether the Commissioners had acted or not, Muck would never have conducted the concert. He would never have reached the theater, and he will never conduct another concert in Baltimore. We never had any objection to the orchestra. We would have been willing for the concert to take place if somebody else had conducted. The man we were after was the Prussian who said, "To hell with your flag and your national anthem." We were after the man who said our *Star-Spangled Banner* was not fit to be included in an artistic program.

Even though the concert in Baltimore had already been canceled, Warfield's meeting took place as scheduled. To a huge crowd, resolutions were read stating that Muck should not be allowed to lead an orchestra in the city whether he played the anthem willingly or unwillingly. After deafening applause greeted these proposals, Warfield shouted that Muck should be in an internment camp. *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played and the ex-governor further stirred the mob with, "The day is coming when that anthem will be sung by every nation on the globe. Talk about your musical art—what does art amount to when it is in competition with patriotism?" Warfield then read statements, including one from Cardinal Gibbons, supporting his crusade.

As Edwin Warfield was working to keep Dr. Muck out of Baltimore, Pittsburgh was considering barring Boston's conductor—as well as violinist Fritz Kreisler—because of protests by Mrs. William Ralstone Crabbe, president of the Dolly Madison Chapter of the Daughters of 1812, and Mrs. John P. Heron, president of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A few days later Muck and the orchestra opened concerts in New York and in Brooklyn with the anthem. Police were at both events.

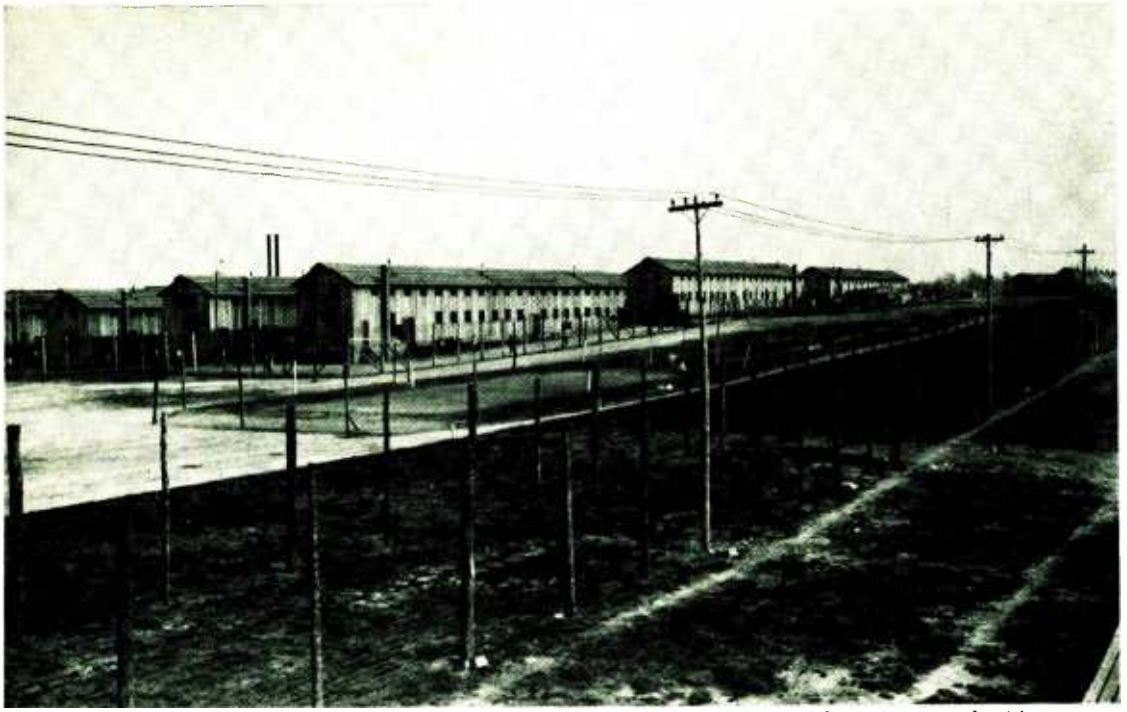
At the end of November, President Woodrow Wilson's proclamation concerning enemy aliens went into effect. Under its provisions, Muck and twenty-two other orchestra members were barred from Washington unless Wilson gave special permission for future concerts. The orchestra announced that concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore scheduled for the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of December would be canceled.

On December 7, the famous question of Dr. Muck's citizenship arose. It had always been assumed that he was a German subject; but, on that day, the Swiss legation announced that Muck was a citizen of Switzerland. Although born in Germany, Muck had become a naturalized Swiss when his father had. To strengthen his claim to Swiss citizenship Muck had taken out papers when he turned twenty-one. If this were indeed true, the proclamation regarding enemy aliens would not affect him. Washington, however, refused to lift its ban on Muck. John Lord O'Brian, special assistant to the attorney general, stated that Muck was a German subject and would be arrested if he came to Washington. At the same time Dr. Carl Paul Hubscher, secretary of the Swiss Legation, issued a statement that the Swiss would not stand behind Muck, but would make a further official statement about his citizenship when the matter had been more closely looked into. For the second time it appeared as if matters might quiet down.

In late March of 1918 the BSO was to return to New York and Brooklyn. The protests over Muck were renewed by Mrs. William Jay, member of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society of New York. She demanded to know why Muck was still conducting when his resignation had been handed in months before. Major Higginson replied that Muck's departure would cause the orchestra to be disbanded, putting seventy-five American musicians out of work. He also remarked that, though barred from Washington, Muck was allowed to appear elsewhere. Mrs. Jay was unimpressed:

> Why, may I ask, if Dr. Muck is a dangerous

U.S. Signal Corps



Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, a federal prison, where Dr. Muck was interned by military authorities in April 1918 and confined for the duration of the war until his deportation on August 22, 1919.

> alien in Washington, should he be considered a harmless alien in New York, the great American port and center of all but Federal activities?

Mrs. Jay asserted that Muck's mere appearance before an American orchestra was a subtle form of German propaganda, and that having American men in uniform present was even more insidious. It was the custom to give American soldiers and sailors free passes to orchestra concerts. Due mainly to the efforts of Mrs. Jay, coupled with those of former Justice of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court George L. Ingraham and Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, it was finally announced that servicemen would not be permitted to accept the free passes. Mrs. Jay issued the following statement:

> The abominable use that is being made of our soldiers and sailors to support an enemy alien in his arrogant conduct could only have sprung from the modern German brain.

Mrs. Jay also made public a letter from Mrs. Henry Ashton Crosby which stated, "There can be no half measures in the Muck case. It is either loyalty or treason." Although by this time he must have felt like a broken phonograph record, Dr. Muck again declared that he had never refused to conduct *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Because of Mrs. Jay's attacks, Major Higginson announced himself ready to come to New York with the orchestra and take the stage, as he had done before, in support of Dr. Muck. He also issued a lengthy statement attacking Mrs. Jay and her supporters, repeating that Muck had never refused to conduct *The Star-Spangled Banner*, pointing out Muck's Swiss citizenship, and insisting that the government had nothing against the orchestra's conductor. Mrs. Jay replied with an open letter to Dr. Muck in which she asked him, among other things, if he had a Swiss passport, if he had ever served in the Germany army, and if he would show any papers proving his Swiss citizenship to a member of her group before his appearance in New York.

On March 14 the concert took place as scheduled under heavy police guard and with only subscribers admitted. Although Dr. Muck apparently kept his passport and military records to himself, he did produce an old, yellowed document with the official number 644 issued in Switzerland on March 4, 1881, stating that Karl Muck was indeed a citizen of the village of Neuheim in the canton of Zug. The papers were signed by President Klemens Zuercher, C. Jos. Staub for the town council, and Chancellor A. Weber. The papers had been authenticated in June of 1917 by P. Ritter, then Swiss minister in Washington. Although this concert and the following one in Brooklyn were public and critical successes, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences issued a statement declaring that the orchestra would no longer be welcome as long as Karl Muck was the conductor.

In the last days of March, Dr. Muck was busy preparing a performance of Bach's *St. Matthew* Passion when, on March 25, agents of the Department of Justice and Boston police arrested him under provisions in Wilson's proclamation. Muck was shocked, but submitted. The arrest had been ordered by United States District Attorney Thomas J. Boynton after consulting the assistant district attorney on alien matters in Massachusetts, Judd Dewey. Muck was taken

to the East Cambridge Jail, where he spent the night. The following day he was removed to the Federal Building where he was questioned at great length by officials from the Department of Justice. Reporters noticed that Dr. Muck paced nervously back and forth while smoking no less than three packs of cigarettes. (He regularly smoked five packs of his strong, specially made cigarettes in a day.) "This is the biggest predicament I have ever been in in my life," complained Dr. Muck. When asked if he would be willing to pose for a picture, Muck bellowed, "I am not inclined to pose for anything!" Mr. Dewey ordered that he be allowed to see no one except the manager of the orchestra and his wife. Muck's papers and letters were seized. Later his cigarettes were taken from him, for some reason, and he had to learn to smoke a pipe.

The Department of Justice sent a telegram to United States Marshall John J. Mitchell on March 28 approving the arrest on the grounds that Muck's continued presence was a danger to the peace and safety of the country. Two days later Muck's resignation as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was finally accepted. On April 1, he was questioned for over three hours in the Federal Building by Boynton and special agents of the United States Bureau of Investigation.

After extensive investigation into his record of pro-German sympathies and past associations with leaders in Germany, the Department of Justice ordered Muck to be turned over to military authorities who would decide where he would be interned for the duration of the war. Dr. Karl Muck now became "Prisoner 1337" at Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia. His claims of Swiss citizenship, although supported by the Swiss legation, were overturned by the provisions of the Espionage Act. Minister Sulzer, on behalf of the Swiss government, made official inquiries into the reasons for Muck's internment. Sulzer later announced that the Department of Justice had shown evidence that Germany considered Muck a subject; therefore, the Swiss Legation would not press its claims over the citizenship question.

On April 27, Major Higginson announced his retirement from the orchestra he had founded thirty-seven years earlier. The orchestra's final concert on May 4 became a farewell concert for Higginson, who left saying that the whole Muck affair had been a terrible burden on him.

Karl Muck remained in prison for the duration of the war. On June 9, 1919, more than a year after his arrest, Judd Dewey announced that Muck would soon be deported.

On August 22, 1919, an official of the Department of Justice escorted Dr. Muck and his wife to the Scandinavian-American liner *Frederick VIII*. The ship's captain was warned to make sure that Muck did not leave the vessel until it was beyond the three-mile limit. The angry and bitter Dr. Muck said he left with no regrets, had no plans for the future, and (once more for the record) declared that he had never refused to conduct *The Star-Spangled Banner*. But once he set foot on the other side of the Atlantic, he vented his fury on the United States with all the rage of a wounded animal. He swore that he would never conduct in America again. Then he retired to a sanatorium in Graz, Austria to recuperate from the whole experience. When the hysteria in this country died down, many rich offers were made to lure him back, but he refused even to consider them.

In 1920 he appeared in the office of Bruno Walter in Munich and expressed a desire to again become involved with Germany's musical life. Walter was shocked at the difference between the man he knew twenty years before and the one who stood before him now. From 1922 to 1933, Muck took over concerts in Hamburg, made guest appearances at the Berlin State Opera, and continued his long association with Bayreuth, where in the late Twenties he was the only bright star to sit in the conductor's chair. He declared himself ready to conduct all performances of everything, but admitted that he lacked the strength to rehearse them. The difference between Muck the musician and Muck the man had widened to a chasm; it was almost impossible to recognize the musician who gave such visionary readings of *Parsifal* in the bitterly caustic man who grumbled, cursed, complained, insulted, bellowed, and swore his way through rehearsals. In 1930 his ties with Bayreuth came to an end. Feeling himself out of step with the more progressive trends, finding his age a growing burden, angry that his *Parsifal* rehearsals had been skimped in favor of Toscanini's *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan und Isolde* rehearsals, and positively livid over the fact that Toscanini was there in the first place, Muck abruptly resigned. Muck hated Toscanini, who in turn found Muck "terrible" and referred to him as the "Beckmesser of conductors." For over six years Muck had been able to keep the noted Italian away from Bayreuth. After his resignation, Muck bitterly attacked Winifred Wagner for what he called mismanagement of the festivals.

Muck's last performance took place in Leipzig in February 1933 when he led a Wagner concert on the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. Now a widower, he retired to Stuttgart at the home of the Baroness von Scholley, daughter of a former German Consul General in New York and one of his oldest friends. Here he steeped himself in Oriental philosophy and rarely left the house. He died on March 3, 1940. When the news reached Boston, an orchestral rehearsal was interrupted and the musicians rose to their feet, heads bowed, out of respect for the man who had not stood before them for over twenty years.

Muck's final public appearance had taken place only a few months earlier when, on his eightieth birthday, incredibly frail and partially paralyzed from nicotine poisoning, he graciously accepted the Order of the German Eagle from Adolf Hitler.

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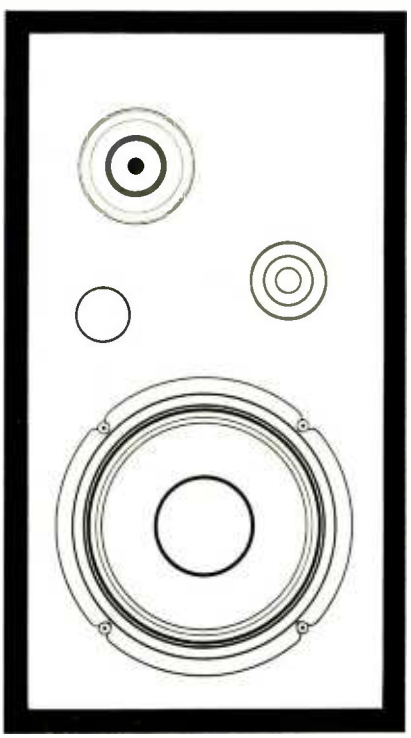

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Rectilinear XII

CIRCLE 59 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Part VII: The Piano Sonatas

Beethoven on Records

Continuing High Fidelity's appraisal of all available recordings of the composer's music

by Harris Goldsmith

Beethoven's lifelong relationship with the pianoforte was a love affair beset with ambivalence. Toward the end of his life he confessed to find the instrument "unsatisfactory." Intimates of the master, when visiting him in his later years, found his once cherished Broadwood in deplorable condition—a veritable jungle of tangled metal and broken hammers. There can be no doubt that his creative ebullience burst the bonds of a still-adolescent medium and it is a moot conjecture whether the composer would have been fully pleased with today's vastly more dynamic counterpart. It has been said that Beethoven's piano writing is orchestral, while Schumann—an allegedly poor orchestrator—wrote everything to fit the piano. I disagree. Both, to my mind, were master orchestrators and conceived their keyboard music with an inner ear for symphonic contrast and sonority. You will find the same doubling of parts and lush sensuality in Schumann's *Klavierstücke* that are traditionally lamented in his D minor Symphony: that is the way the man heard music. Beethoven, by contrast, was less of a sensualist: he liked a lean economy of sound and vehement angularity. His piano writing is not particularly grateful or "pianistic"; it was his wont to be engrossed with an idea itself rather than its nicety of effect. Some of his work is gnarled and brusque—even downright uncouth; still, it would be a mistake to assume that it is unsuited to the keyboard or in any way lacking mastery. Here is an artist who knew exactly what he was about. As the epoch's leading virtuoso, Beethoven was obviously on intimate terms with every aspect of his instrument; it is from conviction and temperament that he chose to ignore some of them. We can rejoice in his so doing, for it is largely his titanic innovation that caused the piano to reach maturity.

The present discography, of the most autobiographical and personal segment of Beethoveniana, comprises both the solo works and those for four hands. All generally available domestic recordings are listed in the headings above the discussion of the work in question; imports, obscure domestic discs, and certain bygone items of interest are mentioned at the author's discretion and those disc numbers are listed in the body of the text where they are available. In records issued more than once, the most recent incarnation is mentioned. The sonata recordings designated as Kempff I or Backhaus I are those artists' earlier mono-only versions (which, though technically out of print, still turn up quite frequently at close-out counters); Kempff II or Backhaus II, on the other hand, denote later stereo versions.

Complete Recordings

• Claudio Arrau. Philips PHS 3-907, $17.94 (three discs, Nos. 8, 21-25, 27, 30); PHS 3-913, $19.94 (three discs, Nos. 1, 4, 9, 10, 17, 18, 31); PHS 4-914, $23.92 (four discs, Nos. 2, 3, 11-14, 16, 26, 32); PHS 3-915, $17.94 (three discs, Nos. 5-7, 15, 19, 20, 28, 29; plus bonus disc "Arrau Discusses the 32").

• Wilhelm Backhaus (I). London CM 9047 (Nos. 12, 21); CM 9048 (No. 30; Chopin: Sonata No. 2); CM 9049 (Nos. 5, 6, 25); CM 9054 (Nos. 23, 28); CM 9056 (No. 29); CM 9057 (Nos. 10, 22, 24; Schumann: Warum?); CM 9058 (Nos. 3, 17); CM 9062 (Nos. 13, 14, 19, 20); CM 9084 (Nos. 2, 11); CM 9085 (Nos. 1, 26, 27); CM 9086 (Nos. 4, 7); CM 9087 (Nos. 16, 18); CM 9088 (Nos. 8, 9, 15); CM 9089 (Nos. 31, 32), $5.98 each (mono only, deleted).

• Wilhelm Backhaus (II). London CSP 2, $50 (ten discs); except for No. 29, available separately as: CS 6099 (No. 8, Concerto No. 1); CS 6161 (Nos. 21, 23); CS 6188 (No. 14, Concerto No. 2); CS 6246 (Nos. 30, 32); CS 6247 (Nos. 15, 26); CS 6365 (Nos. 17, 28); CS 6366 (Nos. 12, 18); CS 6389 (Nos. 1, 5-7); CS 6535 (Nos. 4, 25, 31); CS 6584 (Nos. 9, 11, 20); CS 6585 (Nos. 2, 10, 19); CS 6638 (Nos. 3, 13, 24); CS 6639 (Nos. 16, 22, 27), $5.98 each.

• Daniel Barenboim. Angel SNLV 3755, $61.98 (fourteen discs; partly available separately, see individual recordings).

• Alfred Brendel. Vox SVBX 5417 $9.98 (three discs, Nos. 19, 20, 24, 28-32); SVBX 5418, $9.98 (three discs, Nos. 16-18, 21-23, 26, 27); SVBX 5419, $9.98 (three discs, Nos. 5-7, 9-11, 13, 15); SVBX 5420, $9.98 (three discs, Nos. 1-4, 8, 12, 14, 25).

• Friedrich Gulda. Orpheus OR 116 (Nos. 1, 2, 12); OR 117 (Nos. 3, 4); OR 118 (Nos. 5-7); OR 119 (Nos. 8-10, 22); OR 120 (Nos. 16, 17, 27); OR 121 (Nos. 15, 18); OR 122 (Nos. 11, 14, 23); OR 123 (Nos. 19, 20, 24, 25, 28); OR 124 (Nos. 13, 21, 26); OR 125 (Nos. 29, 30); OR 126 (Nos. 31, 32), $2.89 each. (Available from Musical

Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.)

• Wilhelm Kempff (I). Deutsche Grammophon KL 42/51, $59.80 (ten discs, mono only, deleted).

• Wilhelm Kempff (II). Deutsche Grammophon 138935 (Nos. 1, 12, 19, 20); 138936 (Nos. 2, 3); 138937 (Nos. 5-7); 138938 (Nos. 4, 9, 10); 138939 (Nos. 11, 13, 27); 138940 (Nos. 16, 18, 22); 138941 (Nos. 8, 14, 15, 24); 138942 (Nos. 17, 26, 28); 138943 (Nos. 21, 23, 25); 138944 (Nos. 29, 30); 138945 (Nos. 31, 32), $5.98 each.

• Artur Schnabel. Seraphim 1D 6063, $11.92 (four discs, Nos. 1-10); IC 6064, $8.94 (three discs, Nos. 11-17); IC 6065, $8.94 (three discs, Nos. 18-27); IC 6066, $8.94 (three discs, Nos. 28-32); all mono only.

A matched set of the sonatas can be useful provided one accepts any given pianist's total views with a certain overall objectivity. There are many valid approaches to this music and proceeding from one edition to another can be rather unsettling until one's musical senses adjust to the various, completely dissimilar aesthetics of the above pianists.

The Schnabel records were made without the niceties of wide-range sound and tape editing. In the Thirties it was impossible for an artist to hear immediate playback of what he had just recorded. By the time the wax had been prepared—several months after the sessions—he was off on a concert tour halfway around the globe. In addition Schnabel was never one for dotting his "i's" and crossing his "t's." These discs, then, are not letter-perfect, but they are incomparably vital. It is really remarkable how Schnabel's performances leap to life with the same intense impact that they must have had over thirty years ago. This pianist's truly universal concept of Beethoven transcends considerations of epoch and nationality: they are timeless, and not in the least provincial or "old-fashioned." Schnabel's approach was primarily concerned with the structural and metaphysical aspects of the music and he managed to balance those often contradictory facets with wonderful success. The allegros and prestissimos rollick with wild abandon, but the adagios (more often than not at unusually slow tempos) are absorbingly sustained. Occasionally (as in the first movement of Op. 106 or the last of Op. 31, No. 3) Schnabel risked all for an uncompromising ideal—and failed miserably. At other times he projected his conception with complete conviction, though one may be at odds with the basic intent. If there are any notable deficiencies in Schnabel's work, they are his temperamental unwillingness to respond to the marking grazioso (in such instances, he was apt to be a shade brusque of manner, unsmiling of tone) and his sometimes disconcerting tendency to maul rhythm and jump beats. And yet I like Schnabel's approach to this music over all the competition: I feel a close, temperamental kinship with its hard moral core and quivering, raw-nerve expressive sensitivity. This set is a priceless legacy from a legendary musical thinker and ought to be considered basic to every record library.

Following Arrau through the sonatas was a stimulating, sometimes perplexing experience: stimulating because of the pianist's mastery and profound insight into the music; perplexing because although I am a confirmed adherent to an opposite musical polarity (e.g., the Schnabel/Toscanini axis) I kept finding myself fascinated and drawn into Arrau's interpretations in spite of myself. Granted, I look for metrical severity and Arrau's inflected phrasing is sometimes stretched to theoretical limits; I also gravitate toward fast tempos and headstrong brio, while Arrau's approach more often than not is leisurely and reasoned. But this is not the cliché-ridden self-indulgence of a typical stock-in-trade "Romantic" pianist: there is vast scholarship and harmonic analysis behind Arrau's seeming arbitrariness and it always manages to clarify some aspect of the writing. The pianist is helped, of course, by a superbly finished technique and a fabulous tone—solid, velvety rich, full of glint and gleaming color. Chords are luscious and well balanced, his scales are even and caressing. Arrau takes care to reveal inner melodic lines; he is scrupulous about observing rests, and unlike so many players, always begins his appoggiaturas on (rather than before) the beat. He is, I might add, the only artist to observe every repeat (which one might consider a mixed blessing). These details are important, of course, but ought not cloud the real point of Arrau's music-making which provides a deeply expressive, subjective thesis *about* Beethoven's music. If you can accept a great deal of editorializing and now and then even a touch of theatricality, Arrau's art will almost certainly give you pleasure. I might add that I usually found his performances more convincing on rehearing. Philips' domestically pressed versions were not yet available at press time; but the imported pressings provide exemplary sound for the entire series.

Kempff can also be subjective, but in a way totally dissimilar to either Schnabel or Arrau. However, like them, his Beethoven has a real inner vision. The German musician is apt to play hob with dynamics and phrasings but he still manages to make the revised patterns sound like Beethoven. In general, Kempff's work adheres to a clipped, salon style of execution but he invests those dimensions with strength and caustic bite. Miniaturized though the playing may be, there is sharpness of inflection and an astringent "zing" to the sforzandos and fortissimos. Kempff's reduced framework is always that of an eighteenth-century revolutionary rather than a modern conservative: Beethoven might well have played the music in a similar fashion; and as Kempff always reminds us, the piano of that day was a more intimate affair than our nine-foot concert grand. And how the man uses the pedal and color: his playing boasts infinite nuance, a million and one shades of pianissimo and even a dry-point staccato that has remarkable hue and variety. If pressed for a choice, I would urge acquisition of Kempff I. These older performances may have more ups and downs than the later readings, but the ups are higher and the engineering has more solidity and impact. Kempff II has the advantages of stereophony, ready availability, and a separate-disc format.

Backhaus was not without insight. Still, to my taste, his ruddy good health far outstripped his vision. There is a burly weight and robust elementalism that infuses his playing, but it is the authoritative weight of German Romanticism rather than the more specific linearity of the true Beethoven style. There is something disappointingly cavalier about the late pianist's brisk treatment of slow movements and a failure to reach boiling emotional temperature in the more expressive moments. I also take exception to sundry anachronisms in Backhaus' pianism—his added bass octaves, for instance, and his old-fashioned left-hand anticipations. Another major Backhaus shortcoming—and one he shares with another remarkable pianistic octogenarian, Artur Rubinstein—is his unwillingness to play really softly. The tone he produces is expansive and agreeable but there is little dynamic contrast (always an important ingredient in a Beethoven interpretation). Honors are pretty evenly divided between Backhaus I and II, but since both versions are separately available, I see little need to rate one set over the other. One or two of the Backhaus discs ought to be acquired as treasurable mementos from a grand old man who loved to play the piano; as Beethoven interpretations of the highest order, though, they should be viewed a bit skeptically. London's sound is generally exceptional—even on the older discs—and most of the repeats are omitted.

Gulda tends more toward Schnabel's briskness than to Arrau's expansiveness or Kempff's whimsical subjectivity. Like Schnabel, he plays most of the repeats (but not all of them), but unlike Schnabel, he tends toward militancy even in the slow sections. There is plenty of character (more so, indeed, than on some of Gulda's older London discs of the sonatas) and splendid, clear-headed control. Gulda's readings on the whole, then, are a mite objective and cool, lacking the spark of individuality that makes the Kempff, Schnabel, and Arrau sets so unique. They wear well with rehearing, however, and although I would not urge them *in toto*, the best performances would certainly grace any collection. Fortunately, the single-disc availability and the low price make such a partial acquisition feasible.

Brendel's tasteful, fluent, well-behaved pianism is very much in the Gieseking tradition: less pointed and precise than that master's but also superior in certain scholarly details. Unlike Gieseking, for example, he plays most of the repeats. Taken in small doses Brendel's patrician, often subtly molded control delights; ultimately, its occasional prissiness and stolidity and more than occasional complacent blandness of characterization begin to pall. That unadventurous approach and the variability of the recorded sound preclude wholehearted endorsement. Fortunately, the installment containing many of Brendel's best performances (e.g., Op. 31, No. 3 and Op. 54) is also the best reproduced and most smoothly processed.

I will say at the outset that Barenboim's recently issued album is a far more praiseworthy enterprise than the

same pianist's concerto set with Klemperer. Nor is there any disputing the young pianist's basic talent—which is very great indeed. In the main, the Israeli musician's interpretative approach is conscientious and in the Romantic tradition. He favors expansive phrasing and slow tempos (which he is not always able to sustain in a convincing manner). Ostensibly, Barenboim's work shows a praiseworthy attempt to find hidden meaning in the music. It might be unfair on my part, but I instinctively sense that the soul-searching here is unctious and untrue. I am repeatedly aware of routine, conditioned responses in the pianist's liberties, an if-it-was-good-enough-for-Schnabel (Fischer, Furtwängler, Arrau)-it's-good-enough-for-me attitude. Moreover, Barenboim infuses his interpretations with a bland, meretricious "warmth" that becomes increasingly wearisome. To be sure, the playing is full of unruffled suavity, though every now and then some pianistic Freudian slip bares the prizefighter's fist behind the velvet glove. Ultimately I feel out of sympathy with Barenboim's basic type of interpretation; but even allowing for that consideration, adherents of this approach will find it done with more gentility and finesse in the Arrau recordings. Angel has neglected to furnish any sort of annotated material—an unfortunate omission in so extravagant a set.

Individual Recordings
(other than those listed under "Complete Recordings")

No. 1, in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1.

• Daniel Barenboim. Angel S 36491, $5.98 (Nos. 17, 20).
• Bruce Hungerford. Cardinal VCS 10084, $3.98 (No. 2).

Schnabel conceives this sonata on an unusually large scale. His sforzandos hit with the impact of artillery fire, his central movements are nobly spacious, and his finale is a wild prestissimo—an extraordinary performance. Backhaus II and Barenboim also suggest the bolder aspects, though the latter is marred a bit by meretricious ritards and the former is rather too generalized. Both Kempff versions are neat and dainty (and both, incidentally, have a curious misreading at bars 36 and 135 of the first movement). Arrau displays exemplary color and explores the lyrical aspects persuasively; Brendel is broad and conventional but lacks inner tension; Hungerford gives a perfunctory approximation of Schnabel; both Backhaus I and Gulda are facile and a mite bloodless and cool. Schnabel's hair-raising version is unique in my book.

No. 2, in A, Op. 2, No. 2.

• Bruce Hungerford (see No. 1).

Hungerford and Kempff II are my personal favorites for this sonata. Hungerford's assertive, astringent account is the modern counterpart of Schnabel's; Kempff's secco attack and gracious lyricism are very apropos here, with version II fractionally preferable to I—but both superlative. Arrau, massive, profound, and a bit exaggerated in detail, gives

Arrau: mastery and profound insight.

the unusual double repeat in the first movement. Neither Backhaus edition would be my choice here: Brendel is facile and rather undercharacterized; Barenboim loses the basic tempo in the first movement and becomes fussy elsewhere (his finale, for example, is more affetuoso than the specified grazioso); Gulda is pallid and inhibited—far below his norm.

No. 3, in C, Op. 2, No. 3.

• Josef Hofmann. Archive of Piano Music X 903. $4.98 (No. 8 and other piano works).
• Artur Rubinstein. RCA Red Seal LSC 2812, $5.98 (No. 23).

Arrau, Backhaus I, and Rubinstein all offer readings with remarkable breadth, color, and tonal solidity, with Arrau particularly deep and intense in the slow movement. (Barenboim provides a less pianistically poised approximation of the Arrau.) Kempff I, by contrast, is sharper, more pointed than massive in attack, but in his different way he also projects the bite and strength of this big sonata. Schnabel presents the "young lion of the keyboard"—with unkempt hair (or rather, ruffled mane): a most virile and stimulating experience. Brendel is also unusually good here—stylistically somewhat between Kempff I's pointedness and the foregoing triumvirate's bronzen weight—but in the last resort not quite as sophisticated as any of them (or Schnabel). Kempff II is fluent, minus Kempff I's sundry untidinesses and arbitrary details but also minus its bold characterization and impact. Gulda is brainy and overly objective; Backhaus II, though proficient for a man of eighty-five, lacks steady pulse and vigorous attack; the Hofmann piano roll has rhythmic palsy. My choice: Arrau, Rubinstein, or Schnabel, followed closely by Kempff I.

No. 4, in E flat, Op. 7.

• Bruce Hungerford. Cardinal VCS 10085, $3.98 (No. 5).

Arrau grasps the full measure of this big early sonata; he turns in a superbly poetic, spacious reading, and is splendidly recorded. Although Hungerford lacks equivalent tonal beauty, he is perhaps even more successful in conveying the first movement's tumbling, tumultuous rhythmic momentum. His too is a large-scaled, masterly interpretation. Both Kempffs are wonderfully fleet and witty in a more leisurely, almost Schubertian way. The older I, with its subtly varied pianissimos and sforzandos, is a particularly incredible piece of work, though the slightly more lackadaisical and distantly reproduced II is also a superlative performance. Schnabel's slow movement is magnificently regal and profound; he is a shade too clipped and businesslike elsewhere. Brendel falls midway between the supercilious deliberation of the deleted Gieseking/Angel and the plastic facility of Kempff II, and fails to obtain the special distinction of either. Backhaus II, generally similar to Backhaus I in its impressive simplicity, lacks its predecessor's ease of execution and though more individualistic in some particulars, is not its equal. Gulda is more personalized here than on his long-deleted London version, but still basically cool. Barenboim's effort to communicate profundity, results in humorless pomposity and his finale falls to pieces. I recommend Arrau, Hungerford, or Kempff I.

No. 5, in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1.

• Glenn Gould. Columbia MS 6686, $5.98 (Nos. 6, 7).
• Bruce Hungerford (see No. 4).

In this sonata, a basic controversy in Beethoven interpretation is thrown into glaring relief. The composer has marked the last movement prestissimo, but about half the contenders opt instead for a more or less comfortable allegro, their usual contention being that the composer's metronome was at fault and/or that a tempo indication applies only to the beginning of a piece, not its entirety. Schnabel, Gould, Hungerford, and Gulda are the fundamentalists, though perhaps Gould might more aptly be described as a heretic. (He plays even the slow movement ruthlessly fast and fails to take note of the one bar of adagio at the finale's end.) Arrau's unconventional on-the-beat appoggiaturas throw an important rhythmic detail in the first movement strangely out of kilter, but otherwise his version is, along with Kempff II, the most interesting of the slower readings. Backhaus' slightly crude and heavy II is still much more distinguished than his pallid I. Brendel's has undeniable personality, but annoys me with its fussy finale. Barenboim swoons and plods through the whole work. Kempff I is heavy and (aside from a few deftly turned details) stolidly bourgeois. Hungerford's second movement has some unsteady rhythm, and elsewhere he is too clipped, rigorous, and tonally percussive. I like Gulda's recent crisply organized version much better on rehearing, but Schnabel's more passionate one is my first choice. I also retain a perverse affection for the Gould. Be forewarned, however, that his disc omits all repeats, has a harpsichordish kind of piano tone, a squeaking piano stool, and all sorts of extraneous vocal noises.

No. 6, in F, Op. 10, No. 2.

• Claudio Arrau. Philips 839749, $5.98 (Concerto No. 1; from complete set).
• Glenn Gould (see No. 5).
• Anton Kuerti. Monitor S 2075, $2.50 (Nos. 24, 25, 26).

Arrau eschews his typical broad lyricism in this witty sonata and instead offers an appropriately sharp commentary replete

with necessary staccato bite. His articulation is wonderfully clear (as is the recording) and his pianistic resources scintillant. In addition he plays the double repeats in both the first and third movements. Both Kempff versions are deliciously crisp and fanciful, with cameo-like balance and refinement. Barenboim plays the final presto with all the uncomplicated directness he misses in his prettified account of the two earlier movements. His pianism throughout, though, is on a high level. Gould's treatment is exciting and brilliant though highly perverse in detail and again punctuated with extramusical noises. Schnabel has moments of grand clarification, but is erratic and rhythmically messy in the third movement. Both Gulda and the 1957 Leventritt winner, Anton Kuerti, present scrupulous, securely played interpretations that could profit from a bit more playfulness and a lot more nuance. Brendel is slightly precious and mannered, Backhaus I rather pallid and perfunctory. Backhaus II is altogether too bearish; he sits on downbeats too heavily, and has more trouble playing the notes than he had before. My choices are Arrau and Kempff I.

No. 7, in D, Op. 10, No. 3.

- Glenn Gould (see No. 5).
- Vladimir Horowitz. RCA Red Seal LSC 2366, $5.98 (No. 23).

The presto first movement of this sonata provides another tempo controversy, while the largo e mesto (slow and sad) second movement confronts you with one of those drama-laden tragedies Beethoven supposedly didn't compose in his "early" period. Arrau's treatment of the largo is one of the high points of his recorded cycle. He wrings every ounce of pathos and resignation from that difficult-to-sustain section, and the utter desolation of his mood is expressed in rich, controlled pianism. Even his somewhat conventional, slowish tempos for the other movements show a good deal of muscle. A wonderful performance. Schnabel is more headlong and less poised in his approach to the outer movements and rivals Arrau in the largo (his treatment is a bit more epical and emotionally reserved). Both Gould and Horowitz bring a successful touch of operatic melodrama to the largo, but in the outer movements, Gould's remarkable rapidity doesn't always leave room for punctuation; Horowitz is both more steady and more moderate. Both could profit from a bit less glass in the piano tone. Backhaus I rivals Arrau for forthright expansiveness and rich piano sonority, but is relatively perfunctory in the slow movement; Backhaus II is less well played. Brendel offers a lovely, conventional treatment, a bit temperate here and there, though perfectly recommendable. Kempff characteristically substitutes point for mass and turns in a vivacious, nuanced, imaginatively buoyant performance that doesn't suffer and brood enough. Version I was better than II: at least it approximated the requisite strength. Gulda has happily speeded up his presto from his old London recording, but now the largo lacks repose. Barenboim engages in lachrymose point-making—I have heard him play this sonata much better in concert. A very fine (deleted) version by Gieseking offered the best-played account of the first movement at a true presto, and brought a pale, moonlit calm to the largo.

No. 8, in C minor, Op. 13 ("Pathetique").

- Paul Badura-Skoda. Westminster 9352, $2.49 (mono only, Nos. 14, 23).
- Daniel Barenboim. Angel S 36424, $5.98 (Nos. 14, 26); Westminster WMS 1012, $9.98 (three discs, electronic stereo only, Nos. 14, 21, 23, 29, 32).
- Harold Bauer, Archive of Piano Music X 910, $4.98 (No. 23).
- Rudolf Firkusny. Pickwick S 4024, $2.49 (No. 14, Gorodnitzki on No. 23).
- Walter Gieseking. Angel 35025, $5.98 (mono only, No. 14).
- Glenn Gould. Columbia MS 6945, $5.98 (Nos. 9, 10); MS 7413, $5.98 (Nos. 14, 23).
- Vladimir Horowitz. Columbia MS 6541, $5.98 (Chopin: Etudes and Scherzos; Debussy: Preludes).
- Bruce Hungerford. Vanguard VSD 71174, $5.98 (No. 17).
- Wilhelm Kempff. Deutsche Grammophon 139300, $5.98 (Nos. 14, 23; from complete set II).
- Walter Klien. Vox STPL 512530, $1.98 (Nos. 14, 23).
- Raymond Lewenthal. Westminster 9360, $2.49 (mono only, Nos. 14, 23).
- Ivan Moravec. Connoisseur Society CS 1566, $5.98 (No. 14 and Fuer Elise).
- Istvan Nadas. Period ST 2328, $2.98 (Nos. 14, 23).
- Sviatoslav Richter. Artia 162, $4.98 (mono only, Bagatelles).
- Artur Rubinstein. RCA Red Seal LSC 2654, $5.98 (Nos. 14, 26).
- Rudolf Serkin. Columbia MS 6481, $5.98 (Nos. 14, 23); M2X 788, $7.70 (two discs, Nos. 14, 23, Concerto No. 5).

The nickname is Beethoven's own. In its day this sonata was regarded as strange and eccentric. Moscheles was forbidden by his teacher to play it; he had to learn it on the sly. Some of the recorded performances are a bit unorthodox though none are the worse for it. Horowitz conceives the music on an unusually large scale, and his wonderful execution ranges from gigantic, jolting fortissimos to feathery, supple pianissimos. A bit theatrical, perhaps, but the piece can take it. The reproduction is among the best ever afforded the Horowitz piano. Gould, with his crisp, double-dotted French-baroque introduction, breathlessly fast first movement, and emotional adagio, pulls out all the Romantic stops (even the old-style anticipation with the left hand!), but somehow contrives to make this an eighteenth-century classical work; Moravec, paradoxically, is prim, reserved and obeys present-day pianistic etiquette, but ends up with a lovely, nineteenth-century Romantic performance! Richter, who sometimes employs outsized dynamic contrasts, here keeps all of his playing within a bejeweled, almost miniature-lyric context. He is unorthodox only in the finale, with some very stretched rubatos. Serkin also hints at double dotting in the intro and is the only player I have ever heard who repeats that introduction along with the first movement exposition. Otherwise his account is rather more matter-of-fact than I would expect from such an outstanding artist. Hungerford's brightly astringent, well-proportioned playing combines some of Richter's prismatic proportion with Serkin's asceticism. The best of the traditional, broad, Romantic-mainstream performances is Arrau's. Schnabel lacks comparable pianistic refinement and his dated sound hurts him more than usual. Barenboim's conception is sturdy but neither of his two performances boasts particular poise. The more headlong Westminster recording was taped when the young pianist was sixteen, and for all its shortcomings obviously will be of interest to admirers of this gifted young man. Brendel is a bit stolid and metronomic here. Klien, less badly recorded than on my original copy though still slightly brittle, turns in a virile, direct, unpretentious account, as does Gulda. Gieseking's has Apollonian detachment and subtle architecture in a good but aging reproduction. Ironically, a much newer Gieseking/Angel version was dropped from the catalogue some time ago. Petri's just-deleted Westminster (XWN 18255) was another bold, masculine reading—somewhat in the Klien manner but even more distinguished. Kempff I has a clipped, overly fast adagio; Kempff II is far more gracious, perhaps even better reproduced, and though small-scaled, quite agreeable. Firkusny rounds off the edges a shade too much, but is gracious and sophisticated. Backhaus II offers another eighteenth-century, double-dotted reading in intimate, *sec*, salon-type sound. The more heroic Carnegie Hall acoustics of Backhaus' 1954 concert performance (London LL 1108/9) transforms the same clipped, fast tempos into a completely different kind of aesthetic experience, which I rather preferred. Backhaus I, on the old mono-only studio recording, lacked the distinction of either. Rubinstein's current version, better recorded than his two earlier ones, is overly complacent and devoid of inner tension. Badura-Skoda turns out a tasteful, even-tempered reading, while Lewenthal's, bigger and more exciting, is only slightly blemished by some slapdash articulation in the first movement. The Bauer piano roll gags and chokes. The Nádás version was not submitted for this survey.

No. 9, in E, Op. 14, No. 1.

- Glenn Gould (see No. 8).
- Sviatoslav Richter. Philips PHS 900077, $5.98 (No. 10).

This work is to the early sonatas roughly what Op. 90 is to the later ones: a dimensionally "little" piece, but with a great deal of strength behind its essential lyricism, and a touch of latent Romanticism and adventurousness too. Gould brings a scampering quality to its first movement and plays the other two with fierce tenderness and rollicking playfulness. An engagingly defiant but not overly eccentric performance, and well recorded in its ascetic way. Arrau's ruddy, full-bodied pianistic approach has a healthy geniality that I find most attractive. Schnabel's old version is more tersely organized and severe, though it shares Arrau's ample tone and fine characterization. Kempff I and II are both attractively spry and dainty with his typical dry-point staccatos and sforzandos appropriately applied: it's practically a tossup between them, with Kempff I perhaps holding the edge. Gulda's treatment of the central allegretto is unusually brisk and may shock some. Otherwise, his account is fresh, tidy, unaffected, and very well recorded. Richter plays the same allegretto with manic deliberation. He favors wide dynamic contrasts and extremes of drama and inwardness. A potent, indi-

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vidualistic presentation. Backhaus I was fleetly played and rather ordinary; the recently issued Backhaus II is surprisingly free and angular. Some of the rubato there sounds a trifle arthritic, and I question the snowball-rolling-downhill accumulation of tempo in the finale. The veteran artist's fingerwork has plenty of bite in the earlier edition; the newer one, by contrast, sounds toothless (though the gums are sound and healthy!). Brendel's is placid and fluently ephemeral, while the more pretentious Barenboim coyly minces, giving us the Establishment view of "minor" Beethoveniana. My favorites are the Arrau, the Gould, and the Schnabel—with Richter and Gulda just behind them.

No. 10, in G, Op. 14, No. 2.

- Glenn Gould (see No. 8).
- Sviatoslav Richter (see No. 9).

Unlike its opus mate, this is a "little" sonata *without* any hidden significance between the lines. Though not particularly daring or romantic, its second-movement theme probably inspired that most romantic composer Robert Schumann to pen his *Soldier's March*—which he wrote for children. Schnabel's treatment of the first movement spins like a top: duplet-against-triplet rhythms have wonderful impetus. His interpretation of the second destroys the Schumann analogy: he plays it rather slowly with a great many tempo variations and tenutos. The rondo is taut and slow. Richter—who also opts for a fast first movement—sounds curiously flip and breathless. He plays the other two briskly and impetuously. Arrau shows imagination and character: sometimes his exaggeration verges on annoying mannerisms (must he always draw back slightly before *subito pianos* like a small boy about to raid the cookie jar?). On the whole, though, a gracious account, with a marvelously incisive finale. Kempff I is better recorded than Kempff II, but both give crispiy old-fashioned salon-style performances. Brendel's first movement lacks jollity; his autumnal, pathos-tinged mood (an appropriate one for Op. 90) sounds complacent in the present context. His last two movements, however, have a pleasing sophistication and finesse. Gulda's first-movement deliberation somehow sounds more wholesome, and both his crisp, marchlike andante and taut, urgent finale have an engaging sarcasm. Gould turns all the dynamic markings upside down but somehow still manages to sound true to the music—a stimulating *Sturm und Drang* performance. Both Backhaus performances are robust, even-tempered, and essentially similar, but the more gracious, better detailed II is preferable to the earlier I. Barenboim is crass and loose-limbed. His unsubtle point-making ruins the surprise forte ending of the andante. A prim, bespectacled Gieseking version—which used to be available on domestic Angel—is still to be had on imported Odeon SMC 91481 as a filler for the Fourth Concerto.

No. 11, in B flat, Op. 22.

- Yaltah Menuhin, Everest S 3146, $4.98 (works by Liszt and Mendelssohn).
- Sviatoslav Richter, Philips PHS 900076, $5.98 (Nos. 19, 22).

At a cursory glance, Op. 22 might seem like conventional, unadventurous early Beethoven: scrutinize it carefully and you'll discover that some of it (e.g., the first movement) is pure Rossini! Gulda, with a fluent pianistic facility and a hurtling alla breve tempo, gets the bubbling, Italianate lightness in the first movement. His fast tempos elsewhere (particularly in the unusually swift adagio) may be a bit shocking at first but the performance is lively and stimulating. Arrau's more deliberate approach also captures a degree of lightness and "smile" in the first movement and offers a wonderfully disembodied calm in the adagio. His scherzo is perky and even the elaborate *a piacere* rubato in the finale sounds fairly natural. Schnabel gives a sublime reading of the slow movement but has a hard-bitten, businesslike aggressiveness in the first. Richter's tendency toward fluent objectivity is saved by some unexpected dynamic surprises. Brendel's performance is stately and rather cut-and-dried in hard-toned reproduction. Neither of the Backhaus editions give this sonata its requisite felicitous mood, while Barenboim here sounds like an intelligent student trying to combine the best of Schnabel with the best of Arrau and missing the true message of both. A version of Op. 22 by Yehudi Menuhin's younger sister Yaltah may be commended for gracious pianism, but remains too tentative and bland to alter the picture much.

Which brings me to Kempff, whose first LP version is one of the most incredible recordings in phonographic history. His pianissimo in the first-movement development has an unearthly stillness that must be heard to be believed. Even Kempff's own later edition, though perfectly admirable, fails to approximate his earlier miracle, and its sound has an unpleasant tinny ring absent from the earlier full-bodied mono reproduction.

No. 12, in A flat, Op. 26 ("Funeral March").

- Bruce Hungerford, Cardinal VCS 10056, $3.98 (Nos. 14, 25).
- Wanda Landowska, Archive of Piano Music X 915, $4.98 (Mozart: Sonata No. 17).
- Sviatoslav Richter, RCA Victrola VICS 1427, $2.98 (No. 23).

Here is a sonata without one movement in sonata form! It opens with a theme and five variations, is followed by a treacherous scherzo, continues with a dirgelike precursor to the *Eroica* Symphony's slow movement, and ends with a finger-twisting moto perpetuo. Strange bedfellows these four disparate components, and yet their juxaposition works well both structurally and aesthetically. Schnabel and Arrau offer the outstanding accounts, closely flanked by Kempff I and Backhaus I. Schnabel's weighty first movement and stormy *Funeral March* impart unusual scope and weight to the piece, while his precipitate bravura in the other two movements supplies a welcome glint and an extroverted brio. Arrau is more supple and detached, but his pianism has a wonderfully poised, prismatic translucency. Kempff I, though sharing Arrau's coolness rather than Schnabel's weight, gives a biting, ascetic plangency to accents and a superb raindrop patter to the finale. Backhaus I, more casual and ripely romantic than Kempff, displays an easy, expansive quality. Backhaus II is similar, though the approach has tightened up perceptibly and the more recent reproduction is harder, less clinging and caressing. Similarly, the later Kempff record is more perfunctory and less expansive than its predecessor. Gulda is unequivocally too objective about the first movement and arguably so about the remaining three. Hungerford's attempt to re-create Schnabel's approach doesn't quite succeed (he sounds too stolid and rigorous). Brendel's is impeccably accomplished but a shade too consciously literal. Richter turns the piece into a vehicle for his wayward (though breathtaking) virtuosity, and Barenboim's sloppy, noodle-fingered swooning unexpectedly abates for a magnificently galvanic *Funeral March*. Landowska's piano-roll transcription has some dubious rhythms, but the tone—spare, slightly plangent—is recognizably hers.

Gould: Romantic yet 18th-century.

No. 13, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1.

- Bruce Hungerford, Cardinal VCS 10055, $3.98 (Nos. 24, 31).

Beethoven designated this work as a *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* ("almost like a fantasy") but the final movement is a true sonata/allegro. Schnabel realizes to perfection the zany, almost hysterical gaiety of the work's manic moments and the brooding introspection of its depressive ones. The allegro outburst in the opening movement has, in his performance, the disorderly scribble of Beethoven's handwriting, and his treatment of the finale almost (but never quite) races out of control. Hungerford nearly approximates Schnabel's unique performance, and his playing has the benefits of tape-editing flexibility and up-to-date sound. Backhaus I also gave his phrases a clipped, Schnabelesque character, but in Backhaus II, the fingers no longer obey their master—and the effect is heavy-handed. Arrau, the philosopher, while exhibiting wonderful range and insight, refuses to let the sillier passages have their head. Kempff II at first seems overly fast and perfunctory in comparison with Kempff I, but it soon becomes evident that the later version coheres while the earlier one did not. Both of them—and Brendel's too—are nonetheless too prim and dainty: Olde English Script rather than Schnabel's scribble. Gulda's efficient fingerwork sounds type-

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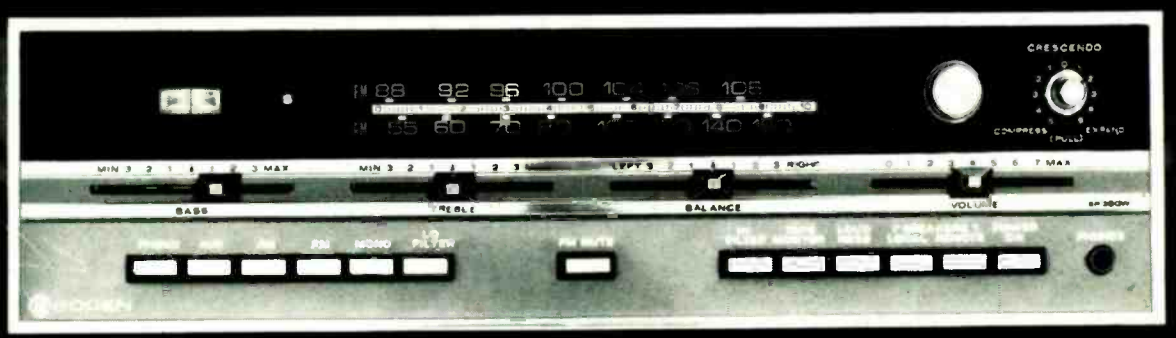

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writerish here, while Barenboim turns in a tame, routine performance. It's Schnabel and Hungerford—with my affection for the former obstinately enduring.

No. 14, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight").

- Wilhelm Backhaus. Everest S 3128/2, $9.96 (two discs, other works played by other pianists).
- Paul Badura-Skoda (see No. 8).
- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 8).
- Philippe Entremont. Audio Fidelity S 50024, $2.98 (Concerto No. 5).
- Rudolf Firkusny (see No. 8).
- Walter Gieseking (see No. 8).
- Emil Gilels. Melodiya/Angel SR 4110, $11.96 (two discs, other piano works).
- Glenn Gould (see No. 8).
- Josef Hofmann (see No. 3).
- Vladimir Horowitz. RCA Red Seal LM 2009, $5.98 (mono only, No. 21).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 12).
- Wilhelm Kempff (see No. 8).
- Walter Klien (see Nos. 8, 23); STPL 511720, $1.98 (other piano works).
- Raymond Lewenthal (see No. 8).
- Benno Moiseiwitsch. Decca DL 710067, $5.98 (No. 26).
- Ivan Moravec (see No. 8).
- Istvan Nadas (see No. 8).
- Guiomar Novaes. Vox STPL 58530, $1.98 (Concerto No. 4); Turnabout TV 34242, $2.98 Nos. 21, 26); Cardinal VCS 10014, $3.98 (Nos. 26, 32).
- Ignaz Paderewski. Archive of Piano Music X 926, $4.98 (other piano works).
- Frantisek Rauch. Parliament 117, $2.98 (mono only, Vondrovic on No. 23).
- Artur Rubinstein (see No. 8).
- Rudolf Serkin (see No. 8); Columbia MGP 13, $5.98 (two discs, recordings by other Columbia artists).

Beethoven also dubbed this work *Sonata quasi una Fantasia*; the *Moonlight* appellation comes from the critic Ludwig Rellstab, who thought that the work's opening adagio reminded him of the moonlit waters of Lake Lucerne. Many will scoff, but I, for one, don't feel that Rellstab was all that wrong in his poeticizing. There are many fine editions to choose from. If you favor luscious colors allied with traditional Beethovenian classical vehemence, the versions by Schnabel, Arrau, and Hungerford are all especially satisfying. The first two are quite massive and rhetorical (Arrau's in particular), while Hungerford favors a slightly more clipped, staccato sonority. Serkin plays the adagio in a low-keyed fashion that at first seems deceptively monochromatic. Listen more closely and you'll discover tremendous inner strength and considerable (but subtle) coloristic variety—a wonderfully large-scaled, dramatic account. Both Kempffs begin the adagio in fast tempo and happily neither of them sticks to it (version II seems to manage the transition with less shock). I like this pianist's deft, scherzando way with the allegretto and find the finale extremely well played. Either Kempff can be warmly endorsed—though his framework is a bit smaller than what one usually hears. Rubinstein came to this warhorse sonata late in life, and his first recording of it sings with ingratiating simplicity. Rauch plays the adagio very slowly, and sustains it beautifully. His reading reminds me somewhat of Solomon's, which used to be available on RCA and now may be had on imported EMI REG 1064. Gieseking's oldish account has a pale, subdued hue but much inner strength. A later Gieseking edition disappeared from the catalogue some years ago. Gulda's record is another one with a slowish adagio. He gives a fine account that might be described as a more objective approximation of the Schnabel. Klien's and Lewenthal's are both forthrightly played. Firkusny's has even more finesse, though he gets a bit fussy and soft-centered in parts of the sonata-form finale. Gould's melodramatic finale works well, but his first two movements are much too hard-boiled and brisk. Moiseiwitsch and Petri (deleted Westminster) both display executional difficulties not typical of their pianism in earlier years. Both play the adagio rather rapidly, but Petri sounds more inhibited—as if he were uptight about the "moonlight" legacy. All three Backhauses (the Everest may well be a reissue of one of the others) share a ripe compassionate romanticism and a fast (though flexible) adagio. Horowitz' control is supreme: he can separate a melody from its accompaniment astonishingly well; unfortunately, he is equally adept at isolating technique from musicality and washing away the latter with all sorts of languishing nuances. Both Moravec and Gilels also conceive the work in terms of bravura pianism, but while the Czech artist keeps his reading continent, the Russian batters the music senseless with outlandish, overdrawn "excitement." Brendel gives an understated, finished reading but suffers from tinny engineering. Both Barenboims flail about in vulgar, undisciplined fashion, though the Westminster—made when the pianist was only sixteen—is a good deal less offensive than the Angel. There is nothing wrong with Badura-Skoda's tasteful account, but I find it a bit smoothed out and methodical. Novaes remains too loud and gruff in the opening adagio, but otherwise, her newer Vanguard recording is far, far superior to her slovenly, coarse older Vox in every way. Of the two piano-roll versions, Paderewski's is broad, full of rhetorical exaggeration, and not too bad withal, while Hofmann's is tight and rhythmically spastic. The Nádás wasn't submitted for scrutiny and the Entremont doesn't warrant it.

No. 15, in D, Op. 28 ("Pastoral").

- Paul Badura-Skoda. Westminster WMS 1005, $9.98 (three discs, No. 17; other works for piano).

The *Pastoral* Sonata probably received its nickname because of the open-fifth beginning of the finale, which sounds like the drone of a shepherd's pipe. The geniality of all four movements makes the subtitle most appropriate, though. The Schnabel, with its structural clarity and tempos that miraculously manage to be both broad and impetuous, is my first choice. Backhaus II, in beautifully velvet modern sound, largely parallels Schnabel's virtues but in a more cavalier, generalized way (his last movement, though, is a shade perfunctory). Arrau's treatment is spacious and genial but sometimes loses impetus from excessive pointing (e.g., the second movement da capo). Kempff's views veer to excessive staccato daintiness, though I is more expansive and better reproduced than II. Badura-Skoda is competent and rather priggish; Gulda more forthright but a shade prosaic and cerebral; Backhaus I a less well-played and recorded approximation of Backhaus II; and Barenboim's Klemperer-like account has a shapeless, rambling finale. And where is Brendel? Why, under a haystack, fast asleep!

No. 16, in G, Op. 31, No. 1.

Kempff's sarcastic trills and dry, biting accents are particularly apt in this witty sonata. Moreover, his gracious lyricism also comes to the fore when it should. The newer II is tauter, more letter-perfect, but the older version was played with more point and recorded with greater impact. Schnabel brings an uncouth humor to the piece with his faster tempos and more impulsive, less impeccable passagework. His adagio, though, is played with much tempo variation and sounds unconventionally profound. Gulda takes a crisp, icy view of that second movement, but otherwise stays more in Schnabel's corner than Kempff's. Backhaus is a mass rather than a point player and his treatment is rather too broad in sound and overpedaled: healthy bread-and-butter pianism, somewhat blunted of satirical thrust. Both versions are extremely well played and well reproduced, though I is clearly the better. Brendel's is nearest to the Kempff approach, but with a tinge of Schubertian charm and a trifle less bite or character. Arrau's has a wonderfully sunny, good-natured affability; Barenboim's does too, though his sturdy pianism is of a different (lower) order. A version by Dmitri Bashkirov on MK 1564 is too cavernously reproduced to be of much value.

No. 17, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 ("Tempest").

- Paul Badura-Skoda (see No. 15).
- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 1).
- Clara Haskil. World Series PHC 9001, $2.98 (No. 18).
- Lorin Hollander. RCA Red Seal LSC 2912, $5.98 (other works for piano).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 8).
- Sviatoslav Richter. Angel S 35679, $5.98 (Schumann: Fantasia in C).

The so-called *Tempest* Sonata is reputedly named after Shakespeare rather than nature, though the subtitle is more general than specific. One of the most celebrated controversies in Beethoven interpretation rages over the recitatives in the first movement of this sonata. The composer has indicated that they be blurred over with a single long pedal—something every contemporary piano primer teaches us *not* to do. I dispute the oft-heard allegation that since the piano of Beethoven's time had less sustaining power than ours his directions are to be ignored; if one plays with slow tempo and good tonal quality and listens carefully to the phrases being produced, the composer's way is both feasible and effective on today's instruments. Only about half of the versions heard in the concert hall obey the long pedals but fortunately the average is substantially higher among recorded contenders. Arrau, Badura-Skoda, Barenboim, Donska, Gulda, Hollander, Hungerford, and Schnabel all hold the pedal as marked. Brendel's edition may be the victim of a tape splice there, so give him the benefit of the doubt and include him on the list too: at least he doesn't play the passage without any pedal at all.

Continued on page 75

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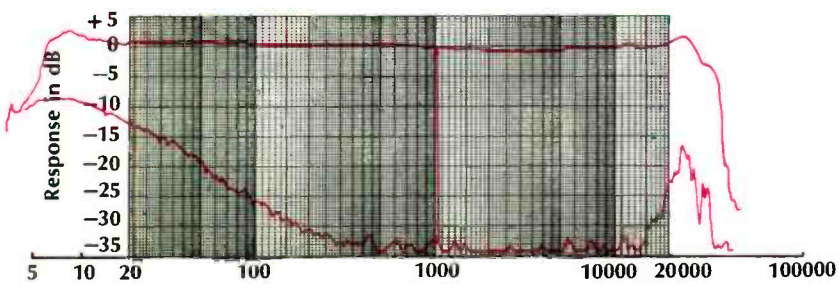

1000ZE/X Measurement Standard

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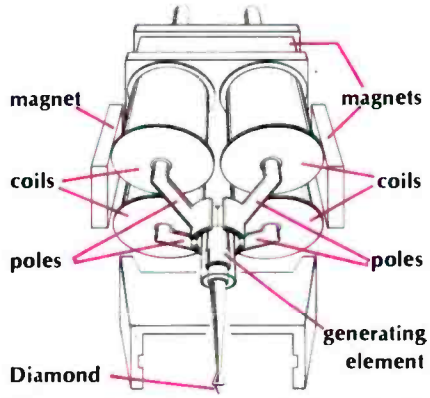

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Continued from page 70

Schnabel's has tremendous weight and tension, and though some may object to his jerky, cubistic, galloping finale, I find that treatment irresistibly attractive. Maria Donska's performance (imported Saga ZID 5121) is not generally available but is a superbly dramatic, forward-thrusting account. I mention it only to call attention to an unknown but obviously important artist. Hungerford and Gulda both present readings in the Schnabel tradition, with the former more clipped and a bit more delicately colored. Arrau's is the most personal of the lot (aside from Richter's—which is *unreasonably* plastic and subjective). Instead of the violent changes from, say, largo to allegro, Arrau eases the contrast with gentle transitions. His playing is hauntingly introspective and, in the finale, shadowy—almost ghostly. Brendel's lean, taut, smoothly polished account is akin to Angel's deleted Gieseking version and superior in textual scholarship, if a trifle glib and facile. Hollander's is unexpectedly strong, deliberate, and brooding—his best piece of work I have heard to date. Barenboim is a bit inattentive to details of rhythm and accentuation, but sees the big picture. Haskil's has sensitivity, but is rather small-scaled and disappointingly ordinary. Badura-Skoda's is a forthright piece of work, albeit somewhat prissy. Kempff II is tauter and a bit less cavalier in detail than Kempff I, but both are daintily superficial. All three Backhaus records (the third was on London LL 1108/9 and recorded at a 1954 Carnegie Hall recital) are woefully prosaic and heavy. The current stereo version at least is played on an interestingly plangent piano (a Bösendorfer?).

No. 18, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3.

- Clara Haskil (see No. 17).
- Josef Hofmann. Superscope 4100A003, $3.98 (other piano works).

Most classical sonatas of the four-movement variety contain either a minuet or a scherzo; this one has both, but lacks a slow movement (the minuet serves in its place). There are a number of very fine versions. The best, in my opinion, are the Haskil, the Brendel, the Gulda, and both Kempffs. Schnabel's playing is extraordinarily chaotic and wild here, but the legitimate reasons for his pianistic failure (an attempt to obey Beethoven's fast tempos—e.g., an impossible presto con fuoco for the finale) plus the incredible gusto and vitality of his ideas make his version valuable as a curio. Aside from Gulda, who approximates the fast Schnabel tempos with cool perfection and thus both gains and loses from his technical success, the other recommended editions are all more gracious, bubbling, and unhurried. Kempff's biting accents and liquid trills—unexpectedly approximated by Mme. Haskil and, to a lesser degree, Brendel (this is his best Beethoven sonata performance)—are perfectly delicious in this humorous essay. It is the lack of charm that puts the bigger, gruffer accounts of Barenboim and Backhaus (both of the latter's editions, like Kempff's, are virtually identical) just a notch lower in my esteem. Each, though, must rank as

Horowitz: a Pathétique *with gigantic fortissimos and feathery pianissimos.*

one of the strongest entries in their respective pianists' complete cycles. Greenberg, on MK 1568, is lively and frolicsome but defers to most of the others on grounds of scholarship and textual accuracy. Arrau fusses and tortures the music with excessive point-making: he seems to have lost interest in this sonata. Hofmann's piano roll goes beserk in many of the fast passages; still, you can hear that he was a wonderfully deft pianist, if really better suited for Moszkowski than Beethoven.

No. 19, in G minor, Op. 49, No. 1.

- Sviatoslav Richter (see No. 11).

This little *leichte Sonate*, and its even slighter companion, were published long after their completion—and wouldn't have been at all if the composer's brother Ferdinand hadn't sent it to the printers behind Ludwig's back. It is not as easy to play as one might think: the opening movement demands elegant legato shaping of the double-third accompaniment if it is not to sound square and blocky, while the rondo requires scrupulous phrasing and a crisp staccato. All of the performances listed are reasonably good, but Schnabel's is incredible. Nobody else quite equals his succinctness and poetry: childlike simplicity allied with a philosopher's wisdom and a humanitarian's heart. Both Kempffs are rather sharp and objective, the two Backhauses a bit old-fashioned and schmaltzy. Richter is a water-colorist who paints in cool, firm strokes and favors ruminative tempos. Barenboim and Arrau both offer broad accounts—though the former is a shade tacky-toned in the rondo, while the latter could sparkle more throughout. Brendel is silky and fluent, Gulda a little square, straight, and just a shade deficient in warmth and charm.

No. 20, in G, Op. 49, No. 2.

- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 1).
- Sviatoslav Richter (see No. 11).

The most undemanding of the Beethoven sonatas seems to evoke condescension from its interpreters. Only Schnabel "swings" in bold, unpretentious fashion. Unfortunately, this is not one of his best transfers. Richter is reasonably unaffected, but even he is a bit simpering and oversweet in the minuet. Both Kempffs are decidedly square-toed and clipped, with an inappropriate jaunty staccato. Arrau is finicky, playing big ritards all over the place; but at least he sounds strong rather than sentimental. Barenboim's forthright first movement is canceled out by the most effete minuet of all. Brendel's is too fast and cursory for my taste. Backhaus I was reasonably incisive, but Backhaus II sounds tired on a close, metallic recording. Gulda's new version is explosive, brittle, and icy.

No. 21, in C, Op. 53 ("Waldstein").

- Daniel Barenboim. Angel S 36581, $5.98 (No. 31); for Westminster recording, see No. 8.
- Walter Gieseking. Odyssey 32 16 0314, $2.98 (electronic stereo only, No. 23); Angel 35024, $5.98 (mono only, No. 23).
- Vladimir Horowitz (see No. 14).
- Guiomar Novaes (see No. 14).

The *Waldstein* is in many ways the keyboard equivalent of the Fifth Symphony. Both build an overpowering emotional colossus out of the most primal, almost banal, motifs and harmonies. Though not the most devilishly difficult to perform (that distinction, of course, must go to the *Hammerklavier*), the *Waldstein*'s frankly virtuosic use of runs, broken octaves, rotary arpeggios, and the like produces a showy clarity that can awe unsophisticated listeners. Gulda's version can be used as an unfortunate paradigm to demonstrate how the music shrinks in stature when played for technical effect alone. One wonders what Gulda—usually a most responsible musician—had in mind here: he turns the profound molto adagio into a perfervid, empty allegretto, while his brittle, dazzling filigree elsewhere sounds like ice cubes clinking in a tall glass. Barenboim/Angel goes to the opposite extreme in his attempt to make the music profound through the use of slow-motion tempos, ending up equally wide of the mark. Barenboim/Westminster, another performance from the pianist's teenage years, is faster and relatively unpretentious, though of course facile and immature. My two favorite *Waldsteins* remain the Schnabel, for truly profound spiritual depth, and the Solomon, for its thrilling, every-note-in-place rhythmic perfection. Though the Englishman (whose version has recently been reissued on imported Odeon HQM 1077) ignores Beethoven's long pedal indications in the rondo and otherwise is obviously using a corrupt text, this is one instance where an interpretation's intuitive rightness compels me to forgive incidental lapses in scholarship. Arrau sets virtually the same slow tempos as Barenboim/Angel but pays greater heed to inner-voice sforzandos, rests, and other complexities, achieving a serious, impressive performance of grand clarification. It is very subtle, indeed masterful, but too subdued and dispassionate for my taste. The Brendel and both Giesekings, despite a touch of flippancy in the molto adagio (nothing to the degree of Guilda's insensitivity however), share my own classical view of the sonata. I fail to hear the much-touted decline in Gieseking's pianism from his prewar Odyssey disc to his postwar Angel, but cannot help noticing the vast superiority of Angel's aging but natural monophonic sound over the

other's garbled, scratchy reprocessed stereo. Brendel's performance—which I had recalled as being looser, more lax, and heavier than it in fact is—can hold its own with either Gieseking despite a few cavalier octave doublings and other dubious textual details. Backhaus II scores over Backhaus I by restoring the first-movement repeat. It also offers better—in fact, superb—sound and boasts a few textual niceties along with the preservation of some of the older version's anachronisms. Both, however, are too expansively genial and romantic for my taste: more Brahms than Beethoven. Kempff I is caustic, quizzical, and very dry; Kempff II is more gently lyrical, with washes of delicate color. Both—in totally dissimilar ways—present interesting mixtures of intuition, scholarship, and old-fashioned romantic style without conveying the music's dynamism. Horowitz plays with inhibited violence and receives throttled, brittle reproduction, while the straightforward Novaes is simply heavy in the aerial first movement and downright prosaic elsewhere.

No. 22, in F, Op. 54.

- Sviatoslav Richter. RCA Victrola VICS 1478, $2.98 (Concerto No. 1).

This two-movement, enigmatic work has the misfortune of being flanked by two of the best-known "nickname" sonatas. In the interest of helping Op. 54 achieve greater popularity, I have furnished my own subtitle in recognition of the first movement's thematic similarity with *Oh My Darlin' Clementine*. Barenboim turns in one of his finest performances here: his pianism is varicolored, meticulously controlled, and graciously lyrical. He is also one of the few artists to take the second movement at a true allegretto as marked. Gulda and Brendel are defter and lighter in sonority; both favor an attractive wash of pedal color over the second movement's toccatalike figurations. Kempff II surprisingly makes more of the fortissimo at bar 102 of the first movement than did Kempff I—"surprisingly" because in general the later version is smoothed out and less forthright than the earlier. In both, he achieves a delicate dancing-snowflake whimsy in the allegretto that none of the others tries for. Arrau sees the music in broad, sonorous terms. Richter plays the allegretto with astonishing ease and facility, but his tempo is really too fast. Backhaus I is similarly crisp and matter-of-fact; Backhaus II editorializes more—or is it just that he has to work harder? However, his later version's muddled second movement is nothing compared to Schnabel's, whose allegretto goes in frantic fits and starts. This is one of his least successful performances. My favorites are Kempff I, Gulda, and Brendel.

No. 23, in F minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata").

- Paul Badura-Skoda (see No. 8).
- Daniel Barenboim. Angel S 3749, $11.96 (two discs, other works for piano, cello, and orchestra); for Westminster recording, see No. 8.
- Harold Bauer (see No. 8).
- Josef Fidelman. Urania 58031, $4.98 (piano works by Chopin).
- Walter Gieseking (see No. 21).
- Robert Goldsand. Desto DC 6200, $11.96 (two discs, other piano works).
- Sascha Gorodnitzki (see Firkusny, No. 8).
- Glenn Gould (see No. 8).
- Vladimir Horowitz (see No. 7).
- Wilhelm Kempff (see No. 8).
- Walter Klien (see No. 8).
- Raymond Lewenthal (see No. 8).
- Ivan Moravec. Connoisseur Society CS 2000, $5.98 (No. 27; Variations, G. 191).
- Istvan Nadas (see No. 8).
- Sviatoslav Richter (see No. 12).
- Artur Rubinstein (see No. 3).
- Rudolf Serkin (see No. 8).
- O. Vondrovic (see Rauch, No. 14).

For all its romantic content, the *Appassionata* is structurally an expanded classical sonata. Standing out from the galaxy of more or less traditional performances are those by Gulda and Gould. As dissimilar as any pair of interpretations could ever be, each is in its way an extreme reaction against conventionality. Gulda, in a zealous endeavor to quell all the work's structural padding and suggest an arrow-straight line, races through the entire sonata as if pursued by hornets. The precipitation causes quite a few details to fall by the wayside; even *his* virtuoso equipment can't cope with such a pace. Once you are accustomed to its iconoclastic haste, you may discover that the musical statement is quite rewarding. Nothing, I fear, could ever reconcile me to Gould's reading, which begins in the usual leisurely manner and stays that way even where tradition accelerates. Aside from a finale which suddenly awakens, the reading is an apparent case of deliberate sabotage (the Canadian pianist's annotations dismiss the Op. 57 as being "somewhere between the *King Stephen* Overture and the *Battle of Victoria* Symphony").

Rubinstein's current version—his third—represents a total rethinking and vast improvement over its predecessors. You get both the rock-solid, regular pulse of an idiomatic, Germanic treatment with impeccable care for detail and a rich, romantic flavor. Moreover, this RCA disc provides an outstandingly fine piano reproduction.

Arrau also brings pathos and grandeur to the writing in supremely resourceful pianism. If I prefer Rubinstein it is only because his reading has slightly more rhythmic backbone (e.g., bars 123-130 of the first movement, where the fragmented passagework can easily bog down). Both Backhaus editions and Barenboim/Angel are full-bodied and forthright, though all three are rather offhand about detail and each omits the last-movement repeat. (Beethoven, in addition to putting in repeat signs, actually specified "*la seconda parte due volte*" in the manuscript.) The early Barenboim version on Westminster is also an astonishingly vital, communicative reading—easily the best of his adolescent efforts. A Dr. O. Vondrovic, of whom I know nothing (he presumably is professor of piano at the Prague Conservatory), turns in a stunningly played *Appassionata* in the best broad traditional vein. Serkin's most recent account gives us his familiar terse, stringently incisive account: that most scholarly of blood-and-thunder pianists chooses a lean, even coloristically restricted, context but within those dimensions surcharges his treatment with unusual focus and temperament. Petri's recently withdrawn Westminster, a bit lacking in technical polish, was uncommonly metrical—make that "metronomic," the senior-citizen counterpart of Gulda. Schnabel is swift and classical—again, just this side of Gulda's haste, and considerably more flexible and nuanced. Unfortunately, this sonata which demands impact has the misfortune to be enfeebled by a low-level, noise-ridden dubbing of the 1933 shellac originals. Perhaps Seraphim's forthcoming remastering will remedy the situation—as Deutsche Grammophon decisively did when they reissued Kempff I. Both Kempff versions, in their present form, are well reproduced and if there is any lack of impact there it is because the veteran Beethovenian intentionally reduces the scale of his interpretations. Version II surpasses I in every way: its finale, in particular, is better disciplined, more cogent rhythmically, and restores that important repeat. In sum, a fine, restrained, and mellow performance. Gieseking is restrained too, though "mellow" is hardly descriptive of his bright, almost Mozartean conception. The prewar Odyssey might be a marginally more assured performance, but the postwar Angel sound, tubbiness and all, is certainly superior to the former's scratchy, falsified "incompatible mono."

The pianistically oriented Richter, Horowitz, and Moravec: Richter, the most flamboyant, fragments—indeed, shatters—the form with perverse speed variations and dynamic extremities. Such freewheeling disregard for what Beethoven wrote down ought to have infuriated me but (shh!) rehearing his RCA version as reissued on Victrola left me limp with awe (such a tempo for the last prestissimo!). The Soviet virtuoso doesn't completely evade justice; his versions on MK 1550 and deleted Columbia M2L 272—both recorded in concert—are equally wayward but not so convincing. Horowitz delivers a surprisingly cautious, pedestrian reading from the late '50s, when he had forsaken public performance—and sounds it. Moravec—between Richter's audacity and Horowitz' constraint—probably has more staying power than either.

As for the various *Moonlight/Pathétique/Appassionata* couplings, although none contains my first choice for all three sonatas, the safest recommendations are the Serkin in its single-disc form on Columbia MS 6481 and the Kempff (II) on Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 139300, both of which sonically supersede earlier mono-only editions by the same respective artists.

No. 24, in F sharp, Op. 78.

- Alfred Brendel. Turnabout TV 34205/9, $14.90 (five discs, No. 26; complete concertos).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 13).
- Anton Kuerti (see No. 6).

The dedicatee of this subtle little sonata was Therese von Brunswick, one of the many contenders to the title of Beethoven's Immortal Beloved. Kempff I, had it included both rather than just one repeat in the first movement, would have been absolutely rather than nearly perfect—but the omission is hardly worth quibbling over. Kempff II, though superbly witty, gracious, and perhaps even more digitally flawless (no double repeat

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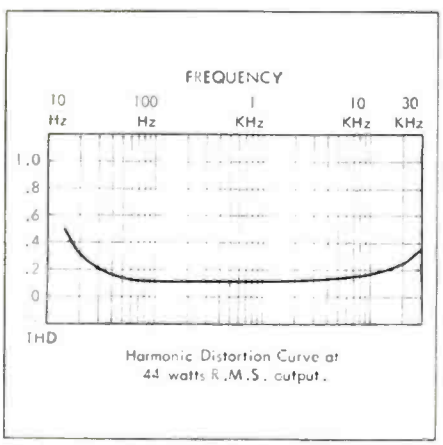

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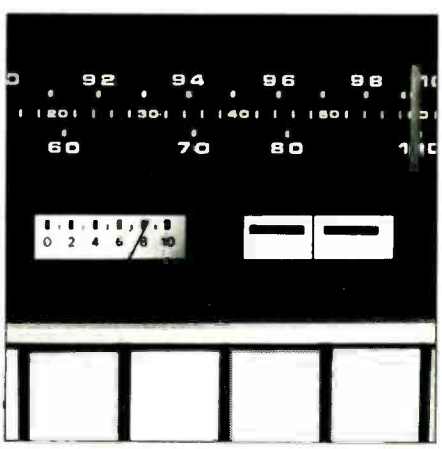

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there either however), doesn't quite have I's irresistibly helter-skelter finale. Brendel's is somewhat akin to Kempff II in its Turnabout reissue with the concertos; in the Vox box the transfer is at a much higher level, with a ruinous glockenspiel plonk to the piano tone—it sounds like a different performance. Schnabel brings a more roguish, less nimble kind of humor, and also plays beautifully. Arrau combines Schnabel's tonal weight with a caressing expansiveness all his own: one of his most satisfying performances. Another Op. 78 worth investigating is the reissue of Egon Petri's renowned 1936 shellac version on imported Odeon HQM 1112. The late Dutch pianist's sober, intellectualized style gives the music strength and severity, with restored sound that is amazingly advanced for its era. Barenboim's is a shade dreamy and superficial, while both Gulda and Hungerford pattern their respective interpretations on Schnabel's but remain a bit constrained and chilly in emotional outlook. Backhaus I had a cool, crisp, wonderful technical proficiency but was too generalized in precise detail. Backhaus II, more romantic and subjective, is no less generalized and lacks its predecessor's fluency.

Anton Kuerti plays with impeccable poise, though his intelligent, scrupulous musicianship here could stand more of the *joie de vivre* of Kempff I and Schnabel. A nod for Arrau and Petri also—if you are interested in hearing Op. 78 turned into a large-scaled, more serious work.

No. 25, in G, Op. 79.

- Myra Hess, Archive of Piano Music X 917, $4.98 (other piano works).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 12).
- Anton Kuerti (see No. 6).

Schnabel is the complete master of this stylized little sonatina. His first movement is full of bubbling hilarity and he hurls the music at you with tremendous gusto and urgency. His tender, affecting andante realizes its bel canto operatic qualities to perfection and the vivace has a tripping silliness that is wonderfully apt. Kempff also captures the spunk and cameolike tenderness in both versions, though version I is far more sparkling than the less vivacious, more benign II. Arrau acknowledges the music's fun with the flicker of a smile, but the music's flippant mirth is outside his serious domain. The civilized Brendel is too temperate and tepid, and Barenboim—with an admittedly fine range of colors—strikes me as too self-consciously "charming." Gulda is a bit hard-nosed in his accented brio. Kuerti and Hungerford—both of them a shade less hard-bitten—could also laugh more. Backhaus, who once played a superb Op. 79 at a Carnegie Hall concert (London LL 1108/9), delivers an astonishingly crude, insensitive account on his recent stereo version (his monophonic studio recording lacks any distinctive qualities, good or bad). Myra Hess's piano roll is disastrously processed, and though I suspect that she might have played this sonata convincingly, it is impossible to tell what her reading might have been like. A version by Daniel Pollack, on MK 1548, unfolds the notes in a facile, tensionless manner.

No. 26, in E flat, Op. 81a ("Lebewohl").

- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 8).
- Alfred Brendel (see No. 24).
- Van Cliburn, RCA Red Seal LSC 2931, $5.98 (Mozart: Sonata No. 10).
- Bruno Leonardo Gelber, Seraphim S 60130, $2.98 (Concerto No. 3).
- Anton Kuerti (see No. 6).
- Benno Moiseiwitsch (see No. 14).
- Guiomar Novaes (see No. 14).
- Artur Rubinstein (see No. 8).

The German subtitle (not its more generally known translation, *Les Adieux*) is Beethoven's own preference: the opening three chords of the adagio introduction were written to fit the trisyllabic *Le-be-wohl*. Op. 81a is light and genial; its three movements portray Beethoven's sorrow during the leave-taking and absence of his friend the Archduke Rudolph and joy upon his return. Both of Kempff's superb recordings offer broadly old-fashioned, rather "homemade" performances full of vigor and spunk, but version II corrects a glaring textual *faux pas* at bars 118/119 of the first movement. Schnabel too turns in one of his very greatest performances here—full of flexibility, energy, and personality. Arrau breaks the forward flow into too many little pieces, though his cool, limpid pianism has great finesse. Backhaus II's King-Kong massiveness overpowers the little piece, and while Backhaus I apes it, it monkeys with the tempo more. London LL 1108/9, Backhaus' Carnegie Hall recital of 1954, was easily the most sensitive and interesting of the pianist's three versions known to me (I never heard his 78-rpm performance which is reissued on an imported Odeon disc). Kuerti plays the *Lebewohl* with a bold angularity and ascetic spirit that reminds me very much of the reading his mentor Rudolf Serkin once gave on a bygone Columbia disc. A fine piece of work. Gelber's obvious artistry is prone to excessive delicacy and inordinately slow tempos. He takes a laggardly adagio pace for the andante second movement, for example. Brendel offers a competently played account that suffers from thin, unappealing reproduction. The Turnabout reissue, unlike that of Op. 78, is even less appealing than the original Vox box. Gulda's crisp, unaffected account is similar to Brendel's though less inhibited and better-sounding. Rubinstein and Cliburn give stodgy, lackadaisical, casual acounts. (The latter, which I had remembered as being far better, particularly disappointed me on reacquaintance.) Moiseiwitsch puts his pearly, nuanced pianistic affinity to excellent use in the first two movements but is overcome by the third's scurrying difficulties. Novaes/Turnabout has a certain spontaneity but also becomes untidy in the final movement. Novaes/Vanguard is technically labored as well as untidy and lacks her earlier account's forward line though it has much cleaner, more lifelike reproduction. Barenboim gives the piano a series of karate chops in the difficult double notes in the first movement: this is a snappish, aggressive, juvenile performance of a sonata that especially calls for sophistication and pianistic finesse. A superlative Solomon performance can be had on imported EMI REG 1064.

No. 27, in E minor, Op. 90.

- Jorg Demus, Westminster WMS 1004, $9.98 (three discs, Nos. 30, 31; other piano music).
- Ivan Moravec (see No. 23).
- Solomon, Seraphim S 60016, $2.98 (Concerto No. 1).

The arbitrary division between "early," "middle," and "late" Beethoven habitually consigns all opus numbers under 100 to the "middle" category. Actually, this 1814 work is closer in time to the Op. 101 of 1816 than to the *Lebewohl* of 1809–10, and certainly closer in style. Its second movement, in particular, starts out like a Schubert song and verges on total, Schumannesque romanticism before it has reached its treacherously inconclusive double bar. Moravec's approach differs from all the others in its concern for extreme contrasts and pianistic effects. He plays an unusually dramatic first movement, alternating feathery pianissimos and thundering fortes. By contrast, Schnabel's first movement is surprisingly muted but full of driving, passionate energy nonetheless. I also like the way he keeps the second moving along. Gulda, a bit tauter throughout, also opts for brisk, classical restraint. Solomon's beautifully Gothic account is so perfectly proportioned and even-tempered that one listens contentedly to the playing without ever becoming aware of an "approach"—certainly the measure of a great musical performance. The two Kempff performances, virtually identical, are mellow, gracious, and expansive. Backhaus II (reportedly the late pianist's last recording) surprised me with some of the most deeply felt, piercingly poetic, rhapsodically intense playing I have ever heard from him; Backhaus I was faster and more clipped, less free and (for all its mannerisms) much more inhibited and objective. Arrau and Barenboim are the broadest and most romantically inflected of the lot (though Backhaus II approaches them in the finale). Both are extremely well played, though Arrau avoids Barenboim's slight tendency to let all the ritenutos in the first movement sectionalize the writing. Brendel and Demus are slender, with perfect proportion and veiled, delicate colors. Though all are superb, I would single out Schnabel, Solomon, the two Kempffs, Arrau, and the new Backhaus (as a moving souvenir of an artist I by no means always admired unstintingly).

No. 28, in A, Op. 101.

- Stephen Bishop, Seraphim S 60035, $5.98 (No. 30; Bagatelle in C).

This might well be the most cryptic of the late sonatas—and like the Op. 127 string quartet, any sunshine it may possess is plainly of the arctic variety. I have always had a fondness for Kempff's delicate, sharply pointed approach to this music (virtually identical in both versions, though I is more perfectly executed than II and observes the last-movement repeat omitted in the other). If you approve of Kempff's objectivity but find him too dainty and small-scaled, investigate the Gulda and Brendel—both provide much of his bite and clarity but in bigger, more orthodox tonal dimensions. Of the two, Gulda's has more inner tension and is

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much better reproduced. Arrau and Barenboim present valid and moving accounts in the more romantic vein. Here one finds broader than usual tempos, a lingering on every harmony, a savoring of every beauty. Arrau's may be a mite theatrical, but it has a shimmering and richly varied tone; Barenboim's sonority is basically dull. In a sonata so contrapuntal as this, that difference is crucial. Also, though Barenboim is a workmanlike executant, Arrau's pianistic finesse is truly astonishing. Compare Arrau's incredibly accurate balances and dotted-note spring in the march with Barenboim's less defined, slightly flustered treatment and you should have no difficulty choosing between them. Arrau's earlier recording of Op. 101 (English Columbia 33 CX 1513—never issued domestically) is just as poised but the treatment is considerably faster and more direct; that performance, were it available, would unquestionably be my favorite.

Both Backhauses present big, sunny readings with sundry old-fashioned mannerisms. Version I has slightly more internal swiftness and acute timing, though not to any sizable degree. The superb piano tone is strikingly different in each: I sounds like a red-blooded Hamburg Steinway, while II has that interesting plangency and bass/treble separation of a Bösendorfer (I am only guessing, of course). Schnabel's sublime treatment of the adagio transcends everyone else's save Arrau's but on the whole, his account of this sonata is scandalously messy and chaotic. A version by Solomon on imported Odeon XLP 30116 is civilized, poetic, and sensitively proportioned, but for my taste, too rounded off and not sarcastic and biting enough.

No. 29, in B flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier").

- Vladimir Ashkenazy. London CS 6563, $5.98.
- Daniel Barenboim. Command S 11026, $5.98; for Westminster recording, see No. 8.
- John Ogdon. RCA Red Seal LSC 3123, $5.98.
- Egon Petri. Westminster XWN 18747, $4.98 (mono only); 9350, $2.49 (mono only).
- Beveridge Webster. Dover HCST 7256, $2.50.

All of Beethoven's sonatas from Op. 101 onward bear the inscription *für das Hammerklavier*, but for some reason the subtitle has persistently clung to only this longest and most difficult of them. Before considering the available versions, let me mention the good news that Rudolf Serkin, long one of our leading *Hammerklavier* specialists, has finally recorded the piece to his satisfaction and Columbia plans to release the disc this fall (it will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue). Op. 106 is a terribly difficult piece both to interpret and to comprehend, and the perfect recording has not, and probably never will be, made. Its two most conspicuous hurdles, aside from horrendous technical demands, are how to pace the two outer movements and how to sustain the great adagio. If the first and final movements are played anywhere near the metronome marks set by the composer, the effect is plunging, headlong, and terse; treated broadly—and certainly their textures are intricate enough to sustain such handling—they take on a grandiose monumentality and ripe romanticism. There are several adherents to both schools, though there is a middle ground which tries for forward energy at a slightly slower tempo than Beethoven's and, in addition, captures some of the rhetorical richness as well. The problem in playing the adagio, on the other hand, is more than just a question of slow, fast, or moderate tempo: here an entire aesthetic response comes into play, and the upshot is whether a given performer feels—or *wants* to feel—intense suffering in his music-making. Schnabel lunges into the opening allegro and the fugue with a tremendous, febrile impact. Even if you accept (as I do) the premise that his thinking is on the right track you will have to admit that the fingers keep jumping the rail. One critic has said that Schnabel's performance gives you more of the music and less of the notes than anyone else's—and I'll quote that opinion as a fair one. In the adagio, on the other hand, Schnabel has no executional problems. He begins with an indescribable veiled quality and lets the music progress with ineffable sadness and world-weariness. At times the phrases falter, almost as if choked with tears. It is an unforgettable performance. Webster and a very similar version by Charles Rosen on deleted Epic BC 1300 approximate Schnabel's precipitation in the outer movements, and enjoy the benefits of tape splicing. Neither comes anywhere near matching Schnabel in the slow movement however. Both are a bit rushed and brittle, albeit undeniably intelligent. Arrau does project a slow movement comparable to Schnabel's (he is more yielding and intimate, not quite so universal in his grief), but his phrasing is contorted and he seems a bit too pianistically oriented in the outer sections. Philips has given his clear, colorful playing luscious reproduction. The slow *Hammerklaviers* are by Kempff, Backhaus, Brendel, and Barenboim. The older Kempff I, rich in nuance, might be described as a superb actual performance; Kempff II, a bit brighter, tighter, and more sure-fingered, is by contrast a less spontaneous piece of studio work. Barenboim/Angel carries the deliberation of Barenboim/Command a step further and improves on it in several significant ways: its final fugue is more excitingly played and the piano tone (thoroughly good on Command) is much more massive and impressive. For all their similarity vis-á-vis tempo, a bigger difference between Kempff and Barenboim would be hard to imagine. Kempff is an intimate player, able to suggest heroic power by judicious accents and a perfect sense of proportion; Barenboim is a dramatic, extroverted musical personality who favors rich, warm, massive tone projection. Backhaus is as weighty as Barenboim but his playing is robbed of impact by an old, feeble recording. It will be interesting to see if London's forthcoming reprocessed stereo reissue can revitalize the reproduction (Backhaus of course died before he could get around to remaking this sonata). Admittedly, I have never been particularly fond of the Backhaus version: I find it rounded off and utterly lacking inner urgency. Brendel's Kempff-like account has a glossy superficiality and is plangently hard-toned.

Petri was seventy-seven when he taped his Westminster disc (an earlier Columbia disc dated only a few years before was—if memory serves—inferior to the Westminster). Be prepared to accept certain hesitancies of technique and an adagio that is unusually fast and severe. For all its outer austerity, Petri's playing abounds with wisdom and compassion. Ashkenazy and Solomon (on imported Odeon XLP 30116) are more tender than Petri in the adagio, though the young Russian becomes brittle in the fugue while the Englishman is overly suave throughout. Conversely, Gulda's perceptive reading is altogether too ruthless in the adagio, but is elsewhere rather compelling in a cerebral way. Ogdon is constrained and tentative—I like his disc less on rehearing. The sixteen-year-old Barenboim of the Westminster disc was a drier, more matter-of-fact interpreter than he is now. He gets through it quite capably, though—a remarkable enough feat in itself. All the versions except the two later Barenboims, Webster, and early pressings of the Backhaus avoid the artistically injurious side break in the adagio.

No. 30, in E, Op. 109.

- Stephen Bishop (see No. 28).
- Jorg Demus (see No. 27).
- Ernst von Dohnanyi. Everest S 3109, $4.98 (No. 31).
- Glenn Gould. Columbia ML 5130, $5.98 (mono only, Nos. 31, 32).
- Myra Hess. Seraphim IC 6045, $8.94 (three discs, mono only, other piano works played by other pianists).
- Bruce Hungerford. Vanguard VSD 71172, $5.98 (No. 32).

If you want a clear-cut demonstration of the difference between a "masculine" and "feminine" interpretation, listen to the Backhaus and Hess editions in quick succession. Dame Myra's performance is *not* lacking strength, though its perfectly drawn dimensions and solid bass line are always tempered with a gracious gentility; Backhaus, by contrast, picks up the sonata by the scruff of the neck and shakes it. There is a good no-nonsense feeling for all the many tempo transitions, and beautiful reproduction in the stereo version. Backhaus II is an immeasurable improvement over I—and were it not for sundry cavalier details held over from the older edition (extra low octaves in the bass, for instance), I would cite it as a perfectly recommendable performance. A bygone account by Egon Petri (Allegro/Royale 1598) duplicated Backhaus' bold directness without tampering with the text. Dohnányi, like Backhaus a student of the renowned D'Albert, recorded Op. 109 for Everest shortly before his death in 1960. The composer/pianist's interesting performance is not always in pianistic order, but even with its muddles and stylistic anachronisms, there is a good deal of heart and innate conviction. It is obvious that Dohnányi was a superlative virtuoso in his younger days. Kempff II is swift, subtle, and rarefied. This is the only version known to me that takes the theme with variations at an unequivocal andante as marked by the composer (most everyone confuses it with the adagio of Op. 111). I question only Kempff's restatement of the theme at the end: it ought to sound spent and exhausted, but as he plays it, seems affirmative and all too

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ready to generate a whole new series of variations. Kempff I is more massively recorded, and though it is a good performance, I prefer the more delicate II which makes the pianist's unusual interpretive outlook clearer. Demus' sensitive rendition duplicates a lot of Kempff II's low-keyed, subtle color though his tempos are akin to the slower Hess version. Schnabel's ascetic reading, instead of concealing the many difficult musical problems lets the listener in on the mental processes, and in the end, solves them to everyone's perfect understanding: this sublimely affecting performance is one of his best. Hungerford's is very much in the same tradition, though Schnabel's innate individuality is not easily duplicated. Some of Barenboim's tempos are arguable (his second movement is more of an allegro moderato than Beethoven's presto), but he is really into this work. Arrau offers masterly piano-playing and considerable depth of musicianship, though his ultrarhetorical, Furtwänglerish phrase expansion is not to my taste. Gulda uses the pedal sparingly—for color only and not as technical camouflage. Some of his tempo relationships strike me as rigorous and arbitrary, yet the intelligence behind them is always evident. Brendel sounds even more stolid, though he is admittedly at a disadvantage in the kerplonky, unpleasantly belling reproduction. Bishop, beautifully but a bit bloodlessly engineered, gives a detached, scrupulous reading with no problems of tempo relationship: I find his aloofness disquieting though. Gould's omission of certain repeats in the variations is but one aspect of his imperfect grasp of the music's architecture: he gives a deformed, impossibly swooning, tumultuous reading. A beautiful Finkusny performance on Capitol has fallen by the wayside. Schnabel's is still my favorite.

No. 31, in A flat, Op. 110.

- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 21).
- John Browning. RCA Red Seal LSC 2963, $5.98 (Schumann: Symphonic Etudes).
- Jorg Demus (see No. 27).
- Ernst von Dohnanyi (see No. 30).
- Glenn Gould (see No. 30).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 13).
- Grant Johannessen. Golden Crest GC 40866, $11.96 (two discs, other piano works).

As deep and elusive as any of the late Beethoven works, Op. 110 may be considered the pianistic counterpart of the last string quartet, Op. 135. In other words, its constant flow of lyric thought tends to make it the most accessible of the last five sonatas. The gracious Hess performance (formerly on Angel 35705) and the monumental Petri (on the overside of his aforementioned Op. 109) should both be reissued. Schnabel snatches at the double thirds in the scherzo and distorts one or two other details as well, yet delivers an impassioned, deeply felt interpretation. Hungerford's has lucidity, bright-toned assertiveness, and of the modern recordings is most like the Schnabel in basic design. Arrau has remarkable clarity (e.g., the left-hand runs at the beginning of the first movement recap) and plenty of sagacious, expansive humor. If only his stunningly engineered statement had been less willful and pulled about in the arioso. Still, a fine account.

Demus and Kempff II are smaller-scaled than usual, but boast flowing simplicity and lovely tone gradations. Kempff I is rather interesting but too square-toed and *echt-Deutsch*. (His newer one is far more refined.) Johannesen pares sensuousness away from his sonority in a brittle performance (akin to a long-vanished Casadesus edition) which nevertheless displays an impeccable skeleton. If Johannessen moves with spare unpretentiousness, Barenboim progresses like a heavy oxcart. Tempo relationships and changes give him little trouble: he takes everything too slowly. Dohnányi's Op. 110 is similar to his 109 in its heartfelt, exaggerated strength and rough pianism. Browning's is quite capably played but alternately brittle, smoothed out, and overly affetuoso. Backhaus is just as insensitive in II as he was in I: his tempos in both are briskly perfunctory and the more expressive the music gets, the more right and left hands spread further apart. Gulda's rigorous individuality is interesting to hear—*once*—while Brendel's unexceptional, pianistically smooth reading suffers from defective recorded sound. (Who wants an Op. 110 played on the glockenspiel?) Gould diddles and dawdles in an impossibly self-concerned rendition.

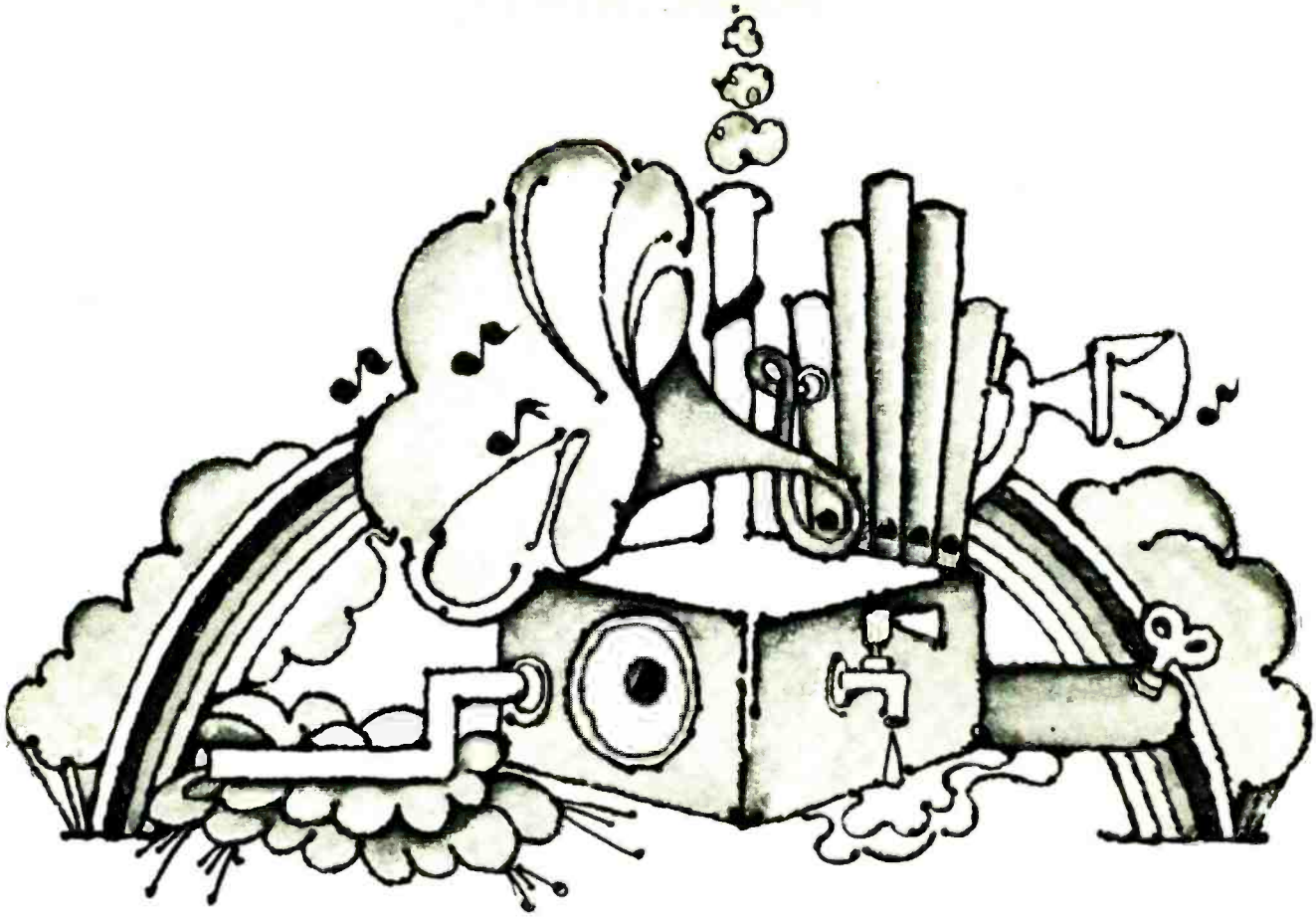
No. 32, in C minor, Op. 111.

- Daniel Barenboim (see No. 8).
- Glenn Gould (see No. 30).
- Bruce Hungerford (see No. 30).
- Jacob Lateiner. RCA Red Seal LSC 3016, $5.98 (Bagatelles).
- Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. London CS 6446, $5.98 (other piano works).
- Guiomar Novaes (see No. 14).

Beethoven's farewell to the sonata form has an awesome finality. Op. 111 offers a first movement of terse compression and an arietta with variations that verges on complete spiritual transfiguration. (Claudio Arrau has perceptively referred to trills in late Beethoven as "a trembling of the soul.") After all these years the Schnabel recording made in 1932 is still unequaled. He found the elusive balance between classicism and Romanticism, between ripe tonal expansiveness and ascetic economy. The music plunges ahead with hurtling impetus and yet has all the time in the world to dwell on beauties of the moment. The reproduction is still serviceable: indeed the lack of glare and insistent high frequencies probably helps Schnabel achieve his vaporous haze and breathtaking remoteness in the second-movement trills. Arrau makes a strong argument for the more rhetorical, romantic view of the score. While he generally is scrupulous in adhering to Beethoven's markings, here he chooses to supplement them, especially those specifying tempo. By inserting extra ritenutos where none are marked in the first movement, he softens the relentless architecture into something more warmly human, less insistently demonic. A similar process removes some of the harsh austerity from the variations.

While the scope is admittedly grandly impressive, I feel that Arrau's heartfelt editorializing, like Furtwängler's in the Bayreuth Ninth Symphony recording, dangerously sacrifices the music's cumulative grip. When a classical composer specifies and elaborates as much as Beethoven does here (most unusual for music of that period), the performer would be better off staying within those limits. Of the other versions, Hungerford again comes closest to matching the Schnabel outlook, though he lacks the master's ultimate exhaltation and pianistic flexibility (quite a different thing from pianistic accuracy, which Hungerford has to a greater degree than Schnabel). Gulda is similarly very much in the Schnabel tradition vis-à-vis tempos and organizational relationships, but is even colder and more prosaic than Hungerford in the final trills. Lateiner, on the other hand, achieves a memorable calm in those lateral phases of the work, though his ultrascrupulous attentiveness to every Beethoven marking seems more intellectually motivated than aesthetically felt. Anyone with a true grasp of the emotional measure of this mighty sonata would have avoided the constipated piano sonority that emanates from the RCA disc. Michelangeli shares Lateiner's tonal acridity and seems primarily interested in viewing Op. 111 as a series of technical problems to be methodically vanquished and embalmed. Novaes fares surprisingly well (she is not an artist from whom I would expect a perceptive Op. 111). Aside from the usual problem of overly loud trills, her rendition boasts a deep-down-to-the-bottom-of-the-keys tone and an unfussy forward momentum. Kempff, on either version, is artistic but delicate, a bit too flippant in so titanic a work. Backhaus suggests strength in the first movement and drives the final variation home in a rather absorbing, relentless manner. Elsewhere he is ruinously clipped, metronomic, and loud. His current, expansive version is slightly less perfunctory than either of the others and certainly more warmly recorded. (The prior one in the complete mono cycle was supplemented by London LL 1108/9—a transcription of a 1954 Carnegie Hall performance.) Brendel shows conscientious concern for timing and tempo problems, but ends up with a flaccid, tensionless account, not terribly well reproduced. The semimature Barenboim on Angel offers a crude approximation of the Arrau approach, while his sixteen-year-old counterpart on Westminster displays great facility, rather limited physical dimensions, and potential—though unrealized—affinity for the Beethoven style. The sound of that disc is rather constricted and pingy. Gould races into the opening allegro with engines ablaze, only to be overcome by his own exhaust fumes in the variations.

Recordings of the Variations and Miscellaneous Works will be considered in next month's issue.



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ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

Hugo Wolf's Masterful Miniatures

A superb rendition of The Italian Songbook by Elly Ameling, Gerard Souzay, and Dalton Baldwin.

by David Hamilton

THE FIRST POEM of Hugo Wolf's *Italian Song Book* begins "*Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken*," (Small things too can enchant us)—and the songs that ensue comprise some of the most convincing evidence ever assembled in favor of that modest proposition. Readers may recall that I was not particularly enthusiastic about last year's complete recording of this collection by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Gerald Moore; now we are offered what amounts to a complete recording (and then a little more) by Elly Ameling, Gérard Souzay, and Dalton Baldwin, on two independently available Philips discs.

To get statistics out of the way first: Miss Ameling sings Nos. 1, 2, 6, 8, 10-12, 15, 16, 19-21, 24-26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 36, 39-41, 43, 45, and 46; Mr. Souzay sings all the others, and duplicates Nos. 8 (*Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen*), 26 (*Ich liess mir sagen*), and 31 (*Wie soll ich fröhlich sein*). Obviously, the songs are not presented in the order of the published edition. This is doubtless less convenient for those who like to follow a recording with the printed music, but I can think of no other objection: this is not a cycle with a story, nor is there any obvious musical reason for maintaining the published sequence (which doesn't correspond to the order of composition either). After all, Wolf had to publish the songs in *some* order in those prealeatory days. The groupings here are intelligently planned for the most part; I particularly like Miss Ameling's group of argumentative songs, rounded off with the gorgeously conciliatory *Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen*. On the debit side, I think she makes a mistake in starting a record side with *Ich hab' in Penna*—the elaborate and showy piano postlude cries out to be used as a real conclusion. Wolf clearly had a reason for putting this one at the end of the book at least.

Undoubtedly the choicer of these two discs is Miss Ameling's and I recommend it even if you are well stocked with recordings of these songs. Her voice is bright and fresh and, except for a somewhat pinched sound around the upper break, is in first-class condition throughout. What is more, Dalton Baldwin strikes me as the most musically effective pianist I have ever come across in these songs; the instrument is beautifully recorded, as regards both tonal quality and balance with the voice. His playing for Souzay is equally fine, but the recorded effect is a few shades short of the perfect result achieved on the soprano's record. Nor can Souzay himself offer the same kind of vocal freshness: there is little plush left on the voice now and it tends to curdle under pressure.

Keeping in mind that basic qualitative difference between the two discs, you will find in this *Italian Song Book* a unity of approach throughout, one that is very different from the work of Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau, and Moore. Most of these songs are built around a single musical impulse, embodied generally in a piano figuration that is elaborated, extended, and eventually resolved, all the while casting nuances on the text and the vocal line that carries it. The secret of success in projecting these pieces, I think, is to grasp the essential expressive character of that impulse and to unfold Wolf's rhythmic-metric presentation thereof with as few distractions as possible. The "word-painting" so beloved of many current singers disrupts too much the continuity of such an unfolding, and in any case, usually gilds the lily: the composer defined in his music exactly the nature of his commentary on the poems, and if you get the music right (not the notes, but the music!), the "meaning" will be there too. When a singer has to "sell" a song in verbal terms, something is wrong with the nature of the communication. (Let me add that I don't feel singers are by any means entirely to blame for this condition of faulty communication; the present-day practice of singing Lieder recitals in large halls may

have something to do with it, and there is the added problem of the literary and linguistic limitation of today's audiences, many of whom attend such recitals more to be in the presence of a "star" than to receive a musical message. But whatever the cause, a curious and, in some basic way, antimusical style of Lieder singing has grown up in recent years.)

While Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau tend to concentrate on heightened details within the songs—to an extent that I find distracting—both Ameling and Souzay give Wolf the simple due of singing his songs rather than acting them, and Baldwin's contribution, in its clarity and justness of articulation, splendidly perceptive metrical scansion, and elegance of phrasing, is a central part of the performances. (Not that Moore isn't often very good, but the EMI engineers gave him nothing like the focus and clarity, the acoustical standing that Baldwin receives.) I don't mean to imply that these singers merely put forth a limp and static presentation of the vocal line; they both bring much individuality to the songs, but an individuality that never interferes with or impedes the musical line.

If you want to be convinced, by all means try Miss Ameling's record; the beginning of Side 1 should do the trick. First, *Auch kleine Dinge*: listen to the way the sixteenth-note phrases in the piano's right hand are phrased down into the middle-register melody, and how the syncopations in the left-hand piano line under the vocal phrases outline a firm continuity against which the voice plays. Note also the soprano's exquisite tuning of the chromaticisms (at "*wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht*," for example). Then, *Ihr jungen Leute*, where the mock-martial piano material is set forth with great élan (those very precise drum-roll figures at the start!), eventually stumbling into superbly calculated offbeat accents. These performers clearly hear the rhythms of their separate parts adding up to a totality.

Or, for comparison, try both Souzay and Dieskau in *Dass doch gemalt*, a song whose climax drives them both into uncomfortable vocal regions. But with Dieskau there are so many accents that the pulse becomes 3/8 rather than Wolf's 9/8, and three times as many punches per measure create an effect of hectoring rather than praise; further, the left-hand piano figure (which creates the basic continuity of the song's second part) hangs together so much better when it isn't chopped up thus—cf., Souzay and Baldwin.

I could go on at length through all forty-six songs (not to mention Miss Ameling's two encores, of which the *Nimmersatte Liebe* is extremely elegant) were space available. Of course, not every performance comes off with complete success; I would like more dynamic range in *Gesegnet sei das Grün* (No. 39); *Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand* (No. 29) somehow misses fire, and Souzay doesn't reach the heights as often as his colleagues. But the level throughout is high, and these discs will go onto my shelves as the preferred way of hearing *The Italian Song Book*.

One important note: since the review copies were provided in jackets for the European trade, I can't tell you whether there will be English translations of the poems; if not, get the records anyway, and then go out and acquire *The Penguin Book of Lieder*, which includes complete texts and translations of this set of songs.

WOLF: Twenty-six Songs from The Italian Song Book; Mausfallen-Sprüchlein; Nimmersatte Liebe.. Elly Ameling, soprano; Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips 802919, $5.98.
WOLF: Twenty-three Songs from The Italian Song Book. Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips 802870, $5.98.

First Lady of the Blues

The initial installment of Columbia's complete Bessie Smith recordings.

by Morgan Ames

ALL MY LIFE I've been told that Bessie Smith was the greatest of the blues singers, and I always nodded my head in vague agreement. But this two-disc set, the first of a projected series of ten albums chronicling all of Miss Smith's recordings for Columbia, is the first opportunity I've had to listen to her work closely and comprehensively. Not surprisingly, the guiding light behind the series is John Hammond, who produced Miss Smith's last recordings in 1933 and, in conjunction with Chris Albertson, wrote and designed the informative accompanying booklet. The album is presented in a most instructive and attractive fashion: it includes Miss Smith's first sixteen (1923) and last sixteen (1933) recordings. All ten discs will be programmed so that they run sequentially toward the middle, converging on the fifth record. This is the album of widest range. (Fortunately Columbia has avoided such gimmicks as "rechanneled for stereo." Engineer Larry Hiller has devised a system which gives the recordings remarkable clarity without artificial alteration.)

Not only was Bessie Smith the world's greatest blues singer, she was *unapproachably* so. Her clear, powerful voice and her sense of timing were both flawless. She sang from the hips, but always with humor. We can presume that Bessie Smith never read a book on the meaning of the blues. But I'd guess that more than one writer listened to her sing something like *Gulf Coast Blues* ("You got a hand fulla gimme, a mouth fulla much obliged") and went home to write one. Miss Smith's songs, many self-written, are full of incredible lines, so emotionally descriptive that they do not date. Only artificially manufactured clichés go out of style. You won't hear this lady singing, "Beat me daddy, eight to the bar." What did she need to know about the world of the Andrews Sisters?

It's said that Miss Smith frowned on the suggestive songs in which she excelled. You'd never know it to hear her underplayed but right-on treatment of songs such as *Need a Little Sugar in My Bowl*.

An astounding facet of Miss Smith's work is her musical independence. No matter what the accompaniment, she sings right down the middle of the song, rock solid and sure of what she's doing. Most of her accompanists sound hopelessly stiff. Miss Smith soars over their clumpy chords as if she knew how rhythm sections would sound years later—indeed as if she were working with a rhythmic background that had not yet been born. How weird. If one could separate Miss Smith's singing on *Safety Mama* (her own composition) from Fred Longshaw's pallid piano playing, one could then throw out the piano track and substitute nearly any band that swings in any style today—Basie, James Brown, Booker T. and the MG's, Ray Charles. The result would be a dream that would make all the Janis Joplins cry with envy.

Bessie Smith lived hard and painfully, and left us early. Her popularity waned in the later years of her brief career, as black audiences grew restless with the

kind of black authenticity and grits she embodied—and which have come full circle in popularity again today. She came along too early and too late. Edward Albee chronicles one theory of her death in his play, *The Death of Bessie Smith*, in which she is the victim first of an auto accident and later of Southern inhospitality. Whatever the facts may be, Miss Smith's death was the final chapter of her life's tragedy. Apparently she had no capacity whatever for handling happiness. All she had was tragedy, and the talent to pour it out. No blues singer ever touched her, nor ever will.

Your record collection, your music history, and maybe your heart will be incomplete without the addition of this album.

BESSIE SMITH: "The World's Greatest Blues Singer." Bessie Smith, vocals; various accompaniments. (Gimme a Pigfoot; Hustlin' Dan; Lady Luck Blues; thirty more). Columbia GP 33, $5.98 (two discs, mono only).

Tchaikovsky's Musical Novel

Rostropovich conducts an affectionate re-creation of Eugene Onegin.

by Peter G. Davis

ALTHOUGH HE WAS involved in major operatic projects throughout his life, Tchaikovsky rarely came up with a winner. *Pique Dame* and, of course, *Eugene Onegin* still hold a place on the sidelines of the standard repertory, but on the whole this composer's stage works show him struggling with a form in which he never felt entirely at ease. Even *Onegin's* relative success is something of a fluke: the seven episodic "lyric scenes" drawn from Pushkin's poem would hardly have suited such masters of polished operatic dramaturgy as Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini; but for Tchaikovsky, these dreamy, passive characters and the idyllic atmosphere of Russian country life provided him with a milieu in which he could really flourish. In fact, *Onegin* is one of the few operas that takes a novelistic approach and really makes it work.

There is little dramatic development from one chapterlike scene to another and at the few points where the action does pick up (the duel challenge at the ball in Act II and the final confrontation between Tatiana and Onegin), the composer is not operating at his best. "The story is simple," Tchaikovsky wrote to his patroness, Nadejda von Meck, "there are no stage effects, the music has no splendor or brilliance. . . . I began *Onegin* without any particular purpose, but the way it has developed, the opera will not be interesting theatrically. So those for whom the first condition of opera is dramatic action will not be satisfied, but those who can see in an opera the musical interpretation of simple human feeling, far removed from the theatrical and dramatic, can (I hope) be satisfied with mine." And so the opera ambles along, a love affair between the composer and his subject. We accept it with all its structural imbalances simply because the expression of feeling is so sincere and the musical invention is on such a consistently high level.

The Letter Scene, for instance, would certainly have called for a meaty aria even in a more tightly constructed opera; but Tchaikovsky is so taken with Tatiana's hopeless infatuation with the blasé Onegin that he draws out the scene to an unprecedented length—in its complete form it accounts for approximately one-fifth of the entire opera. Yet I for one would not willingly part with any of it: Tatiana's poorly disguised curiosity as she questions her nurse Filipievna about the old woman's youth and marriage, the conflicting emotions as the young girl pens her confession of love, and her embarrassment when she asks Filipievna to have the letter delivered the following morning. All of this is lovingly described in the music, an extraordinarily perceptive cameo of painful adolescent passion—and how cleverly Tchaikovsky recalls this music in the penultimate scene which shows Tatiana years later, a dutiful wife to the

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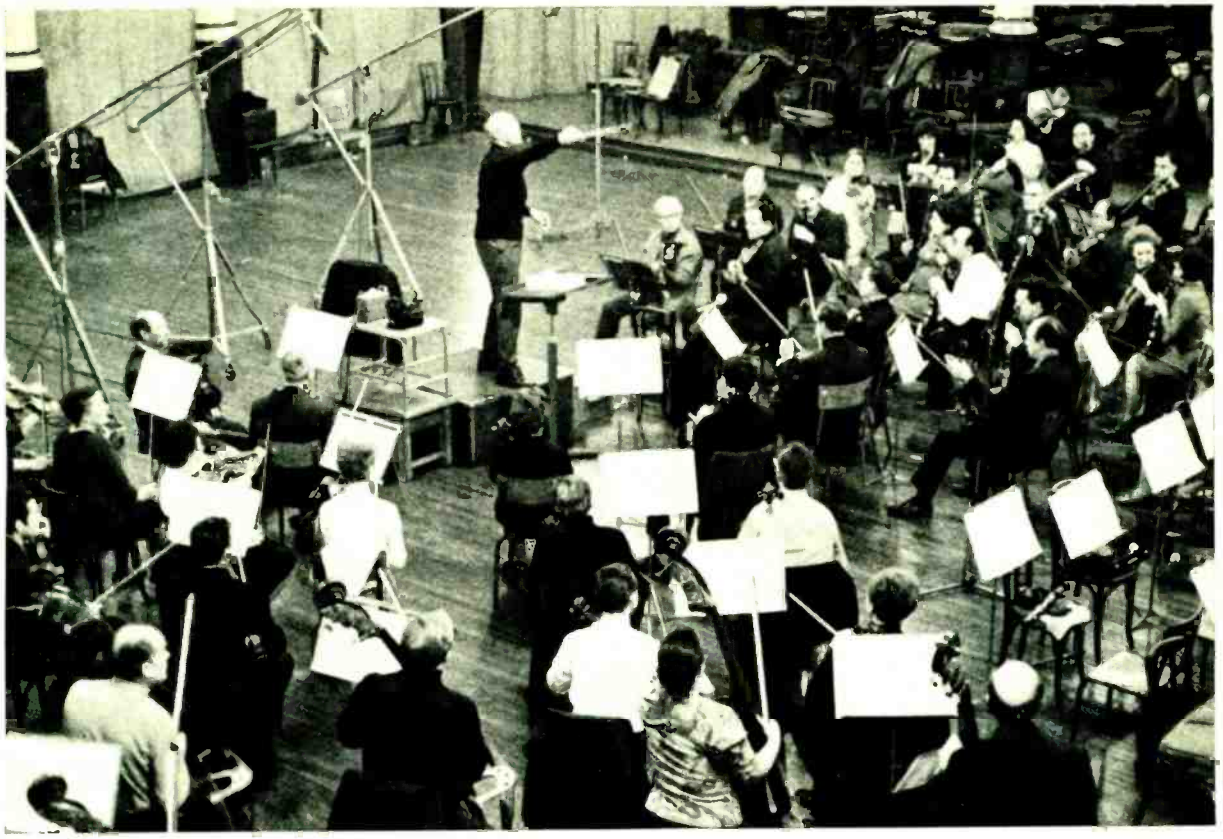

Mstislav Rostropovich in his recorded debut as a conductor with the Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater.

elderly Prince Gremin, a woman who has made her compromise with life and possesses the maturity to repulse the now repentent Onegin.

While the writing of Tatiana's letter forms the high point of the opera, each of the other scenes has its own individual stamp: the subtle and concise exposition of the opening idyl, the delightful country ball at Madame Larina's, the depressive gloom of Lensky's death, and the bittersweet nostalgia of her twenty-years-later finale. *Eugene Onegin*, with its lovable characters, intensity of feeling, and ripe atmosphere, is the perfect operatic counterpart to the richly expansive novels of Dickens, Flaubert, and Tolstoy.

The focus of Melodiya's new recording, taped when the Bolshoi visited Paris last January, is on Mstislav Rostropovich in his recorded debut as a conductor. The first thing one notices about this performance is its leisurely pace—Rostropovich seems to be in love with every note and hates to let go. Although I might not be exactly overjoyed with such an indulgent approach in the theater, it seems to me to work out quite well on discs, especially if one does not insist on hearing the opera in one sitting. Savored a "chapter" at a time, this is a sumptuous and often gorgeous reading of the score—only occasionally (particularly in the choral numbers) does Rostropovich seem to linger a bit too much for the music's own good. Despite the slow tempos the melodic line rarely falters and there is always the kind of forward-moving intensity that one hears in the conductor's more familiar role as a cellist. A ragged spot here and there may betray his relative inexperience on the podium, but this occurs infrequently: the Bolshoi orchestra is one of the great opera ensembles and the instrumental playing is consistently smooth, with a luscious bloom in all departments.

Galina Vishnevskaya is a rather mature-sounding Tatiana—the voice was fresher and more pliant on her earlier recording of the opera—and while a lighter girlish quality would be desirable, her characterizational skill, vocal poise, and identification with the part count for a great deal. As Lensky, Vladimir Atlantov displays a healthy tenor but he tends to pommel these graceful vocal lines rather roughly. He makes a fine sound even if he rarely approaches the finely styled work of Kozlovsky and Lemeshev, his predecessors on earlier Bolshoi recordings. Unquestionably the vocal star here is young Yuri Mazurok as Onegin, a cultivated baritone who can spin out Tchaikovsky's conversational ariosos with ease and elegance and whose splendidly vibrant voice opens with ringing sonority above the staff. The smaller roles are all in capable hands: Sinyavskaya makes a charming vignette of Olga and Ognivtsev is a sympathetic if not an especially opulent-sounding Gremin.

Clearly this is the *Onegin* recording to have. The magnificently spacious reproduction projects the composer's juicy scoring with admirable fidelity, and while the vocalism is not always ideal, the performance is never less than a dedicated and idiomatic re-creation of Tchaikovsky's affectionate musical novel.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Eugene Onegin. Galina Vishnevskaya (s), Tatiana; Tamara Sinyavskaya (ms), Olga; Tatiana Tugarinova (ms), Mme. Larina; Larissa Avdeyeva (ms), Filipievna; Vladimir Atlantov (t), Lensky; Vitali Vlassov (t), Triquet; Yuri Mazurok (b), Onegin; Alexander Ognivtsev (bs), Prince Gremin; Mikhail Shkaptsov (bs), Zaretsky; Gennadi Pankov (bs), Captain; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, Mstislav Rostropovich, cond. Melodiya/Angel SRCL 4115, $17.94 (three discs).

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BACH: Air with 30 Variations in G, S. 988 ("Goldberg Variations"). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 139455, $5.98.

Considering that he is playing the greatest of all sets of baroque character variations, Kempff achieves less variety of character than any recorded performer of the *Goldbergs* I have ever heard, on piano or harpsichord. Not a single variation comes across with a really light touch, and most of the faster ones (speed here is generally a relative matter rather than an absolute one) are in fact rather heavy-fisted, while the moderate ones—some of these rather beautifully played—all share a consistently pastoral tinge. It's almost as if Kempff were trying to show how well suited this music is to its anecdotally famed purpose: to help old Count Keyserling get some sleep.

But before you reach this conclusion, you will have been startled by another oddity: Kempff's almost total indifference to ornamentation—not merely to the idea of improvised embellishment, but rather to most of the many graces, trills, mordents, and so forth that Bach so carefully indicated in his score. When the first strain of the Aria emerges, in what one can hardly help feeling is "the nude," one assumes that the ornaments are being held in reserve for the repeat. But that idea is soon laid to rest—well, perhaps they'll turn up at the very end, when the Aria is restated. To be sure, this hope gives the rest of the performance some badly needed suspense, but the ultimate revelation arrives at last; still no ornaments. Despite the occasional mordent that turns up here and there, this deserves to be known as the *Oh! Calcutta!* recording of the *Goldbergs*. (Since there is only one source for the text of the work—Bach's own edition, published around 1742—there can be hardly any problem of editions, and I am at a loss to account for Kempff's procedure; probably he just likes it this way.)

The position on repeats is somewhat more consistent: the first half of each variation is repeated (with a few exceptions, including the long Twenty-fifth); the second half is repeated only in the canons.

In sum, a most peculiar affair—not without a modicum of sensitive and musical playing, but stylistically way off base. The piano tone is pleasantly and naturally recorded. But this comes far down in the list of available *Goldbergs*, after Rosen and Gould (piano), Leonhardt and Landowska (harpsichord), to name only the front-runners. D.H.

BACH: Organ Works: Preludes and Fugues: in A minor, S. 543; in E minor ("Wedge"), S. 548; Toccata and Fugue in F, S. 540; Trio Sonata No. 5, in C, S. 529; Orgelbüchlein: Chorale Preludes, S. 604 and S. 626. Anthony Newman, organ (Noack organ at Trinity Lutheran Church, Worcester, Mass.). Columbia MS 7421, $5.98.

After enthusiastically greeting Anthony Newman's debut disc (Bach played on the organ and pedal harpsichord) a few months back, I now find myself in the distressing position of not liking his second effort very much at all. For readers unfamiliar with his first recording, I should point out that its outstanding features were Newman's extremely fast tempos, heavy ornamentation, frequent rhythmic alterations (such as *notes inégales* and double-dotting), and liberal use of a very personal kind of rubato. I found that startling as they were on first hearing I liked all his boisterous and flamboyantly inventive additions except for the rubato, which was used not in a sentimental "romantic" sense, but coolly and unemotionally ". . . as a device to clarify structure, to highlight expressive lines, or to punctuate underlying rhythms." But occasionally the effect destroyed rhythmic tension to the point where a listener was unable to ascertain which beat of the measure he was playing. All these devices were used to best effect in the pieces played on the pedal harpsichord, which lends itself more readily to this kind of free treatment.

On the current disc, however, Newman plays the organ exclusively: where he is not able to regale us quite so often with ornamentation, cadenzas, *notes inégales*, and the like, all we are left with is the extremely fast tempos and that annoying rubato. Generally the tempo itself should not be a criterion for judging a performance, but judgment should be based on how well the piece is handled within the framework of whatever tempo is chosen. In spite of Newman's dazzling virtuosity, which allows him to get through these pieces flawlessly at such breakneck speeds, there is practically no "interpretation" in the usual sense in any of the large pieces. Subtle phrasing, an organist's chief means of expression, is of course impossible most of the time, so each piece emerges with exactly the same message, in exactly the same mood—frantic, hectic, and nervous.

Yet this new recording cannot easily be dismissed as just another attention-grabbing virtuoso display package. Newman is clearly an intelligent, lucid musician with a thorough knowledge of his material, and he has obviously explored every nook and cranny of these pieces. Though his eccentricities are just as extreme as those of, say, Virgil Fox, he is aiming in an opposite direction, and his desire to present Bach in "authentic" garb seems to be sincere. He has, for instance, recorded both of these discs on first-rate modern tracker organs. (I am sorry to report that once again Columbia has recorded the organ so closely

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that the actual sound of the instrument is falsified and we hear instead an unpleasantly aggressive, harsh, and strident tone with no blending of colors whatever.)

Perhaps Newman's style is prophetic of what we'll all be listening to in a few years, but in the meantime, I wish he would simply relax and listen to his work —a lot of brilliant ideas are being clouded by too much unrestrained nervous energy. C.F.G.

BACH: The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II, S. 870-93. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. RCA Victrola VICS 6125, $8.94 (three discs).

Leonhardt's recording of Bach's second set of twenty-four preludes and fugues puts him in the ranks of top Bach harpsichord interpreters. The most striking thing about these readings is the sheer scope of the conception: the pieces are projected on the largest possible scale. The A minor Prelude and Fugue, for example, are played as if in one breath. The rhythmic momentum is never allowed to falter, and Leonhardt's aggressive, extroverfish approach seems to compel the piece toward the final cadence. What is lost in intimacy is more than made up for in excitement and in the assertive, driving quality of the playing. Victrola's sound, which employs a very high volume level and close miking of the instrument, emphasizes these qualities, and the effect is at times almost overpowering.

Yet there is also much subtlety. Leonhardt plays with great rhythmic flexibility, much more so, in fact, than is normal with present-day Bach harpsichord interpreters (compare Kirkpatrick, for example). Only occasionally are these rhythmic freedoms exaggerated to the point of mannerism: i.e., in the almost rhapsodic F sharp minor Prelude and the overly distorted subject of the A major Fugue. But usually the nuances serve to clarify the essential shape of the pieces rather than distract from it.

The good points are many. Fast passages are played brilliantly and with great clarity, textures are almost always clear and contrapuntally differentiated, and there is a surprising variety of articulations (a difficult problem on the harpsichord). Ornaments, although perhaps employed a bit sparsely, are correctly and musically performed. There is also a wide range in character given to the various pieces, an important point for the listener who wishes to hear the entire set—or even a significant portion of it—at one sitting.

Gustav Leonhardt ascends to the ranks of top Bach harpsichord interpreters.

On the negative side, I must mention one "misreading" which seems particularly unfortunate. In the second measure of the D major Prelude the eighth notes are played as quarter-eighth triplets, thus removing the fascinating rhythmic conflict with the triplets in bar one, a conflict which recurs at various points throughout the piece. It also destroys the wonderful cross-rhythm between the left and right hand in the second measure after the double bar.

In comparison with the other available harpsichord recordings of the second volume, this one stands up very well, despite the impressive competition. I admire Kirkpatrick's set enormously, but a certain mechanical quality makes itself felt at times. In Kirkpatrick's favor is the fact that he takes all repeats. Leonhardt is quite lax about this: he never takes the second repeat and occasionally omits the first. Landowska, despite all her excesses (particularly in regard to ritards), offers an attractive and vastly different alternative, being much more intimate and subdued in character. But this new set may well end up being at the top of my list. It is to be hoped that a first volume will be forthcoming in the near future. R.P.M.

BACH: Works for Organ: Canonic Variations on "Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' ich her," S. 769a; Pastorale in F, S. 536; Fantasia in G, S. 572; Prelude and Fugue in A, S. 536. Arno Schönstedt, organ (Arp Schnitger organ of the Pankratiuskirche, Hamburg). Nonesuch H 71241, $2.98.

The Nonesuch "Masterworks for Organ" series reaches Vol. 8 with this well-played, well-recorded, and interestingly programmed disc. Four of Johann Sebastian's lesser-known organ masterpieces are given radiantly calm and serene readings by Arno Schonstedt, who here makes his debut in the series. Another artist might try to breathe more fire into his performance in an effort to make these works more immediately accessible to general audiences, but Schönstedt manages to impart a breadth and grandeur to each piece which in the end is even more deeply satisfying.

Of primary interest in this recording (aside from the impressive Schnitger organ) are the five canonic variations on the Christmas hymn, *Von Himmel hoch.* These variations, written during Bach's very last years as a sort of entrance examination to the prestigious Mitzler Society of Musical Sciences, occupy a very special place in his entire output, alongside the *Art of Fugue* and the *Musical Offering.* As in the two more familiar collections, Bach has set down an awe-inspiring display of logic and consummate learning, but the work is basically a piece of lyric music filled with the spirit of Christmas. Unlike the other two collections, however, there is no question here of performing forces: it is clearly written for the organ, combining the cantus firmus technique with canonic elaboration, and is related somewhat to the organ partitas of his youth.

Bach had the set engraved and published during his lifetime; in addition to the printed version, however, there exists an autograph manuscript which differs in numerous details, particularly in the order of movements. Though both versions must be considered valid, most editions are based on the printed version. Therefore, it is a special treat to have here recorded for the first time the manuscript version, which moves the monumental fifth variation to the middle of the piece, flanked on either side by two smaller variations. The noted authority Karl Geiringer, among others, feels this symmetrical arrangement is the preferred version.

I particularly liked Schönstedt's handling of the early G major Fantasia. In the brisk opening section he makes extensive use of two manuals to create frequent echo effects, and in the middle section, marked gravement and alla breve, he opts for a faster tempo than is usual, so that we really feel a majestic two beats per measure instead of four. The A major Prelude and Fugue (with an unusual three-quarter rhythm in the fugue) is similarly calm and lyrical, but the latter is very carefully and firmly articulated.

The organ is typical of the early efforts of the baroque era's greatest builder: it is a powerful, gutsy, and bright instrument, very well suited to Schönstedt's majestic playing. Its thirty-four stops are divided among two manuals and pedal and include a generous supply of powerful reeds as well as multiple sets of mixtures for each division. (Alas, the recording budget appears to have been too low to hire an organ tuner before these sessions.) This same instrument, incidentally, was used for a couple of pieces in E. Power Biggs's two-record Schnitger organ tour, "The Golden Age of the Organ" (Columbia M2S 697), but I like the warmer recorded sound here somewhat better. C.F.G.

BACH, C.P.E.: Orchestral Sinfonias (4) for Twelve Obbligato Parts, Wq. 183. English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard, cond. Philips 839742, $5.98.

The Jovian good humor and unusual textures of these works from C.P.E. Bach's last years are unique not only in his own *oeuvre* but in his entire era. Instead of the usual string texture supported and embellished by winds in distinctly subordinate roles, Bach is here writing for twelve obbligato voices of almost equal importance. With this broad palette at his disposal, an almost infinite number of remarkable coloristic effects

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are available and he doesn't seem to miss many of the possibilities. For example, the Largo of the First Sinfonia is beautifully scored for a solo trio of viola, cello, and bass with two flutes doubling the viola and cello two octaves higher.

Formal considerations are of relatively minor importance here, the main point being to inject each work with as much fire and *Affekt* or emotional intensity as possible. In this department Leppard scores heavily over his only competition —Leslie Jones's recording for Nonesuch (H 71180) with the Little Orchestra of London. Though Jones's reading is a fine one (and I prefer his left/right disposition of the violins), Leppard's more highly polished ensemble and vigorous direction bring to these works more of the fiery brilliance they demand. In short, I cannot imagine better readings of these fascinating and entertaining pieces, and Philips complements the performances with a beautifully recorded and processed disc. C.F.G.

BEETHOVEN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4, in G, Op. 58. Artur Schnabel, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 1505, $2.98 (mono only).

With this bicentennial revamping of the old Victor shellac set M 930, all eleven of Schnabel's Beethoven concerto recordings have at one time or another been accounted for on LP. The reason that the present version (recorded in July 1942) had been previously bypassed is rather easy to explain: the pianist made two other recordings of this concerto—one in 1933 with Malcolm Sargent at the helm and another in 1946 led by Issay Dobrowen—and both held some point of superiority over the current account. Even so, I am grateful to RCA for making this version available despite the sonic flaws, which have been faithfully preserved on the Victrola transfer. The Orchestra Hall acoustics are distantly reverberant, with the Chicago Symphony off somewhere in left field and the solo instrument fluctuating between moderate proximity and remoteness. There are also quite a few clicks, pops, and ticks from the presumably incorrigible originals, but the quarter-tone drop in pitch at bar 230 in the first movement could easily have been eliminated with a variable speed turntable.

Stock has been accused of heavy-handedness here but I suspect that he is largely victimized by the boomy, muddy recorded sound. The performance certainly has great warmth and considerably more spontaneity and forward impetus than are to be found in the more stringently disciplined, cleanly engineered Dobrowen account. My favorite Schnabel G major, though, remains the Sargent by a fair margin. As neither of the alternatives is presently available, the Victrola disc is highly recommended—with modified rapture. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Trio for Clarinet, Cello, and Piano, in B flat, Op. 11; Sonata for Horn and Piano, in F, Op. 17; Duo for Two Flutes, in G, WoO. 26; Quintet for Three Horns, Oboe, and Bassoon, in E flat, Op. 16. Frans Vester and Martine Bakker, flutes; Ad Mater, oboe; Piet Honingh, clarinet; Brian Pollard, bassoon; Hermann Baumann, Adriaan van Woudenberg, and Werner Meyendorf, natural horns; Anner Bylsma, cello; Stanley Hoogland, piano. Telefunken SAWT 9547, $5.95.

The rationale behind this album is that performances on instruments from Beethoven's lifetime will convey his intentions more vividly than those employing the instruments of today. One must agree that the old instruments sound different and, thus, independent of interpretive considerations, these performances are set apart from other recorded versions. I confess, however, that I have no great reverence for early nineteenth-century woodwinds. Modern instruments have a better tone, more trustworthy intonation, and permit faster and cleaner articulation in many a phrase. Thus the Rampal and Marion performance on Vox SVBX 577 gives a much more brilliant account of the duo WoO. 26. The old instruments huff and puff too much for my taste.

On the other hand, Beethoven's horn sonata was written for natural (i.e., valveless) horn, and it is a great satisfaction to hear Baumann play it with authority, security, and the big round tone of that instrument. The work shows the thirty-year-old Beethoven in good form, and due to the quality of the sound and the performance, this should now be regarded the preferred edition of this music.

With a Broadwood piano of 1825, a clarinet of 1800, and a cello of 1835 (of course an older one could have been used but it would have made slight difference) the Op. 11 trio has a distinctive character. The Broadwood is not at all like a modern grand piano in chamber music. It is easier to balance and the tone lends itself to lighter textures and imaginative interplay in the development of the three instrumental lines. You may come to prefer the richer sounds of contemporary performances, but this is a recording of uncommon interest even so.

As for the wind quintet, the natural horns sound great but the old woodwinds are less attractive. As a realization of the music, Brymer's London Wind Soloists (London CS 6442) offer generally greater energy. But no one will fault you if you prefer to hear the work in terms of the sounds of the musical past. R.C.M.

BEREZOVSKY: Concerto for Choir—See Bortniansky: Concerto for Choir, No. 24; Cherubim Hymn No. 7.

BOEHM: Prelude, Fugue, and Postlude, in G minor; Chorale-Prelude on "Vater unser im Himmelreich"; Variations on "Herr Jesus Christ, dich zu uns wend" —See Pachelbel: Chaconne in F minor; Prelude in D minor; Chorale-Preludes on "Vom Himmel hoch."

BORTNIANSKY: Concerto for Choir, No. 24; Cherubim Hymn No. 7. BEREZOVSKY: Concerto for Choir. VEDEL: Concerto for Choir, No. 3. USSR Russian Academic Chorus, Aleksander Yurlov, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40116, $5.98.

A hasty check of previous discs devoted to Russian Orthodox Church music suggests that most if not all earlier recordings have been by expatriate choirs such as one finds in the Russian cathedrals of Paris and New York. The present release well may be the first to be made available in this country that originates from Russia itself. So it's perhaps not very surprising that the program title, "Russian Choral Music of the 18th Century," and jacket notes should stress the music's historical significance and play down the fact that it was composed for church use. No matter: the engineering here is better than in any previous example I've ever heard, hence the inherently impressive choral sonorities always characteristic of this repertory are more striking than ever. Indeed the quieter passages, and especially those featuring the deepest register of Russian basses, are outstanding for their enchanting tonal color. Unfortunately, however, in the louder, more energetic passages conductor Yurlov tends to drive his singers into producing patches of vocal strain and harshness.

Except for the now-serene, now-jubilant *Cherubim Hymn* No. 7, the other works are likely to be new to American listeners. For that matter, I can't remember ever having encountered any "concertos for choir," let alone a note of music by Maksim Berezovsky (1745–77) and Artemiy Vedel (1767–1806), both of whom, like the better-known Dimitri Bortniansky (1751–1825), were Ukrainian composers. But I've been missing something. These "concertos" are miniature cantatas embodying a considerable variety of dynamics and mood. Berezovsky's work, which uses a text beginning "Do not reject me in my old age," is a strikingly dramatic work; the Bortniansky opus ("I lift up mine eyes") is more restrained, but still markedly effective; and while Vedel's "How long, O Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?" is perhaps somewhat contrived and overly long, it still includes some hauntingly eloquent moments. I'm happy to see that this unusual release is properly accompanied by transliterated Russian texts and English translations, by Valeria Vlazinskaya, as well as by biographical and historical jacket notes. R.D.D.

FIELD: Nocturnes for Piano (19). Mary Louise Boehm, piano. Turnabout TV 34349/50, $2.98 each (two discs).

John Field (1782–1837) is as well known for his uncomplimentary estimate of Chopin ("a sickroom talent") as he is for his music. Indeed, Field's own noc-

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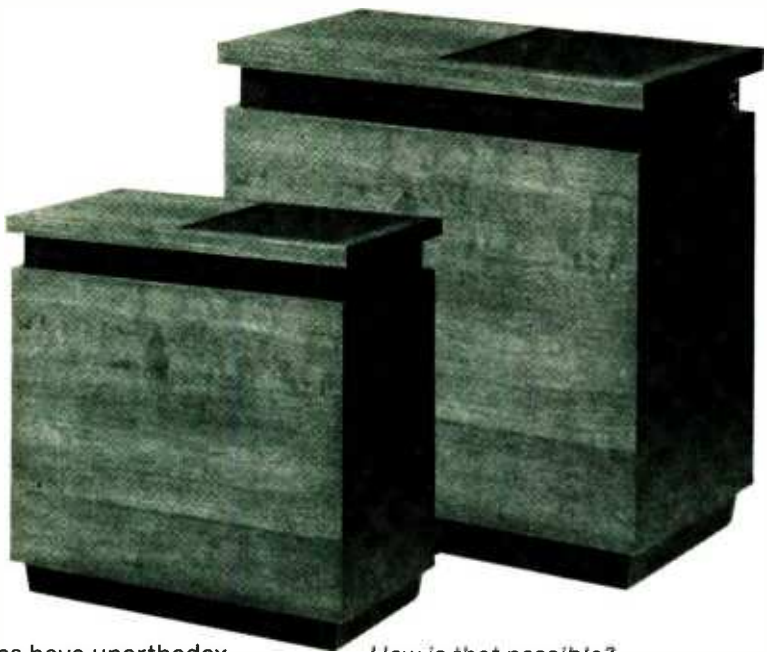

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turnes are usually damned with precisely the same description. The American pianist Mary Louise Boehm fortunately disagrees and tells us why with these robust, life-loving statements. She plays with broad, expansive harmonic structuring and a solid, emphatic kind of sonority. Nor is Miss Boehm afraid of wide dynamic contrasts—there is no pussyfooting when a full-fledged fortissimo is called for. The readings may not be as subtle as Noël Lee's statements on the Nonesuch selection released last year, but in their own energetic, uncomplicated (and very musical) way, one discovers from these performances that Field had quite a bit to offer other than hints of Chopin-to-come.

The two discs are mastered at a rather high level, and the sound is full-bodied and a bit plangent (but pleasingly so). If you want just a sampling of this literature, both Miss Boehm and Lee surpass the workaday Kyriakou performances on Candide (coupled with one of the concertos); as an integral edition, the Boehm/Turnabout has (the) Field to itself. H.G.

FROBERGER: "Works for Harpsichord." Suites: No. 1, in A minor; No. 15, in A minor; No. 20, in D. Toccatas: No. 3, in G; No. 10, in F; No. 12, in A minor. Fantasy No. 2, in E minor. Lamentation on the Death of Ferdinand III. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. RCA Victrola VICS 1494, $2.98.

Records devoted to the music of Johann Jakob Froberger (1616-1667) are something of a rarity. A Thurston Dart collection played on the clavichord (Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60038) and another Leonhardt set played on the harpsichord and organ (Cambridge 1509) are the only other all-Froberger discs presently in the catalogue. Fans of this unusual seventeenth-century keyboard virtuoso and composer, therefore, will surely pounce on this record immediately; those who have not yet experienced Froberger's unique brand of intensely subjective tone poetry could hardly find a better introduction.

The forms are mostly typical of their period: the toccatas are sectional pieces alternating between fiery technical display and more strict fugal sections; the suites consist of three or four dance movements such as allemandes, courantes, and sarabandes. But particularly in the Lamentations or in the *Tombeau de M. Blancheroche* (on the Cambridge and Oiseau-Lyre discs), or in the remarkable *Memento mori* from Suite No. 20, Froberger gives free rein to his rhapsodic impulses and produces colorful effects quite unlike anything else in baroque music.

A choice among the three records will probably be based largely on the instrument employed (Froberger wasn't particular) since there is really little to choose between Dart's rather bland introspection and Leonhardt's equally sleepy view of the works. Furthermore, though Froberger's output was anything but small, there is a great deal of duplication between the Dart and the two Leonhardt discs (although both Leonhardt's programs are different). This is a shame because the Froberger catalogue is full of worthy material.

The recorded sound here is a distressing combination of overly close miking and cavernous, large-hall reverberation. The pressing is very clean, however, and every detail emerges clearly, including some heavy breathing from Mr. Leonhardt. Don't let my reservations put you off sampling any of these discs, however; the musical rewards far outnumber the technical imperfections. C.F.G.

GERSHWIN: Rhapsody in Blue—See Prokofiev: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in C, Op. 26.

GINASTERA: Sonata for Piano (1952)—See Liszt: Fantasy and Fugue on B-A-C-H.

GRANDJANY: Aria in Classic Style for Harp and Strings—See Tauriello: Ilinx for Clarinet and Orchestra.

HANDEL: Concertos for Organ and Orchestra: No. 2, in B flat; No. 3, in G minor; No. 9, in B flat; No. 15, in D minor. Simon Preston, organ; Menuhin Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin, cond. Angel S 36700, $5.98.

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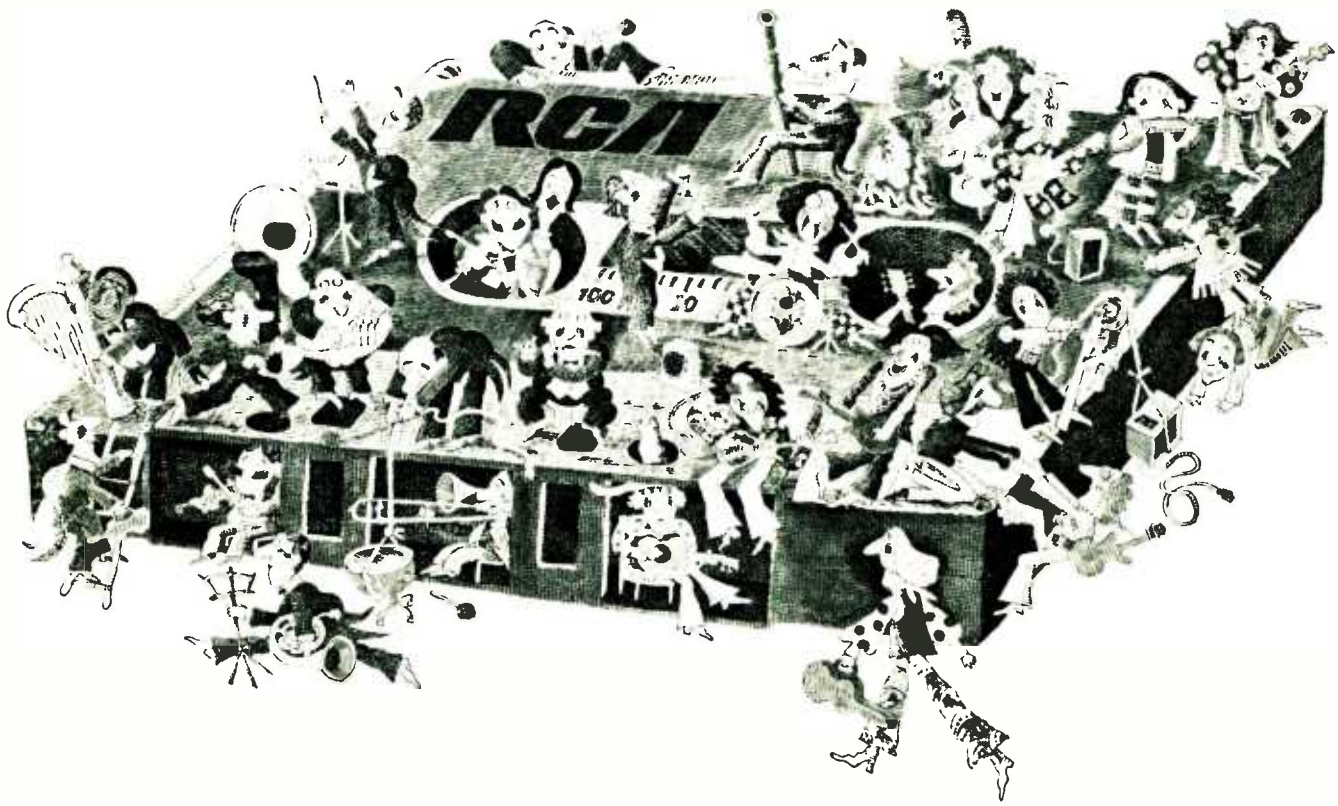

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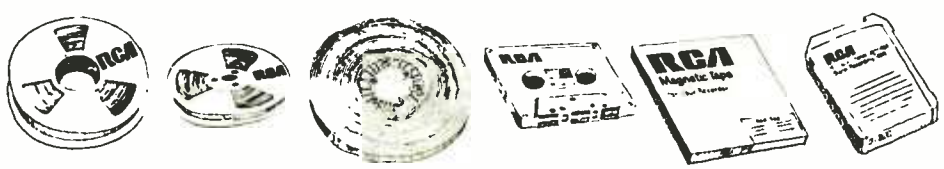

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concertos from Preston and Menuhin was recorded on the organ in the Parish Church in Great Packington, England—an instrument that was built according to a specification suggested by Handel himself. E. Power Biggs used this organ for his six-disc set of all the Handel concertos a number of years ago, just after it had been "restored" by Noël Mander. Some may recall that when Archive released its five-record integral set a few years later, the accompanying notes stated that they had considered using the Great Packington instrument themselves: but the pipes had been shortened so that the organ could be used for recordings with a modern orchestra and ". . . as a result the tuning and tone quality had been altered and the instrument was therefore unusable for our recordings." This bait, predictably, drew an immediate reply from Biggs, and the heated debate that ensued was not entirely gentlemanly. The irony of the whole business is that the organ, its pedigree notwithstanding, is not a particularly distinguished instrument: it was bland and uninteresting on the Biggs set, and Angel's more modern recording is scarcely any improvement.

Preston's playing on this record, however, is somewhat more spirited and imaginative than on the earlier release. At that time I commented that only Carl Weinrich (RCA) seemed to capture the ebullient, good-humored nature of these works, but Preston's performances here fully equal Weinrich's enthusiastic and highly elaborate versions. Furthermore, Menuhin's orchestra is far more polished and refined than Fiedler's, and Menuhin's small body of string players balance very well with the woodwind. Wenzinger's orchestra on the Archive set is, if anything, even more polished, but the large number of strings there completely obliterates the oboe sound much of the time. There is, therefore, a good deal to be said both for and against these three versions, and I find it impossible to make a clear-cut recommendation. (Biggs's set is out of the running because of his extremely unimaginative reading and the coarse orchestral playing.) C.F.G.

HANSON: Merry Mount (excerpts). STRONG: Chorale on a Theme of Leo Hassler. PARKER: Mona: Prelude. Charlene Cullen (s), Lenita Schadema (ms), Janice Shellhammer (ms), Henry Nason (t), Kerry McDevitt (t), Calvin Cullen (b), William Fleck (b), Jerry Crawford (bs-b); Eastman School of Music Chorus (in the Hanson); Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Howard Hanson, cond. Mercury SR 90524, $5.98.

Except for Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*, *Merry Mount* may claim the dubious distinction of being the most successful American opera ever produced by the Met. It was general manager Gatti-Casazza's fifteenth and last attempt to promote stage works by native composers (a record that his successors have never even approached) and he must have been heartened to hear the cheering on Saturday afternoon February 5, 1934. Listening to an air check of that broadcast confirms the audience's enthusiasm; even Milton Cross sounds absolutely beside himself.

But Gatti-Casazza departed the following season and *Merry Mount* has had few takers during the past thirty-five years. The major obstacle nowadays is probably the preposterous libretto, dealing with strife between pleasure-loving English cavaliers and a band of fanatical New England Puritans led by a sexually overwrought preacher, Wrestling Bradford. By the final curtain the legions of Hell have persuaded Bradford to sign the Devil's Book in exchange for the favors of Lady Marigold Sandys, and the two of them disappear amid fire and brimstone. This none-too-convincing tale is told in a wildly overblown New Englandese fraught with such ripe exclamations as "Aroint ye wantons, back to your stews," "Bestead me now, ye furies of the pit," etc. Hanson's lush neo-Romantic music is equally extravagant, although undeniably effective and colorful. The excerpts here are drawn primarily from the first and last scenes: Mussorgsky-like choruses for the Puritans and a number of heated ariosos that graphically depict Bradford's carnality. It's virtually a one-role opera and the minister's music calls for a spectacularly endowed baritone (Lawrence Tibbett created the part) who can make light of a tessitura that con-

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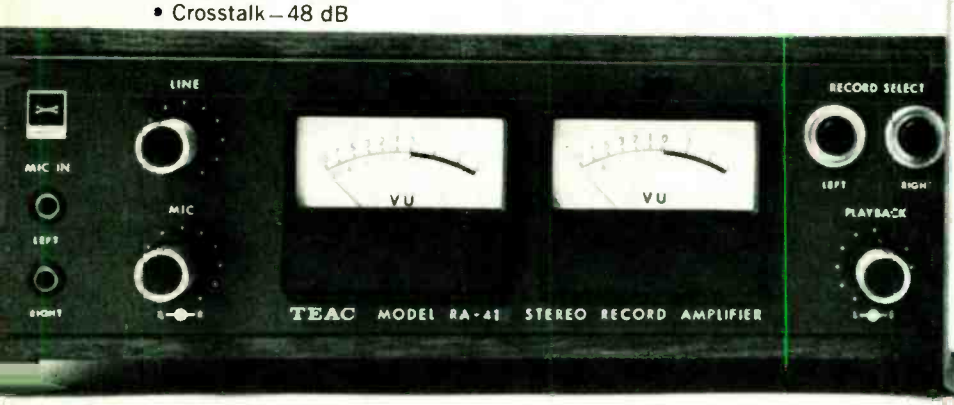

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stantly flirts with high Fs, Gs, and even an occasional A. Unluckily, whoever attempts Bradford on Mercury's recording (it's impossible to tell from the sketchy presentation) is both vocally and temperamentally inadequate to the assignment and the supporting singers are hardly much better.

Filling out the disc are two examples of even more obscure Americana: a pleasant little trifle by George Templeton Strong (1856–1948) and the Wagnerian-inspired Prelude to Horatio Parker's *Mona*, an opera produced by the Met in 1912. Hanson conducts fine performances—a pity that the poor singing mars a potentially interesting record. P.G.D.

HINDEMITH: Symphony in E flat; Symphonic Metamorphosis. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia MS 7426, $5.98.

In a recent *New York Times* article discussing a survey of the current American orchestral repertoire, Harold Schonberg remarked that the only orchestral work of Hindemith that people seem to play any more is *Symphonic Metamorphosis*. This is sad, but if the piece were always played as well as it is on this disc, its supremacy would be easily understood.

Here Hindemith's wittiest, raciest, most thoroughly entertaining score meets America's most ebullient conductor, and the effect on the listener is identical to the effect produced by a home run with two out and the bases loaded in the last of the ninth and the visitors ahead by one run.

The Symphony in E flat is equally brilliant in performance, but this weightier, more serious work is rather in the vein of *Mathis der Maler*, which was written at about the same time. To judge by his extensive listings in Schwann, Hindemith does not need a revival because he has never gone into eclipse; records like this one will help to maintain that state of affairs for a long time to come. A.F.

IVES: "Calcium Light Night." Set No. 1; Tone Roads No. 1; Set No. 3; From the Steeples and the Mountains; The Rainbow; Ann Street; Over the Pavements; Set No. 2: The Indians and The Last Reader; Tone Roads No. 3: The Pond; All the Way Around and Back; Chromatimelodtune. Orchestra, Gunther Schuller, cond. Columbia MS 7318, $5.98.

This is an impossible record to discuss in any detail because it contains no less than twenty separate compositions, each a unique phenomenon.

Let's put it this way: Ives left many short pieces for combinations of instruments which, for lack of a better term, we may describe as constituting a chamber orchestra. He also left many sketches, fragments, or projects for such pieces which he never finished. Some of these are instrumental versions of his own songs. Schuller has completed these fragments, made them playable, and here records them along with a few of the things that Ives himself left in finished form like the *Tone Roads* Nos. 1 and 3, the scherzo called *Over the Pavements*, and the work for brass and bells entitled *From the Steeples and the Mountains*.

The writer of this review, who has his reservations about the great Ives boom, approached this record warily, suspecting that it was a collection of studio sweepings. But it isn't. It is, rather, a collection of twenty miniature masterpieces.

All manner of technical innovations are explored in these works—atonality (systematized and otherwise), rhythmic texture, retrogression, inversion, exceptional instrumental usage, and so on—but in none of them is one primarily aware of a problem artificially set up for ingenious solution. All twenty pieces are music, and the incandescent, electrifying quality of much of it thoroughly justifies the disc's title (*Calcium Light Night* is a movement from Set No. 1).

Well, don't just stand there listening to me. Go listen to Ives and Schuller and be enlightened. A.F.

KAGEL: Hallelujah. SCHNEBEL: Für Stimmen (. . . missa est). Schola Cantorum Stuttgart, Clytus Gottwald, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 137010, $5.98.

Both the works of Mauricio Kagel and Dieter Schnebel on this disc have their virtues, but the really precious thing about this release is the annotation on the jacket by one Heinz-Klaus Metzger. I wish I could quote it all. It deserves some sort of prize as the year's finest example of pompous nonsense.

Among a great many other things, Metzger informs us that Kagel's piece, "*Hallelujah*, song of praise, is, in view of the state of the world today, an expression of utter scorn. Kagel expresses this by a perfidious Christianizing, by the fiction of forced conversion, as it were, whose mimesis is always prepared to revolt against the 'reyes catolicos' wherever they may reign. In this sense the composer says it is mainly sung in a sort of promising dog-Latin." Schnebel's piece, according to Metzger, "sounds rather like a gnostic curse on the demiurge. For Schnebel's solution for the technical realization of this song of praise is 'since speech was not enough,' emancipation of the voices. All animals' voices, too."

The voices of animals are not employed, nevertheless, in either work. Both do employ a very considerable range of human vocal sounds however: singing, barking, braying, shouting, crying, speaking, chanting, and, as Metzger notes, whimpers, groans, and sobs. At one point in the Schnebel piece, some chantlike vocalizing in Hebrew is distinguishable; otherwise no identifiable language detaches itself from the mass of vocal tone anywhere in both works.

Metzger says the Kagel is for sixteen solo vocalists who occasionally blow on organ pipes. That they certainly do, and one suspects that some of the sound behind them is electronic in its origin. At all events, the total effect of the piece is satirical. Not funny-satirical or tragic-

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satirical but nasty-satirical, and I do not mean that in any nasty way; nastiness is sometimes what the doctor ordered.

The Schnebel piece is somewhat similar to the Kagel in vocal technique, but its aims and values are more hopeful and elevated. Like many choral works that are hopeful and elevated, it is a bit of a bore. But I suspect that both pieces lose a good deal in recording despite the virtuosity of the Stuttgart singers. Some things really have to be experienced in the flesh. A.F.

LISZT: Fantasy and Fugue on B-A-C-H; Mephisto Waltz. GINASTERA: Sonata for Piano (1952). SCRIABIN: Sonata for Piano, No. 5, Op. 53. David Bean, piano. Westminster WST 17161, $5.98.

As David Bean states in his sensible annotations for this disc, all of this music makes unusual sonorous and bravura demands on the modern piano. And though he modestly fails to mention the fact that the writing also demands nothing less than tremendous executive abilities, his performances lead you to that conclusion very nicely—inescapably, in fact. This is not to say that there haven't been performances more suave and colorful than these. Bean looks for intellectual strength rather than superficial glitter. His style tends to be rather tough and knotted, angular rather than rounded, even a bit bleak and monochromatic at times. For this reason, I find him a better interpreter of the Liszt *B-A-C-H* fantasia than the *Mephisto* Waltz. It is hard to imagine any damsel falling for such a hard-sell line as this—although if she knew anything at all about playing the piano she might well be impressed. (She might also inquire about the deviations from the usual text which, as Mr. Bean informs us, derive from the late Edward Steuermann.) In the less well-known fantasy, originally written for organ in 1852 and arranged for piano nineteen years later, Bean perfectly captures the somber, muted grandeur. One can only praise the performance and contradict the notes which erroneously state that the motto B-A-C-H derives from the notes B flat, A, C, and B flat (in German notation the "H" should of course be B natural).

The first movement of the Ginastera sounds rather reminiscent of the seventh Prokofiev piano sonata, but a rehearing confirms my belief that it is a succinct, well-crafted piece and—at fifteen minutes—just long enough to sustain interest. Bean's performance is excellent, a bit more brooding and spacious, less rhythmically intense than the fine one for Mace by Guralnik which I fractionally prefer. The Scriabin, by contrast, doesn't quite jell here: Ruth Laredo's recent edition for Connoisseur Society [reviewed on page 110], though a trifle glassy in tone, projects a more cohesive view of the music. Her opening measures, for one thing, are much more fearsome and aggressively intense; Bean is at times prone to excessive lyrical stagnation. But neither of these accounts makes so personal an appeal as Richter's incomparably spell-binding one on DGG. The reproduction of Bean's playing is thoroughly realistic, with wide range and big dynamic scope. H.G.

MESSIAEN: Vingt regards sur l'Enfant Jésus. John Ogden, piano. Argo ZRG 650/1, $11.90 (two discs).
MESSIAEN: Vingt regards sur l'Enfant Jésus. Thomas Rajna, piano. Saga PSY 30008/10, $4.98 each (three discs).

While second to none in my respect for Messiaen's religious and aesthetic integrity, I find that the *Vingt regards* go down very hard indeed. To be sure, one needs strong convictions to attempt a two-hour cycle of such heavy theosophical ambition, but here it seems the composer naïvely mistook his religious fervor for genuine musical impetus. And in the long run the work suffers the worse for it.

The cycle, written in Paris toward the close of the war, represents in the composer's words, "Contemplation of the God-Child in the manger by the eyes that watch Him: from the ineffable gaze of God the Father to the multiple gaze of the Church of Love, by way of the extraordinary gaze of the Spirit of Joy, the tender gaze of the Virgin, then of the

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Angels, Magi and material or symbolical creatures (Time, Height, Silence, the Star and the Cross)." Messiaen takes such a literal approach to the subject that the result quickly becomes all too precious, cloying, and paradoxically, insincere—like religious calendar art.

There are some undeniably impressive moments in the cycle; the basic ideas are striking and quite often put to good effect. The *Thème de Dieu*, for instance, is especially beautiful and is used cyclically throughout the work. The *Thème de l'étoile et de la Croix* is the melodic base of the *Regard de la Croix*, the finest piece of the set. And yet, the weaknesses are there in abundance: static forms, making each piece repetitive and endless; an embarrassment of F-sharp major, causing tonal fatigue; and some less than inspired melodies, such as the *Thème de Joie* and the *Air de Chasse*, which reduce the *Regard de l'Esprit de joie* to celestial honky-tonk.

The exorbitant difficulty of the piano writing helps to make the learning of this work a most ungrateful task. In this concoction of Liszt, Scriabin, and Debussy not only must the fingers hit the right notes—near impossible in itself—but also with the proper relative weight, for often the texture contains three simultaneous dynamic levels. Orchestrally conceived writing abounds, calling for a richly varied palette of colors. Impressive as this aspect of the work is, it in no way alleviates the dismal effect of the piece.

On the evidence of the Argo recording, it would be hard to imagine a less sympathetic interpreter than Mr. Ogdon. His distortions of tempos, dynamics, his rhythmic inaccuracy, and his inability or unwillingness to phrase *anything* add up to a nearly complete misrepresentation of the cycle. Argo's sound is dynamically restricted, putting this recording out of the running.

So then to Mr. Rajna, who fares much better. His impressive technique, which also cannot cope with all the work's difficulties, nevertheless conveys more of the essence of the work than Mr. Ogdon's rather flat performance. Rajna's approach has a shot-from-guns excitement which is quite winning in its own way. Unfortunately this imported recording has only a very limited circulation in this country, and being on three discs makes the cost rather prohibitive in view of the meager musical returns. R.W.S.

MOZART: Sonatas for Piano: No. 8, in A minor, K. 310; No. 17, in D, K. 576; Rondo in A minor, K. 511. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CS 6659. $5.98.

Ashkenazy gives an impressive account of the K. 310 sonata. His first movement —with double repeat—is paced at a true allegro maestoso, and you know from the outset that the pianist realizes the unusual breadth and anguished drama of Mozart's conception. Technically, the pianism is of an extremely high order—the trills are clearly placed, the textures remarkably clear, and the running six-

teenths admirably distinct. The andante cantabile movement might be a bit facile and swiftly refined, but it is possible that Ashkenazy conceives it as a pianistic counterpart to the *Haffner* Symphony's second movement rather than as an essay of tragic resignation (and to further that view, witness the way the pianist brings out this similarity with the symphony's second theme). The rondo is admirably taken at a true presto—and all the treacherous leaps are hit dead on center.

The D major Sonata boasts similar strength and fluency, but the approach is cooler, more conventionally "Mozartean" than in the A minor work. Yet Ashkenazy also sees this piece as a "big" sonata, and his crisp, rock-solid sense of pulse is all to the good. The K. 511 rondo is less tragically intense than Peter Serkin's recent, magnificently felt account, but it too is a superior example of pianism and certainly less inappropriately jaunty than Gieseking's reading (in Seraphim's recent reissue of the complete Mozart piano music). Gieseking's limpid tone, however, proved that it is possible to achieve the utmost in objective clarity and classical restraint without assaulting the keyboard with an ice pick; if there is a flaw in Ashkenazy's interpretation, it is the rather aggressive, icy hue of his playing. After years of work, the gifted young artist has finally succeeded in purging his pianism of its erstwhile monotonous "Moscow Conservatory" legato; now I wish that he would reinstate some of his former cantabile warmth. We critics are never satisfied! Aside from that quibble, the playing has character and musicianship, and this disc is highly recommended. H.G.

ORFF: Carmina Burana. Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; New England Conservatory Chorus and Children's Chorus; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3161, $5.98. Tape: ☎ R8S 1161, $6.95.

Three outstanding *Carmina Burana* recordings challenge Ozawa's new entry: the decade-old Ormandy Columbia best-seller, Angel's sonically admired 1966 version led by Frühbeck de Burgos, and the DGG 1968 remake of the Jochum reading that has been generally acknowledged as the interpretative paradigm ever since it first introduced this music to (mono) discs back in 1953. I suspect that to some extent Ozawa has modeled his reading on Jochum's: it demonstrates much of the same magisterial grip and steadiness, although Ozawa's incisiveness and high-voltage rhythmic electricity are completely individual. These last qualities are spectacularly enhanced by stereoism that not only projects certain details of the scoring more lucidly (the varied collection of percussion instruments in particular) but also best realizes the composer's obvious intention of overwhelming his listeners with sheer force and shattering brilliance. Yet at the same time there is nothing unnaturally contrived in the sonic balances or in the big-auditori-

um (Boston's Symphony Hall) acoustical ambience.

Inevitably, even so impressive an achievement is not flawless. The choral singing here is less attractive than that of Angel's New Philharmonia Chorus (but the leaner nature and crisper articulation are undoubtedly more effective dramatically). And personal tastes will weigh heavily, as always, in comparative evaluations of the competing soloists. For me, RCA's young Philippine soprano, Evelyn Mandac, comes close to matching DGG's Janowitz in control and Angel's Popp in tonal beauty, while surpassing the former in dramatic personality and both in vocal brilliance (I still remember as incomparable the haunting magic of Sylvia Stahlman's "*In trutina*" in the 1957 Vanguard version, now out of print). The new version's male soloists are less outstanding. Milnes copes admirably with the impossible demands of the baritone role (often divided, as in the Angel version, between two singers), but DGG's Fischer-Dieskau is well-nigh unbeatable here. And while Kolk sings well, if with considerable strain, every relatively "straight" performance of the wryly humorous *Song of the Roasted* tends to sound tame after Gerhard Stolze's highly mannered but interpretatively ideal tour de force for DGG.

Over-all, though, this Ozawa/Boston RCA *Carmina Burana* outdoes all the others in power and sonic incandescence. Ordinarily, this pseudoprimitivistic work makes its maximum effect on first hearing; closer acquaintance exposes more and more of its artificialities and aesthetic weaknesses. Perhaps Ozawa's supreme triumph here is that he manages to overcome that usual sense of disillusionment and, at least momentarily, restores the music's original galvanic excitement. R.D.D.

PARKER: Mona: Prelude—See Hanson: Merry Mount (excerpts).

PROKOFIEV: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in C, Op. 26. GERSHWIN: Rhapsody in Blue. RAVEL: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D, for the left hand alone. Julius Katchen, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CS 6633, $5.98.

An odd grab bag, this. One wonders whether the juxtaposition of Gershwin/Prokofiev/Ravel was planned by Decca/London or merely represents Katchen's last recorded odds and ends (he died last year at the tragically early age of forty-one). Actually the Grofé-orchestrated Gershwin potboiler has much more in common with the G major Ravel concerto, where the urbane use of jazz effects shows the native how it ought to have been done.

The best performance here is the Prokofiev: though more lyrical and romantic than some statements, it projects sufficient thrust and precision. The opening movement is taken rapidly, yet somehow sounds less pressed and steely than usual. The variations too are presented most cohesively, while the finale has the requisite diablerie. The Ravel is virile, yet not particularly gaunt and menacing. It paradoxically suffers from *too* good a recorded sound: the opening is forwardly miked and as a result, we do not get the impression of a bubbling witches' cauldron but strands of sound that are too clearly revealed. I also feel that Katchen's pianism here lacks tension and wickedness. I must compliment the usually very straightforward Kertesz on achieving a most idiomatic blues accompaniment in the Gershwin: he was, no doubt, greatly aided by his "American in Paris" soloist on piano! H.G.

RAVEL: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D, for the left hand alone—See Prokofiev: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 3, in C, Op. 26.

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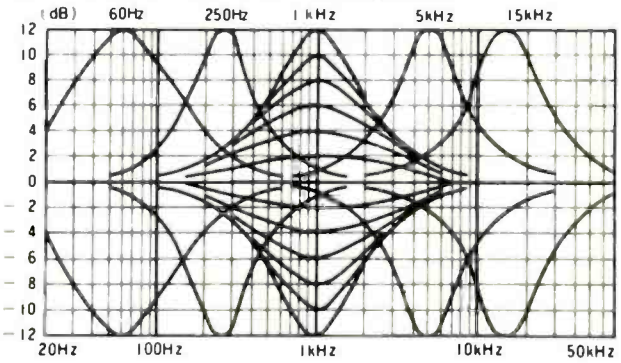

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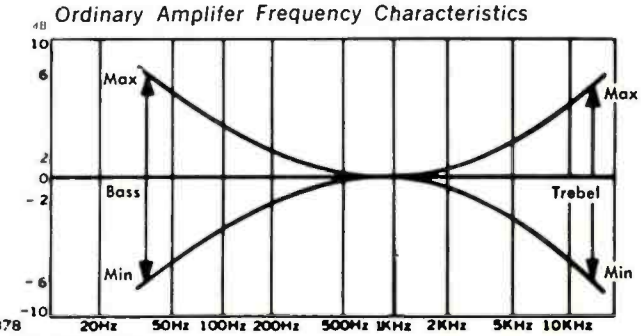

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RESPIGHI: Pini di Roma; Feste Romane. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia MS 7448, $5.98.

I strongly doubt that many record buyers really crave another *Pines of Rome* to augment the thirteen already listed in Schwann. But this tone poem's display potentials remain an irresistible temptation for virtuoso conductors, recording engineers, and audiophiles. Bernstein's reading has special justification, however: the preservation of a permanent memento of his recent television program devoted to an illuminating dissection of this particular score. As I remember the uninterrupted run-through which followed the fascinating detailed "anatomy" lesson, Bernstein's reading then was less intense and less emotionally outspoken than it is now. But here it has of course the incalculable advantages of a wider dynamic range and heavier sonic impact than that permitted by the compression of TV-audio signals and the limitations of home-set speakers. More sophisticated listeners, however, are not likely to find the performance a formidable challenge to the best of the earlier versions by Ansermet, Munch, and—regardless of any technical outdating—Toscanini. Compare, for example, the thunderous *Appian Way* finale in the Bernstein/Columbia and Munch/London versions: the former sounds admirably impressive by itself, but after listening to the latter, one realizes how much more dramatic menace is evoked in the Munch interpretation and how much more sonically overwhelming the Phase 4 stereoism proves to be.

Disdaining the customary practice of coupling the *Pines* with the earlier—and to my mind more musically rewarding—*Fountains of Rome*, Bernstein chooses the last of the trilogy, *Roman Festivals*. Here he has less competition: only five other versions are currently in print, and since none of them is more recent than 1962 the present recording easily wins first technical honors. Interpretatively, it's probably as good as, if not better than, any of its non-Toscaninian predecessors. But I'm not a fair judge since this particular work (apart from its mildly attractive *October Festival* third movement) continues to strike me, as it always has in the past, as an apt example of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." R.D.D.

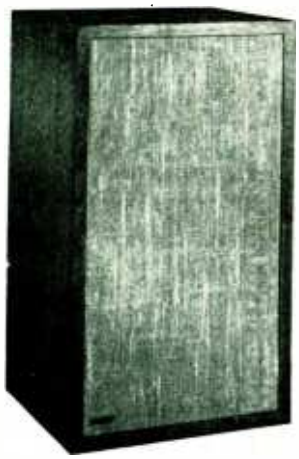
SCHNEBEL: Für Stimmen (. . . missa est)—See Kagel: Halleluja.

SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano No. 17, in D, D. 850. Ingrid Haebler, piano. Philips 839773, $5.98.
SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano, No. 17, in D, D. 850. Eugene Istomin, piano. Columbia MS 7443, $5.98.

The D major sonata is one of Schubert's most problematical, with an intricate, cross-rhythmed first movement of Beethovenian thrust, a very long (and in truth, near repetitious) slow movement, an almost symphonic scherzo, and a finale that takes its lead from the nursery tune *Sing a Song of Sixpence*. Virtuoso technique and physical power are surely needed to hold the work together, and even those ingredients will not prevent it from sprawling if the player's concentration and structural grasp flag for a moment.

Haebler sets about the piece like Little Red Riding Hood with her basket. That description implies a degree of primness and innocence of mind, and you will gather that the old notion of Schubert—the smiling cherub-faced schoolboy brimming with happy tunes—is very much in evidence here. Moreover, Miss Haebler is utterly pedestrian. Instead of a first movement with swirling, winged momentum, one hears a cautious, careful, earth-bound exposition of the notes. Matters improve somewhat later on, but a prosaic, unimaginative musical mind (admittedly a completely conscientious one) is always in evidence. In truth, I found this performance tedious and disheartening.

Istomin's first movement begins more promisingly and from the first note you can hear that the American pianist is a far more distinguished musical personality as well as an altogether more formidable technician. Yet his version too falls rather wide of the mark. In the main, Istomin is the victim of his very resourcefulness. He makes too many points and tortures the phrasing needlessly. Take the scherzo, for example: Schnabel—in his zealousness to convey the composer's unusual accent marks—



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established an unfortunate precedent. I felt his delivery was too rhythmically manhandled for its own good, and Istomin's treatment carries the same method to absurd lengths. It is often nearly impossible to tell whether the meter is in duple or triple time. Of these two well-recorded new performances, then, Istomin's is better shaded and certainly preferable. My choice among available recordings, though, remain with either the Curzon (London), a somewhat more successful approximation of what Istomin seems to be pursuing, or the Richter (Monitor), a very straight, steady, though magnificently monumental, performance. All of these versions except the Curzon observe the exposition repeat in the first movement. H.G.

SCRIABIN: Eight Etudes, Op. 42; Sonatas for Piano: No. 5, in F sharp, Op. 53; No. 7, in F sharp, Op. 64 ("White Mass"); No. 9 in F, Op. 68 ("Black Mass"). Ruth Laredo, piano. Connoisseur Society CS 2032, $5.98.

In listening to these three Scriabin sonatas, all from the composer's "second period," one is struck by a number of paradoxes which seem to form the foundation of Scriabin's musical mysticism. The music is lyrical, and yet there are long passages where anything resembling a melody is replaced by atmospheric configurations of trills, chords (broken and otherwise), and runs. Even when melodies do appear, they generally either float motivically within a diaphanous harmonic context or else they are almost drowned in great, Lisztian waves of sound. The music is tonal, and even triadic on occasion (particularly in the Fifth Sonata), and yet the tonal center is at best ambiguous, usually found within an individually devised system (not necessarily based on the so-called "mystic chord") rather than in a given scale. The harmonic unity of this chordal system is derived more from repetition than modulation and resolution. As a result, the music is dramatic but with scarcely any development, at least in the traditional sense of the word. There is movement and sudden change, and yet the over-all effect is curiously static. The music does not really end—it either disappears, as in the Seventh Sonata, or else it seems to retrace its steps to the opening bars, as in the Fifth and Ninth.

It is precisely because of these paradoxes that these three Scriabin sonatas represent, at least for me, extraordinary musical experiences. They do not just *sound* mystical—their entire musical construction mirrors, in the most profound manner, the cyclical, atemporal, and decidely ecstatic nature of Scriabin's personal vision. Furthermore, Scriabin's phenomenal pianistic ability enabled him to translate his vision to the piano with a directness that showed little concern for physical limitations of the instrument, and the technique called for by these sonatas, as well as by the Op. 42 Etudes, thus becomes "transcendental" in more than one sense of the word.

I can think of few pianists better equipped to cope with the pianistic complexities of this music than Ruth Laredo. Her virtuosity is literally breathtaking, and her sense of rhythmic movement and balance in particular seems nothing short of perfect. Interpretively, her playing is strong and almost impulsive, and she is therefore most effective in the more romantically oriented Fifth Sonata, which she performs in a truly stunning manner. On the other hand, those accustomed to Vladimir Horowitz' ascetic and sublimated version of the Ninth Sonata are apt to be somewhat jolted by Laredo's less than subtle dynamics and her predilection for sudden contrasts. Furthermore, there are times when Laredo seems to sacrifice the lyrical continuity of certain sections in order to maintain a broad, pianistic sweep. There are also moments where various left-hand passages could be better defined or balanced. However, these are mostly matters of interpretation, and over-all the performances here are eminently convincing and immensely impressive. I find particularly ingenious the somewhat slow tempo and the pedaling of the third of the Op. 42 Etudes, which in Laredo's

Continued on page 114

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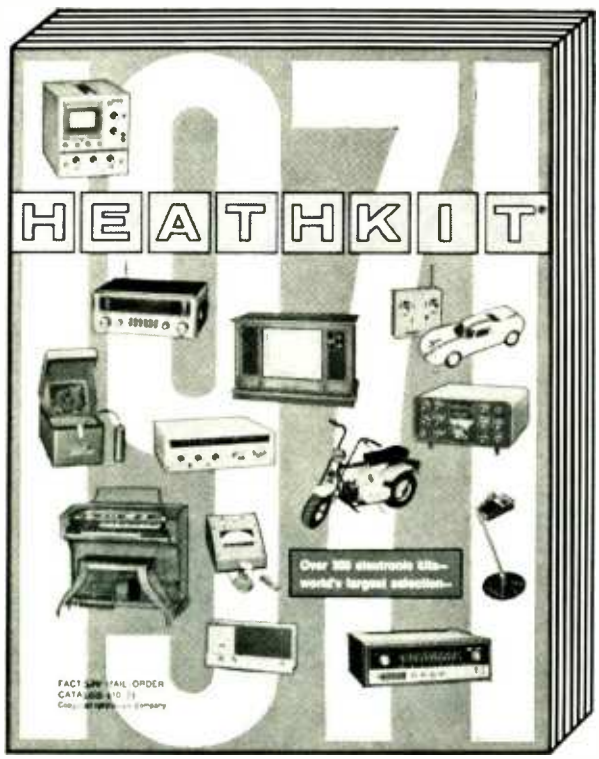

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Continued from page 110

interpretation becomes a rather grotesque doll dance rather than a pure virtuoso piece. (This is not, in spite of the claim made on the album cover, the first complete recording of the Op. 42 Etudes: an integral version by Berman is available in the Soviet Union.)

The recorded sound captures the pianist's beautifully rich and resonant tone to perfection. This is difficult music to record well, and yet even the fortissimo chords in the upper register are reproduced with utmost clarity and brilliance. If the current Scriabin revival continues to produce records of this caliber (there is a forthcoming Hilde Somer release on Mercury of the Seventh and Ninth sonatas, and Ruth Laredo is apparently planning to continue her Scriabin cycle for Connoisseur Society), the composer should remain in vogue for quite some time. R.S.B.

SCRIABIN: Sonata for Piano No. 5, Op. 53—See Liszt: Fantasy and Fugue on B-A-C-H.

SEIBER: Concertino for Clarinet and Strings—See Tauriello: Ilinx for Clarinet and Orchestra.

STOCKHAUSEN: Beethoven—Op. 1970. Aloys Kontarsky, piano; Johannes G. Fritsch, electric viola; Harald Boje, electronium; Rolf Gehlhaar, tamtam; Karlheinz Stockhausen, sound direction. Deutsche Grammophon 139461, $5.98.

The *Beethoven—Op. 1970* was completed by Stockhausen at the end of last year as an homage to his predecessor on his 200th birthday. It is not so much a new piece, however, as a new version of an older piece, Stockhausen's *Kurzwellen*, written in 1968. *Kurzwellen* (shortwaves)

Okko Kamu—A Conductor to Watch

by Harris Goldsmith

GIFTED YOUNG conductors are springing up everywhere. If Okko Kamu stands apart from the current crop, it is because he is a bit younger and quite a bit more gifted than the norm, at least on the basis of this most impressive debut recording. Born in Helsinki in 1946, the young Finn launched his career in music at the age of two when he began violin lessons. At six he entered the Sibelius Academy and at eight his double-bass-playing father taught him to read orchestral scores. Since 1964, Kamu has been the first-violin leader of his own string quartet which has a repertoire that ranges from Haydn to Webern. And like many of his illustrious podium colleagues of the past, Kamu is reputedly a self-taught conductor.

Kamu's work here leaves no doubt that he is indeed a good musician. To judge from the evidence, he has fine technical control over his forces (he likes sharp, clearly defined textures, and exceptionally clear articulation from the strings) and holds decidedly individualistic, communicative ideas about the music at hand. His Sibelius Second inclines to broad, well-sustained tempos and his luxuriant romantic phrasing never degenerates into mere mawkish theatricality. This is not a cheaply flamboyant, excessively Tchaikovskian interpretation, nor is it one of those straight, dryly impersonal readings. Kamu is certainly appreciative of the melodious, atmospheric beauties, but also brings to the fore the composer's terse, gruff, even disjunct style, his lonely introspection, and clashing, desolate dissonances. DGG has abandoned its usual distant pickup here and presents this magnificent orchestra with biting, razor-sharp clarity and color. In fact, this may be the most scrupulously detailed Sibelius Second on the market and it is certainly one of the best—which is saying something considering the formidable competition he gets from Szell, Toscanini, Hannikainen, et al. I eagerly look forward to hearing more from Okko Kamu.

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 43. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Okko Kamu, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 021, $5.98.

was written for the performing ensemble that the composer has been working with regularly during the past few years: piano, electronium, electric viola, tam-tam, and electronics, the latter manned by the composer himself. The idea in that piece was to supply "material" to the performers through radio short-wave transmissions, selected by the players and then subjected by them to immediate development. Stockhausen's score consists of general indications to the performers as to what form this development is to take, so that the piece amounts to a sort of controlled improvisation on the given material, shaped and provided with continuity by the composer's framework.

For *Op. 1970* Stockhausen has supplied each of his players with a tape which continuously reproduces fragments from works by Beethoven, prepared so that they possess the characteristics of short-wave transmissions. The tapes, each of which is different, are heard only when the player opens a loudspeaker control. Thus the piece can be seen as a special instance of *Kurzwellen*: a performance resulting from the (highly unlikely) possibility that all the short-wave transmissions received by the performers consist exclusively of music by Beethoven. The result, then, is an improvisation on—and consequently a transformation of—Beethoven fragments, which have themselves been transformed by Stockhausen in the process of being put on tape. Finally, everything that is played is picked up by a microphone and further transformed through various kinds of electronic manipulations, controlled by Stockhausen and put out through loudspeakers as part of the "live" performance.

Much of what one hears is fascinating, and there is no question that this ensemble works well together and turns in a virtuoso performance. This kind of thing is not new to them: in addition to *Kurzwellen*, they have also frequently performed *Prozession*, a piece based upon a similar premise, only in that case the "material" is supplied by Stockhausen's own previous works. Much of the pleasure for the listener is undoubtedly akin to that of a musical parlor game, only here one must not only identify the Beethoven source (this is usually not too difficult, as Stockhausen has chosen well-known pieces—although they are frequently distorted to the limits of recognition), but must also determine how the various fragments are related. This is often far from obvious, as the improvisations are frequently very free and the transformations quite radical. The kinds of transformations are also varied: extensions, contractions, modulation, timbral variation, etc.

Such a piece is obviously problematic by its very nature. Improvisation tends to be particularly time bound, and undoubtedly ten years hence the present performance will seem terribly dated. But in a sense, the piece acknowledges this fact, for the way it sounds depends in large measure upon the particular disposition of the performers at a particular moment. And if ten years from now this same group should still be per-

forming it (an unlikely eventuality in the case of *Op. 1970* since it is so specifically tied to this Beethoven year), the work will probably have taken on a very different character.

Another problem is the work's great length (almost one hour), which puts a considerable strain upon the listener. Most of Stockhausen's recent music is very slowly paced—once an idea is set up it is gradually (almost imperceptibly) developed over a long expanse of time—so that the works tend to be extremely extended. It seems to me that such music requires an entirely different kind of attitude on the part of the listener from that of traditional music. One has to learn to listen at a more relaxed rate—less actively, if you will—and become "enveloped" by what one hears. This, I would say, is both the problem and the possibility of this type of music. Listened to in traditional terms, it undoubtedly becomes boring after a short while; but if the listener is able to "tune in" on a different kind of wavelength, the whole concept of boredom may become meaningless, or at least transformed into a positive value.

Does the piece succeed? Obviously that will depend largely upon one's point of view. But to my mind Stockhausen is exploiting this new kind of musical sensibility in ways far more interesting than those of most of his colleagues of a similar bent. His work has a scope and consistency which is continually impressive and continually challenging. R.P.M.

STRAUSS, R.: Der Rosenkavalier: Suite (1945 version); Don Juan, Op. 20; München (Commemorative Waltz). London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3135, $5.98. Tape: ●● R8S 1163, 7½ ips, $6.95.

STRAUSS, R.: Der Rosenkavalier: Suite. WAGNER: Tannhäuser: Overture and Venusberg Music. London Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. London Phase 4 SPC 21037, $5.98.

Superficially it appears that the LSO recorded the same *Rosenkavalier* music twice in a brief period, with two conductors and for two recording companies. The liner notes support this view. But it's not quite that simple: except for a few introductory pages these two suites go their separate ways.

The one *Rosenkavalier* suite that is uncontestably the work of the composer is the First Waltz Sequence of 1944. This is well represented by a Maazel/Vienna Philharmonic recording, London CS 6537. Strauss may also have had a hand in the arrangement of the Waltz Sequence published in 1934, now called the Second Waltz Sequence since it deals with music from Act III.

What Previn records is the suite published in England in 1945 and first recorded by Artur Rodzinski, who used to refer to it in proprietary terms. A stereo version by Ormandy appeared some five years ago and remains in print. Norman Del Mar, in his study of Strauss, adds support to Rodzinki's claim. (It would be useful if Boosey & Hawkes, who hold the copyright, would offer such information as their files contain.)

Leinsdorf does not record this suite, or the waltz sequences, or the well-known Singer-Alwyn suite that Strauss himself directed for a set of early electrical discs in 1926. Actually, I prefer Leinsdorf's suite (whatever its source) to any of these. All productions of this type contain a certain element of kitsch, and the material Leinsdorf uses follows the sequence of the opera in its general outlines and reflects excellent taste. It would be pleasant at this point if I could name the arranger, but I can only offer my suspicions, namely that Leinsdorf (who, many will recall, prepared his own suite from Strauss's opera *Die Frau ohne Schatten* a few years ago) had done some further arranging on his own. Whoever did it performed an expert piece of work. If you want a *Rosenkavalier* suite, this offers gorgeous, realistic sound, an extremely vigorous and yet sympathetic performance, and the least number of fractures, awkward transitions, and simple lapses into vulgarity.

As for the filler material, Leinsdorf's performance of the *Tannhäuser* music

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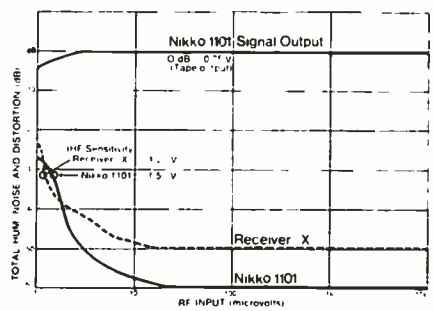

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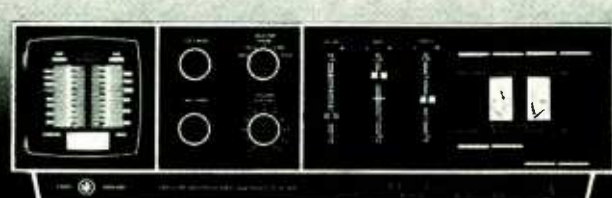

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reveals the practiced hand of one of our leading Wagnerian conductors. It's no surprise that he insists on a female chorus for the final pages rather than settling for a strictly instrumental version. For those who want big, splendid orchestral sounds, the total is a notable record.

Previn offers the first recording of *München*, a late (1949) nostalgic work from the final months of Strauss's life. (He never lived to hear it played.) At eighty-five, Strauss was living in the past, but how well he evokes a century unmarked by the militarism of the Kaiser or Hitler. *Don Juan* is the great achievement of the youthful Strauss, and though there are plenty of fine recordings about, Previn's deserves commendation for its engineering and its abundance of youthful passion. This is no aging roué, but a great lover with conquests still before him. Many will approve that approach.

R.C.M.

STRAVINSKY: Songs: Faun and Shepherdess, Op. 2; Two Songs by Verlaine; Two Poems of Balmont; Three Japanese Lyrics; Three Little Songs (Recollections of My Childhood); Pribacutki; Tilim-Bom; Cat's Cradle Songs; Four Russian Songs; Three Songs from William Shakespeare. Mary Simmons, mezzo (in Faun and Shepherdess); Donald Gramm, baritone (in Verlaine Songs); Evelyn Lear, soprano (in Balmont Songs, Japanese Lyrics, and Tilim-Bom); Cathy Berberian, mezzo (in Three Little Songs, Pribaoutki, Cat's Cradle Songs, and Shakespeare Songs); Adrienne Albert, mezzo (in Four Russian Songs); various accompaniments, Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, cond. Columbia MS 7439, $5.98.

Dear me, what a hodgepodge! A comprehensive survey of Stravinsky's songs has certainly been needed for a long time, but with all due respect to the often estimable artists involved, this miscellaneous collection of bits and pieces from the tail ends of assorted recording sessions is such a stylistic dog's breakfast that it hardly fills the bill (if I could have thrown a few more metaphors and clichés into that sentence, it would have given an accurate impression of the effect achieved by the record!). In the circumstances, let me deal with it in fairly summary fashion: Stravinsky collectors will require it willy-nilly, but for others it may seem an investment of dubious value.

Faun and Shepherdess (1906): rather "pretty" in a very Tchaikovskian way; well sung except for a few rough high notes. Pushkin's original Russian is used; Stravinsky conducts the CBS Symphony. (Two measures are omitted in the second song of this mini-cycle—presumably by choice, as there is no sign of faulty editing.)

Verlaine Songs (1910, orchestrated in 1951): these seem to be rather shapeless pieces, but the performance may be to blame; Gramm is in good voice, but he sounds preoccupied with the problem of synchronizing to the prerecorded orchestra (yes, this is done here as well as in pop records—and now that Stravinsky-Craft has made the matter public in a recent column, I should report that the recording of *Abraham and Isaac* recently reviewed here was accomplished by the same procedure; the results are unsatisfactory, but the singer deserves commendation for coming as close as he does under truly impossible circumstances). The composer conducts the orchestra, but not the singer.

Balmont Poems (1911; chamber orchestra arrangement, 1954); *Japanese Lyrics* (chamber orchestra, 1912–13): here Stravinsky has achieved a really convincing idiom for setting text, and the *Japanese Lyrics* in particular are fascinatingly terse and economical. This is another dubbing job, and a total disaster. Miss Lear is in poor voice, the instrumental sound is muddy, and there is absolutely no shape to the performances whatsoever. The old versions on Columbia ML 5107 (deleted), although in English (Lear sings in Russian), were infinitely better. Craft conducted these orchestra tracks.

Three Little Songs (1906–13; revised version with small orchestra, 1929–30): this and the next few groups are based on Russian popular texts and relate to the vein of *Les Noces*. Berberian is effective, but the accompaniment is rather soggy compared with ML 5107. Stravinsky conducts this and all the other Berberian material.

Pribaoutki (1914); *Berceuses du Chat* (1915–16): these are Stravinsky's first recordings of these pieces, and among the better things on the disc for the earthy humor is congenial to Berberian.

Tilim-Bom (1917; version with orchestra, 1923): originally published as one of *Three Tales for Children*, this and the second song of the set were later arranged for voice, flute, harp, and guitar (see below, *Four Russian Songs*). Since the music is rhythmically very straightforward, this dubbing job comes out with reasonable success, although hardly with the humor that such interpreters as Kipnis and Tourel have evoked in the past; Lear doubtless has her mind on keeping "with it." Craft conducts.

Four Russian Songs (first two, 1918–19; last two, 1917; arrangement for voice, flute, harp, and guitar, 1954): Miss Albert, who has been a negative factor in several earlier Stravinsky recordings, does no better here—mostly accurate, but not really confident or musical. Stravinsky conducts.

Shakespeare Songs (1953): this early example of serialism from Stravinsky sounds infirm and limp in this recording; again, old ML 5107 was better.

English translations are given for the French and Russian texts and also some rudimentary data about dates of composition, et cetera; not all of this is correct, so I have given the best information available in the commentary above. All in all, this is rather shabby treatment for one of the greatest composers of the century. I think we can be fairly certain that Stravinsky does not approve of many of the performances on this record—and, contrary to popular belief, he does not have the right to suppress such things when they don't turn out well. Perhaps now some record company will do him and us the service of recording all of his songs, in all their versions, with first-rate singers who know Russian well; these may be small works, but they are not minor—most of them date from critical periods in his career, and constitute the little acorns from which great oaks were later to grow.

D.H.

STRONG: Chorale on a Theme of Leo Hassler—See Hanson: Merry Mount (excerpts).

TAURIELLO: Ilinx for Clarinet and Orchestra. GRANDJANY: Aria in Classic Style for Harp and Strings. SEIBER: Concertino for Clarinet and Strings. James Livingston, clarinet (in the Tauriello and Seiber); Taka Kling, harp (in the Grandjany); Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. Louisville LS 701, $8.45.

As Robert Schumann said many years ago, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius." The same welcome applies to Antonio Tauriello, a thirty-nine-year-old Argentinian. This is his first North American record and it is magnificent. *Ilinx*, we are informed in Robert McMahan's erudite notes, means vertigo, but the only thing that makes you swoon here is the composer's inventiveness and the brilliance of the performers. McMahan's notes describe the work better than I can, so I am going to quote him. He speaks of Tauriello's exploring "that musical frontier beyond which forms dissolve into ambiguities, harmonies lose their focus, and the rhythmic pulse is fragmented into irregular, spasmodic explosions of sound." He also calls *Ilinx* "a mysterious, highly personal adventure on the part of the solo clarinet through a maze of orchestral sound provided by the piano, percussion, violins, and basses. Taking their cue from the contours of the solo part (there are no bar lines and note lengths are only approximate) the accompanying instruments provide dense tone clusters and intricate percussion textures. Occasionally these are set off by an eerie, sustained vibrato in the strings or a sudden fortissimo attack that shatters the silence."

All this is very apt, and I find the work absolutely marvelous. So are the performance and recording. This is probably the high point of the whole huge Louisville modern series to date.

It is accompanied however by two very low points. Apparently to offset Tauriello's modernism, Louisville runs it right into Grandjany's *Aria in Classic Style*, which sounds like Handel trying to be Chaminade, while on the other side the late Mátyás Seiber's Concertino

is merely poor man's Bartók. That is not the way to cushion a Tauriello, if he needs to be cushioned at all—which I doubt.

Please bring us more Tauriello, Mr. Mester. A.F.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Eugene Onegin. Galina Vishnevskaya, Tamara Sinyavskaya, Vladimir Atlantov, Yuri Mazurok, Alexander Ognivtsev; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater, Mstislav Rostropovich, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 87.

VEDEL: Concerto for Choir, No. 3—See Bortniansky: Concerto for Choir, No. 24; Cherubim Hymn No. 7.

WAGNER: Tannhäuser: Overture and Venusberg Music—See Strauss. R.: Der Rosenkavalier: Suite (Leinsdorf version).

WOLF: The Italian Song Book. Elly Ameling, soprano; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. For a feature review of this recording, see page 85.

ZIMMERMANN: Présence, Ballet blanc en cinq scenes, pour violon, violoncelle, et piano; Intercommunicazione, per violoncello e pianoforte. Saschko Gawriloff, violin; Siegfried Palm, cello; Aloys Kontarsky, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 137008, $5.98.
ZIMMERMANN: Die Befristeten: Ode to Eleutheria in the Form of Death Dances; Die Soldaten: Jazz Episode, Act II, Scene 2; Tratto for Electronic Sounds in the Form of a Choreographic Study. Manfred Schoof Quintet (in Die Befristeten and Die Soldaten); electronic realization by the Cologne High School of Music and Rhenus Sound Studio, Cologne (in Tratto). Heliodor 2549 005, $4.98.

At the age of fifty-two, the German composer Bernd Alois Zimmermann has finally made it on records to beat out Jan Dismas Zelenka for the honor of the final listing in Schwann. It is astonishing that it has taken so long for Zimmermann to reach the American record-buying public for he is none of your plodding 12-tone academicians: he has humor, he has drama, and color by the basketful. Maybe a little too much.

Zimmermann's use of languages reminds one of the famous remark attributed to the Emperor Charles V: he spoke French with his mistresses, Italian with his ministers of state, and Spanish to God. There is no Spanish title among the various Zimmermannian achievements recorded here, but the ballet would *have* to be in French. It is a most unusual ballet, musically speaking, since it is scored for a conventional piano and string trio, but that trio is not handled in any conventional sense. It is also an unusual ballet, dramatically speaking, for its three characters are none other than Don Quixote, Joyce's Molly Bloom, and Alfred Jarry's King Ubu, the fictional granddaddy of Dada. In her jacket notes, Monika Lichtenfeld says that each of these personalities is associated with one of the instruments of the trio: Don Quixote with the violin, Mrs. Bloom with the cello, and King Ubu with the piano. But the long quotation from a certain work of Richard Strauss which occurs in the second of Zimmermann's five movements is given to the cello, the instrument that represents the Don in Strauss's original.

One hopes that the three instrumentalists are placed on the stage when this ballet is given, for it must be as much fun to watch them as to hear them. The music is a long tissue of wildly dramatic, frequently absurd and fantastic color effects. If, to paraphrase a celebrated review written by Debussy, the piece should end with the violinist breaking his instrument over the pianist's head, the pianist crawling inside the cello, and the cellist throwing the piano off the stage, one would not be at all surprised. The coloristic trickery displayed in this music and the virtuosity exhibited by its three interpreters on this record are altogether fascinating the first time around: by the same token, one suspects that the whole performance will begin to pall the second time around, for while the work is decidedly original and has a profile all its own, its originality seems to lie uncomfortably close to the surface and to leave little to be discovered on repeated hearings.

Intercommunicazione may be a more substantial piece. It is in one movement and has a certain brutality and strength, especially in long, extended sounds for the cello, not unlike those of the electronic piece, *Tratto*, to be discussed in a moment. Its inventiveness in finding new effects of which the cello is capable is more in the domain of solid music-making than the recherché devices of *Presence*. The *Intercommunicazione* of the title must take place between the cellist and his hearers, not between the cellist and pianist: the piano part is quite independent, consists of silence for pages on end, and often involves little more than hair-raising tone clusters like the sound of coal going down a chute.

The selections from *Die Befristeten* (*The Numbered*, a radio play) and *Die Soldaten* (an opera that has created something of a stir in Germany) are atonal jazz pieces. They are slightly reminiscent of the kind of atonal improvisation that Ornette Coleman likes to do, and they are brilliantly played by the Manfred Schoof (or, as the cover of this disc would have it, Manfred School) Quintet, which involves unnamed players on trumpet, sax, bass, drums, and piano. But the great thing here is the electronic composition *Tratto*, which consists of many layers of sound, slowly accumulating and building up to a stupendous climax. Electronic music often reminds people of outer space: this one reminds me, at least, of the equally mysterious and compelling drama of geology. Recordings on both sides of the disc are excellent. A.F.

recitals & miscellany

E. POWER BIGGS: "Historic Organs of France." COUPERIN, F.: Fanfare; La Triomphante: Rondeau, Bruit de guerre; Messe pour les couvents: Offertoire sur les grands jeux. COUPERIN, L.: Chaconnes: in C; in D; in C minor; in G minor. LE BEGUE: Basse de trompette. BALBASTRE: Noël with Variations ("Joseph est bien marié"). CLERAMBAULT, L.: Premier livre d'orgue: Caprice sur les grands jeux. DANDRIEU, J.: Noël with Variations ("Or nous dites Marie"). DANDRIEU, P.: Noël with Variations ("Quand le Sauveur Jésus-Christ fut né de Marie"). E. Power Biggs, organ (Andreas Silbermann organs in the Abbey Church, Marmoutier, and the Abbey Church, Ebersmunster, Alsace). Columbia MS 7438, $5.98.

The most recent stop on the E. Power Biggs International Organ Tour was in the tiny district of Alsace, located on the border between Germany and France. Here Biggs found two instruments built (in 1710 and 1730) by Johann Andreas Silbermann, brother of Gottfried who was associated with Bach; and father of the Andreas who built the marvelous instrument in Arlesheim used on Biggs's Swiss organ record and on Lionel Rogg's recording of the complete Bach organ works. I found it curious that for "Historic Organs of France" Biggs was reluctant to travel further into the country to find a more typically French Clicquot or Brother Isnard or even a Cavaillé-Coll. The two Silbermanns, which are nearly identical in size, specification, and tone, are fine instruments nevertheless and demonstrate many French characteristics in specification and tonal quality. Each, for instance, includes among its approximately forty ranks, four complete cornets, several French-style reeds, and a pedal division not very well suited to playing independent contrapuntal lines of its own. The recording acoustic, by the way, leaves enough "air" around each note so that we have a pretty good idea of the natural blend of the full organ, unlike many of Columbia's recent ultraclose organ recordings.

Biggs's repertoire here is again carefully chosen to suit the period and style of the instruments rather than offering too great a technical challenge to the performer; and it must be said that for the most part his readings are entirely satisfactory. I take strong exception, however, to his inclusion of two pieces from François Couperin's *Dixième Ordre* for harpsichord. *La Triomphante*; the jacket-note rationalization notwithstanding, they are completely unidiomatic for the organ. The Pierre Dandrieu noël, "*Quand le Sauveur Jésus-Christ fut né de Marie*," is a delightful piece and will be familiar to anyone who knows the more popular and more substantial noël by Daquin based on the same tune.

Continued on page 123

A Musical Kidney Stone Removal And Other Programmatic Delights

by Shirley Fleming

ILLUSTRATIVE MUSIC has been with us a long time—it goes back to the thirteenth century at least—and some of the most famous examples of it are associated with the early development of the violin. The *Capriccio stravagante* of Carlo Farina, who was a pupil of Monteverdi and around 1625 journeyed across the Alps to become orchestra leader under Heinrich Schütz at Dresden, is one of those famous pieces one reads about and sees snatches of on microfilm but, until now, could never hear. Farina undertakes not only to imitate other musical instruments (hurdy-gurdy, flute, drum, trumpet), but dogs and cats as well; and lest eyebrows be lifted too high, it should be remembered that all of these effects, with Farina's carefully written instructions on how to achieve them, constituted the discovery of col legno, sul ponticello, harmonics, pizzicato, and tremolo—the standard tricks in the violinist's bag that came into their own a century later.

Dogs and cats also attracted the unquenchable Heinrich Biber, along with cuckoos, chickens, and frogs; one listens with affection and a sense of delight at making the acquaintance of the Italian and German schools of violin playing when they were very new.

Marais' description, with narrator, of a kidney stone operation is probably one of the most visceral pieces of program music in history; Vivaldi's psychological study of the terrors of night and the world of dreams is superlatively sophisticated by comparison. The entire program, which does a genuine service in filling in a tiny but fascinating segment of the history of the violin, is performed with élan and total command by the Harnoncourt group.

The Alarius Ensemble of Brussels gives a more sedate view of the same period. Farina is here a model of sobriety, alternating quick passagework between the two violins and allotting a minimum of work to the continuo; Salomone Rossi, another of the violin's earliest practitioners, tosses off some surprisingly elaborate and florid lines and spaces the pair of fiddles in a widespread dialogue. In Giovanni Paolo Cima's Sonata à 3, the gamba enters into the conversation; in Cavalli's Sonata à 3, a thick and busy texture emerges from the interaction of violins and continuo. In short, we see here the violin embarked upon its earliest flights, emerging from vocal forms, and achieving considerable variety and an increasingly indigenous character as it does so. The Alarius Ensemble uses the so-called Corelli bow, which imparts a slight accordion-swell to sustained notes. It is good to hear this music sounding the way it did for history's first violinists.

"PROGRAM MUSIC OF THE BAROQUE ERA." FARINA: Capriccio stravagante. SCHMELZER: The Fencing School. BIBER: Sonata violino solo representativa. MARAIS: Operation for the Removal of a Stone. VIVALDI: Concerto, Op. 10, No. 2 ("La Notte"). Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9549, $5.95.

"SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN VIRTUOSO VIOLIN MUSIC." BARTHALI: Sonata à 2 violini. FARINA: Sonata tertia detta la Moretta à 3. ROSSI: Sonata in dialogo detta la Viene. CIMA: Sonata per il violino e violone; Sonata à 3. CASTILLO: Sonata quarta à 2. CAVALLI: Sonata à 3. Alarius Ensemble, Brussels. Telefunken SAWT 9542, $5.95.

All in all, then, anyone collecting this complete historic organ series will not be disappointed by the latest edition: indeed it is markedly superior to its Italian predecessor. The Swiss and especially the Spanish discs, though, remain my favorites of the set. C.F.G.

NICOLAI GHIAUROV: "Great Scenes from Verdi." Nabucco: Gli arredi festivi . . . Sperate, O figli; Va, pensiero . . . Oh, chi piange? Macbeth: Chi v'impose unirvi a noi? . . . Come dal ciel precipita. I Vespri Siciliani: O patria . . . O tu, Palermo. Simon Boccanegra: A te l'estremo addio . . . Il lacerato spirito. Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Abbado, cond. London OS 26146, $5.98.

Some of us have been patiently waiting for Nicolai Ghiaurov to develop into the great basso that nature clearly intended him to be. This latest recital of meaty Verdi scenes leaves us pretty much with a business-as-usual report. The voice is a glorious instrument, a little grainier than of yore perhaps, but with a rich, ringing, even sonority in the upper and middle registers, albeit still a trifle weak and lacking real projection below low A. Interpretively and musically, though, Ghiaurov remains bland and unimaginative.

Fiesco's great aria is virtually thrown away. After listening to this dull skimming of the music, I played Kipnis' version of about forty years ago: here, despite the oddities of Italian pronunciation, was a singer completely in command of the line, brilliantly controlling musical and dramatic nuances, a truly moving lament by a bereaved father. Nor does Ghiaurov begin to suggest the Old-Testament fanaticism of Zaccaria, the patriotic ecstasies of Procida, or Banquo's gloomy presentiments of death.

London has given the bass generous support. The *Macbeth* and two *Nabucco* scenes are presented complete with their introductory choruses and the arias gain considerably when heard in this context. Abbado's spirited conducting, the vigorous singing of the Ambrosian Singers, and the splendidly full-ranged sound are decided pluses. But even these fringe benefits can't compensate for the deficiencies of the star attraction. P.G.D.

"ORGAN MUSIC BY THE BACH FAMILY." JOHANN CHRISTOPH BACH: Prelude and Fugue in E flat; Chorale Preludes: Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz; Wach auf, mein Herz, und singe; Aus meines Herzens Grunde. JOHANN MICHAEL BACH: Chorale Preludes: Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr; Wenn wir höchsten Nöten sein. JOHANN BERNARD BACH: Passacaglia in B flat; Partita sopra "Du Friedensfürst, Herr Jesu Christ." JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: Capriccio in E major in honorem Joh. Christoph Bachii, S. 993; Partita on "Wenn wir in höcksten Nöten sein," S. Anh. 78. JOHANN LORENZ BACH: Prelude and Fugue in D. JOHANN ERNST BACH: Fantasy and Fugue in F.

Wilhelm Krumbach, organ (Bach Organ in the Schlosskirche in Lahm). Telefunken SAWT 9551, $5.95.

The Bach family seems to be a virtually inexhaustible musical dynasty—every piece on this disc is new to the catalogue and four of the composers are acquiring their first listings. Chronologically the six Bachs represented here span about three generations: Johann Sebastian's father-in-law, Johann Michael (1648-1694), and Michael's brother, Johann Christoph (1642-1703); Sebastian's contemporaries, Johann Bernhard (1676-1749) and Johann Lorenz (1695-1773); and Bernhard's son, Johann Ernst (1722-1781). Although the musical rewards tend to be rather slight, we are left with a clearer perspective and a fresh awareness of the musical climate that produced Sebastian Bach, who of course towers above the rest of the family.

Even so, there is much music on this disc that is enjoyable as well as instructive. Christoph's highly chromatic prelude and fugue is an intensely serious affair and at least equal to the best of Pachelbel, with whom he is roughly contemporaneous. Bernhard's Passacaglia exudes a rustic, almost popular charm which often reminded me of Ives's *America* Variations. Johann Ernst, the youngest of the family represented here (he would be about the age of Sebastian's own sons), contributes a highly dramatic recitativelike fantasia with a fugue, somewhat reminiscent of Mozart's fantasias for mechanical organ. Only Sebastian's cousin and pupil, Johann Lorenz, reveals himself here to be a square fellow.

The real surprise on the disc, however, is the first recording (to my knowledge) of two youthful works by Johann Sebastian himself. The *Capriccio in honorem Joh. Christoph Bachii* (not to be confused with the *Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother*, which has been recorded several times) was probably written for the pedal cembalo, but its vivacious manner is also well suited to the organ. Krumbach gives it a sparkling, lively reading. Although the authenticity of the partita recorded here has been questioned, it is not inferior to his other partitas.

Krumbach's readings are at least adequate and often—the *Capriccio* especially—very good indeed. The organ, located in the Village of Lahm in southern Germany, was installed in 1732, and Johann Lorenz Bach (who was cantor at the time) helped with the design, doubtlessly aided by his more famous cousin in Leipzig. This is Krumbach's second recording on this organ (the first, a J. S. Bach recital, was reviewed in February 1969), and its historical interest notwithstanding, I still find it a rather unattractive-sounding instrument. Krumbach could have helped by avoiding some of its several heavy, low-pitched quints, which serve only to muddy an already broad, thick sound. The recorded sonics are exemplary and the notes are full of information about the organ, the pieces, and the composers; also included are complete specifications and detailed registrations for each piece. C.F.G.

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the tape deck

BY R.D. DARRELL

Reel Good News. It seems that the recent grim rumors of the impending death of the open reel now prove to have been highly exaggerated. One assurance of this format's new lease on life is the announcement that Ampex has been contracted to process and distribute the open-reel editions of Capitol, Angel, and Melodiya/Angel recordings (while Capitol itself concentrates on the cassette and 8-track cartridge editions). The new series begins with a blockbuster release, which should be generally available by the time these words appear in print, topped by the big Barbirolli set of Brahms's orchestral works and no less than four operas: Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust*, Weber's *Freischütz*, Janáček's *Jenufa*, and Flotow's *Martha*. None of the twenty items has been previously issued in reel format and all of them—to the special delight of veterans who obstinately refuse to recognize the merits of slow-speed tapings—will be produced in 7½-ips versions.

Another significant portent of revived open-reel activity, but this time in 3¾-ips versions, is to be found in the RCA Red Seal advance lists. I note here a considerable number of classical as well as show and pop programs, previously available in 7½-ips, $7.95 editions, now reissued in slower speed tapings at $6.95 each.

And while I'm impatiently waiting for the first review copies of both new series, one of the few current open-reel releases has brought me the first tape edition of an opera which *should* be—thanks to its dramatic potentials and musical ingenuities—as popular as *Tosca* or *Cavalleria rusticana*. Why Giordano's *Fedora* isn't as well known and as well liked as the Puccini and Mascagni triumphs (or even Giordano's own somewhat more successful *Andrea Chénier*) is a tantalizing puzzle. My own answer is that this opera—unlike genuine stage hits—never adds up to the sum of its parts. Yet the parts themselves are often of uncommon interest, especially when so effectively projected as in the present recording starring the fabulous Magda Olivero in the title role and featuring Mario del Monaco in somewhat better vocal estate than of yore. Conductor Lamberto Gardelli proves to be a real inspiration to his Monte Carlo Opera Company players, and the deliberately nonspectacular recording of both singers and orchestra is first-rate (London/Ampex EX+ K 90169, 7½-ips double-play reel, $11.95; notes-and-libretto booklet included). Fans of Mme. Olivero and operatic specialists can't afford to miss this *Fedora*; others will find it a provocative example of the musico-dramatic near miss.

Tudor Music for Two-Door Sedans? The new varieties of musical experience presently being offered to carborne listeners never cease to surprise and delight even so sophisticated an auditor as I fancy myself to be. My latest discovery is the most unexpected of all: the piquant pleasure provided en route by both ersatz and authentic Tudor music. The estimable imitation is Georges Delarue's soundtrack score for the film *Anne of the Thousand Days*, which includes an anonymous vocalist's rendition of a song attributed to Henry VIII's own pen. But since this score is relatively short, it is ingeniously augmented (in Decca 6-9174, 8-track cartridge, $7.95) by a dozen or so dances and short pieces drawn from New York Pro Musica programs (featuring authentic Renaissance instruments) of music from the Tudor court and, a bit anachronistically, from the courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James. The now wheezy, now delectably spicy timbres are a delight in themselves, while the charming compositions prove that such worthies as Byrd, Dowland, Tallis, Holborne, and Henry VIII himself (this time with a *Taundernaken*, whatever that may be) sound more vital than ever even amid the traffic din of four and a half centuries later.

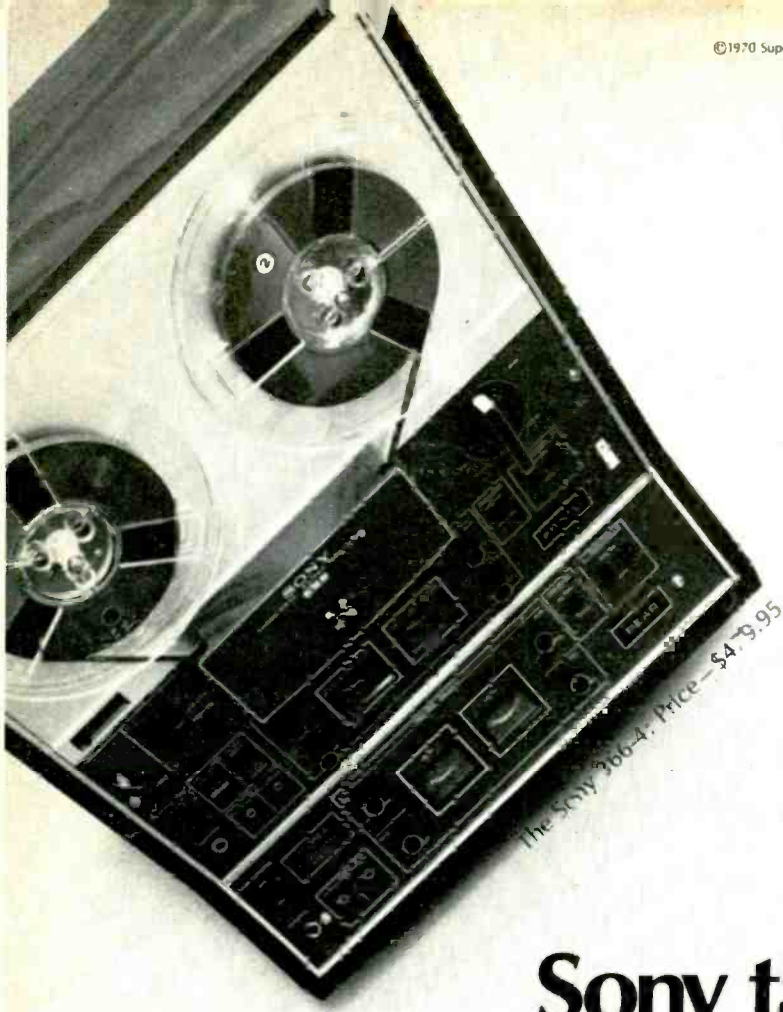
That Double Standard Again. Another phenomenon arising from a road test of 8-track cartridge tapes is a more familiar one; but I still marvel at how much I can enjoy—while driving—music or performances that I would have to criticize adversely in more objective home auditions. For instance: Jacqueline du Pré and her conductor-husband, Daniel Barenboim, are slapdash and extravagantly expressive in their readings of the Saint-Saëns and Schumann A minor cello concertos. Nevertheless, in an automobile my responsive sing-along enthusiasm is no less inhibited than theirs (Angel 8XS 36642, $7.98). There's even more schmaltz in many of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir/Philadelphia Orchestra inflations of hackneyed "standards" from *Deep River* to *Finlandia* (Columbia 18 11 0170, $6.95), but somehow even their campy "Greatest Hits, Vol. 3" can be good fun on the way to the supermarket.

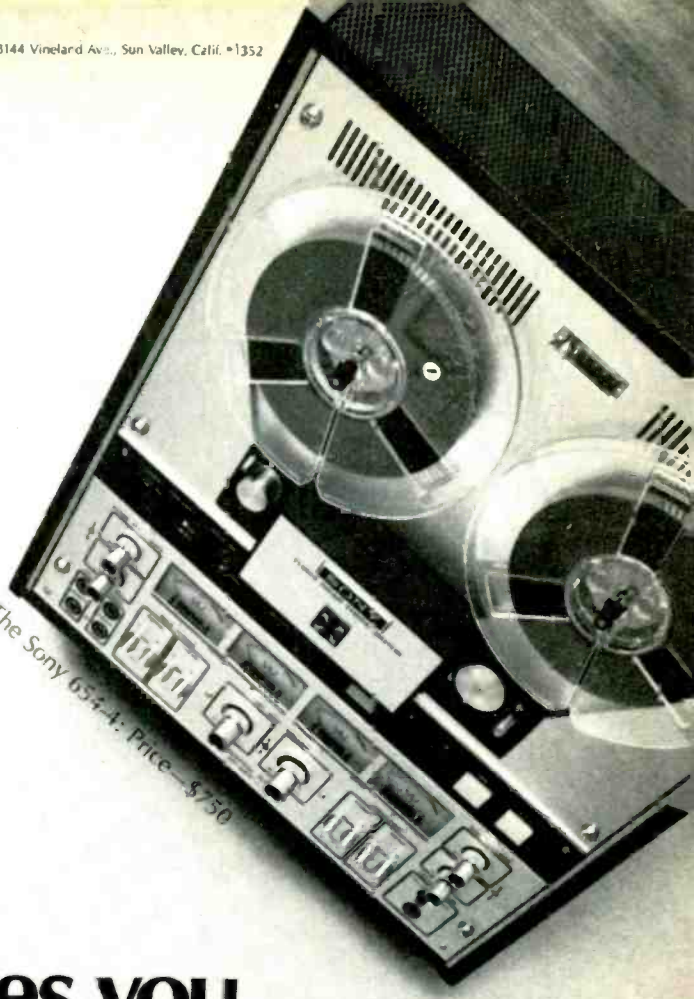
Cassette Serendipities. While genuinely novel musical adventures are rarely to be found on 8-track cartridges nowadays, cassette activities have been less exclusively concerned with warhorse fare. In fact the youngest format's repertory already compares favorably with the much older open-reel catalogues in the number and quality of experimental and connoisseur programs. Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series has been particularly notable for its baroque and earlier resurrections; but what is more surprising is the number of such releases that are not only of specialized scholarly value but are irresistibly delightful to listeners of no musicological pretensions whatever. I have two pertinent current examples: "Folklore of Spain" and the Gregorian Chant Whitsunday Mass (Archive cassettes 924 023 and 924 026 respectively, $6.95 each; notes but no texts included).

The first includes not only familiar pieces of *cante flamenco* but also several rare examples of *folías* and the now almost legendary *canciónes sefardies*. The famous harmonic pattern and/or tune of *La Folia* are illuminatingly represented here by a pavane setting by Mudarra for vihuela, an anonymous *villancico* setting for vocal quartet, and sets of variations by Ximénez and Cabanilles for harp and organ respectively. The Sephardic songs are properly sung unaccompanied by a true minstrel, E. S. Abinun, one of the rare contemporary practitioners of an oral tradition which dates back long before the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492. These twelve examples of monophony—some, but by no means all, of which feature "Eastern" melismas—are the first of their kind I've ever encountered on records and at least several of them are far more than merely "interesting."

The complete *Missa in Festo Pentecostas*, sung unaccompanied by a choir of nuns from the Benedictine Abbey of Our Lady of Varensell with chantings and readings by Father Aurelian Weiss, O.S.B., is exceptionally noteworthy, from a historical point of view, for its inclusion of both very early and relatively late Gregorian melodies. But apart from any musicological—or even religious—values, the singing here is truly magical and angelic. And in both releases the fine original recording qualities have been admirably preserved in their cassette processings.

One of the most technically impressive cassettes I've encountered to date also proves to be one of the most imaginatively novel and varied programs in the whole Fiedler/Boston Pops discography: "Fiedler's Choice" (RCA Red Seal cassette RK 1143, $6.95). Starting off with the surging, heroic, yet mellifluous romanticism of Glazunov's *Carnaval* Overture, Op. 45 (once a favorite of Frederick Stock), it next proceeds to the bittersweet, deftly animated "modernism" of Shostakovich's incidental music to *Hamlet*, Op. 32. Side 2 begins with a Boston Pops March by Ernest Gold, who closely matches the roast-beef tunefulness of the late Eric Coates. And the program concludes with the "symphonic picture" from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, arranged by Robert Russell Bennett. This familiar music also has its novel aspect, for Fiedler's idiomatically authentic reading contrasts markedly with the alien nature of the interpretations by such foreign-born maestros as Reiner, Steinberg, and most recently, Ormandy.





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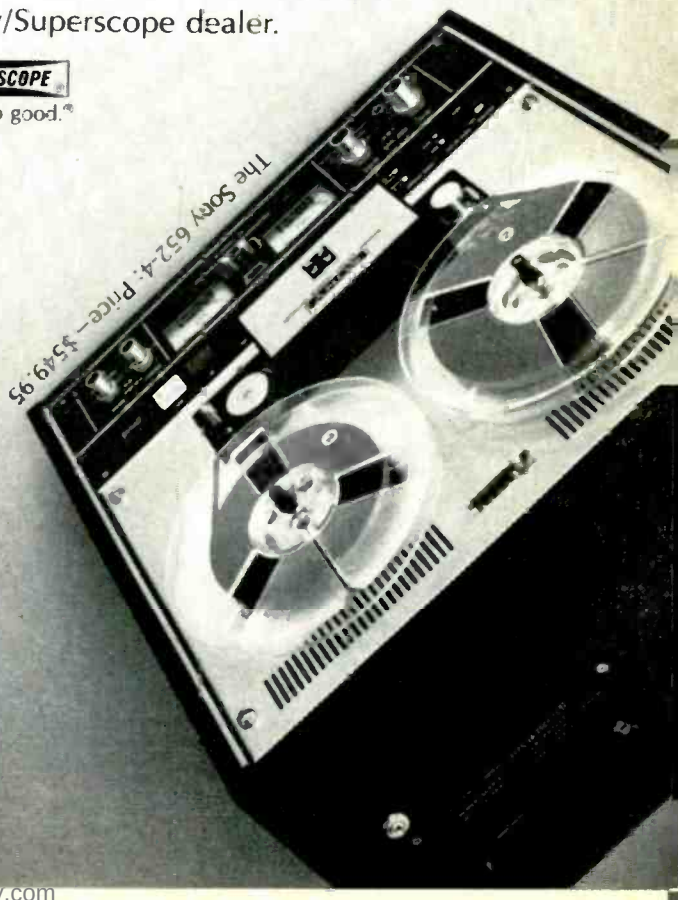

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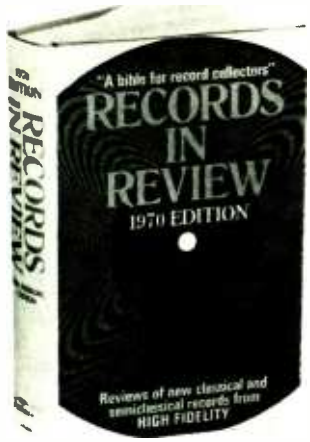

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Above, Dame Clara Butt. Right, Dame Maggie Teyte.

Canadian Rococo

FOR THE PAST fifteen years, Rococo Records has been quietly building up a highly impressive catalogue of historic vocal recordings—the most extensive to be found on any one label. Over 200 discs are now available from this plucky little Toronto-based enterprise which seems well on the way to achieving its formidable goal: at least one disc devoted to every major vocal artist who flourished before the LP era.

On the thorny matter of transfers, Rococo has adopted a policy of strict honesty: copies are made without benefit of filtering, artificial reverberation, and the like, which might tend to alter the quality of the voice as captured on the original 78s (although most of the objectionable clicks and bangs on especially worn discs are carefully edited out from the master 15-ips tape dubbing). The three guiding spirits of Rococo since its inception, Andre Ross and Leonard and Peter Court, are naturally indefatigable collectors themselves, and their efforts to turn up valuable rarities have yielded an incomparable gold mine of treasures, many of which have never before been made generally available. The presentation appears a bit Spartan—simple blue jackets with the contents listed on the front and minimal information regarding the recording history of the individual selections—but the mimeographed biographical leaflets are usually crammed with useful information by such knowledgeable authorities as Leo Riemens, Max de Schauensee, Philip Miller, and John Freestone.

Rococo's latest ten-disc release is typical of the broad range of vocal artistry to be found in this unique catalogue. Leading off, on 5306, is a recital by the redoubtable Clara Butt (1873–1936). Perhaps due to her rather Dickensian name, figure, and background (daughter of a Sussex sea captain) or to a repertory that included large doses of Palm-Court treacle, Dame Clara has often been pegged as the apotheosis of the garden-hat, ladies-club, after-luncheon contralto. True, her approach was often excessively sentimental (e.g., *"O mio Fernando"*), she sometimes overpowered such trifles as *Genevieve* and Sullivan's *The Willow Song* (not the one from *The Mikado*), and the ubiquitous glottal catch becomes tiresome. Still, there's no disputing the awesome presence of that massive columnar contralto and the rock-solid production which could be modulated with amazing flexibility—witness the two Handel arias from *Sosarme* and *Serse*. Most of the other items here (including four of Dvořák's *Biblical Songs*, *"O don fatale," "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix,"* and *In questa tomba oscura*) are also from her prime years when the vocal timbre was at its fullest and most luscious.

Several worlds removed from the ripe if somewhat corseted Victorianism of Clara Butt is the lean yet bewitchingly seductive vocalism of her younger colleague, Dame Maggie Teyte, on 5319. There is little on this release that expands the recorded repertory of this delightful artist, but many of these French songs have never been released before and all of them are done with the inimitable Teyte sorcery. Judging from the frequent bursts of applause and occasional spoken introductions, one has the suspicion that the performances must have been taken from wartime BBC broadcasts. The audience evidently had a beneficial effect on the singer, for the slightly chilly atmosphere that pervaded some of her studio recordings is completely absent. A bonus on this disc is a marvelously witty BBC interview in which the soprano reminisces about her student days with Jean de Reszke.

Tiana Lemnitz' live Lieder recital (5320), probably taped in Berlin during the Fifties shortly before her retirement, shows this singer somewhat at a disadvantage: there is certainly plenty of presence, communicative warmth, and musical perception, but the voice sounds badly strained and all the shrewd vocal tricks can't disguise the loss in quality and ease. Students of Lieder singing, though, can still learn a great deal from these readings of songs by Brahms, Wolf, Mahler, Strauss, and Wagner's *Wesendonk* set (less *Stehe still*, which is omitted). Others should investigate Rococo 5203, 5273, and 5300, all of which capture this treasurable artist at her best.

Nazzareno de Angelis' occasionally unreliable intonation seems a relatively small price to pay for the expressive nobility displayed by this great basso on 5315. The plum here is "Wotan's Farewell" (sung in Italian), a tremendously moving, individual, and sensitively inflected interpretation (this was one of De Angelis' favorite parts—he even named his last daughter Brunilde). Two large chunks from *Faust* (the Act I duet with Antonio Melandri and Church Scene with Gina Cigna) explode with sinister diablerie, and a pair of arias apiece from *Mose* and *Nabucco*, while not exactly models of firm bel canto line, are full of ripe personality. As on many recent Rococo discs, there is a brief

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Continued

spoken greeting from the artist—here with his son Bruno and daughter Luigia—taped a few months before his death in 1962.

Such executant difficulties that marred De Angelis' work are nonexistent on the Pol Plançon record (Cantilena 6220): a seamless cantabile legato and a gorgeously rounded *basse chantante* are the hallmarks of this stylish singer. Plançon (1851–1914) boasted a fabulously finished technique grounded on early eighteenth-century principles (his teacher, Duprez, was the first Edgardo in *Lucia*) and these eight arias and nine rather soupy French songs show him off spectacularly. The Berlioz Mephisto Serenade is an incredible tour de force of needle-point intonation and hair-trigger rhythmic control (Plançon used to astonish his friends by tossing off the *Dinorah* coloratura "Shadow Song" in falsetto complete with trills), and the two Gounod Mephistopheles arias are unequalled for their elegance and suave, pearly vocalism. Cantilena's transfers are superb and the surface noise is at a minimum.

Emma Eames (1865–1952) was almost as famous for her barbed tongue as she was for the cool, silvery beauty of her voice. In the notes for Cantilena 6221, Max de Schauensee recalls some particularly nasty cracks: ". . . her voice was perfectly beautiful. . . . But, in *Faust*, had someone not told her, she would have hung the jewels on her nose" (Melba); and ". . . in my day, she would have been in the chorus" (Lotte Lehmann). Both of these uncharitable remarks indirectly hint at Eames's own refined dramatic interpretations and strict Marchesi training. She was, in short, a perfectionist and that shines through here, especially in the *Faust* selections (which curiously throw in different Plançon versions of the two bass arias from those in his Cantilena recital). Perfection, however, is a rather bland quality and there is not a great deal of character behind this impeccable vocalism.

Space permits only a mention of the remaining discs: a recital by Emilio de Gogorza (Cantilena 6222), Eames's second husband (she partners him here in duets from *Don Giovanni*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Véronique*); excerpts from a live *Roméo et Juliette* with Bjoerling and Sayão (Rococo 5329); a Lucrezia Bori record including a number of Spanish songs; and an offering from the husband-and-wife team of tenor Roberto d'Alessio and mezzo Aurora Buades (Rococo 5317). Rococo has more tantalizing material slated for the future, including Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* complete with Affre, Gall, and Journet, dubbed from fifty sides of Pathé hills and dales recorded in 1912. Since these discs are not always easy to come by, interested parties are invited to write to the source: Rococo Records Ltd., 3244 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

PETER G. DAVIS

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DOPE(S)

Art Linkletter addressing broadcasters

LETTERS FROM READERS of my column prompt me to return again to the subject of music, recordings, and drugs. Many of these letters—especially from teenagers—show writers who know nothing of the corporate structure of the record business, nothing of the publishing setup, nothing of who-owns-what-and-why-this-deal-was-made-instead-of-that, nothing about who-steals-from-whom-and who-pays-off-to-whom, nothing of the nature and depth of the narcotics problem. And here am I, a guy who has been involved deeply in the drug problem (I helped stage the first benefit concert for Synanon, about ten years ago), who has been up to his eyes in dope addicts and the music biz all his life, who has spent *thousands* of hours discussing drugs with people swinging on everything from grass through acid and speed to heroin and cocaine, who counts a number of heroin junkies among his close friends (most are on methadone now), who has in recent months been talking to doctors, attorneys, judges, junkies, and students about the relationship between rock music and the drug epidemic.

So much for my job résumé.

Now I would like to bring to your attention the June 20 issue of *Billboard*; it contained a large section on the radio programming forum that the record-trade publication sponsored for the industry. At the forum, Art Linkletter told the broadcasters that the rate of increase in drug use is so great that "half our youngsters will be freaking out within three years if it continues." He charged the radio medium with "enormous responsibility."

Linkletter noted that the record industry was not solely responsible for the drug problem any more than was the radio industry. But he said both were part of it. (Another speaker, Dr. David E. Smith, medical director of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic, accused the legal drug companies—who manufacture much more amphetamines and barbituates than are needed for prescriptions—of being "responsible for more pushing than the Mafia.") It was the music, Linkletter pointed out, that created an "easy, contemptuous familiarity" with the subject of drugs, citing the term "acid rock," used casually throughout the industry and by the public and denoting of course LSD, "the most dangerous single drug." Linkletter's sincerity cannot be questioned, nor can his knowledge of the problem: he became a passionate student of it after his daughter committed suicide during an acid trip.

To illustrate "how far we have come," Linkletter said that when drummer Gene Krupa was sent to jail for a pot conviction some years ago, his career was badly damaged; even later, had Elvis Presley's name been linked to drugs at the start of his career, that career would have been ruined or at least jeopardized. Yet John Lennon's recent arrest for drug possession caused hardly a ripple in the public's awareness.

Now, of course, the record industry is on a moral kick: it's in the midst of a campaign against drug use. Well, who issued the new *Naked Carmen* with a back cover devoted to cigar bands marked "Acapulco Gold," "Chicago Light Green," etc. Who commissioned a cartoon of an airplane with pot growing in window boxes along its side for a Jefferson Airplane album? Who permitted pot on the cover of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* album? You'll forgive me, then, if the industry's sudden rectitude leaves me a little cold.

Some kid out there in Readerland is going to say "I listen to acid rock and *I'm* no junkie," or more likely, "Oh, man, you just don't know. Grass is great—and it doesn't do you any harm."

Let's look elsewhere for some evidence—in, for instance the courtroom of Wayne County Judge George N. Bashara, who has been asking addicts and other drug experts to address high school kids. One of them, a heroin-hooked young man called "Steve," said, "The drug scene is no joke, it's a prison. You start turning on with the music that tells how great it is to take a trip. But it doesn't tell you about the horror of withdrawal or the bad trips you can't stop. The music promotes junk better than the pushers—the Beatles weren't talking about people when they sang about 'with a little help from my friends.'

"I got into the drug scene in 1964, when acid rock was just starting to come on strong. I quit school my senior year, didn't think I needed school because I had drugs."

"Steve" also made this interesting point: "I'm not sure grass leads to heroin, but all the junkies I've ever known started with grass." He concluded with a plea: "Don't believe what the acid-rock music says. Dope messes up your whole life, and the first joint is the worst."

Across the Detroit River from that courtroom, a Canadian government official went on television to say that a prime cause of the narcotics problem in Windsor, Ontario was Detroit's "underground" radio, whose rock records made the taking of drugs seem glamorous and exciting.

In Toronto recently, one record industry executive made headlines by saying that he hoped marijuana would be legalized in Canada because he'd get better performance from his musicians on record dates. At least half a dozen musicians I know have tried taping music straight, stoned, out-of-it on heroin, and drunk. The experiment has been repeated so often, in fact, that it's a classic. Whatever they thought during their playing, listening to the playbacks everyone admitted that the best performance was the straight one. You need that little extra edge of adrenalin to perform really well.

And we get this executive idiot who is willing to undermine a nation to get what he *thinks* will be better pop performances!

Helen Keane is one of the few women record producers in the business (she has made recordings for M-G-M, Verve, Polydor, and other companies) and one of the few of either sex who hasn't let her wig get twisted by what's going on. "When I heard the first acid-rock records a few years ago, I knew we were going to have trouble," she said. "I screamed about it in the business, but what good did it do?

"Well, the record companies and the rock groups accomplished their purpose: they got rich killing kids."

GENE LEES

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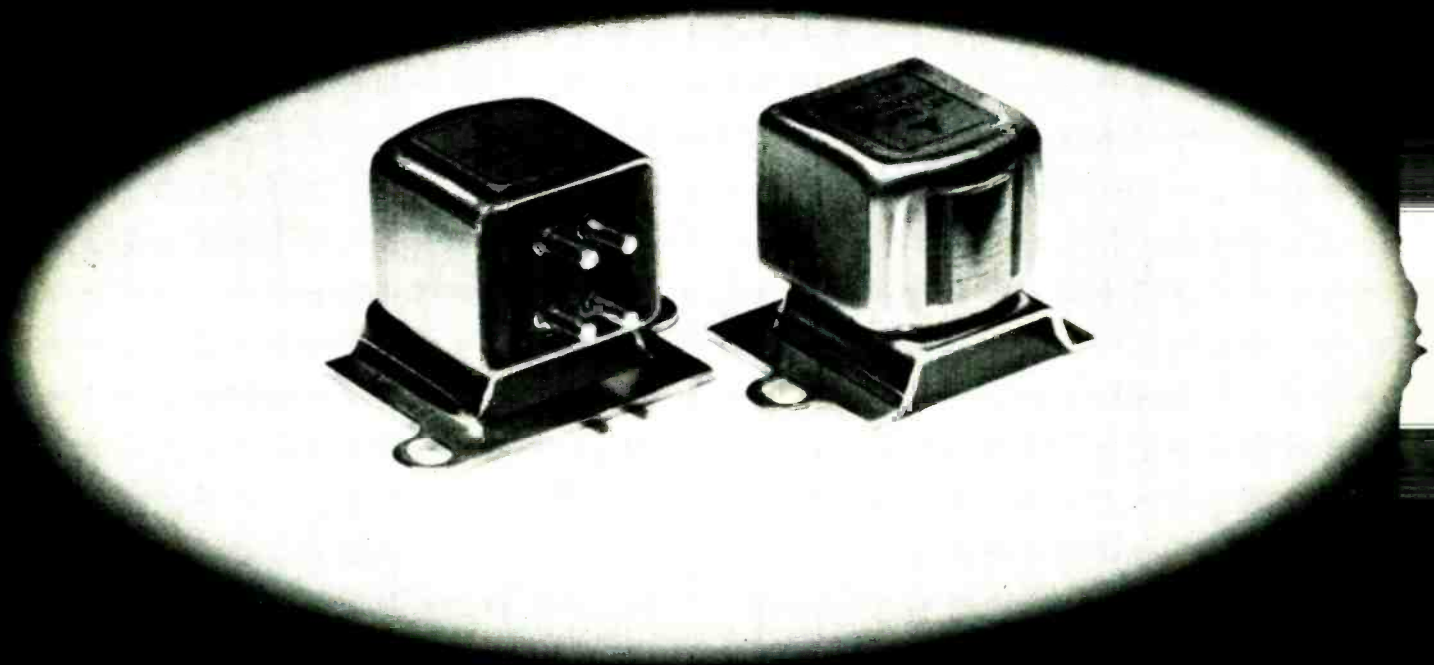

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ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER. Film soundtrack. Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand, vocals; Nelson Riddle, arr. and cond. (Melinda; Go to Sleep; He Isn't You; seven more.) Columbia S 30086, $5.95. Tape: ST 30086, ☎ $6.98.

Show albums are in a world of their own, aglitter with stage effects. Their singers, both stars and chorus, are famous for sacrificing intonation for sincerity. As the musical stage world clings to itself narcissistically, show fans are dazzled by the whole thing. Movie versions of such shows, in recorded form, are but one step away from the original, as a rule.

Thus, putting this album on the turntable, I geared up for high-energy theatrics. Surprise: here is that rarity, a show-based album actually geared for living-room listening.

True, Barbra Streisand goes all-out Broadway on the title tune and other spots, as required, but over-all, her singing shows unexpected and pleasing restraint. Yves Montand's tracks (*Melinda*; *Clear Day*; *Come Back to Me*) are at best charming—and at least charming. No other singers appear except the inevitable wide-vibrato chorus, and even it is used with relative discretion.

Burton Lane's and Alan Jay Lerner's score misses being great, but its good songs are quite good: *Melinda*, *What Did I Have That I Don't Have*, *Come Back to Me*, and the title tune. Fair selections are *He Isn't You* and *Go To Sleep*. The duds are *Hurry! It's Lovely Up Here* and *Love With All the Trimmings*. Even Streisand can't save them and I'm not sure she tries.

The secret of success for this album, *as an album*, is Nelson Riddle, a man who has spent most of his career writing not for Broadway but for the record market. Mr. Riddle's arrangements never flag in terms of taste and color.

Like the film, the album is a rather appealing compromise of diverse aspects of entertainment and I recommend it.

M.A.

BESSIE SMITH: "The World's Greatest Blues Singer." Bessie Smith, vocals; various accompaniments. For a feature review of this historic reissue, see page 86.

✻

CLARE FISCHER: Great White Hope (And His Japanese Friend). Clare Fischer, Yamaha Yc-30 combo organ and Fender Rhodes electronic piano. (After You've Gone; Fuzz Blues; Western Airlines; four more.) Revelation 13, $4.98 (mono only).

Pianist Clare Fischer is one of those studio musicians who always has projects going on the side. He is, for one thing, an excellent orchestrator (for the Hi-Lo's, Cal Tjader, and many more). He also writes songs, has his own big band, writes commercials, and speaks several languages fluently. His first language is music.

One day last year, while hanging out in David Abell's piano store in Los Angeles (the main franchise holder for Yamaha pianos), Fischer tried out a new-model Yamaha combo organ called the Yc-30. He fell in love with and eventually bought the unique instrument, plus a series of speakers through which to play it. He describes them as follows: "A Yamaha Tac-60 speaker (affectionately called the 'Destroyer'), a Leslie preamp, Leslie 147 speaker (for a different dimension of 'grainier' sound and vibrato), and a Fuzz-Wa pedal." With such equipment, the variety of possible sound is limitless, and this album is a massive index of the sounds that Fischer has discovered in his explorations. It was recorded in his home, using a Scully four-track recorder and sel-synch multitracking and multimiking techniques.

So much for technical data. More important is what Fischer is doing musically. This is a solo album (with bass lines provided by the left hand) and his sense of time is, as always, unshakable. On *Autumn Leaves*, he improvised in Bach-like style on the basic track. He then took the tape, wrote down the lines he had played, and wrote a third contrapuntal line, plus an "organ mixture to put on both sides of the treble part." This is the sort of thing you could expect from Fischer. The result is a tour de force which is getting a lot of FM airplay in Los Angeles.

Fuzz Blues, a Fischer original, shows some of the instrument's freakier characteristics, particularly its fuzz tones. And *Music of the Spheres* is a free improvisation which again shows off the Yc-30's uniqueness. It was recorded in one sitting. The remaining selections, *You Call It Madness* and *C Minor Theme*, were played on a Fender Rhodes electronic piano—the most beautiful of all electronic pianos (although the pianist's vibrato setting is too deep for aural comfort). Fischer is one of our finest and most fragile ballad players.

The pianist makes a point of saying that the Yc-30 is a performing instrument, unlike a synthesizer. True, but this album makes clear that, under the hands of a superb musician, any instrument—church basement upright to pennywhistle to combo organ—becomes superbly musical.

If your record store has not yet stocked this album, write to Revelation Records, P.O. Box 65593, Los Angeles, California 90065.

M.A.

ABRAHAM FEINBERG: I Was So Much Older Then. . . . Rabbi Feinberg, vocals; instrumental accompaniment. (Simple Child Loved; Story of Isaac; Words; I Shall be Released; Goodthings; five more). Vanguard VSD 6543, $4.98.

Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, the Toronto religious leader and peace activist (you

Continued on page 140

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Country Soul from Hollywood to Prison

by John Gabree

SOUL, that most felicitous component of black music, is really only (only?) honesty, that rarest ingredient of more "sophisticated" musical forms. But it is honesty of a particular kind: it reflects the values and experiences of an oppressed and exploited people. It follows that the musical expressions of other racial and economic groups will be marked by the same intensity and drive usually attributed to black popular and folk music.

And so they are. Much of the music preserved within our national heritage —of the Scots Highlanders and Irish revolutionaries, the white Appalachian mountain people, the Cajuns, the Poles, the Germans, the Greeks, and the many middle and eastern European national groups—is characterized by the same passion, the same striving, the same anger, the same hope in the new community, and nostalgic yearning for the old, all of which is intrinsically expressive in the best of black music. In fact, it is for these very reasons that the music of the lower classes has such a tremendous emotional potential. Parenthetically, however, it does not romanticize the lives of the oppressed. If their art does tend to be expressive, it is because in many ways—politically, economically, on the job—they are denied their individuality, much less their creativity. It is only through art, usually music and speech (i.e., the esoteric vocabulary and rhythmic pattern of ghetto language), and life style (clothes, hair length, the flag, and so forth) that the poor—and ethnic minorities are almost always poor —get to express love, hope, fear, hatred, anger, in short, their humanity.

There are at least two other kinds of soul music besides rhythm and blues that are widely listened to outside the communities in which they originate. One—country and western—is the source of the five albums listed here (the other is Spanish-American music which, in the hands of performers like La Lupe and Joe Cuba, has the potential to break the bounds of El Barrio and sweep the country). From the day Jimmie Rogers invented it in the '20s, c & w has always appealed to listeners outside its particular ghetto. But over the years only a few performers, most notably Rogers himself and Elvis Presley and his followers in the mid-'50s, have possessed the nerve, desire, drive, or whatever, to actively step away from the safe conventions that insulated country music from the rest of society. Still the '60s did see the development of a number of iconoclastic singers and songwriters—Johnny Cash, Billy Edd Wheeler, John D. Loudermilk, Roger Miller, among others—whose individuality and soul sowed the seeds of the c & w harvest we are enjoying today. To the albums by new country folk we have urged upon you in the past—Jerry Reed, John Hartford, Nat Stuckey, Shirl Milete, Tom T. Hall, Waylon Jennings, and so forth—five more must be added.

Dave Coe's "Penitentiary Blues" fits into two country traditions: Memphis sound and prison songs. Coe, it is reported, has in fact been a prisoner and has just been released. Whether or not this is true, Coe is one of the best composers of prison songs I have ever heard. Bitter, sad, or funny—and he can be all three as he proves on the sardonic *Death Row*—Coe is very good. His only flaw is a somewhat slavish aping of the blues on some numbers, though I think this flows more from the performing than the writing.

The first Memphis sound grew up in the early '50s around Sam Phillips' Sun Records. Coe is steeped in the style of Elvis' early records and, like Elvis, he occasionally errs in too emphatic borrowings from his black sources—in this case Jimmy Reed. Still, at its best this is forceful, exciting music that, given half a chance, should find a significant audience.

Another performer from those old Sun days, but one not associated with the Memphis sound—or for that matter any other but his own—is Johnny Cash. Although Cash has dominated c & w for more than a decade, his hard-won struggles over poverty and drugs have produced a personality that is literally inimitable. Cash has had imitators, like his brother Tommy or Dave Dudley, but until recently nobody has been able to create something new out of the Cash experience. Recently, however, several have come up with a formula that combines the fundamentally traditional performing style of Cash with a more modern approach to both tune and verse. Building successfully on the lyrical ground broken by Miller and Loudermilk, a writer like Kris Kristofferson can produce a marvelous collection of tunes. Kristofferson has paid his dues, some of which he acknowledges in *To Beat the Devil* (dedicated to Cash and his wife, June Carter), and it comes across on this album. Two of his songs, *Me and Bobby McGee* and *The Law Is for Protection of the People*, have already been widely recorded by other artists, and several others are as good, especially *Blame It on the Stones*, one of the best songs about the hypocrisy at the base of the generation gap. Kristofferson's delivery is hard and effective and he gets stone sober support from his Nashville sidemen.

Jack Palance's first album is the exact opposite of Kristofferson's. Good singers often make good actors—Darin, Sinatra, Presley (wait and see, someday they'll give him a real script and he'll be a monster), Jagger, Torme—but even when they can carry a tune, the reverse is rarely true. For some reason actors, even film actors who face the same problems and should know better, rely on histrionics, artificially accenting and clipping their words rather than speaking them as naturally as possible. Palance suffers this defect, though like Burl Ives who also suffers it, he has chosen songs that hold up pretty well (Warners released an LP a few months ago by actor Theo Bikel that was a case study in how to choose the wrong songs). Most of the songs are not originals, but Palance did write *Goodbye Lucy*, one of the best. Producer Buddy Killen has provided Palance with excellent support throughout. This is often a corny, sometimes outrageous, but not ineffective album by a great ham. Good fun.

"Willard" is the second album for John Stewart, formerly of the Kingston Trio. Stewart, who takes a mainstream, Cash-inspired performing stance and writes conventional songs, has made excellence his thing. If anything, the new album is even better than his "California Bloodlines," which I thought was the best country-pop album of last year. Though the songs are not as memorable as the last ones, the performance is fabulous. And *All American Girl* must be the first c & w song about a Catholic girlhood.

Finally, Jerry Jeff Walker, author of *Mr. Bojangles*, has come up with his best effort yet. Walker is basically a folksinger, but his conversational style works well in a Nashville context. Despite the fact that many of his tunes are predictable, Walker is compelling because of the strength of his lyrics. He is one of the best storytellers in contemporary pop, and one of the wittiest. Performance and lyrics are excellent; only the tunes keep this from being a four-star release.

Of late I find myself looking with a greater expectation at the new country releases than those from any other field. C & w is beginning to emerge from its self-imposed cocoon; may we all welcome it for the butterfly.

DAVID ALLAN COE: Penitentiary Blues. David Allan Coe, vocals and guitar, with rhythm accompaniment. (Cell #33; Death Row; Age 21; eight more.) SSS International SSS 9, $4.98.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: Kristofferson. Kris Kristofferson, vocals and guitar, with rhythm accompaniment. (Blame It On the Stones: To Beat the Devil; Me and Bobby McGee; Casey's Last Ride; Darby's Castle; For the Good Times; six more.) Monument SLP 18139, $4.98.

JACK PALANCE: Palance. Jack Palance, vocals, with rhythm and instrumental accompaniment. (Brother River; My Elusive Dreams; Goodbye Lucy; Hannah; seven more.) Warner Bros./7 Arts 1865, $4.98. Tape: 8WM 1865, $6.95; CWJ 1865, $6.95.

JOHN STEWART: Willard. John Stewart, vocals and guitar with rhythm accompaniment. (Big Joe; Friend of Jesus; Clack Clack; Back in Pomona; Earth Rider; Marshall Wind; eight more.) Capitol ST 540, $4.98. Tape: 8XT 540, $6.98; 4XT 540, $6.98.

JERRY JEFF WALKER: Bein' Free. Jerry Jeff Walker, vocals and guitar, with rhythm accompaniment. (Stoney; A Secret; Harmonica Talk; eight more.) Atco SD 33-336, $4.98. Tape: M 8336, $6.95; M 5336, $6.95.

LIGHTER SIDE

Continued from page 136

may remember his trip to Hanoi in 1967), proves to be a charming if old-fashioned balladeer on his debut album. This is not the Rabbi's first venture at performing, however; not only is he famous as one of Canada's greatest preachers, but for a while in the '30s he was one of the most popular radio singers—known then as Anthony Frome, "Poet Prince of the Airwaves." Unlike a lot of other older performers who try to show they're with it by aping teenage singing styles, Rabbi Feinberg performs a good program of mostly contemporary songs (Brahms's *Lullaby* is also included) much as I imagine he must have on WJZ in 1932. The backgrounds, by some good Toronto studio men, are tasteful, and the Rabbi has loyally concentrated on Canadian composers (Neil Young's contribution, *Flying on the Ground*, is the high light). The only flaw in the album is the patter between the cuts, but I suppose that Rabbi Feinberg, as a personal friend of McLuhan's, must be forgiven this lapse of taste. A charming record.

Oh, one last bit of esoterica: the liner notes say that the Rabbi was on the original recording of *Give Peace a Chance*. John Lennon appreciates him; will you? J.G.

GRAHAM BOND: Solid Bond. Graham Bond, vocals, organ, alto saxophone and piano; Dick Heckstall-Smith, alto and soprano saxophone; John McLaughlin, guitar; Jack Bruce, bass; Ginger Baker and John Hiseman, drums. (Green Onions; Doxy; Only Sixteen; Last Night; Long Legged Baby; Ho Ho Country Kicking Blues; six more.) Warner Bros./7 Arts 2555, $4.98. Tape: 8WJ 2555, $9.95; CWJ 2555, $9.95.

ERIC CLAPTON: Eric Clapton. Eric Clapton, vocals and guitar; instrumental accompaniment. (Slunky; Bad Boy; After Midnight; Easy Now; Blues Power; five more.) Atco S 33-329, $4.98. Tape: M 329, 7½ ips, $6.95; M 8329, $6.95; M 5329, $6.95.

Both of these albums promise more than they deliver, though the Bond release is by far the more interesting of the two. Only three of the cuts feature Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker, two of the Cream heavies, and probably were included more to push sales than for any great musical value. The cuts were made live in a London club in 1963 and, while it is interesting to hear Jack Bruce play an upright bass, the group seems to be in rather over their heads as jazz players. The 1966 tracks with Heckstall-Smith and Hiseman (who have since become the mainstays of Colosseum, one of the best British bands) is another story. Bond is a strong vocalist and instrumentalist and the others are fine. Though the sides rarely catch fire, as some of Bond's performances on the Pulsar label do, they are worthy of your attention.

Clapton appears with his mates in the

Delaney and Bonnie band and the album suffers from the same faults as theirs do, namely diffusion and lack of intensity. Also Clapton isn't nearly as competent a vocalist as either Delaney or Bonnie. Catch this band *live* if you can; they're fantastic. But pass up the albums, at least so far. J.G.

LINCOLN MAYORGA (and Distinguished Colleagues). Tony Terran and John Audino, trumpets; Lou McCreary, trombone; Plaz Johnson, tenor saxophone; William Green, baritone and alto saxophones; Michael Deasy, lead guitar; Al Hendrickson, rhythm guitar; Jim Gordon, drums; Larry Knechtel, Fender bass; Lincoln Mayorga, piano and harpsichord; Gary Coleman and Victor Feldman, percussion; Lincoln Mayorga, arr.; Jules Chaikin, cond. (Grand Boulevard; Good Vibrations; Anyone Who Had a Heart; I'll Be Back; six more.) Sheffield S 9, $7.50. Available from Sheffield Records, P.O. Box 5332, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Before the advent of tape, performances were recorded directly from microphone via amplifier onto the master disc. The cutting, in other words, was done simultaneously with the performance. Extended sessions, partial retakes, editing, and other factors were inherently ruled out. A stray noise—someone coughing or a chair scraping—was a major disaster often requiring a complete retake from the beginning of the side. The strain on artists and recording personnel, not to mention studio budgets, was tremendous.

By way of showing that it still can be done the hard way but—thanks to twenty years' progress in microphones, electronics, and cutting equipment—now presumably much better, a mastering studio in Los Angeles has reintroduced the direct-cut disc. "Sheffield 9" was produced with the performers playing into microphones which fed a control console which fed the record cutter. No tape generation in between, no filters, no limiting. In eliminating several steps between performance and disc recording vis-à-vis today's normal sequence of events, the producers claim to have come up with a disc that has ultraclean sound and ultrawide range and dynamics.

My verdict is yes—but. The disc does have the audible virtues of clarity, excellent percussives and transient effects, very clean surfaces, no groove noise, and highs that are strong and open but never screechy or harsh. Stereo separation is exemplary: you get a sense of relative ensemble spacing but with a blend that avoids pingpong effects.

However, I have heard these same virtues on other discs made through the modern tape transfer process. Moreover, while Sheffield 9 does sound clean, it also sounds tight and dry, with little or no ambient quality. Maybe this effect was deliberate (and possibly in accord with the musical arrangements that seem custom-made for stereo display), but it does lend the music an antiseptic quality, as if it and the performance

existed in a pure rather than a real environment. You ask: was the injunction to eliminate extraneous sounds so overwhelming that the recording was made in an anechoic chamber? Indeed, if one categorically rules out the possibility of retakes, of editing, of mixing down, of balancing channels, and so on, then a performance just about has to be recorded in the tight woolly silence suggested by an anechoic room. This may be fine for tests but does it make for convincing realism in music?

Okay, you can argue this one back and forth—but the argument in favor of direct-cut recording begins to pale in the face of the demands made by large-scale works involving a good deal more tonal complexity than afforded by this ensemble, not to mention dynamic range and frequency range, or the use of vocalists in solo and in chorus, and so on. In other words, at best, the direct-cut process seems limited to relatively small ensembles playing relatively simple stuff. The process, however, seems to me hopelessly unequal to the task of recording a major sonic production like an opera.

Of course, the Mayorga group plays exceedingly well, and you can appreciate its collective and individual artistry—the latter aspect the more so inasmuch as solo passages come into the sonic pattern with a startling sense of presence. The "etched" effect is at times overdone—like a photo that's been overfocused to the point where a one-eighth-inch-thick line becomes one-sixteenth-inch thick. The effect in the recording is to lend an electronically imitative timbre at times to the sounds of solo instruments. You can have fun with this disc: if you want to emphasize its tight, dry, analytic sound, play it over fairly directional speakers in a very heavily damped (acoustically "dead") room. If you want it to sound a little more natural, however, try it at loud playback levels over multidirectional speakers. N.E.

BADFINGER: Magic Christian Music. Soft rock quartet. (Come and Get It; Crimson Ship; Dear Angie; Midnight Sun; Beautiful and Blue; Rock of All Ages; six more.) Apple ST 3364, $4.98. Tape: 8XT 3364, $6.98; 4XT 3364, $6.98.

EDISON ELECTRIC BAND: Bless You, Dr. Woodward. Hard rock quartet. (Over the Hill; Baby Leroy; Royal Fool; West Wind; Island Sun; five more.) Cotillion SD 9022, $4.98. Tape: M 89022, $6.95; M 59022, $6.95.

My affection for the Edison Electric Band probably stems from the fact that during a recent period, lasting about three weeks, there was no time, morning or night, during which I could take a shower without hearing *Ship of the Future* on the radio I keep in the bathroom. It's a good song and its insistent rhythms can be heard quite clearly even over the rush of water. Even the "ship" metaphor seems appropriate to that context; but, all kidding aside, the song is a natural: short, punchy, simple, repetitious. On the al-

bum, the band fails to come up with anything to match it.

What this LP does have is some very pleasant and relaxed blues-based jamming. Edison's strongest element, other than the voice of T. J. Tindall, is the relaxed playing of keyboardist Mark Jordan. It isn't that Jordan is a great improviser—he's not. But he, like the rest of the band, for that matter—has taste. "Bless You, Dr. Woodward" is restrained, cool: even the extended solos are not overpowering. A pleasant release.

Badfinger's first album has mystery as part of its mystique. It is produced by "Mal," even though the two cuts that appeared on the *Magic Christian* soundtrack album were produced by Paul McCartney. And though there are supposed to be four members of Badfinger, only three appear on the cover. And then, of course, there is the matter of the whole record sounding like a Paul McCartney Beatles album. Like the latter, the LP is carefully prepared, the tunes sprightly, the lyrics simple-minded and self-consciously charming. Beatles fans take note. J.G.

✻

LOU RAWLS: You've Made Me So Very Happy. Lou Rawls, vocals; H. B. Barnum, arr. and cond. (All God's Children; Feelin' Alright; How Can That Be; eight more.) Capitol ST 427, $4.98. Tape: 8XT 427, $6.98; 4XT 427, $6.98.

A career is like a graph: it has a shape. Singer Lou Rawls is interesting in these terms. His first album, backed by the fine jazz pianist Les McCann, was the work of a promising singer wondering which way to lean. One moment he was into blues, the next r & b, jazz, pop, or Message. Rawls has taken trip after musical trip, in the process we call growth.

But whatever the phase, Rawls has always been carried by a powerful voice—right up to this album which, for me, is his best. This is the sure work of a talent that knows where home is. Listen to Rawls's earlier albums and you'll hear his tendency to sing sharp, his imitative r & b note-twists, his play-safe phrasing. No need for such things now. When a talent finds itself, it simply Is.

Rawls's material here, like his singing, is interesting without being ornate. Two fine new Randy Newman songs are included: *Let's Burn Down the Cornfield* and *Mama Told Me Not to Come*. Rawls sets a beautiful groove on both. Also included are two successful songs, *You've Made Me So Very Happy* (a hit by Blood, Sweat, and Tears) and Dave Mason's *Feelin' Alright* (launched by Joe Cocker). Rawls's magnetism transforms both into personal terms without altering their original force. That's a dance that only the pros can do.

Lou Rawls has been a crowd pleaser from the start. That's probably because he's a believable singer. No shuck. Roses to a proud talent and a sturdy career in a business famous for its flimsiness. M.A.

jazz

*

KENNY COX AND THE CONTEMPORARY JAZZ QUINTET: Multidirection. Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums. (Spellbound; Snuck In; Sojourn; three more). Blue Note 84339, $5.98.

This Detroit quintet plays with a strong ensemble feeling that gives everything it does a measure of distinction. The fact that the compositions—by pianist Cox and trumpeter Charles Moore—have some body and structure, as opposed to facile riffs, adds to that sense of distinction. And the strong personal qualities of the individual musicians top it off. The group is tightly knit in the sense that everyone is listening to everyone else and providing close, imaginative support. Cox's piano behind the solos by Moore and tenor saxophonist Leon Henderson is an invaluable support, providing color, filling out, and stimulating whatever they are playing. And Danny Spencer on drums is *with* the soloists instead of living in a solo world of his own. This sort of interaction might seem elementary if it had not become relatively rare.

Cox's Contemporary Jazz Quintet has its thing together to such a rewarding extent on this disc that it might play a role in the current jazz scene somewhat similar to that of the Modern Jazz Quartet in the early Fifties. There's discipline and freedom, shape and space, and a constantly changing and developing structure on these pieces that are complemented by Cox's strong, energizing piano and Moore's crisp and fascinatingly varied trumpet statements. J.S.W.

*

BOBBY HUTCHERSON: Now! Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Gene McDaniels, vocals; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano, or Stanley Cowell, piano and electric piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Herbie Lewis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Candido, conga; (Slow Change; Hello to the Wind; The Creators; two more). Blue Note 84333, $5.98.

An important segment of a generation (maybe two generations) of jazz musicians has spent much of its playing time in settings in which the creative life consisted of one long solo after another. It has had a deadening effect, if not on the performer at least on the listener. This may go a long way toward explaining why jazz lost so much of the audience it once had and why it failed to pick up new young audiences. (There was also the fact that provocative contemporary explorations were being made in rock, not in jazz as had been the case in the past.) This record comes as a light in the wilderness—a disc by an excellent jazzman, Bobby Hutcherson, who had seemed destined to go on following the limited, unrewarding path of so many of his colleagues, repeating himself over and over until there was nobody left to listen. Here he has removed himself from that dead-end road. Teamed with singer and lyricist Gene McDaniels, he has refreshed himself by absorbing and drawing on what is going on in contemporary music outside the routine jazz limits and, he says, by reading the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar. He has come up with an album that is both familiar and fresh—familiar in the best sense because it draws on the strong roots of identification, fresh because it uses the familiar in an imaginative and vital way.

The album is all of a piece. It creates an exploratory atmosphere that gives Hutcherson far more provocative support than he has usually had on records. Harold Land's tenor saxophone also profits from this opening-up process. One of the added merits of this exploratory mixture of voices, mood, and an eclectic use of contemporary ideas is that when Hutcherson and Land finally get into one of the straight-ahead solo pieces in which they are usually heard—the last cut on side 2, *Black Heroes*—it's fine because the piece constitutes variety.

There's nothing instrinsically wrong with what they've been doing in the past. There's just been too much of it too exclusively. This disc may not actually be a landmark, but it is a hopeful sign that jazz is coming up out of its rut to reassume the vital contemporary role it once had. J.S.W.

WARNE MARSH: Ne Plus Ultra. Warne Marsh, tenor saxophone; Gary Foster, alto saxophone; Dave Parlato, bass; John Tirabasso, drums. (You Stepped Out of a Dream; Touch and Go; three more). Revelation 12, $4.98 (mono only).

There are innumerable jazz soloists whose styles are so distinctive that they are immediately recognizable. Quite a few big bands have also had this immediate identity factor—Ellington, of course, Kenton, Basie, even the original Benny Goodman band (despite all the copyists who suddenly turned up). But distinctive small-combo sounds have been rare. Usually they have been just a reflection of the individual sounds of the members of the group. Eddie Heywood's group did get a distinctive sound in the Forties, although, as is apt to happen in small groups, it verged on gimmickry. Possibly the most legitimate and distinctive small-group sound was that of Lennie Tristano's combo in the late Forties. Those long, flowing lines, rising and falling with an inner pulse that supplemented the basic beat (which was a very soft beat) and, particularly, the tenor-alto voicing epitomized in the work of Les Konitz and Warne Marsh created a musical manner that has just as much validity today as it did then. Curiously, it is one that has not been taken up and

explored by anyone beyond Tristano until Warne Marsh made this record in the fall of 1969. Much of the material is out of the Tristano book—his *Lennie's Pennies* and *317 E. 32nd St.*, Konitz's *Subconscious-ly*—but this is no nostalgic remake. For one thing, Gary Foster is not Lee Konitz and he brings his own musical personality to the performances. In addition, Marsh has become a stronger, more assertive saxophonist than he was in his Tristano days.

The aplomb with which he and Foster rip through dazzling duet passages is sometimes hair-raising. Beyond this, Marsh uses a stronger rhythm section than Tristano did giving the pieces a more powerful rhythmic motivation—a change which makes the essential flow of the Tristano lines more fluidly alive. It's refreshing to hear jazz stated in terms that are several steps removed from the usual sound heard today and stated with such vitality and polish. J.S.W.

DOC SEVERINSEN AND THE NOW GENERATION BRASS: Doc Severinsen's Closet. Doc Severinsen and John Frosk, trumpets; Rod Levitt and Paul Faulise, trombones; Stan Webb and Arnie Lawrence, reeds; Derek Smith or Ross Tompkins, piano; Tommy Newsom, tenor saxophone; Pat Rebillot, organ; Joe Beck, guitar; Bill Takas, bass; Phil Kraus and Ray Barretto, percussion; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Don Sebesky, arr. (Bottleneck; Surfer Girl; Power to the People; four more). Command 950, $5.98.

For Doc Severinsen, leader of the band on Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show, this record is a distinct departure from anything he has done before—different from his earlier Command records which have been predominantly in the pop/jazz vein, different from his limited opportunities on the Carson show, and even substantially different from his night-club performances with a somewhat similar band which is also called The Now Generation Brass. The prime difference is made by Don Sebeskey, who wrote the arrangements and produced the album. This is far more a Sebeskey set than a Severinsen set. Sebeskey has been one of the most imaginatively effective arrangers in adapting the current rhythms and sound developed in rock groups to big-band purposes. He goes even further in this set in developing material both from rock groups (including the Beatles) and from Béla Bartók (who proves to be extraordinarily rock-worthy) creating tremendously powerful big-band performances in a distinctively contemporary idiom. Within this framework, Severinsen's virtuoso trumpet becomes just one bright thread in a colorful musical tapestry. Flashing brilliantly through these pieces are Tommy Newsom's tenor saxophone and Rod Levitt's trombone (on *Court of the Crimson King*), Joe Beck's electric guitar and Arnie Lawrence's wild amplified saxophone (on the Bartók adaptation, *Footprints of the Giant*), supplemented by Bill Takas' strong, urgent bass and the brilliantly enlivening drumming of Ed Shaughnessy. J.S.W.

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ADVERTISING INDEX

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Reader Service cards appear on both pages 17 and 129.

in brief

HENRY MANCINI/JULIE ANDREWS: Darling Lili. RCA Victor LSPX 1000, $5.98. Tape: TP 31045, 3¾ ips, $6.95; P8S 5096, $6.95; PK 5096, $6.95.
As the notes say, "It's World War I." Lili is the darling of the Tommies marching off to get bloodied. The songs she sings are enormously appropriate. Julie Andrews sounds like her usual self, and Mancini's scoring is sheer velvet, as always. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are beautifully designed. But I have no nostalgia about war, and certainly not the first Big One. Talented and professional work all around—if you want it. M.A.

DONNY HATHAWAY: Everything Is Everything. Atco S 33-323, $4.98. Tape: M 8332, $6.95; M 5332, $6.95.
Donny Hathaway is the best new soul singer I have heard in a while. He has verve and wit and he writes pretty nice songs. Right on. J.G.

GRAND FUNK: Closer To Home. Capitol SKAO 471, $4.98. Tape: 8XT 471, $6.98; 4XT 471, $6.98.
Grand Funk is a second-rate group that a first-rate hype has caused to be taken seriously (Capitol is reported to have spent a million dollars so far, a hundred grand of it for an ugly billboard in Times Square). Don't bother with it. J.G.

BEAVER & KRAUSE: In a Wild Sanctuary. Warner Bros./7 Arts, 1850, $4.98. Tape: 8WM 1850, $6.95; CWX 1850, $6.95.
Paul Beaver and Bernie Krause control the Moog market in L.A. If you want a Moog on your record date, you call them. Beaver is the scholarly one; Krause is the younger (ex-Weavers-member) one. They've collected on tape sounds of nature, children, zoos, and streets, then added musicians Dave Grusin, Howard Roberts, Bud Shank, and a few others, plus weird effects from the Moog. Some moments are fascinating, some are not. The ringer is a gorgeous, slow blues, *Walking Green Algae Blues*, beautifully mixed with sounds of people, parks, water, weather—all punctuated by the Moog. You might try it. M.A.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT: Sit Down Young Stranger. Reprise 6392, $4.98.
Another in an endless string of great Gordon Lightfoot albums. Includes the much-recorded *Me and Bobby McGee*. J.G.

ALEX MOORE: In Europe. Arhoolie 1048, $4.98.
Blues singer and pianist Alex Moore is another great neglected talent. This is a delightful LP. J.G.

BILL COSBY: Badfoot Brown & The Bunions Bradford Funeral & Marching Band. Uni 73080, $4.98.
Cosby delights in "conducting" a band as it improvises, bringing out a guitar here, Fender bass there. His musical intuitions are uncanny and it's fascinating to watch him in action. But on record, it's a rotten bore. Come on, Cosby. M.A.

LULU: Melody Fair. Atco S 33-330, $4.98. Tape: M 8330, $6.95; M 5330, $6.95.
Lulu is back with more white r & b. By and large, the material is even better than last time. No Dusty Springfield, but no slouch either. J.G.

DONOVAN: Open Road. Epic E 30125, $4.98.
This album features British singer/songwriter Donovan with his new group including drummer John Carr, bassist Mike Thomson, and pianist Mike O'Neill. Also new songs from Donovan in his strange, appealing, tilted-meter-syllable style. A most honorable and intriguing new entry from one of rock's early and important voices. M.A.

MOSE ALLISON: Hello There, Universe. Atlantic SD 1550, $4.98.
The first new album in a long time by Mose Allison proves that he's still got it; though it doesn't have the freshness it once did, it's good to have his Mississippi funk back. Hello there, Mose. J.G.

MIRIAM MAKEBA: Keep Me In Mind. Reprise 6381, $4.98. Tape RM 6381, $6.95; CRX 6381, $5.95.
Miriam Makeba is equally at home with traditional African and traditional top-forty material. An excellent LP. J.G.

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