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Fisher 504 Studio-Standard 4-Channel Receiver

Continuous sine-wave power, 20 Hz to 20 kHz	40/40/40/40 watts at 4 ohms
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FM sensitivity (IHF)	1.8 μV
FM front end	Dual-gate MOSFET with AGC
FM input	Up to 3,000,000 μV (3 V)
MPX decoder	PLL (phase-locked loop)

Fisher ST-550 Studio-Standard Speaker System

Drivers	15" woofer, two 1½" midrange domes, two 2" cone tweeters, two 1½" side-dispersion domes (total of 7)
Dispersion	"Controlled" type (neither omni nor directional)
Power-handling capacity, rms	300 watts for 2 sec. 100 watts for 60 sec. 50 watts long-term

*Fair trade prices where applicable.
Prices slightly higher in the Far West and Southwest.

FISHER
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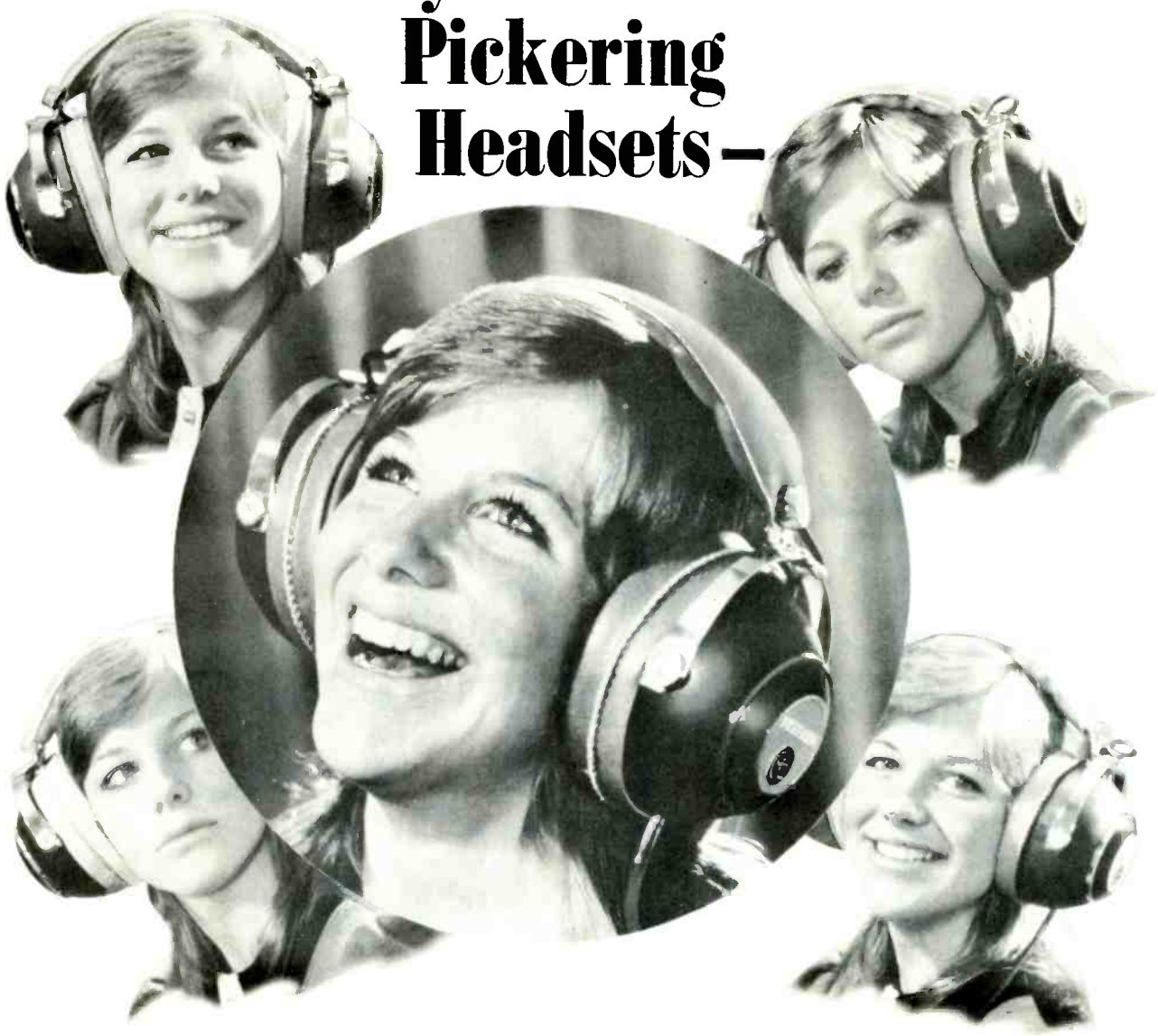

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PICKERING

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CIRCLE 49 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

special section

June 1973
VOL. 23 NO. 6

HIGH FIDELITY

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Videotape and "Dueling Banjos"

An even greater obstacle to a viable home videotape or videodisc market than the incompatibility of the various systems is the programming itself. What do you actually put on any video system that a potential customer would want to buy for multiple viewings?

Instructional video has found a marketable niche in schools and industry but none of the entertainment seeds has been able to germinate in "consumer-market" soil. After all, how often do you want to see a reshowing of *Mannix*, or even *Billy Jack*? (A rental library might present some solution here.) Music, of course, can be listened to any number of times, and many people have proposed opera, or musicals, as the most likely field for home video. But, again, how many times can you bear to see Joan Sutherland scratch her nose in the opening scene of *Traviata*? And then there is the discrepancy, for now, between the widespread stereo sound and the small screen, not to mention the directionality of the audio compared with that spot in front of you where the video is confined. Those of you who have seen videocasts of concerts that were heard simultaneously on stereo FM may have had their suspension of disbelief challenged every time the camera moved about the orchestra, or switched from a long shot to a close-up, while the sonic perspective stayed constant. I know I have. When the camera is behind the orchestra, for instance, and I see the violins on the right side of the screen, I become quite disconcerted by hearing them still coming from the left. And, to be frank, those shots of bassoonists' fingers do get to be quite a bore after awhile.

One solution would be an expensive one: to shoot the visuals outside the concert hall, with the care and imagination that was evident in those Beatles movies (put that bassoonist in a tree? have a shot of the French horns in a field? on a roof?) and to co-ordinate the separately recorded sound as the "best of Hollywood" has been doing for decades.

I must say I did recently see a musical scene so well done that I would easily buy a videotape or disc to see and hear it at my pleasure. It is the "Dueling Banjos" episode in the movie *Deliverance*. Never mind that the "duel" is between a banjo and a guitar, or that as I write this the music by Eric Wiesberg and Steve Mandel can be heard in every coffee shop and elevator I enter (and is number two on *Billboard*'s charts—the *Deliverance* soundtrack album is number one), the scene is a gem.

If there is still some one who has not seen the film, it is about four businessmen off on a canoe trip. One of them, Ronnie Cox, is toting a guitar. Early in the film they happen upon a family of hillbillies, the early teenage scion of which is a speechless "genetic defect" with the face of a bull terrier. The boy has a banjo. Cox plunks a few notes in greeting. The boy answers by repeating the notes. Communication is established. Cox tries another phrase. The boy answers. Cox gently tries to test the boy's limits by playing the phrase in the subdominant. The boy responds. Cox elaborates and expands the phrase. So does the boy, and pretty soon the two of them are off on a wild musical trip. It is the most imaginative and thrilling musical presentation I have seen in the movies in years, and the visual presentation superbly reinforces the music. (Needless to say, the music did not even get nominated for an Oscar.) The mind boggles at what an imaginative director could do with visuals in connection with, say, Schubert's C major Quintet, which after all was once as improvisatory in the mind of the composer as "Dueling Banjos" is made to seem on the screen.

Next month we will spotlight a musician who has had his own share of success in a TV concert (among other things) but who has hardly been deprived of academy (NARAS) awards: **THE RECORDINGS OF VLADIMIR HOROWITZ** will include a list of every recording the pianist ever made, from piano rolls to still-unreleased tapes. We will also cover the sessions of **HOROWITZ' FAREWELL TO COLUMBIA** as well as of **"A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC,"** Stephen Sondheim's new hit musical. Winthrop Sargeant will contribute some **NOTES ON MUSIC CRITICISM** and we will top the issue off with **10 LAB TEST REPORTS.**

Leonard Marcus

Albeit an expensive bargain, but a bargain nevertheless. For the Model Fifty-Four is without question the finest stereo receiver we have ever made. Indeed, it may well be the finest stereo receiver anyone has ever made. And if that wasn't enough, the Fifty-Four is also an absolutely incredible four-channel receiver. With 60 watts (RMS) per side in the two channel mode and 25 watts (RMS) per side in the four-channel mode, the Fifty-Four is an extraordinary power package. It's considerably more compact and sleeker than competitive models, yet it will outperform the biggest and bulkiest of them with ease.

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The Fifty-Four also features an exclusive automatic power control circuit (patent pending) that turns the receiver an and off to coincide with the operation of your automatic turntable.

All in all, we think the Fifty-Four is quite in a class by itself.

But don't take our word for it. Not for $525.† Go listen for yourself. And if the price still seems a bit rich, consider this: Buy the Fifty-Four and you'll never have to buy another receiver again.

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For more technical information, write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Or visit your KLH dealer.

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The new KLH-Model Fifty-Four Stereophonic/Quadraphonic Dual Function Receiver.

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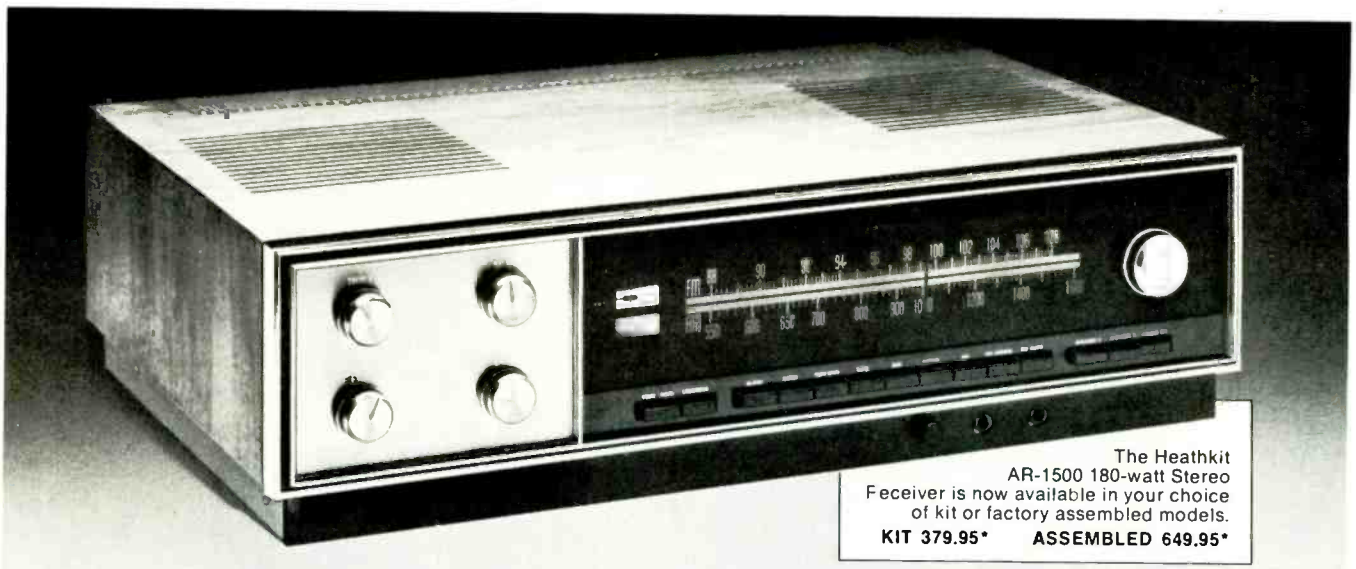
CIRCLE 35 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

The Heathkit AR-1500 rates



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"The AR-1500 is the most powerful and sensitive receiver we have ever measured..."
– JULIAN HIRSCH, *Stereo Review*, Nov. '71

"...a stereo receiver easily worth twice the cost (or perhaps even more)..."
– *Audio Magazine*, Dec. '71

Mr. Hirsch goes on to say:

"The FM tuner section of the AR-1500 was outstandingly sensitive. We measured the IHF sensitivity at 1.4 microvolts, and the limiting curve was the steepest we have ever measured...The FM frequency response was literally perfectly flat from 30 to 15,000 Hz...Image rejection was over 100 dB (our measuring limit)...

"The AM tuner was a pleasant surprise...it sounded very much like the FM tuner, with distinct sibilants and a quiet background, and was easily the best-sounding AM tuner we have had the pleasure of using...

"...all input levels can be matched and set for the most effective use of the loudness compensation. This valuable feature is rarely found on high-fidelity receivers and amplifiers...

"The phono equalization was perfectly accurate (within our measuring tolerances)...The magnetic phono-input sensitivity was adjustable from 0.62 millivolt to about 4.5 millivolts, with a noise level of −66 dB, which is very low...When properly set up, it would be impossible to overload the phono inputs of the AR-1500 with any magnetic cartridge...

"...it significantly bettered Heath's conservative specifications. Into 8-ohm loads, with both channels driven, the continuous power at clipping level was 81.5 watts per channel. Into 4 ohms it was 133 watts per channel, and even with 16-ohm loads the receiver delivered 46.5 watts per channel. Needless to say, the AR-1500 can drive any speaker we know of, and with power to spare...

"At 1,000 Hz, harmonic distortion was well under 0.05 per cent from 1 to 75 watts per channel...The IM distortion was under 0.05 per cent at level of a couple of watts or less, and gradually increased from 0.09 per cent at 10 watts to 0.16 per cent at 75 watts...The heavy power transformer is evidence that there was no skimping in the power supply of the AR-1500, and its performance at the low-frequency extremes clearly sets it apart from most receivers...

"Virtually all the circuit boards plug into sockets, which are hinged so that boards can be swung out for testing or servicing without shutting off the receiver. An "extender" cable permits any part of the receiver to be operated in the clear – even the entire power-transistor and heat-sink assembly! The 245-page manual has extensive test charts that show all voltage and resistance measurements in key circuits as they should appear on the receivers built-in test meter...

"In sound quality and ease of operation, and in overall suitability for its intended use, one could not expect more from any high-fidelity component."

From the pages of Audio Magazine:

"As always, construction instructions are lucid enough for the inexperienced kit-builder and there is enough technical and theoretical information to satisfy even the most knowledgeable audio/RF engineer."

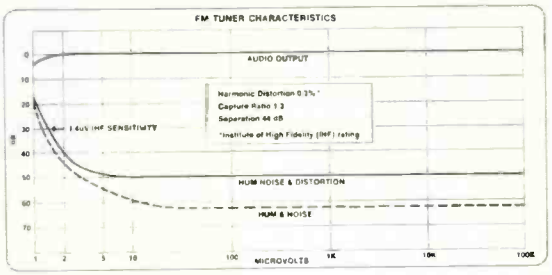
Kit or assembled, the Heathkit AR-1500 stands alone as a classic among audio components. Check the performance curves on the following page. Check the price again. Then draw your own conclusions.

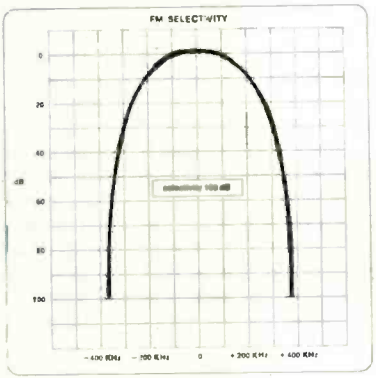
Kit AR-1500, less cabinet, 53 lbs. **379.95***
ARA-1500-1, walnut cabinet, 8 lbs. **24.95***
Model ARW-1500, assembled receiver & walnut cabinet, 42 lbs. **649.95***

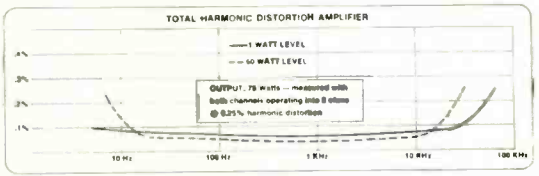
CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

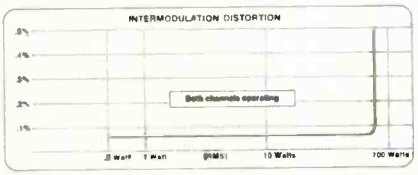
tops with the experts.

... you can see why.









AR-1500 SPECIFICATIONS — TUNER — FM SECTION (Monophonic): Tuning Range: 88 to 108 MHz. **Intermediate Frequency (IF):** 10.7 MHz. **Frequency Response:** ±1 dB, 20 to 15,000 Hz. **Antenna:** Balanced input for external 300 ohm antenna. 75 ohm antenna input may be used between either FM antenna terminal and ground. **Sensitivity:** 1.8 uV.* **Volume Sensitivity:** Below measurable level. **Selectivity:** 90 dB.* **Image Rejection:** 100 dB.* **IF Rejection:** 100 dB.* **Capture Ratio:** 1.5 dB.* **AM Suppression:** 50 dB.* **Harmonic Distortion:** 0.5% or less.* **Intermodulation Distortion:** 0.1% or less.* **Intermodulation Distortion:** 0.1% or less.* **Hum and Noise:** 60 dB.* **Spurious Rejection:** 100 dB.* **FM SECTION (Stereophonic): Channel Separation:** 40 dB or greater at midfrequencies; 35 dB at 50 Hz; 25 dB at 10 kHz; 20 dB at 15 kHz. **Frequency Response:** ±1 dB from 20 to 15,000 Hz. **Harmonic Distortion:** 0.5% at 1000 Hz with 100% modulation. **19 kHz and 38 kHz Suppression:** 55 dB or greater. **SCA Suppression:** 55 dB. **AM SECTION: Tuning Range:** 535 to 1620 kHz. **Intermediate Frequency (IF):** 455 kHz. **Sensitivity:** 50 uV with external input; 300 uV per meter with radiated input. **Selectivity:** 20 dB at 10 kHz; 60 dB at 20 kHz. **AM Antenna:** Built-in rod type; connections for external antenna and ground on rear chassis apron. **Image Rejection:** 70 dB at 600 kHz; 50 dB at 1400 kHz. **IF Rejection:** 70 dB at 1000 kHz. **Harmonic Distortion:** Less than 2%.* **Hum and Noise:** 40 dB.* **AMPLIFIER — Dynamic Power Output per Channel (Music Power Rating):** 90 watts (8 ohm load)*; 120 watts (4 ohm load); 50 watts (16 ohm load). **Continuous Power Output per Channel:** 60 watts (8 ohm load)*; 100 watts (4 ohm load); 40 watts (16 ohm load). **Power Bandwidth for Constant .25% Total Harmonic Distortion:** Less than 8 Hz to greater than 30 kHz.* **Frequency Response (1 watt level):** —1 dB, 7 Hz to 80 kHz; —3 dB, less than 5 Hz to 120 kHz. **Harmonic Distortion:** Less than 0.25% from 20 Hz to 20 kHz at 60 watts output; less than 0.1% at 1000 Hz with 1 watt output. **Intermodulation Distortion:** Less than 0.1% with 60 watts output, using 60 and 6,000 Hz mixed 4:1 less than 0.1% at 1 watt output. **Damping Factor:** Greater than 60. **Input Sensitivity:** Phono, 1.8 millivolts; Tape, 140 millivolts; Aux, 140 millivolts; Tape Mon, 140 millivolts. **Input Overload:** Phono, 145 millivolts; Tape, greater than 10 volts; Aux, greater than 10 volts; Tape Mon, greater than 10 volts. **Hum & Noise:** Phono (10 millivolt reference), —63 dB. Tape and Aux (0.25 volt reference), —75 dB. Volume control in minimum position. —90 dB referred to rated output. **Channel Separation:** Phono, 55 dB; Tape and Aux, 55 dB or greater. **Output Impedance (each channel):** 4 ohm through 16 ohms. **Tape Output Impedance:** Approximately 50 ohms. **Input Impedance:** Phono, 49 k ohm (RIAA** Equalized); Aux, Tape, and Tape Mon, 100 k ohms. **Tape Output:** Tape or Aux inputs, 1 volt output with 0.2 volt input. **GENERAL — Accessory AC Outlet Sockets:** Two. One switched and one unswitched (240 watts maximum). **Power Requirements:** 120 or 240 volts 50/60 Hz AC. 40 watts idling (zero output) and 356 watts at full output with no load on accessory outlets. **Dimensions:** Overall — 18½" W x 5⅛" H x 13⅞" D.

*Rated IHF (Institute of High Fidelity) Standards.
**Rated RIAA (Record Industry Association of America).

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CIRCLE 25 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

letters

The Classical Upsurge

Peter Davis' article "The Classical Upsurge" [April 1973] presents a heartening analysis of the current state of the classical-record market, and I wish to express gratitude for his encouraging words about Nonesuch's position and my own activities on its behalf. This may also be a good time to correct an unfortunate error of understanding.

In an informal conversation with the author some months ago, I had mentioned a long-past episode concerning Nonesuch's awareness of Walter Carlos' work in progress on what eventually became "Switched-On Bach." Here, I'm afraid, Mr. Davis' memory has skipped a stitch. Contrary to his report, the album had not been offered to Nonesuch, nor was there any direct contact between Nonesuch and its creators. We were mindful of the high level of skill in the project, as well as the predictable commercial success of the album; nevertheless we concluded that its premise was not compatible with our aims. Thus no attempt was made to compete for release rights. The appellation "recorded garbage" is Mr. Davis' and would not have been applied by us: We share the general admiration for Mr. Carlos' unique talents.

Teresa Sterne
Director, Nonesuch Records
New York, N.Y.

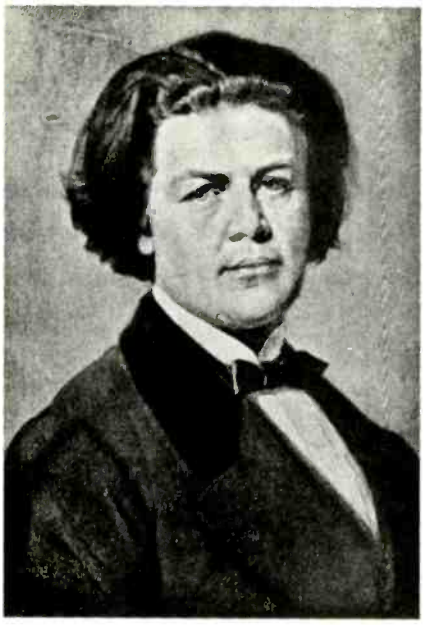
Romantic Cuts Explained

In the April letters column, Norman Cooper protested editorial liberties in my recordings of Rubinstein's *Ocean* Symphony and Raff's Symphony No. 3. Since this is not the only protest I have encountered, let me respond.

When Rubinstein introduced his work it had the customary four movements. Years later two more were added and later still a seventh movement was included. Thus there is no more "a" seven-movement original than "a" six- or four-movement original. (I readily concede that until now there was no five-movement original either.) The original-original second movement was slow. Later a second second movement was inserted before the first second movement. Another slow movement and a scherzo were included in the second original between the original-original third and fourth movements. The original-original third movement was fast but not a scherzo as Mr. Cooper indicates, and the order of movements in our five-movement version corresponds to the order in the third-original (i.e., seven-movement) version.

The second-original slow second movement bore thematic references to the introduction of the original-original last movement. Otherwise it was a dreadful bore. I felt, to use Mr. Cooper's phrase, that the presence of two successive slow movements early in the work severely weakened the structure and continuity of the music. As to the other deleted movement, it was picturesque, but less storm than wind. Our hope was that the five movements recorded would be listenable and win new adherents to Rubinstein.

I should add that economics did play a role.



Rubinstein
How many waves make an *Ocean*?

The Rubinstein champions who might have purchased a seventy-five-minute version were not, in my judgment and Vox's, numerous enough to offset the additional costs of recording and production. The casual listener would have been much less likely to purchase a two-record album to indulge his curiosity. Furthermore I wonder seriously whether seventy-five minutes of this work would have produced more adherents for Rubinstein. Even radio stations (who have been kind in broadcasting this recording and who still provide the best meeting place for unfamiliar repertoire and potential record buyers) would have been less likely to program a seventy-five-minute version.

In the same vein, to have recorded the work with a major orchestra (another frequent complaint) would have cost three to four times as much, even in Europe, and would simply have meant no recording at all.

With the Raff I must be more dogmatic. I love the piece—except the last movement, which I find largely noise rushing in to fill a vacuum. As we recorded, I began to wonder how far Raff could develop a C major chord; after all, he is not Mussorgsky. I worried that all except Raff's small legion of loyalists would streak for the proverbial exits. I had not planned to make a cut. But providentially one appeared in my score (it may have emanated from Karl Muck, who conducted from this material in 1903); I decided to follow someone's advice and so informed the musicians—who stood and applauded.

I think *Im Walde* is a lovely work and a fascinating addition to the repertory. I will certainly perform it again; but I will probably make the same cut. As far as the scores I have indicated, we have made no cut in the second movement.

Richard Kapp
New York, N.Y.

Gedda: The Early Years

May I add a rider or two to Edward Greenfield's excellent piece on Nicolai Gedda [March 1973]?

The reason I went to Stockholm in 1952 was to see for myself whether Issay Dobrowen (then musical director of the Stockholm Opera) had sufficiently recovered from a major operation to carry through the heavy task of our planned recording of *Boris Godunov* in Paris with an almost entirely non-Russian cast.

On arrival at the airport I was asked by a swarm of journalists if I were not interested in hearing their excellent young Swedish voices. Naturally I was interested, but I did not expect either the front-page stories that appeared next morning or the mass of letters and almost incessant telephone calls asking to be heard. I had to ask the director of the Opera for a room for a couple of days to hear about a hundred young aspirants. The first to sing to me (at nine-thirty in the morning) was Gedda, who had, I believe, sung only once in public. He sang the *Carmen* Flower Song so tenderly yet passionately that I was moved almost to tears. He delivered the difficult rising-scale ending with a clear and brilliant B flat. Almost apologetically I asked him to try to sing it as written—pianissimo, rallentando, and diminuendo. Without turning a hair he achieved the near miracle, incredibly beautifully and without effort. I asked him to come back at eight that evening, and sent word to my wife [Elisabeth Schwarzkopf] that a great singer had fallen into my lap and to Dobrowen that this twenty-three-year-old was the heaven-sent Dmitri for our *Boris*. (Among the others I auditioned and signed were Elisabeth Söderström and Kerstin Meyer.) That evening Gedda sang the *Carmen* aria and the two *Don Giovanni* arias for Dobrowen, my wife, and me. I engaged him immediately for Dmitri and telegraphed Karajan and Dr. Ghiringhelli (then *sovrintendente* of La Scala) that I had found the ideal Ottavio. Ghiringhelli at once telegraphed Gedda to fly at La Scala's expense for an audition. That autumn Ghiringhelli told me that in all the years he had been director of La Scala no non-Italian singer had auditioned with such exquisitely clear and flawless Italian. He was immediately engaged for La Scala.

I am surprised that Gedda prefers his recent *Wiener Blut* recording to the old one. It is extremely unlikely that he will find again in his life a conductor for operetta to equal the late Otto Ackermann or Lovro von Matačić. Great conductors of Johann Strauss or the best of Lehar are rarer than men who can squeeze out the face flannels of Mahler's exhibitionistic self-pity.

Walter Legge
Geneva, Switzerland

Composing Women

I am astonished and saddened that neither Judith Rosen nor Grace Rubin-Rabson, in their contributions to "Why Haven't Women Become Great Composers?" [February 1973], has apparently ever heard of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who almost certainly came closer than any of the ladies they name to being a great composer. Born Amy Marcy Cheyney in Henniker, New Hampshire, in 1867, Mrs. Beach's major works include the *Gaelic* Symphony, a piano concerto, a piano quintet, a sonata for piano and violin, and a Mass in E flat. She also wrote some 150 songs, of which the most familiar are *Ah, Love but a Day* and *The Year's at the Spring*.

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The reviewers have done exhaustive reports on Zero 100. We believe they are worth reading, so we'd be happy to send them to you along with a color brochure on the Zero 100. Write to us at: British Industries Co., Dept. F-23 Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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"Aunt Amy," as she was to many of us, died in 1944; that's not even thirty years ago. How sad that Ms. Rosen and Ms. Rubin-Rabson seem to know nothing about her, and that the "Available Recordings of Works by Women Composers" includes nothing by her.

Virginia Pleasants
London, England

Mrs. Beach's Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano, Op. 150, is available on Dorian 1007 (mono).

I was surprised that you omitted Betsy Jolas, one of the leading members of the young French school (though she is more than half American!). Her teachers have included Darius Milhaud and Olivier Messiaen, who recently chose her as an assistant for his composition class. Her Quartet No. 2 was available until early 1972 on Angel S 36655; several other works are available on records in Europe.

Henry-Louis de La Grange
Paris, France

In the list of "Available Recordings of Works by Women Composers," there are two errors in the listing for Turnabout 34487, containing two works by Barbara Kolb. Cheryl Seltzer (*not* Miss Kolb) is the pianist. And Barbara Kolb is the conductor of *Trobar Clus*, not Ralph Shapey.

Lauren Goldstein
New York, N.Y.

Robeson and Totalitarianism

Rolland S. Parker's recommendation ["Letters," March 1973] that Paul Robeson's "efforts against totalitarianism . . . be documented while he is still alive and able to experience vindication" cannot but arouse astonishment and indignation in those who know anything at all about Mr. Robeson's extramusical activities.

Paul Robeson has always punctuated his political activism with unqualified praise for the Soviet Union and its political system—and what better example of totalitarianism exists than that of Russia (especially Stalin's)? Ask Ashkenazy, Makarova, or Nurevev. They were there. We would never have known the magnitude of Hitler's crimes against humanity had we not witnessed the charred bones for ourselves. Lacking such firsthand documentation of Russia's death camps, we can only guess at how many innocent souls were dispatched on the orders of Mr. Robeson's heroes.

If Paul Robeson is to be honored, honor him as an artist. As an opponent of totalitarianism, he ranks with Ezra Pound and P. G. Wodehouse.

Joseph Reece
Chicago, Ill.

Demus vs. Moore

In your March issue, Harris Goldsmith says that Fischer-Dieskau, in his new DG recording of Brahms's *Serious Songs* with Barenboim, surpasses "both of his earlier recordings." I have the second of these (last on Heliodor HS 25082; I am shocked to see it no longer listed in Schwann), on which Jörg Demus is the pianist, as well as the Seraphim Kipnis/Moore version that Mr. Goldsmith finds "miles

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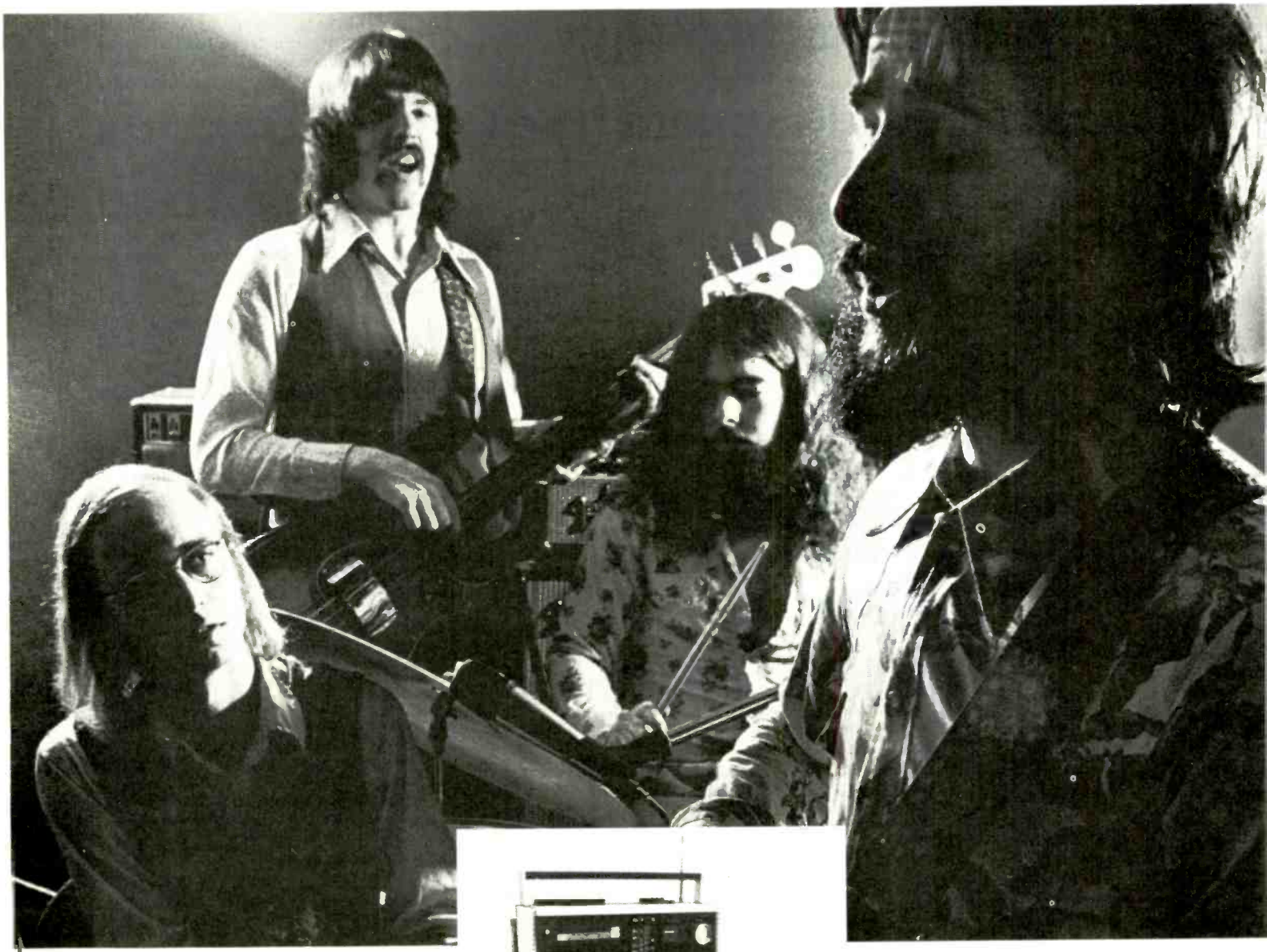

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ahead." I should like to compare the pianists on these two records, in favor of Demus. Listen to the wonderful liquid sound of the piano in the break between the two sections of the third song (*O Tod*), as against Moore's stodginess in that marvelous passage.

As a Lieder fan, I have long been an ardent admirer of Moore as the perfect accompanist. Demus, a solo concert pianist of high rank in his own right, seems to me to outrank Moore in sheer witchery of sound as Fischer-Dieskau's partner in many DG discs. If you are lucky enough to own the DG Schubert record "Songs of Greek Antiquity" (most recently on Heliodor HS 25062) with Demus, play *Der zürnenden Diana*; then find the same song in the Vol. 1, twelve-disc set of Schubert songs (DG 2720 006; record 643 551, Side 2). Against Demus' concept of the quivering bow string, Moore's pedestrian tread simply ruins this charming song.

Marguerite Steffan
Augusta, Ga.

A Case of Arrested Aural Development?

Many years ago there was a coterie of "triode lovers" who resolutely spurned pentodes and other impurities, claiming that there was something ineffable about the triode tone, a dulcet quality not communicable by scientific specs. For some years I was one of them, happy with my 10-watt Brooke amplifier, preamplified by a Fisher. Then the Brooke was retired to the attic.

I now own at least a thousand dollars' worth of "state-of-the art" record-playing equipment. But why don't I enjoy music as I once did? Why don't I play it very often? The Brooke, dusted off, supplied the answer: It made music come alive again, not spread around and diffused as in stereo and 4-D (though I admit to playing it through an Advent speaker and running the information through a Quad preamp on the way to the Fisher). A psychologist might call it a case of arrested aural development, but there it is.

If anyone has an old Brooke he doesn't want, I'd love to buy it.

J. M. Howard
537 N. Guyer St.
Hobart, Ind. 46342

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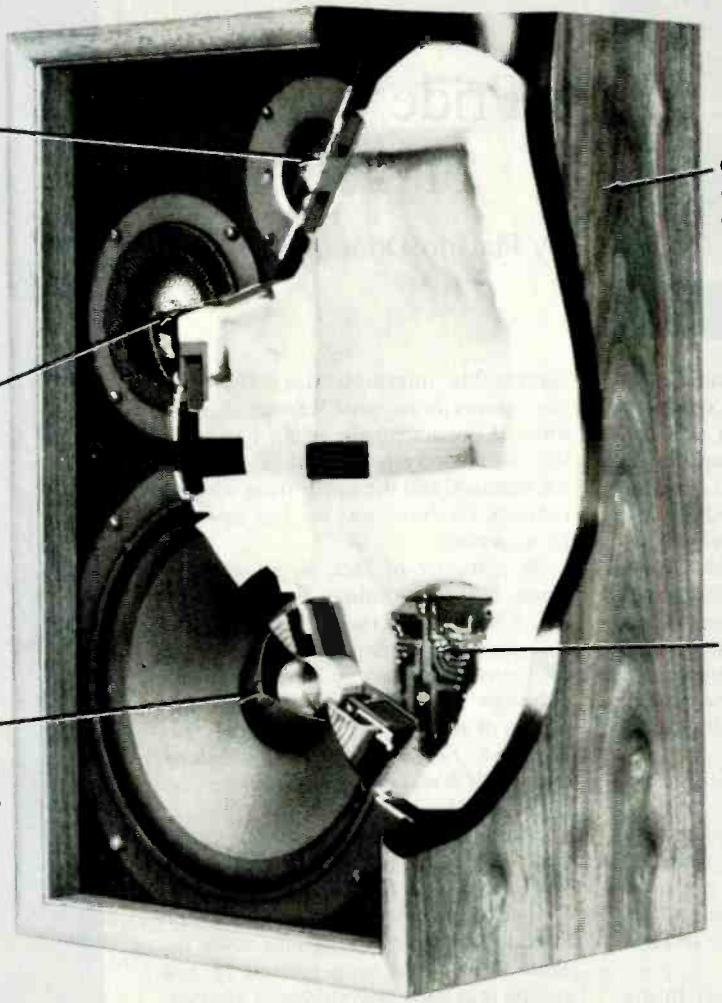

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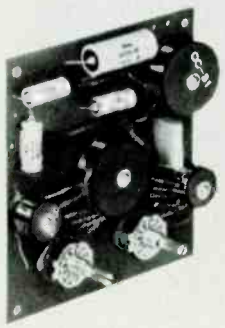

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speaking of records

Sheila Rizzo

A Pride of Tenors

by Placido Domingo

ONE DAY my father brought home a gift someone had given him—a complete recording of *Tosca*. It was on that day that the world of opera was opened to me. My sister and I listened to it over and over until we had memorized all the parts and began singing them to one another. What a Sacristan she made! It was a Cetra recording (1230), with Gianni Poggi and Ugo Savarese. Adriana Guerrini was the Tosca. What most impressed me at the time, though, was the role of Scarpia. "If ever I should become a singer," I told myself, "it is this role I shall sing!"

But things worked out differently. I became a tenor instead. Now that my own career is under way, I unfortunately have very little leisure time in which to listen to recordings—not even my own. I've had a copy of DG's *Oberon* (2709 035) in my house for a long time and it is still unopened.

I have to limit myself severely in my record listening. Throughout my career the one area where I have listened extensively is in recordings by the great tenors. Here I have developed some special fondnesses.

First there is Caruso—what we mean when we say "Italian tenor." It all started with him. Nevertheless, I find it paradoxical that among the many recordings of this Italian par excellence, his greatest successes have been his selections from the French repertoire: from such operas as *La Juive*, *Le Cid*, *Manon*, *Faust*, and *Carmen*—even the aria from *L'Africaine*, which he sings in Italian. All except *Faust* are on RCA's "Best of Caruso" (LM 6056, two-disc set). Here we have insuperable interpretations. The "*Rachel! quand du seigneur*" carries an extra-musical impact for me when I consider that the record was made at one of his final sessions, and the opera from which it is taken, *La Juive*, was the last new role he undertook.

As a matter of fact, in an album I made called "Domingo Sings Caruso" (RCA LSC 3251) I included a number of the arias he recorded. I also included a couple of arias that he never recorded, although he had sung the world premieres of the operas. They are the "*Lamento di Federico*" from *L'Arlesiana*, and the "*Ch'ella mi creda*" from *La Fanciulla del West*.

Caruso did record the two tenor arias from Leoncavallo's *La Bohème*, and both are included on the album, as is "*M'apari*." *Martha* is an opera he always liked to sing. Even though his voice became darker and even though he was getting into such heavy roles as Samson, there were three operas he kept in his active repertory until his very last days—*Martha*, *L'Elisir d'amore*, and *Rigoletto*—all "lighter" tenor roles. I cherish these recordings.

Not too well known, even to record collectors, is one of my favorite tenors, Galliano Masini. He sings Alvaro on the old Cetra *Forza del destino* (now on Everest/Cetra S 418/3). And he did a recital album for Cetra which included a selection from *Fedora*—not the very famous aria, but the one following Loris' account of how he killed Fedora's fiance, "*Mia madre, mia vecchia madre.*" For me this is the most incredibly dramatic tenor performance I've ever heard on records.

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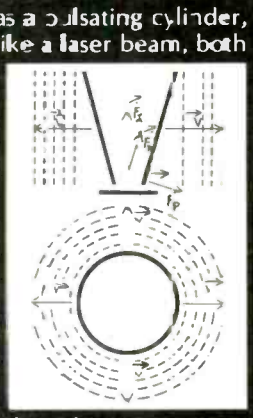

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Then there was Toscanini's tenor, Aureliano Pertile. His recordings, admittedly, are notorious for their occasional excesses and exaggerations. All that sobbing at the end of "*Vesti la guibba!*" One wonders what Toscanini must have made of that! But if you can disregard these things, you will find that he was actually a rather refined singer. His line and his style were remarkable, and they show to special advantage in his excerpts from *Manon Lescaut* (EMI C 06117 644).

Another tenor who excelled in the role of Des Grieux was Beniamino Gigli. He recorded a marvelous "*Guardate, pazzo son.*" It was through listening to Gigli's recordings of duets with De Luca that I began aspiring to be a tenor. Soon I was listening religiously to his complete recordings, especially his *Andrea Chénier* and his *Ballo in maschera* (Seraphim IB 6019 and IB 6026).

The natural beauty of Tito Schipa's voice has been caught on many recordings. One of his more remarkable arias is the "*Ella mi fu rapita,*" from *Rigoletto* (RCA Italiana LM 20113).

Schipa was not a high-note virtuoso; but the German tenor Helge Roswaenge very definitely was. After all the coloratura work in Huon's aria from *Oberon* (Electrola E 73382), he then soars up to those high notes, still sounding fresh.

My fellow Spaniard Miguel Fleta was one of the great singers. Like Pertile, he was gifted with a vibrant temperament and a voice of great beauty. And he was a master of such technical feats as hitting a fortissimo, then reducing it to an incredible pianissimo. I especially like the way he sings "*Spirto gentil*" and the aria from Zandonai's *Giulietta e Romeo* (Preiser LV 96).

Having spoken of a countryman, may I now say something in behalf of my country's unique variety of opera, the zarzuela? Most zarzuelas are one-act comic operas, with spoken dialogues, though there are longer ones, and in a more serious vein.

Some zarzuelas have been recorded. London once put out a series of them, long since deleted from the catalogues. I am especially fond of the *Dona Francisquita*, with Alfredo Kraus and Dolores Perez. It's by one of our greatest composers, Olivero Vives, who also composed many of the lovely songs sung by Victoria de los Angeles, Teresa Berganza, and Montserrat Caballé. Another lovely song is *La Den Soto del Parral*, with baritone Manuel Ausensi, who has an extraordinarily beautiful voice. And finally Arrieta's *Marina*, one of the most famous of all zarzuelas, which was later expanded and fleshed out into an opera. There is a famous old recording of *Marina* (LALP 632/3, deleted) with Hipólito Lazaro—another tenor famed for his high notes—and the Spanish coloratura Mercédes Capsir.

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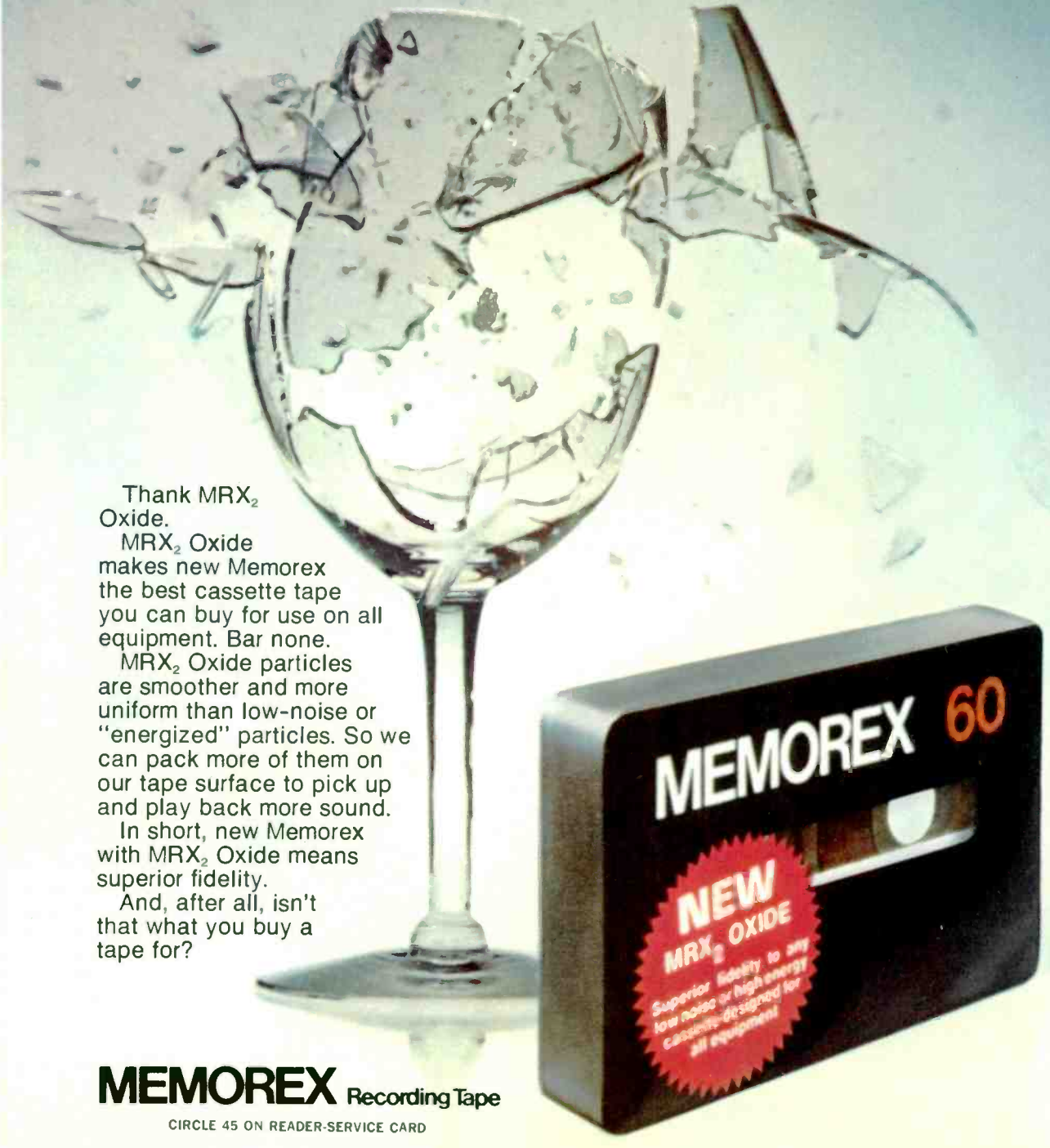

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too hot to handle

How can you claim the HK-1000 [HF test report, March 1973] is the best cassette deck on the market when there are other units with better distortion figures?—Jeremy Starr, Binghamton, N.Y.

The Harman-Kardon HK-1000 has a nonstandard head alignment that gives poor results when prerecorded tapes are played back on it. It makes me feel sick to see this vital information withheld in your test.—William P. Lesley, Peru, Ind.

The most striking thing about the HK-1000 is, as we said in the report, its frequency-response curves. When a cassette unit can produce results that look like open-reel equipment and be demonstrably better than other units we've tested in this respect, we count it as a significant achievement. We did not say that the unit is better than all others in all respects; and the distortion figures are indeed bettered by a number of competing units. But the accusation of nonstandard head alignment is nonsense. There is only one correct way to align heads and Harman-Kardon uses it. In fact if alignment had been incorrect on our sample the fact would have shown up in our playback response curves.

I want to buy a small- to moderate-size unit with good sound, convertible to four-channel use, as that seems to be the coming thing. I don't care if the system is of U.S. manufacture or an import. What would you advise?—M. A. Rider, New York, N.Y.

We wouldn't on the basis of such a broad question. But we would note that it's a good thing you'll accept an import since there are mighty few high fidelity products on the market today that aren't in whole or in part imported—even though they may bear the names of U.S. manufacturing companies. And if you want that convertibility, we'd certainly recommend components rather than the compacts that your question seems to suggest.

Would I receive good results on a cassette deck with no bias adjustment using prerecorded Crolyn tape?—Joe Buderwitz, Scarsdale, N.Y.

First let's remind ourselves that Crolyn is Du Pont's trade name for chromium dioxide but that all chromium dioxide cassette tapes, from whatever manufacturer, are very similar. Second, that word "prerecorded": We assume you don't mean commercially duplicated, since chromium dioxide isn't yet used for that purpose. So we're talking about playing back cassettes recorded on a home machine, using chromium dioxide tape. Bias is a factor only in recording (and the recording machine must have appropriate bias switching if it is to use chromium dioxide successfully); so in playback we are concerned only with the other related variable, equalization. Many machines record chromium dioxide in such a way that it will play back correctly through the standard (ferric oxide) equalization. Some (the Harman-Kardon HK-1000 and the Advent 201, for example) alter playback equalization for chromium dioxide in order to increase its effective signal-to-noise ratio. If your cassette was recorded on the first type of unit and is to be played back on the second, simply put the equalization switch in the "standard" or "ferric" position. If it was recorded on the second and is to be played back on the first, a cut in treble at your amplifier or receiver will approximate the correct playback equalization.

Just what is going on at Sony? First it was Sony. Then Sony/Superscope came along. Marantz, a subsidiary of Superscope, is with us, and now just plain old Superscope. How about it?—James Matejka, Chicago, Ill.

No need to get fussed, Mr. Matejka, though the picture is admittedly a little confusing. Superscope started out as a U.S. importing company, and made a big success here with the open-reel tape decks it found at a tiny Japanese company called Sony. Superscope still is the sole U.S. agent for Sony consumer audio tape equipment, raw tape, and related accessories. But both companies have continued to grow and branch out in the intervening years. Sony formed its U.S. subsidiary (Sony Corp. of America) to handle a host of products not imported by Superscope: components, TV receivers, videotape equipment, radios, and what have you. Meanwhile, Superscope bought Marantz (and became a manufacturer for the first time), went into the export business (originally with the Marantz products), established the Superscope Records division (discs and prerecorded tapes), bought a fifty-per-cent interest in Standard Radio of Japan, and began manufacturing its own components under the Superscope brand in the Standard Radio plant. Recent announcements suggest that the picture will get more complex over the next few years. Sony and Superscope have agreed to a new contract under which Superscope will progressively lose its exclusivity on its present Sony products, category by category, while gaining the right to manufacture and sell its own tape equipment.

My five-year-old son has been forbidden magnetic toys on the supposition that they are a potential hazard to recorded magnetic tapes, of which I have more than three hundred. Toys can (and do) turn up anywhere in the house; but am I being unfair?—Albert C. Salzberg, Providence, R.I.

Probably you are. The power transformer in your receiver or amplifier could be a much greater hazard to the tapes than any magnetic toys. Our solution would be to keep everything—tapes and equipment alike—on shelves that leave no extra space for temporary storage of anything (but allow adequate ventilation for the equipment of course). If you put away all your tapes immediately after use there should be minimum chance of misadventure.

I've heard that CD-4 demodulators for playing RCA's Quadradiscs get out of alignment easily. Is this true, and if so wouldn't matrixing be a better way of making quadraphonic discs for that reason? I never heard of a decoder getting out of alignment.—M.F. Weems, Greenwich, Conn.

Demodulators do have to be aligned correctly for optimum results, and we've heard similar tales of the need for constant realignment. Our experience so far does not tend to bear them out however. But we have found that Quadradiscs are cut at a lower level than matrixed discs and therefore tend to be a little noisier; and sometimes we encounter more distortion on loud passages than we would expect with stereo discs. But separate decoders (the only format in which matrix equipment that can be compared directly with the separate demodulators we've been using) *can* be misaligned to the extent that input balance must be matched exactly if the correct amplitude differences are to be presented to the decoder circuitry, and input levels must not overload the decoder if distortion is to be low. When either a decoder or a demodulator is built into other equipment—a receiver, for example—the necessary alignment can be done at the factory. So we see no reason why either type should be particularly prone to adjustment problems once it reaches that stage of development—though unlike decoders the demodulator will still have to be matched to the properties of the pickup cartridge in use.

I want to buy an eight-track recorder/player. Are any available with the Dolby noise-reduction system built in?—F. Richard Mileski, Goldsboro, N.C.

The question keeps coming and the rumors that one may be just around the corner keep flying. But it may be a long way around the corner. Most manufacturers insist that the automobile is, and will remain, a natural habitat for eight-track equipment but not for Dolby processing.

Why haven't you answered the questions in my previous cards?—John Smith, San Francisco, Calif.

Because you give no return address and you ask questions of insufficient general interest to bother with in print. And is that your real name?

One of Big Two Goes for Four

The Quadradisc camp has received a big boost with the decision by Warner Communications' Warner-Elektra-Atlantic group (which also includes Reprise) to begin recording discs in the discrete four-channel format. WEA—which, with Columbia, is one of the two largest U.S. distributors of discs and tapes—joins RCA (until now the lone U.S. producer in the discrete disc format) in trying to overtake matrixed discs, especially SQ. The SQ stable has at least fifty-five equipment manufacturer licensees and more than 200 titles in SQ from Columbia. About fifty discs on five labels are available in Sansui's QS or regular matrix (RM) format. In contrast, WEA anticipates having twenty-four titles out by the time you read this, in addition to those offered by RCA (also about two dozen). Incidentally both companies will use the Quadradisc logo devised by RCA.

Explaining the WEA decision to go discrete, Jac Holzman, president of Elektra and head of WEA's joint engineering committee on quadraphonics, calls matrixing "stereo and a half" and adds, "We decided to accept no compromise."

RCA has taken an either/or approach to stereo versus quadraphonic discs in the interest of holding each recording to a single disc version and says that eventually everything will be recorded and released quadraphonically only. By midsummer RCA plans to offer fifty per cent of its titles on Quadradiscs, and to have about 100 titles available by the end of the year.

Holzman, on the other hand, doesn't think the single inventory idea is good: It may confuse the public, he says. So WEA also will issue stereo versions of all quadraphonic releases, although the Quadradiscs will cost $6.98—$1.00 more than stereo. (RCA is holding its Quadradiscs at $5.98, but most matrixed records sell for $6.98.) Holzman says the increase covers costs for a harder vinyl compound, more quality control, and remixing old catalogue releases.

Unlike the SQ and RM formats the Quadradisc up to this point has lacked a vocal promoter for its approach to four-channel recording. Holzman says he'll be carrying the "good news" of the discrete disc to everyone, including the Federal Communications Commission (which would have to approve any revisions necessary for discrete broadcasting) and the National Association of FM Broadcasters, some of whose members have bemoaned the costs of converting their facilities for discrete transmission. At other levels, WEA is preparing a booklet on quadraphonic discs for distribution in record stores, and Elektra says it will set up a sound exhibit room in New York City in which to demonstrate Quadradiscs to the dealers.

Right now the problem is one of limited facilities for producing the discrete discs. Into this spring, RCA was using pressing plants in Indianapolis and Los Angeles. JVC, an RCA partner in developing the discrete disc, has set up a mastering facility in Los Angeles, which is scheduled to be in operation by now. At press time, WEA had not decided where it would press its discrete discs; Columbia has been pressing a considerable portion of WEA's stereo releases.

Holzman admits discrete discs still have some problems (such as noise), but says "they're in the control of the manufacturer and we believe will soon be ironed out." Walter Dean, executive vice-president of Columbia Records, has been quoted in the trade press as saying, "Unless those companies espousing the discrete four-channel approach . . . are able to solve their technical problems within the next year or two, forget it. We'll be so far ahead there'll be no catching up." One nontechnical problem for RCA and WEA will be the short supply and relatively high cost of demodulators and Shibata styli to be used with Quadradiscs.

Meanwhile . . .

Back in the FM studio, some technical problems have emerged in broadcasting Quadradiscs—not as discrete four channel, of course, but as stereo and mono. Several FM stations that have attempted to use the "compatible" Quadradiscs in place of the usual stereo product report the Case of the Unwelcome Whistles. The suspects are the 19-kHz pilot and 38-kHz subcarrier of stereo FM and the 30-kHz carrier on the Quadradisc, in various combinations.

One wrinkle in the case involves the 30-kHz carrier alone. Time-honored practice among engineers and disc jockeys is to cue up a disc by listening for the opening of the desired selection and then "back cue": With the motor off they revolve the platter backward until the stylus is far enough into the blank groove before the music section to allow a running start once the motor is turned on for air play. But in Quadradiscs the "blank" groove isn't blank. It contains that 30-kHz tone, which produces sound that zooms from 0 Hz to beyond audibility as the platter gathers speed. Thus any Quadradisc cut onto the air too early may offer an unwelcome whistled glissando as its opening measure.

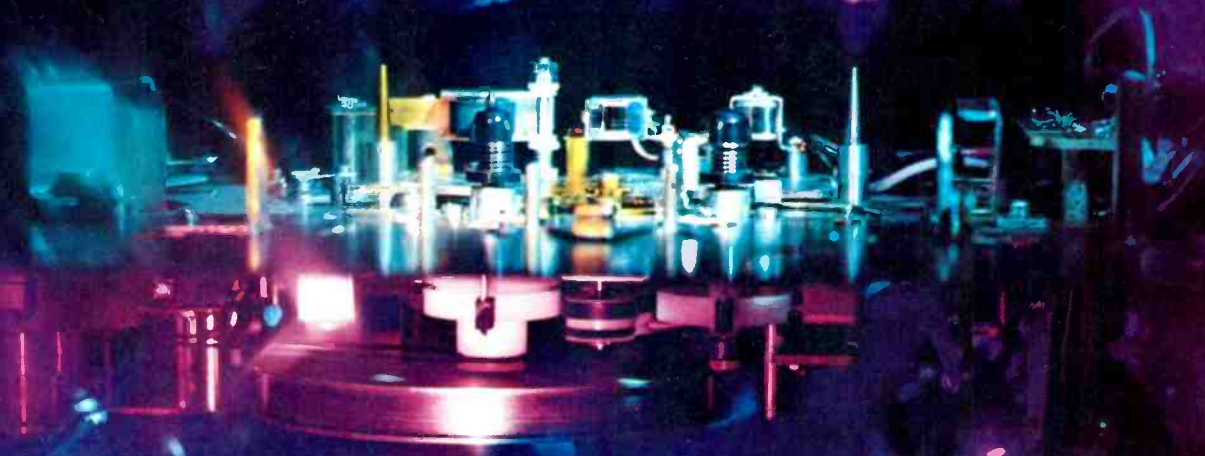
Once the disc is up to speed, engineers at some stations say a second whistle occurs at 11,000 Hz as an apparent product of intermodulation between the 19-kHz FM pilot and the 30-kHz carrier. Others experience similar interference between the 30-kHz and the 38-kHz stereo FM subcarrier, with a resultant 8-kHz whistle.

So far it appears that these interference whistles do not plague stations that use telephone lines to deliver broadcast signals from studio to transmitter. The reason is not hard to find: Inherent frequency limitations of these "land lines" block the 30-kHz carrier and prevent it from interacting with the transmitters.

WFLN in Philadelphia is one of many stations that don't need land lines because the transmitter is located at the studio site. Moreover it prides itself on the quality of its FM signal—and on its programming of the area's leading musical organization: the Philadelphia Orchestra. But recent RCA discs of that orchestra have been available only in quadraphonic form; and the Quadradiscs produced an 8-kHz whistle at WFLN. At this writing the station's chief engineer, Tom Moyer, says RCA has come up with a filter that looks as if it will solve the problem without degrading signal quality.

All told, it appears that the problems in playing Quad-

TEAC announces a major achievement in tape technology:



A totally new transport drive system has produced the first cassette deck with record and playback wow and flutter of less than 0.07%!

Measurably better than any other cassette deck in the world.

THE TEAC 450

with enhanced Dolby* system.

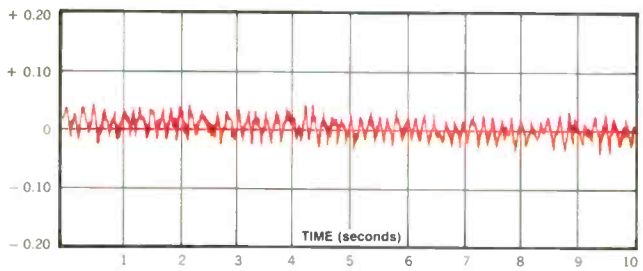
No other cassette deck can touch it.

Here's why it has no peer among cassette decks and why its specs are matched by only a few reel-to-reel decks.

TEAC can now announce a remarkable achievement in sound: a cassette deck with an enhanced Dolby system, and record and playback wow and flutter of *less* than 0.07%! This WRMS measurement is not just an abstract statistic; it is a measurement that assures you a steady, flutter-free sound previously unheard of in cassette decks. This is measurably better than any other cassette deck in existence!

How did we do it? With a hard-headed, uncompromising philosophy of design leadership, and incredible quality control.

The heart of this accomplishment is TEAC's new transport drive system—a system with all new parts and exceptional critical tolerances.



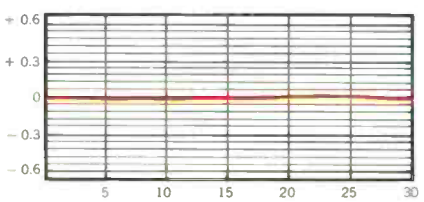
(Actual wow and flutter chart of the 450 shows **WRMS** measurement of considerably less than 0.07%.)

Item: our new capstan

A newly designed capstan has a shaft with a diameter of 2.4 mm. The shaft has a critical tolerance of 0.15 microns (the accompanying diagram shows this 0.15 micron tolerance enlarged 4000 times). This perfect roundness allows the tape to be transported at a much steadier rate, smoothing the tape flow and greatly reducing one of the significant components contributing to wow and flutter.

Item: our new clutch

Until now cassette decks had clutches that, because they were mass produced, had variations that created unacceptable variants in tape torque and head-to-tape contact. Our new slip clutch for the supply and take-up reels has been critically machined to give optimum torque—perfect balance of tension between take-up reel and capstan. This helps eliminate another of the causes of wow and flutter, and reduces level fluctuation (drop-outs) to a new low for cassette recording.

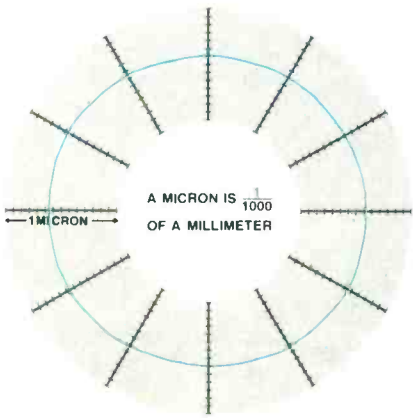


(Actual tape speed chart using TEAC test tape with 3 kHz signal is extremely constant over 30 minute time span.)

Item: our outer rotor motor

Our hysteresis synchronous motor has the *outside* revolving, rather than the inside—as in a normal motor. The flywheel is exceptionally large (93mm) and has twice the mass of any other TEAC flywheel. This increases the inertia and stability of the transport drive element which pulls the tape.

Our outer rotor motor is even dynamically balanced, to be completely free of rotation variation! It drives the capstan flywheel with a professional quality flat belt made of a new synthetic material created for minimum stretch and maximum durability.



(Actual "Roundness" tolerance of the 450 capstan shaft shows enlarged critical tolerance of 0.15 microns.)

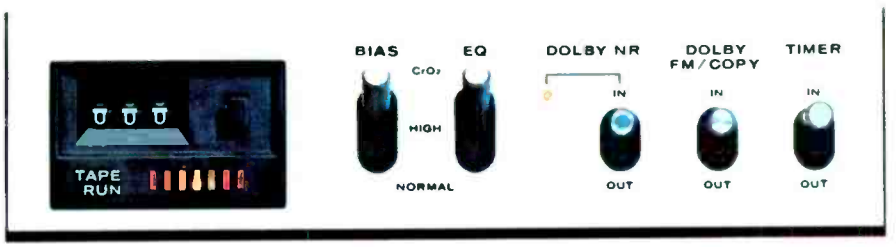
CASSETTE DECK

Item: our enhanced Dolby system

TEAC has given Dolby circuitry a significant new flexibility: our exclusive Dolby FM / Copy control. In the past, when recording Dolbyized tapes or Dolbyized FM broadcasts, the high-pitched emphasis of the encoded Dolby signal was heard as you monitored – an inaccurate and disturbing representation of the sound being recorded. The exclusive TEAC Dolby FM / Copy switch decodes the Dolby signal for monitoring, while leaving the recorded encoded Dolby signal undisturbed.

While today there are only a handful of Dolbyized FM stations broadcasting throughout the country, TEAC has created this forward-thinking feature to enhance your enjoyment of their signal.

And for good measure, we've added an automatic output stabilizing network that maintains Dolbyized levels despite changes in the line levels!



So what else is new?

Literally dozens of new exclusive TEAC features – both electronic and mechanical – can be found on the 450. For instance:

Three-level bias and equalization. Flick the two switches and instantly adjust for normal, high output or chromium dioxide tapes. A vital, but neglected feature in other cassette decks.

Automatic timer circuit. You can plug into an external timer and control your entire system when you're not present. The 450 will turn on automatically, come out of pause, record, then shut off any connected component, as well as its own electronics, at the end of the tape!

Mic / line mixing. A feature of reel-to-reel decks now found on the 450. Professional slide controls allow you to mix 2 mic inputs and 2 line inputs to create voice and stereo instrumental mixing.

Lighted tape run indicator. A glance at the 450 from across the room tells you the tape is flowing normally.

Two heads. A record-playback head and an erase head of a new material called Permaflux – the lowest distortion head ever made.

Solid-state triggering devices. Solid-state switching and the elimination of relays further enhance reliability.

Signal-to-noise ratio of 60dB. This important rating places the 450 with the finest in reel-to-reel decks. Which translates into superior sound.

LED. A light emitting diode backstops your 2 VU meters by warning you of transient high-level highs, and helps you avoid saturation distortion (about which we've spoken in a previous ad).

What does it all add up to?

A cassette deck that is in a class by itself. A sophistication in tape technology that is exclusive with TEAC.

The TEAC 450 has the flexibility to function as a complete record / playback unit, or as an integrated component in a total system. It is a pace-setter for the industry.

And to top it all, TEAC now offers a two-year warranty on all parts and labor – a warranty that reflects total confidence in our superior TEAC engineering and workmanship.

That 0.07% wow and flutter may be much better than anyone else's cassette deck. But it is only a hint of things to come from TEAC.

Only a hint.

Here are the specs:

Heads
Two, erase and record-playback, 4 track 2 channel stereo.

Motor
Hysteresis synchronous outer-rotor motor

Wow and Flutter
0.07% (wrms)

Frequency Response
30 – 16,000 Hz (Chromium dioxide tape)

Signal to Noise Ratio
60 dB (with Dolby process)

Dimensions
$6^{15}/_{16}$" (H) x $17^{1}/_{2}$" (W) x $10^{5}/_{8}$" (D)

Features and specifications subject to change without notice

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC®

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America • Headquarters: 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, California 90640
TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan.

CIRCLE 67 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Flip the switch to 4-channel.

The newest thing in sound is the newest Sound of Koss. And it's right at your fingertips.
The switch is on to 4-channel. And only Koss gives you 4 ways to make it. With the big four from Koss. Four exciting Koss Quadrafones that do for 4-channel what Koss Stereophones have done for 2-channel listening.

Four separate Driver Elements.
On the left cup of each Koss Quadrafone is a 2-channel to 4-channel switch. Flip it to 4-channel and four separate Koss dynamic driver elements (two in each cup) surround you with breathtaking, full-dimensional quadraphonic sound from either your matrix or discrete system. If you thought the Sound of Koss was superb in 2-channel, wait until you hear it in 4-channel.

So you haven't made the switch.
There are two plugs on Koss Quadrafones. If you haven't made the switch to 4-channel, you only use one of them. The black one. Which you insert into your present stereophone jack on your 2-channel system. That automatically connects the two drivers in each ear cup in parallel. So what you'll have is nearly double the bass radiating area and an unbelieveable increase in efficiency over the full range. Which should make the switch to Koss Quadrafones worth it even if you haven't made the switch to 4-channel.

Volume-Balance Controls.
Slip on a Koss Quadrafone and you'll slip into any seat in the concert hall. Because Koss Quadrafones feature volume-balance controls on each ear cup. That puts any seat in the concert hall at your fingertips. From the middle of the concert hall one minute, to front row center the next. And you don't even have to leave the comfort of your own living room.

Hearing is believing.
With all that at your fingertips, it's hard to believe that you can buy Koss Quadrafones from $39.95 to $85. But it's true. And while you're on your way to hear them at your Hi-Fi Dealer or favorite Department Store, mail us a request for our full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm, Dept. HF-472. You'll find a lot more from Koss that'll switch you on.

KOSS QUADRAFONES®
from the people who invented Stereophones.

KOSS CORPORATION, 4129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212. Koss S.r.l., Via dei Valtorta, 21 20127, Milan, Italy

CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

radiscs on the air—while presumably aggravating to both broadcasters and listeners—are not difficult to solve. But Quadradiscs already are handicapped in that, pending FCC approval of a discrete quadraphonic broadcast system, they must be transmitted in other than four channels—unlike the matrixed formats, which are being transmitted under existing rules.

And in New York. . . .

WQXR-FM now is devoting an hour each Saturday afternoon to quadraphonic broadcasts of classical music. "Frontiers of Sound," as the program is called, initially relied on SQ-encoded material, but is incorporating other matrixed discs. At press time the station had yet to decide what to do about Quadradiscs, which can be broadcast by feeding their discrete-quadraphonic signals to a matrix encoder. The sound no longer is discrete that way, but it's quadraphonic.

New Source for Kirksaeter

Kirksaeter, a German company that set up an office in the Washington, D.C. area about two years ago, now has a new representative in this country: Audioson of America, Inc., Lincoln Building Suite 2812, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Some new products—both receivers and speakers—have been added to the line that is being offered to American dealers through Audioson and continue the brand's emphasis of performance characteristics. The new Model RTX-120.85 receiver, for example, is rated at 85 watts per channel with less than 0.1 per cent typical total harmonic distortion into 8 ohms with both channels driven.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Will the Real Miss Jones . . .

When, about twenty years ago, the Otto Preminger film of *Carmen Jones* (the Bizet opera, reworked with English lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein) appeared, there was no doubt about its star: Dorothy Dandridge. True, she had to share the limelight with the likes of Harry Belafonte and Pearl Bailey; but she was Carmen Jones. Few people noticed—or cared—that the singing was done for her on the soundtrack by a girl named Marilyn Horne.

All that has changed. Marilyn Horne has capped a dramatic rise to operatic stardom by playing the original Carmen in the Bernstein-conducted Metropolitan Opera production that embodies the ideas of Goeran Gentele and therefore has become a memorial to the unquestioned talent and energy he would have brought to the general-managership of the Met had he lived. The recording of that production (see "Behind the Scenes," January 1973) generated a lot of excitement, particularly since Deutsche Grammophon had to borrow Bernstein from Columbia for it and because it is the first full-scale Met recording in years and the first ever on DG. So now RCA has decided to capitalize on a part of that excitement by reissuing the long-deleted *Carmen Jones* soundtrack disc. Who's the star now? Of course: Marilyn Horne.

equipment in the news

Direct-drive turntable from Sony

Sony Corp. of America has announced the PS-2251, an integrated turntable-and-arm driven by an AC servomotor coupled directly to the platter. The design eliminates idler wheels, pulleys, and belts in the interests of suppressing rumble, wow, and flutter. The two-speed (33 and 45 rpm) turntable is equipped with a statically balanced tone arm that features a direct-reading stylus-force gauge, an antiskating compensator, and a viscous-damped cue control. The PS-2251 with tone arm, wood base, and removable dust cover is priced at $299.50.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Concord unveils cartridge decks

The Model CD-8 stereo tape cartridge playback deck from Concord Division of Benjamin Electronic Sound Co. is described as the popular-priced partner in a pair of new Concord cartridge decks. The DC-8 boasts an output level control (to match its signals to those from other components in your stereo system), automatic and manual program selector, automatic and manual cartridge ejection, continuous play, and lighted track indicators. It costs $49.85. A sister entry is the Model CD-8-4, a stereo/quadraphonic cartridge deck of similar description, priced at $99.85.

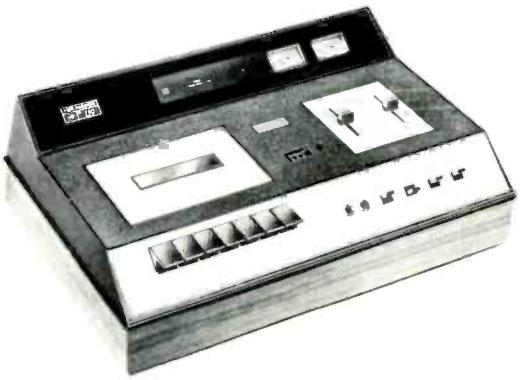
CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A quadraphonic headset from Clark

For private four-channel listening, the David Clark Co. is offering the Clark/4 CH-A headset. It is driven from discrete or matrix-decoding equipment or—with its companion DC-2A "derived ambience" simulator—from stereo equipment. The headset has moving-coil drivers said to deliver uniform output from 30 Hz to 16 kHz. The combination of headset and DC-2A simulator is priced at $95; the Clark/4 CH-A alone is $80.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Fisher's latest Dolby cassette deck



Technicians at Fisher Radio have designed the company's SR-110 stereo cassette deck with Dolby noise-reduction circuitry and a narrow-gap (1.5-micron) magnetic head to capture high frequencies. Other features include a synchronous motor drive, piano-key controls, full automatic shutoff at the end of the tape or when power shuts off, two VU meters, a tape-selector switch allowing use of conventional (ferric) or chromium dioxide tapes, three-digit index counter, and two microphone jacks. The SR-110 sells for $249.95.

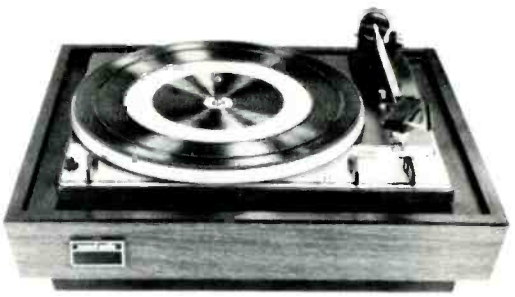
CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Heath offers decoder kit

For the kit builder who is ready to move into a quadraphonic system, Heath Co. has its newest matrix decoder, the Model AD-2022. Heath says the unit decodes all matrix-encoded discs now on the market. It also can be used to simulate quadraphonics by extracting the ambient sound that can be found in many stereo recordings. The price is $39.95.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Lowest-priced Dual changer



The new Dual 1214 record changer at $109.50 is the lowest-priced model in the line from United Audio Products. It is driven by a high-torque constant-speed motor, has a pitch control with a vernier range of six per cent (nominally ±3 per cent), and elevator-action changer spindle. The unit comes with a low-mass counterbalanced tone arm that tracks as low as 1¼ grams and has a built-in adjustable antiskating system preset at the factory for optimum compensation with most popular cartridges. Bases (simulated walnut-grain finish or oiled walnut) and dust cover are optional.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Radio Shack's quadraphonic/stereo tape deck

The Realistic 494 quadraphonic/stereo three-head open-reel tape deck from Radio Shack has three transport speeds (7½, 3¾, and 1⅞ ips), tape (bias) selector switch, preamp output level controls, four individual-channel recording-level controls plus a master control, jacks for four microphones and for stereo or four-channel headphones, and automatic end-of-tape shutoff. The Realistic 494 with two reel locks, 7-inch takeup reel, and two patch cords is priced at $299.95.

CIRCLE 154 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

CIRCLE 62 ON READER-SERVICE CARD →

The difference between stereo...

Mass by Leonard Bernstein
available in SQ on Columbia Records

...and SONY SQ

Stereo is great. And getting better. SQ 4-channel is even greater. The difference is like seeing the Mona Lisa in black and white, and suddenly seeing it in full color. SQ is more than good sound. It's an experience. You're enveloped by it. You feel it. You sense it.

And now Sony makes it possible for you to enjoy the full dimension and excitement of SQ 4-channel sound. The new Sony SQD-2020, full logic, SQ decoder is a major step forward in quadraphonic reproduction. Front-to-back logic enhances separation when you are listening to front-center (and rear-center) soloists. New waveform comparator logic does the same for signals on four corners.

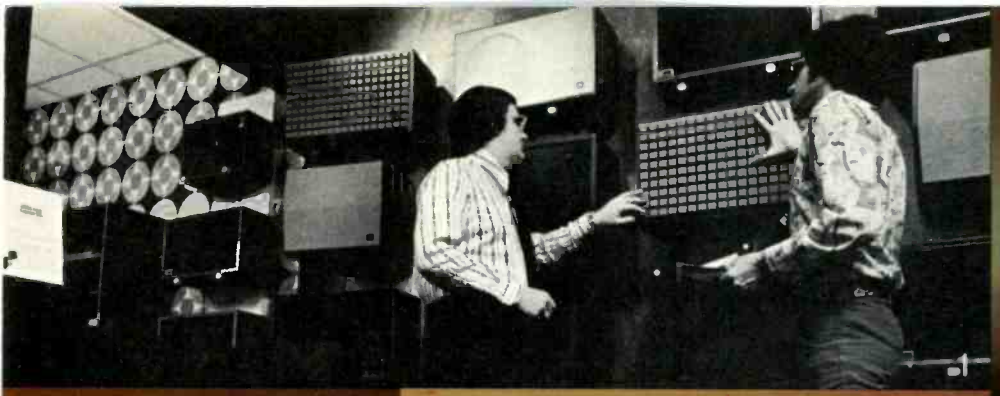
The SQD-2020 has 4 calibrated VU meters so you can balance your system for optimum 4-channel reproduction. Rear channel tone controls let you drive your rear channel speakers with a basic power amplifier.

With the Sony SQD-2020, you can enjoy 4-channel reproduction from SQ records or SQ broadcasts at their very best. Or from matrix records or broadcasts, other than SQ. Or from discrete sources. You can play regular stereo in stereo, or with quadraphonic enhancement.

The SQD-2050 is another new Sony SQ decoder. It features front-to-back logic and requires an integrated amplifier to drive the rear channel speakers. It's an excellent, low cost way to step up to 4-channel.

Visit your dealer today for a demonstration of Sony SQ. Put a little bit of color in your life.

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



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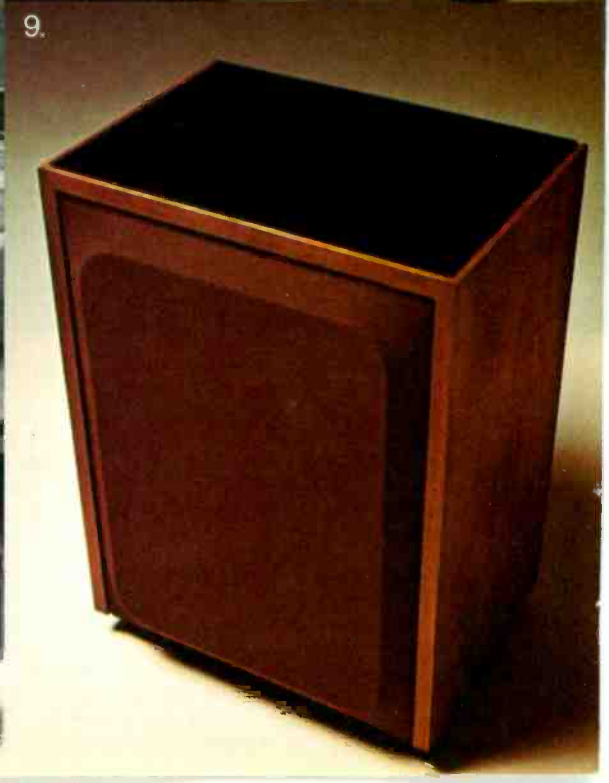

1. If you're just getting into serious high fidelity sound systems, you could use a friend. (The salesmen in the stores sound like electronics engineers, and everything sounds expensive.)
Get yourself a JBL dealer.
He's probably one of the nicest know-it-alls you'll ever meet.

2. Century 100. We stole it from ourselves. We took our professional studio monitor and made it look as beautiful as it sounds. That was two years ago. Today this loudspeaker is the most successful speaker ever made. $273.

3. Don't let the quiet good looks fool you. Aquarius 4 started a revolution. It's a different sound, an everywhere sound. If you're even thinking about four-channel sound, start here. $186.

4. Chances are 8 out of 10 that the next sound you hear—rock, Bach, or Bacharach—was recorded using a speaker like this. Come hear why. L200 Studio Master. $597.

5. Come listen to Prima 25. You'll never look at sound the same again. Bright, gutsy thermoplastic enclosures in six delicious colors. Prima 25: great sound finally gets out of the woods. $159.

6. For more than a generation those who make JBL loudspeakers and those who own them have been involved in an intricate game: The Craftsman and the Collector.
There are always two players, and the rules never change:
The craftsman must create something more beautiful than it needs to be, and the collector must catch him at it.

7. Did you know that JBL loudspeakers are the overwhelming choice of the leading professional recording studios? It's true. More music is recorded, mixed down and mastered on JBL loudspeakers than all other speakers combined.

8. James B. Lansing Sound, Inc./High fidelity loudspeakers from $129 to $2,700/3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles 90039.

9. Lancer 55. Behind this pretty face is an incredibly efficient two-way sound system with more presence, more richness, more sound than you'd believe just looking at it. Take our word: A pair of Lancer 55's and your 10-watt amplifier are everything you need to get evicted. $276.

CIRCLE 40 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

the lees side

Whither Art in America?

Deanna Durbin—a star for the Seventies?

THINKING BACK over some of the predictions I've made in this column over the years—that if rock were permitted to go on proselyting drug use, the country would have an epidemic of dope; that New York City would die as a theatrical and show business center—I am emboldened to get out my high peaked hat (the one with the cabalistic signs all over it), don my long black robe with the loose sleeves, and gaze into my crystal ball.

Not that all of my predictions have been accurate. I did say in 1955 that Elvis Presley wouldn't last. On the other hand, I also said that rock would bring on violence, because the music was filled with a kind of hostile tension that I thought worked directly on the nervous system.

If my predictions about the influence of music on society (and vice versa) have been fairly accurate—and they have—it is because I've long been intrigued by, and I think understand fairly well, their mutual interaction. For example, as I discussed once in detail in this magazine, America's changing attitudes toward war are reflected in its songs. The sincere enthusiasm of Berlin's *Over There* ("for the Yanks are comin', with drum-drum-drummin' everywhere") in World War I gave way to a kind of synthetic, OWI-inspired patriotism in World War II—as witness *Comin' In On a Wing and a Prayer*. (The defenders of rock may deny the power of music to shape social attitudes, but the OWI knew better.) Korea produced no war songs at all that I can remember; and Vietnam produced mostly antiwar songs.

Now that that shabby disaster is over, people are again looking forward, which in itself improves the mood of the country. And I, for one, can feel some real changes coming in entertainment, particularly music, in the next few years. This, in part, is what I think is going to happen.

Theater itself will not die. I'm detecting in people (including myself) a desire for more than canned entertainment—TV, records, movies. More and more people, I think, want to see real performers on a real stage. The very abstraction of modern life seems to have produced a yearning for direct contact.

But Broadway, barring an unprecedented clean-up of New York City, has had it. Regional theater—Dallas, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, Los Angeles—will become increasingly important as places where theater *originates*. The unions have made New York City a prohibitively expensive place to mount shows. And producers just aren't going to put up all that dough to have their projects live or die on the doubtful judgment of a tiny handful of New York critics and the courage of an audience that has good reason to fear venturing into Times Square.

The movies, as we know them, will not recover from the present slump. The industry slit its own wrists when it went into exploitation films on the heels of *Easy Rider*. It made a lot of fast money from the hipper-than-thou crowd, but in the process they turned off a large part of the audience which simply quit going to the movies. And now they've lost the habit. No doubt some suburban movie houses will survive, but theater presentation of films will generally continue to shrink.

But the nontheater movie—meaning pictures for TV—will grow in number and, eventually, quality. Pay-TV is already a reality in many hotels—you get a new film for $1.50. Cable installations are spreading very quickly. The hegemony of ABC, CBS, and NBC over what you can and cannot see is ending. Small-audience shows—if you consider five or ten million people in a single evening a small audience—become, with cable and pay-TV, both practical and profitable.

Several technical developments, including the video disc, which is planned to be marketed within the next twelve months, will exaggerate the public's already obvious preference for being entertained at home. There is a new 3-D process, much superior to the old and much cheaper to shoot, that works not only on projected film but on TV as well. Further, according to a General Electric engineer I talked with, a wide-screen TV picture tube is now practical. And it's only a matter of time before your picture screen will be a thin slab you can hang on the wall; indeed, TV projection to the wall will probably come as the step beyond that. Wide screen, 3-D, right on your own wall, and a six-pack in the refrigerator to boot! Movie houses can't compete with that.

Music will become much more diversified than it has been in the last dismal decade.

It has long been a record-industry axiom that only kids buy records. It's no longer true. A generation that grew up on record-collecting is now anywhere from twenty-two to thirty. And they still buy records. Indeed many of them, with young children, are pinned to their homes most evenings and find home entertainment, particularly records, more precious than ever before.

But their taste has broadened. Granted that they grew up on crap, granted that some of them, perhaps most of them, will never develop a taste for anything beyond that, a substantial minority has turned its back on what it used to like. Talk to some of these people; they'll tell you; and they'll wonder aloud how they ever liked some of their superstar heroes of the 1960s. Now they're into all sorts of things, as the rising classical music sales figures show [see "The Classical Upsurge," HF, April]. Some of them are baroque buffs, some are classical guitar freaks, some are Renaissance collectors, some are into Stockhausen; a lot are into jazz. And a lot of them are exploring America's musical past, whether it's Rudolf Friml or Cole Porter or Charlie Parker.

A small television station in one city, pressed for material to put on the air, decided to run a Deanna Durbin film festival, just for the sake of camp. To its surprise, teenage girls flipped over the films (Miss Durbin was a better singer and actress than I remembered, by the way) and set up a Deanna Durbin fan club! They think she's the living end—all pretty and frilly and feminine and singing those pretty songs! And a lot of them think that the never-trust-anybody-over-thirty crowd, the big Sixties heroes, are hopelessly square and old-fashioned. About which, of course, they are quite right.

No longer can the record companies say: This is *it*, this is the trend, this is *what's happening*. Because a lot of different things are going to be happening at the same time. The industry will ignore this fact at its distinct peril. GENE LEES

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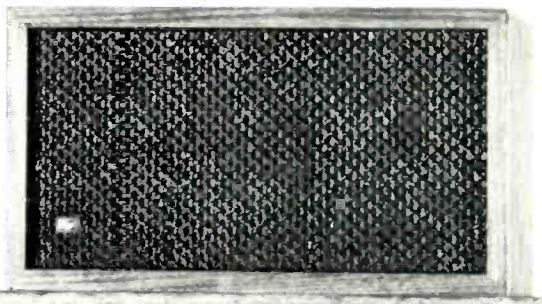

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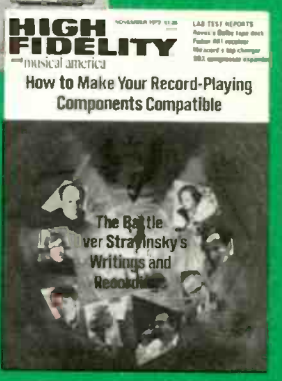

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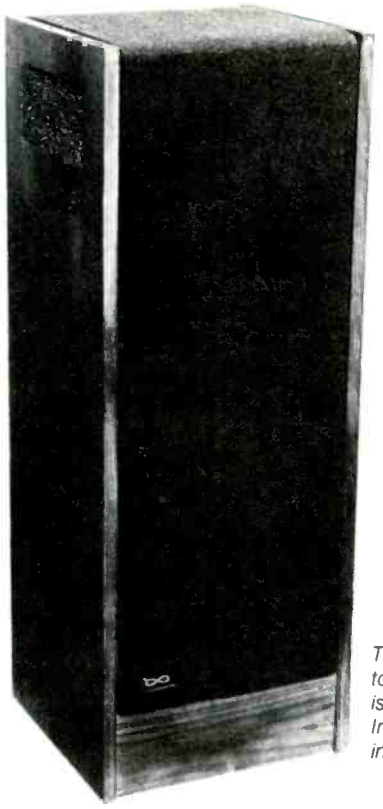


Tweeter (near top of enclosure) is illustrated in Irving Fried's article in this issue.

Infinity's Omnidirectional T-L Speaker Offers Unique Tweeter Design

The Equipment: Infinity Monitor, a floor-standing full-range speaker system in integral enclosure. Dimensions: 39½ inches high, 14⅜ inches square. Price: $429. Manufacturer: Infinity Systems, Inc., 20940 Knapp St., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

Comment: Infinity Systems, whose $2,000 Servo-Statik speaker and $140 Model 1001 were reviewed here in June 1970 and October 1972 respectively, has expanded its line with the present model. A three-way system, it consists of a transmission-line (T-L) loaded woofer, diffuser-screen covered midrange driver, and what Infinity calls a "wave transmission line" tweeter. Crossover frequencies are 600 Hz and 2,500 Hz. All elements are housed in an elegant upright cabinet that has black foam "grille cloth" at the top and extending down the front and back to the pedestal base. The sides, below the top section, are walnut panels.

Transmission-line speaker theory is complex, but briefly the transmission line refers to a critically dimensioned passageway behind the speaker diaphragm that improves the low-end response by smoothing it rather than by augmenting it (as with a conventional bass-reflex cabinet). The result is a relatively lower efficiency but without what the T-L advocates deridingly call the "phony fat mid-bass" of other speaker types. T-L systems may incorporate high-end reproducers of any type, depending on the designer's choice. In the Monitor, Infinity has opted for a new kind of tweeter that resembles an ice-cream cone. Its voice coil does not vibrate a diaphragm in the usual way; rather it "plucks" the side of an aluminum surround that sends the signal through the cone structure, which in turn radiates omnidirectionally through the acoustically transparent foam about the top section of the enclosure. So from the standpoint of treble propagation there is literally no front or back to this system, and, incidentally, what nominally is "on axis" in the lab tests is perpendicular to the Monitor's tweeter axis—a point to which we shall return. Questions of placement are largely a matter of appearance in the room, though of course placing any system close to a nearby wall or other large reflecting surfaces will reinforce its bass output. Connections, near the bottom of the rear side (with respect to the mounting of the woofer and midrange units), are color-coded binding posts; there also are two level controls, for middles and highs.

An extremely smooth reproducer, the Monitor exhibited no audible signs of erratic response from its useful lower limit of about 25 Hz to beyond audibility. Some doubling was encountered at 45 to 50 Hz but it was in sum less than we have heard from many other systems and it did not increase at lower frequencies. The bass simply rolls off smoothly, with fundamental tones still evident in the 25- to 30-Hz region. The middles and highs are exemplary, with no audible peaks or dips and with a truly omnidirectional dispersion to beyond 10 kHz. On program material this makes for a very firm stereo image that can be perceived from virtually any spot in the listening room. White-noise response varied from very smooth to fairly smooth, depending on the positions of the rear level controls. The audible pattern does not change as you walk about the speaker.

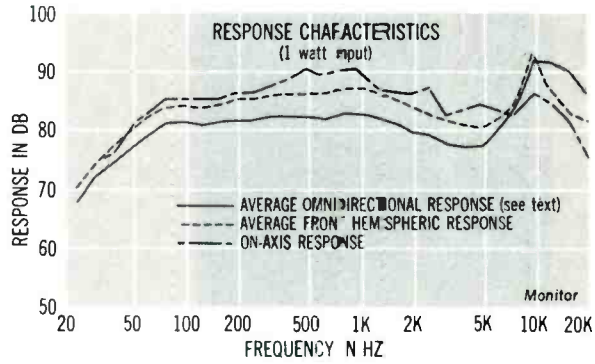
The lab measurements show a peak at 10,000 Hz which must be attributed to the application of a standard test procedure to a nonstandard tweeter design—specifically, the measurement made at 1 meter directly over the mouth of the upright cone (and therefore on *its*

axis but not on axis of the system as a whole) would produce a concentration of energy. The "on-axis" measurement of the Monitor actually gives a truer picture of its omni response. So for the effective response of this system at the high end, read the on-axis curve on the graph; this produces an over-all response that can be stated as within plus or minus 5.75 dB from 40 Hz to 20,000 Hz at a reference level of about 80 dB. In normal listening the ear is roughly in the horizontal plane of the side (not the mouth) of the cone, and on a variety of recordings and using two recent high-quality pickups, we could not detect any hint of the high-end peak one might predict on the basis of the omnidirectional curve.

The measured impedance curve was possibly the smoothest we've seen, remaining at or slightly above 8 ohms (the manufacturer's rating) from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz. The minimum average power required to produce an output level of 94 dB at 1 meter on axis was 5.5 watts; the speaker could take up to 100 watts and produce an output of 106.5 dB before distorting significantly. On pulse power tests, the speaker handled average levels of 212.5 watts to produce an output of 112.5 dB without distorting, attesting to its ample dynamic range and confirming the manufacturer's claim of its ability to handle 200 watts of power.

The Monitor sounded neutral and clean on any program material fed to it. Efficiency is on the low side, but driven by a good amplifier producing at least 25 watts per channel average sine-wave or "RMS" power it should be ample for any size room likely to be found in the average home. With really heavyweight amplifiers, it also should do nicely in studios as an honest, uncolored reproducer for monitor use. Its tonal "authority" is less a matter of emphasizing one portion of the audio spectrum over another and more a matter of "laying it on the line"—a nice circular spread, that is.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

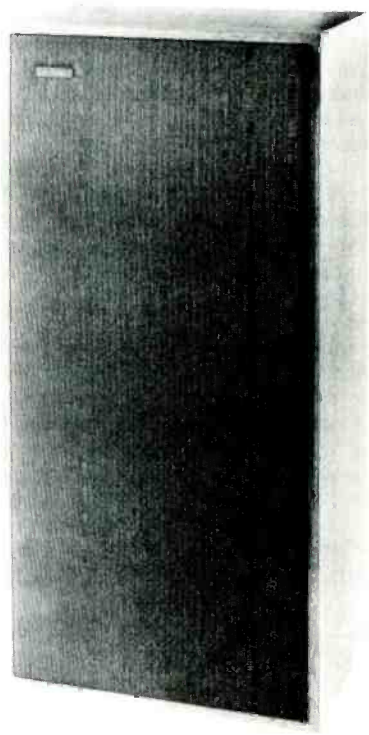


Infinity Monitor Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency 80 Hz % 2nd	80 Hz % 3rd	300 Hz % 2nd	300 Hz % 3rd
70	0.10	0.19	0.17	0.20
75	0.16	0.21	0.17	0.21
80	0.20	0.33	0.17	0.25
85	0.30	0.45	0.22	0.32
90	0.42	0.83	0.38	0.35
95	0.42	1.0	0.73	0.42
100			1.4	0.48
105			2.3	0.68
106.5			2.8	1.0

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

Big-Sounding Speaker from England



The Equipment: Ditton 44, a full-range speaker system in enclosure. Dimensions: 29½ by 14½ by 10 inches. Price: $252. Manufacturer: Rola Celestion Ltd. of England; U.S. distributor: Hervic Electronics, Inc., 1508 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

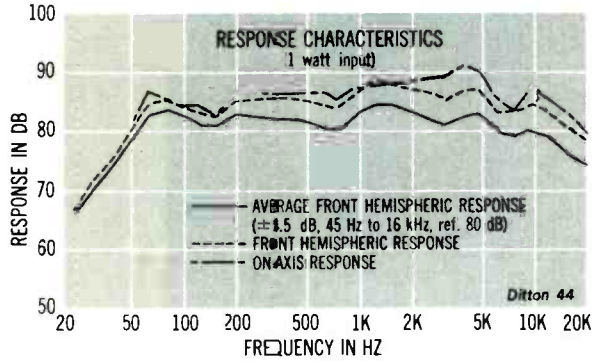
Comment: The Ditton 44 is one of a series of sealed-box direct-radiator speaker systems made in England and being marketed on an organized basis for the first time in the U.S. Its three drivers (woofer, midrange, and tweeter) together with a frequency-dividing network are housed inside a neatly styled walnut enclosure designed nominally for vertical placement, although the system could certainly be positioned horizontally if decor considerations suggested such placement.

The manufacturer rates the Ditton 44's input impedance as 4 to 8 ohms, which was verified in CBS Labs' tests. The impedance dip at the nominal rating point in the low frequency range came to 3.7 ohms; from here to 20,000 Hz the impedance averaged a shade less than 8 ohms. Efficiency, for a sealed-box system, is moder-

ately high; the system needed 4.5 watts of input power to produce an output level of 94 dB at 1 meter on axis. It could take 100 watts (at 300 Hz on a steady-state basis) to produce an output of 106 dB, and a power pulse of 486.5 watts (973 watts peak) to yield an output of 116 dB. These figures attest to both the Ditton's robustness and to its excellent dynamic range which must be counted as a contributing factor to the sense of realism it is capable of when reproducing music, including the most demanding, heavily-textured works. Another factor is its generally smooth response, which was charted at plus or minus 5 dB from 42.5 Hz to 20,000 Hz (with 79 dB as the median or "zero" reference level). The response curves show a general, but slight, tendency to a strong upper midrange with some directivity, and this was verified in listening tests: White noise response was smooth and well dispersed but with a hint of midrange emphasis; strong treble passages in music (massed strings; upper reaches of the voice) tended to sound somewhat thick on axis, but more dispersed and in balance off axis. At times we wished the system had been equipped with a high-frequency level control to cut back on the highs a little. This criticism (which admittedly is a matter of taste and room acoustics) aside, the Ditton 44 struck us as a well-balanced, full-sounding reproducer, with very good transient characteristics for the highs and an excellent bass response: On test tones the frequencies above 10 kHz remained fairly perceptible off axis. We heard some doubling at about 45 Hz, but it was distinctly less than we've heard on many other systems, and it did not increase as we went down the scale. Even when increasing the intensity of the input signal we could not get the Ditton to double more severely at 25 Hz than at 45 Hz, and we could detect fundamental bass right down to 20 Hz.

We'd say that the Ditton 44 is a speaker that could be used in just about any size room and with virtually any amplifier or receiver. Its upper midrange "forwardness" may be just the kind of sound many listeners these days prefer, and if you like everything else but that about the speaker, you can always tame it with your amplifier tone controls.

As this issue is being readied for press, Hervic informs us that a conflicting trade-name registration prevents Hervic from using the Ditton name in this country. Hence what Celestion styles the Ditton 44 in England will be known as the Celestion 44 here. This renaming process will apply to all the Celestion "Dittons" imported by Hervic.



Ditton 44 Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency 80 Hz % 2nd	80 Hz % 3rd	300 Hz % 2nd	300 Hz % 3rd
70	0.16	0.21	0.18	0.26
75	0.15	0.15	0.18	0.32
80	0.15	0.16	0.18	0.40
85	0.15	0.22	0.18	0.47
90	0.19	0.42	0.21	0.57
95	0.40	0.58	0.36	0.65
100	0.82	0.60	0.78	0.81
105			1.4	0.85
106			1.6	0.90

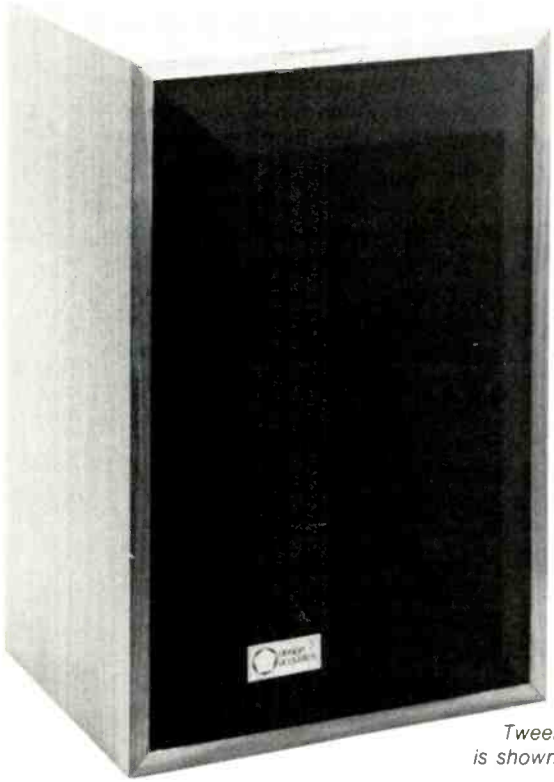
*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

The Polyhedron Scaled Down

The Equipment: Design Acoustics D-6, a loudspeaker system in "bookshelf"-size enclosure. Dimensions: 16½ by 24½ by 13¾ inches. Price: $249. Manufacturer: Design Acoustics, P.O. Box 2722, Palos Verdes, Calif. 90274.

Comment: Although the D-6 looks like a fairly typical bookshelf system, it is not intended for use literally on a bookshelf. It radiates from both the front and back of the enclosure and therefore requires some free air space (a minimum of 2 inches according to Design Acoustics) behind it for bass propagation. It is, in fact, what might be termed a conventionalization of the same company's dramatic-looking D-12 "omni" system, which has a polyhedral shape most of whose surfaces contain drivers.

The front panel of the D-6 resembles the "sculptured" treatment presently popular among loudspeaker stylists; but the three-dimensional effect is here an intrinsic part of the acoustic design since it allows the tweeters to be angled outward in the interests of wider high-frequency dispersion. There are five tweeters all told: one in each "bevel" of the front panel and one in the center section. They cross over at 2 kHz to a 5-inch midrange driver, also in the center portion of the front panel, firing through a relatively small opening to increase its angular dispersion. Crossover to the woofer is at 800 Hz; the loading of the back-firing driver is a



Tweeter configuration is shown in Fried article.

ducted-port system whose opening also is at the back of the enclosure.

Also on the back are the connections—color-coded binding posts appropriate for either large spade lugs or bare wires—and two switches, one marked "H.F." and the other "L.F." Both have "normal" and "–3 dB" positions. In lab tests these markings proved unusually accurate. The LF control alters bass by very close to 3 dB from about 600 Hz down to the frequencies at which the response rolls off—around 40 Hz. The HF control similarly alters level above about 5 kHz. The difference is not marked, but we preferred the normal positions of both switches in most setups.

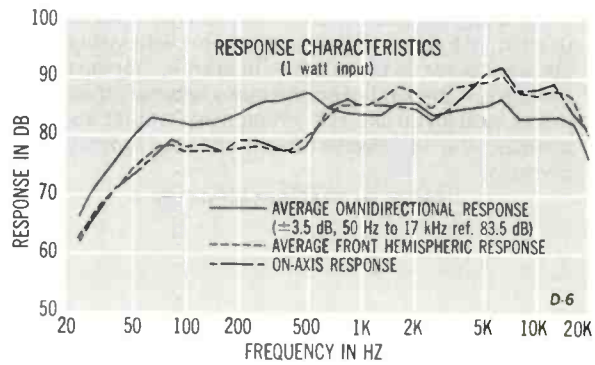
The response curves look unusual. Above about 500 Hz they are very close to each other, confirming both the D-6's design objective and our listening tests in suggesting wide-angle dispersion. In the bass, however, the omnidirectional curve is noticeably higher than the other two (in most speakers the three curves are very close in the bass region) because the energy in this range is radiated from the back of the enclosure and the omnidirectional curve is the only one that includes measurements from the back. This sound does reflect into the room, of course, and—perhaps with somewhat more effect than usual—can be reinforced by placing the system in a corner. For this reason, the omnidirectional curve is really the significant one for assessment of bass response. And it is unusually flat for a speaker curve.

In listening to test tones we found that the D-6's claims to omnidirectionality are indeed well founded. While slight variations in intensity could be heard close-up in moving about the unit, high frequencies were equally perceptible, on average, at all frequencies whether on axis or off from normal listening distances. The bass is firm, with some doubling below about 80 Hz and little useful information below about 40 Hz. We found that the bass is sensitive to overdriving, however, so we would not recommend use of an equalizer to extend the D-6's deep-bass response.

Following the normal bass rise at resonance (50 Hz) the impedance curve as measured at CBS Labs falls to 6 ohms slightly above 100 Hz and remains close to that figure over the rest of the range. It rises slightly above 1 kHz, but falls to a minimum of 4 ohms around 10 kHz. We'd suggest you treat the unit as a 4-ohm system in multiple-speaker systems, rather than an 8-ohm system as suggested by the manufacturer's rating.

Ten watts were required to drive the speaker to 94 dB at 1 meter with broadband noise; it may therefore be described as having medium efficiency. In the steady-tone test it handled 57.9 watts before exceeding distortion limits, but handled pulses to 208.3 watts (average power). The manufacturer recommends an amplifier capable of at least 20 clean watts per channel. While apartment dwellers in particular may be able to get by with less, 20 to 50 watts per channel would appear to be an appropriate amplifier range for most purposes on the basis of the lab tests.

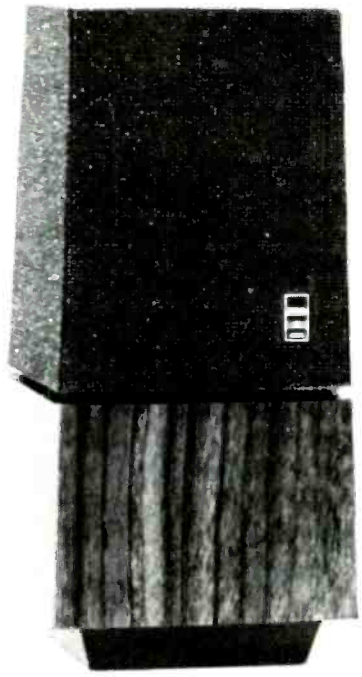
The D-6 certainly achieves its objective of what may be called omnidirectional dispersion from a fairly conventional-looking enclosure. In consequence it produces the broadly drawn stereo image characteristic of omnis and does so with good balance and detail. In spite of the unusually flat high end in the response curves, the highs are not particularly prominent, nor is any part of the range, though the sound has a warmth corresponding to the omnidirectional curve's slight rise in the lower midrange.



Design Acoustics D-6 Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency 80 Hz % 2nd	80 Hz % 3rd	300 Hz % 2nd	300 Hz % 3rd
70	0.35	0.50	0.18	0.22
75	0.70	0.50	0.18	0.19
80	1.7	1.1	0.18	0.19
85	1.7	2.6	0.23	0.19
90	2.3	2.0	0.24	0.19
95			0.42	0.25
97			1.9	0.25

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.



THe Heil AMT midrange/tweeter driver is illustrated in the article by Irving Fried in this issue.

The Heil/ESS Air Motion Transformer

The Equipment: ESS AMT-1, a floor-standing loudspeaker system. Dimensions: 14¼ by 14¼ by 31½ inches. Price: $299. Manufacturer: ESS, Inc., 9613 Oates Dr., Sacramento, Calif. 95827.

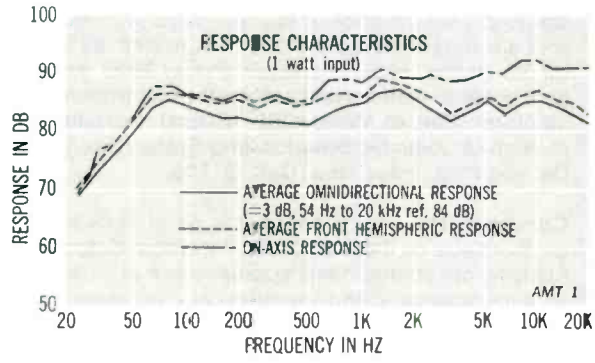
Comment: The most publicized facet of the AMT-1 is its midrange-tweeter element: the Air Motion Transformer devised by Oskar Heil. This element stands atop the woofer portion of the system and at first glance resembles a large power transformer; the laminated pole pieces that reach inward from its front and back toward the accordion-folded diaphragm at the center are not unlike those in a transformer. The term Air Motion Transformer is not based on this superficial resemblance however; it is intended to suggest the way in which the transducer is designed to convert the high pressure and low velocity at the diaphragm to higher velocity and lower pressure in the room—much the way an electrical transformer converts voltage and current by raising one and lowering the other.

The woofer section at the base of the system is a fairly conventional ported design whose driver faces the front of the unit and whose ducted port is located at the bottom, near the electrical connections (color-coded binding posts that accept large spade lugs or bare wires) and a three-position brightness control (bright, normal, soft). This knob alters response by about 2 dB (up for bright, down for soft) from a little above 1 kHz to the limit of testing at 20 kHz. The audible effect is therefore extremely slight; we left it in the normal position for most of our listening and all the remaining tests.

In listening we found the effect of the AMT-1 to be particularly clear and well defined, with a somewhat bright sound and a tendency toward sibilance. If you're not used to flat speaker response you may consider the sound over-bright and should take care to avoid pickups with a high-frequency peak, which may complement the usual falling speaker curve but will be emphasized by the AMT-1. In listening to the Boulez *Petrushka* using the B & O SP-12, which does not have a prominent high end, the speaker's brightness translated into orchestral sparkle.

It is a fairly efficient unit, requiring 6 watts to produce the standard 94 dB at 1 meter with broadband noise. It handles steady-state signals to 105.5 watts before exceeding distortion limits and handles pulses to 360 watts (average power), the limit of the lab's test amplifier. It is therefore capable of an excellent dynamic range. The impedance curve is flatter than average, but is on the low side for a unit rated by its manufacturer at 8 ohms. Following the bass rise it dips to 5 ohms at about 100 Hz—its rating point as normally defined—beyond which it rises to above 8 ohms in the midrange and then settles to just under 8 ohms above 5 kHz. To be on the safe side you may want to treat the unit as a 4-ohm system in multiple-speaker hookups.

Test tones proved that the midrange-tweeter unit really is omnidirectional. Though it is a "dipole" driver—that is, it produces sound from both front and back—no loss of audibility can be detected at the sides in the high frequencies with either test tones or music. In the bass there is some minor doubling below 80 Hz, but it is not severe and fundamentals remain audible to below 40 Hz.



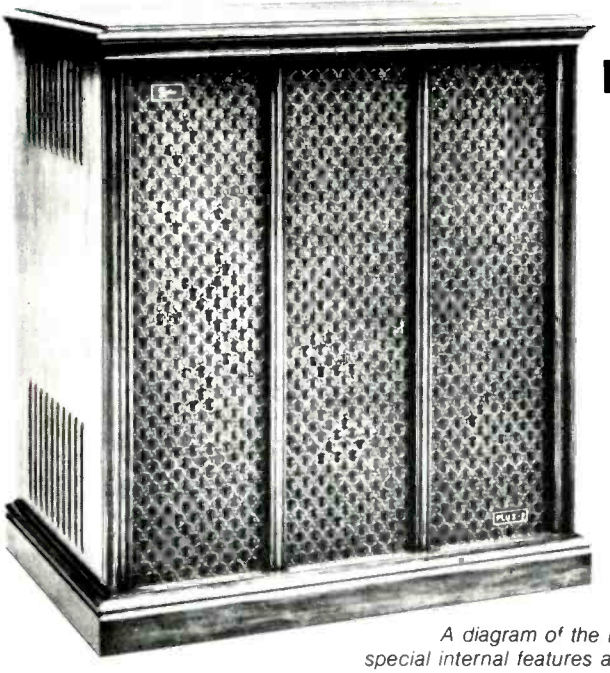
Heil/ESS AMT-1 Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency 80 Hz % 2nd	80 Hz % 3rd	300 Hz % 2nd	300 Hz % 3rd
70	0.18	0.23	0.18	0.44
75	0.16	0.15	0.18	0.58
80	0.14	0.15	0.20	0.62
85	0.14	0.25	0.27	0.50
90	0.14	0.33	0.48	0.63
95	0.20	0.45	0.88	0.91
100	0.68	0.80	1.5	1.3
105			2.3	1.7
105.5			2.8	1.8

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

In testing the AMT-1 we found that some samples—far from being flat at the top—rolled off severely. The explanation appears to be that in air shipment exposure to jet-fuel fumes softens the plastic of the Heil diaphragm. Fortunately this effect appears to be only transitory; previously softened samples returned to normal behavior after a few days.

The next AMT model from ESS is slated to be one that uses the Heil driver principle for the full frequency range, dispensing with the AMT-1's conventional woofer. Considering the unblunted transients, dynamic range, and low distortion of the present model, we look forward to further development of the principle. But even in its present form it is an unusually interesting system. In listening to some chamber music recordings, for example, we sometimes were struck by its ability to resolve a stereo image in which each instrument seems unequivocally localized.



A diagram of the Leslie's special internal features appears in Fried's article.

Leslie's Plus 2: A Revolutionary (About 60 RPM, in Fact) Way to Hear Surround Sound

The Equipment: Leslie Plus 2 Model 450, a pair of self-powered floor-standing speaker systems with various possible applications but principally intended for the simulation of ambience or spatial effects in conjunction with a standard stereo system. Dimensions: 29½ by 33 by 9⅝ inches, each enclosure. Price: $995 including both speaker systems and associated electronics. Manufacturer: Electro Music/CBS Musical Instruments (a division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.), 56 W. Del Mar Blvd., Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Comment: The Plus 2 concept is so at variance with anything else on the market that we almost despaired of applying our standard test approach to it at all. Not only is it mechanically and electronically unconventional, but it raises a question of proprieties: Should we ask one division of CBS (CBS Labs) to test the product of another (Electro Music)? We decided to let CBS Labs run the needed tests (which of course represent data that are open to verification, as opposed to an expression of opinion, which is not), and found it a happy decision, since the lab was of great help in solving the mechanical problems that cropped up in trying to establish a method by which useful data could be derived.

Only the cone tweeter is conventional in that it faces forward from the top center of the grille cloth. The two 6-by-9-inch midrange drivers face outward through slots at the sides of the enclosure. The 15-inch woofer faces downward toward a motor-driven wooden baffle that rotates (at about 60 rpm) about a vertical axis and causes the effective "mouth" of the speaker to revolve in the horizontal plane. Inside one of the two enclosures is a stereo amplifier plus what Electro Music calls a Space Generator—an electromechanical device capable of introducing a constantly changing degree of phase shift into the signals that pass through it. This unit includes an AC cord (to power the drive motors and the electronics), level controls for each of the channels, a stereo input jack for the signals from your stereo system (about which, more in a moment), an on/off switch, a mode switch, and a special multiconductor socket for the interconnect cable to the second ("satellite") enclosure. The mode switch is a pushbutton that turns on (or off) the baffle drive motor and the Space Generator, and reverses channels at the same time. There are no tweeter or midrange level controls.

The exact utility of the mode switch varies with the setup; let's begin with that for which the Plus 2 system is primarily intended. Assuming an existing stereo system, you would add the main 450 enclosure at the back left of the listening room and the satellite enclosure at the back right. Electro Music supplies a 30-foot inter-

connect cable with stereo phone plugs at each end that can be used to take signals from the headphone jack on your system and feed them to the Leslie amplifier. (We found that one receiver we used in this way had its headphone jack wired "backward" for the Leslies, so the Leslie enclosures had to be interchanged. Since manufacturers still are not agreed on whether the tip of a stereo phone connector should be the left channel or the right, you too may have to modify the instructions in this respect.) Electro Music also supplies an adapter with four wires terminated in small spade lugs. When these lugs are attached to the speaker terminals (preferably those for the remote speakers) on your system, one end of the interconnect cable can be plugged into the adapter to feed the power output to the Leslies. The necessary level compensation is made at the Leslie's amplifier controls.

Once you're hooked up in correct fashion you can begin to experience the difference between the two modes of operation. In the "normal" Plus 2 mode the Space Generator and baffle rotors are on, and the signal from the left channel is coming from the Leslie at back right while that from the right channel is coming from the back left. The purpose of all these factors is to introduce a sense of space comparable to that in listening to quadraphonics. The rotating woofer baffles are specifically intended to alter bass projection continuously to prevent the formation of standing waves in the room. In the alternative mode (with these special Plus 2 features switched off) the Leslies act simply as rearward extensions of the front speakers, with the left signal appearing at back left and the right at back right.

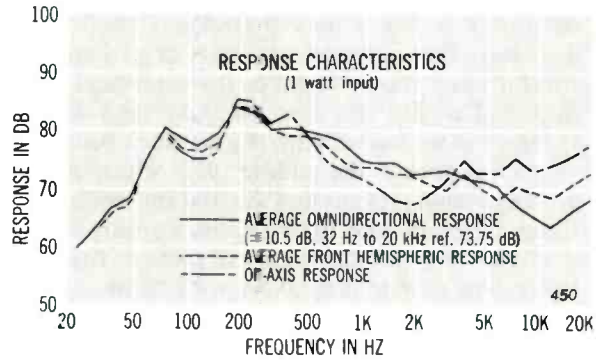
If you have a quadraphonic system the options multiply. The logical connection for the Leslies is to the back-channel signals. Most quadraphonic equipment will feed the same signal to the front and back channels on each side when operating in the stereo mode. The Leslies then give you the choice of either hearing the sound just that way or of introducing the Plus 2 effect. If you choose to reproduce true quadraphonics of any type, front and back signals will no longer be the same; the Plus 2 mode will have to be switched off to return the back signals to their correct positions for reproduction of the intended quadraphonic placements.

The instructions consider the 450 system only as rear speakers, and we would in fact hesitate to recommend them as prime speakers—at least with the Plus 2 features turned on—for reasons that will become apparent as we describe how the Leslies sounded in their intended configuration. The effect depends on, among other things, room size. Their physical bulk argues against using the Leslies in really small rooms, and we found that the Plus 2 effect becomes exaggerated if the space is too confining. Sine-wave tones pulsate noticeably, white noise seems to wander about the room, and musical material displays shifting placements with either mono or stereo program material. Similar effects can be detected in larger rooms, but they are not nearly as noticeable—and of course they cease altogether when the Plus 2 features are turned off.

The pure-tone tests show that the high-frequency beaming to be expected from a single cone tweeter (and visible in the response curves as the separation between on-axis and omnidirectional measurements at the high end) is by no means objectionable. We could detect no beaming below about 10 kHz, and tones remained audible 90 degrees off axis right out to the limit of testing. The bass exhibited some minor doubling, but fundamental bass remained audible to below 30 Hz. Between those frequencies the sound—whether from test tones or music—is fairly smooth and well balanced though it does favor the lower midrange. Listening to the Leslies alone, as a stereo pair with the Plus 2 features switched off, we found them comparable to many good, conventional, large floor-standing systems we have encountered over the years.

The built-in amplifiers prevented normal measurement techniques. Impedance, for example, is beside the point since your stereo system's amplifier will not be driving them directly. The lab could measure only in terms of acoustic output, of course, and not in terms of power input (which is, again, beside the point); and distortion measurements necessarily include the amplifier as well as the drivers. The cabinet also posed problems: Some measurements at the normal distance (1 meter) were so close to the enclosure as to produce unrepresentative data because of the enclosure's acoustic "shadow." The lab found it necessary to take the response curves by measuring at 2 meters and computing equivalent sound-pressure levels at 1 meter before the measurements adequately reflected the true behavior of the Leslies in a room. And in order to avoid random reinforcement effects due to the turning baffle it was necessary to turn off the Plus 2 system during measurement. The lab found it could drive the speaker to the equivalent of 104 dB at 1 meter before exceeding distortion limits.

Electro Music must be given high marks for its grit in following an individual course—and for producing a system whose virtues go beyond the novelty value of that course. Considered as an alternative to quadraphonics, however, we remain somewhat skeptical about the potential of the Leslie approach. In terms of breaking up standing waves in the listening room the idea may have virtue, but that virtue will be difficult to assess until it is available without the concomitants presently incorporated into the Plus 2 systems.



Leslie Plus 2 Model 450 Harmonic Distortion*

Output Level (dB)	Frequency 80 Hz % 2nd	80 Hz % 3rd	300 Hz % 2nd	300 Hz % 3rd
76	0.40	0.40	0.16	0.18
81	0.40	0.40	0.16	0.10
86	0.40	0.60	0.30	0.23
91	0.68	1.1	0.50	0.25
96	1.3	2.3	0.90	0.35
101	3.0	5.5	1.3	0.25

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10 per cent level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.

Speakers An Explosion of

THIS YEAR, as every other year, will find old and respected manufacturers and brand new companies alike presenting their "new," "improved," or "breakthrough" loudspeakers to the American public. Once again, you will be asked to accept each system as "the speaker of the future," one that "makes all others obsolete." Surely many new models will, like so many previous "breakthroughs," sink quietly into oblivion; the number of enduring advances in the art of loudspeakers is very small.

From time to time, however, manufacturers do manage a significant advance in basic design principles, largely by using new materials and technologies. And 1973 is such a time. I believe that some of the new loudspeakers described below will endure and find their market niches—but possibly not in the positions their proponents envisage. It does seem that every twenty years or so a wave of fruitful innovation overtakes the loudspeaker industry. The Thirties saw the first high fidelity speakers as we know them; the last such broad advance was back in the middle 1950s when the first air-suspension systems and the first successful electrostatic, ribbon, and ionic drivers appeared.

I'd like to begin this survey of some of the more interesting new loudspeakers with those systems whose basic driver principles are the main subject of interest. I'll try, whenever possible and for the sake of the record, to mention past products that bear a resemblance. Manufacturers' claims for their products always are difficult to assess until the products themselves can be evaluated fully (a few of the models are covered in this issue's reports), and a certain extravagance is to be expected in someone who has worked hard on what he considers to be a successful design. The many quotes, some of which come from product literature, rather than directly from engineers and company executives, are to be understood in this light.

The most radically different new loudspeaker is the Ohm A. Invented and patented by the late Lincoln Walsh, famous in high fidelity history for his Brook all-triode amplifier, it has no direct antecedents in the art (though some claim the Hegeman tweeters of the Fifties worked on the same principles). The Ohm A driver looks like an inverted funnel, the large end of which is fastened to an infinite baffle box. The funnel, or cone, is made of copper and titanium, forming a composite cone of rather large size and heavy mass. The theory of operation is, for the bass below 200 Hz, that of mass loading; and, for the midrange and treble, high-velocity wave-train propagation down the cone, with radial propagation of all frequencies of musical interest.

The Ohm A has been publicly demonstrated and is in limited production. It is very inefficient, but when driven by amplifiers of sufficient power seems to give a good account of itself, according to many auditioners. Traditionally the British metal-cone speaker designs of the past (G.E.C., Jordan-Watts, and Jordan) have been lauded for their clarity while drawing some complaints of a metallic edge to high-frequency sounds. None has been precisely of the Ohm A shape, of course, and it will be interesting to see what the final evaluations of the Ohm A will be.

Very similar in design and built under the same basic Walsh patents—but intended only for treble propagation—is the Infinity Wave Transmission Line tweeter, which is used in the new Infinity Holosonic Monitor [see test report, this issue]. Replacing the electrostatic drivers that have characterized the company's deluxe offerings, the tweeter also resembles a funnel, but with the large diameter upward. This cone is made of plastic with a thin aluminum skin—a laminate that, it is stated, will support a sound transmission speed of 11,000 feet per second (about ten times that of sound in air). A voice coil at the cone apex "plucks" it, causing it to emit waves orthogonally: i.e., in circles, spreading outward from the cone surface. The design objective is the simulation of that Grail of speaker theory, the perfect pulsating sphere.

As incorporated into the Monitor of Infinity, the tweeter is intended to handle up to 200 watts of program input and is said to display a flat imped-

Some of the most revolutionary innovations in years are hitting the market in 1973. Here's how and why they work.

New Designs

by Irving M. Fried

ance characteristic to 100 kHz; the designer says it can be driven at living-room level with a 25-watt amplifier—transistorized or tubed.

ESS (formerly Electrostatic Sound Systems), also known heretofore for expensive "hybrid" (electrostatic and dynamic) designs, now presents the Heil Air Motion Transformer as "the loudspeaker of the future" [see test report, this issue]. Invented by Oskar Heil, the unit is a midrange and treble driver whose corrugated plastic diaphragm (with imprinted voice coil, called a "conduction cortex") folds on itself, reducing and expanding the volume of the "multiple interfacing cavities" presented by the magnet's vaned pole pieces and projecting sound outward with an "almost perfect transfer of kinetic energy." Dr. Heil further claims near-instantaneous acceleration of the diaphragm, very low distortion, and omnidirectional dispersion in the horizontal plane since sound is "squeezed" out from both front and back of the driver.

First demonstrations of the Heil unit have led to marked disagreements among those present, which always seems to happen with dramatically unconventional loudspeakers. Part of the problem, it appears, is that the first design to be offered publicly has a new enclosure shape, a truncated pyramid, in which response below 500 Hz is handled by a decidely conventional ducted woofer. More advanced bass systems are projected for future use with the Heil.

Needless to say, the Heil unit will be endlessly discussed and described in the magazines. Among other things it claims to be "the first new principle of sound propagation in fifty years." Various aspects of the design suggest past products such as the Kelly ribbons of the Fifties, the compression-throat tweeters of the Twenties, the perennial acoustic lens, and so on—all of which principles seem to be amalgamated in the Heil.

Another company claiming to make obsolete all electrostatics is Audio Research, famous for its all-tubed amplifiers. The Magneplanar loudspeaker is offered as a replacement for free-standing, full-range electrostatic loudspeakers, intended to solve their inherent problems (particularly the need for a power supply) and to improve their quality and performance.

The Magneplanar stands six feet tall, four feet wide, and *one inch* thick! Each speaker is hinged twice like a folding screen, forming three panels that are set up in zigzag fashion: two with woofers, the other with the tweeter. Each woofer or tweeter diaphragm is made of thin Mylar (as in electrostatics), to which are glued closely spaced vertical wires. The diaphragm is stretched over a frame; bar magnets are attached to the same frame and interleaved with the wires, which make up the voice coil. A crossover operates at 3,200 Hz, though there is provision for bi-amping if you prefer.

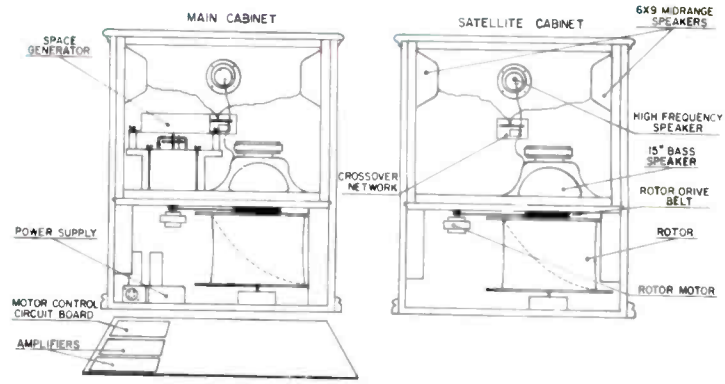
The Magneplanar bears a strong family resemblance to the short-lived Gé-Go Orthophase from France a few years back, though in modern dress. It sounds like no other loudspeaker, and is thus (again, as with the Heil) the center of brisk debate. One valid criticism is acknowledged by the manufacturer: its lack of extreme bass. A new add-on flat-panel subwoofer now is available.

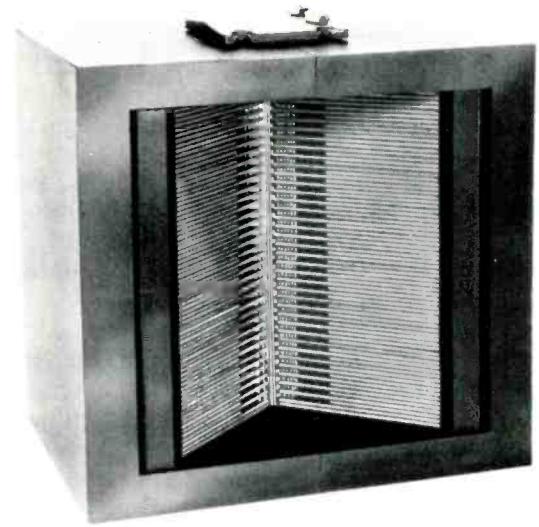
Another flat loudspeaker is the Fisher Sound Panel. While not claimed to be state-of-the-art, the unit is offered as an alternative to bookshelf loudspeakers. A single flat slab of acoustic polymer has two voice coils fastened to it. Because of the panel's physical design and the placement of the two coils, one acts as a woofer and the other as a tweeter. Sound is produced equally from front and rear.

More mundanely, several manufacturers claim to have developed improved woofers, with better "attack," power handling, and distortion characteristics. Infinity's new woofer (in its Monitor, already discussed) uses what is described as a patented magnetic system that permits it to handle 200 watts of continuous power without damage—including the demagnetization that conventional woofers can suffer with superpower amplifiers.

Also mentioned are ported-dustcap woofers (Onkyo), copper caps over magnetic poles (Sony,

Irving M. Fried (the IMF of IMF speakers) is one of the most enthusiastic of audio fans.





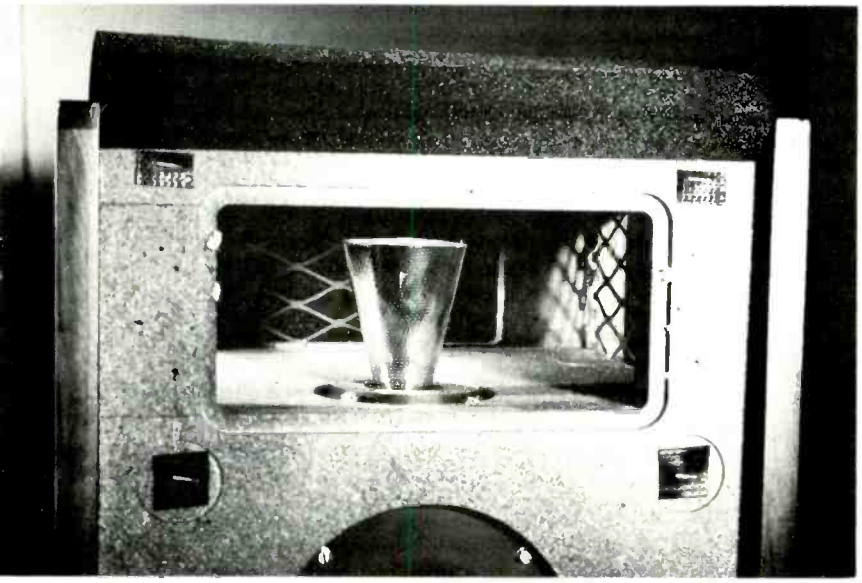
Most strikingly "different" of all systems discussed in this article is Ohm A (above), which drives full frequency range from the conical element shown here. Most other new driver elements (like the electrostatic elements that some seek to replace) appear more appropriate to one end of the frequency range than the other—at least in presently available products. The Infinity tweeter (top, facing page) is related to the Ohm A's operating principles, though the

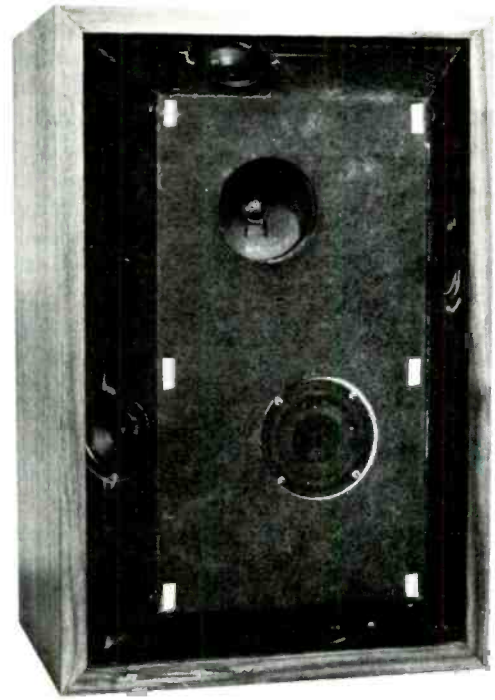
Pioneer), huge magnetic systems (SAE), and laminated magnets (LDL). None of these, properly speaking, is a new idea, though some appear to have been patentably innovative in their present forms. Two points are interesting here, however. First, the emphasis on unconventional refinements in magnetic structures surely represents a step forward from the insistence on sheer magnet mass that characterized loudspeaker advertising only a few years ago. Second, manufacturers are now agreeing that woofers as well as tweeters need improving. To recoin a phrase: A woofer and a tweeter do not a speaker make—meaning that as one art advances so must the other, and that the advances must be coordinated.

Other new loudspeakers, rather than presenting new drive principles as such, seem primarily to be concerned with the way in which the energy at the driver is presented to the air in the room—and hence to the ears of the listener. Some of the systems we have discussed—the Ohm A and the Heil Air Motion Transformer for example—adopt unusual means to this end, of course; and there are others.

Leslie, heretofore known for its electric-organ speakers, has a new design for home use, including its own built-in amplifier [see test report, this issue]. A baffle in the woofer system of these speakers slowly rotates, "sweeping" the room. Built into the electronics is a phase-shifting system; as a unit the baffle and phase shifter is intended to subdue standing waves in the listening room. The phase shifter, which can be turned off, also is intended to produce quasi-quadraphonic spatial effects when a pair of Leslies are used in the back of the room, supplementing a conventional pair at the front.

Several new companies have combinations of small drivers, generally in omni or reflecting arrays—each product with its own special claims and virtues, though some readers doubtless will see the interest in this type of design as a reflection of the phenomenal success the Bose 901 system has enjoyed. Design Acoustics uses small drivers on multiple intersecting planes, operating above a conventional woofer which faces vertically. Epicure Products has its various "tower" loudspeakers. APL (Applied Physics Laboratories) uses sixteen full-range drivers, each one "individually equalized" for optimum performance. The Array 12 employs eleven 4½-inch drivers, each with its own





cone orientation is reversed; it is used with a transmission-line woofer system. The Heil Air Motion Transformer (opposite) presently handles midrange and highs in conjunction with a conventional ducted woofer system; ESS, which produces it, is said to be at work on a full-range Heil system. It is the woofer system of the Leslie Plus 2 (top, facing page) that is most striking; the driver faces downward into a revolving baffle that "sweeps" the room. The Design Acoustics D-6 (right) is one of many systems that angle tweeters for broad dispersion.

"special network"— to smooth the midrange, claimed by Array to be rough in all comparable multidriver systems. The eleven drivers are in a ducted enclosure; a high crossover feeds a single tweeter described as a polycarbonate dome. LDL, whose novel magnet system was mentioned earlier, says its multiple-driver array may be used without an equalizer.

In complete contrast to all the above is a fascinating new approach demonstrated last September at the New York High Fidelity Music Show. It is the product of a new group headed by Saul Marantz (founder of Marantz, which now is owned by Superscope). The unit is called the Jon Dahlquist loudspeaker after its designer, and it should be available this year. The Jon Dahlquist Phased Array speaker is planar. (The first samples looked like the Quad electrostatic.) It is not, however, a dipole (or doublet), radiating front and rear; Dahlquist strongly rejects such concepts. Rather he states that the flat shape is a device to avoid the diffraction distortions common to conventional enclosure loudspeakers. Mounted on the flat baffle are five dynamic speakers, each chosen for a special range of frequencies. These are joined by a complex crossover network, which equalizes their on-axis response with special compensation for on-axis time-delay distortions. The purpose of all this is to keep all phase relationships coherent—that is, in step with each other at all frequencies—just as they would be in radiating from a live source.

Mr. Dahlquist believes that a good loudspeaker should only operate on the frontal hemisphere, and never backward; that good dispersion forward is a virtue; but that it is better to have poor dispersion than to let any signals be reflected. Indeed, the design concept of the loudspeaker is to keep from "wasting energy" in other directions and to keep from confusing the stereo image. Mr. Dahlquist, it might be noted, speaks from a vast background of research and development on other kinds of loudspeakers—and sounds like a spokesman for the English (BBC) school of speaker research, or the corresponding French (ORTF) school. His ideas and his patented speaker represent a divergence from the prevailing U.S. school of wide, or even omnidirectional, dispersion. The design is a refreshing restudying of the principles of sound propagation and of the relationship of the speaker to the room and to the listener. I suspect that the

Dahlquist will have a lasting effect on speaker design.

Despite some evidence of a trend away from electrostatics, two speakers have come out with that ever-glamorous drive in new formats, each claiming to correct all the problems of its predecessors.

The Crown International Auralinear is a hybrid. It has paralleled electrostatic cells used for the full range above 350 Hz, with dynamic woofers in acoustic-suspension enclosures used below that frequency. The cells stand free in the room, radiating from both front and back. Electronic protection circuits are built into the crossovers. Crown claims that the Auralinear represents enormous advances over the "timorous, touchy, and crackling old electrostatics." All the virtues are there, with a new ruggedness and ability to reproduce at very high levels.

The Dayton-Wright (named not for two men but one, Mike Dayton-Wright), spreading into the U.S. from Canada, is a free-standing full-range electrostatic, claimed to cover the full range of sound with "electrostatic quality" in all frequency bands. Each speaker has eight electrostatic cells mounted in two ranks, one above the other, and with provision for coupling the cells in various ways, depending on the configuration that best suits the room's acoustics. Normally, each cell is used full range. The driver assembly is encased in a plastic bag filled with a nonconductive gas. Designer Dayton-Wright claims to have solved problems "inherent in other electrostatics"—lack of efficiency, nonlinearity, inability to handle extreme dynamic range—by eliminating insulating sheathing in the drivers in favor of the nonconductive gas so that the speaker can take high signal voltages and produce long excursions without arcing and thus be low in distortion and high in output. He also says his design eliminates the phase distortion of crossovers and keeps wave fronts from the various elements coherent.

While Crown and Dayton-Wright have developed interesting (and expensive) new designs, some manufacturers are trying to get better performance from less floor space—an important practical consideration, particularly in quadraphonics. Noteworthy are the JBL sound columns and the EPI Microtower, two adaptations of the tuned columns that date back to high fidelity's earliest days. The results are excellent in terms of cost and space and show how much one can improve on old designs with modern materials and know-how.

The search for more realistic bass reproduction in speakers takes several forms; most manufacturers are offering "new approaches" of varying complexity and cost. Perhaps most newsworthy are the various transmission-line loudspeakers turning up in the deluxe sector of the market.

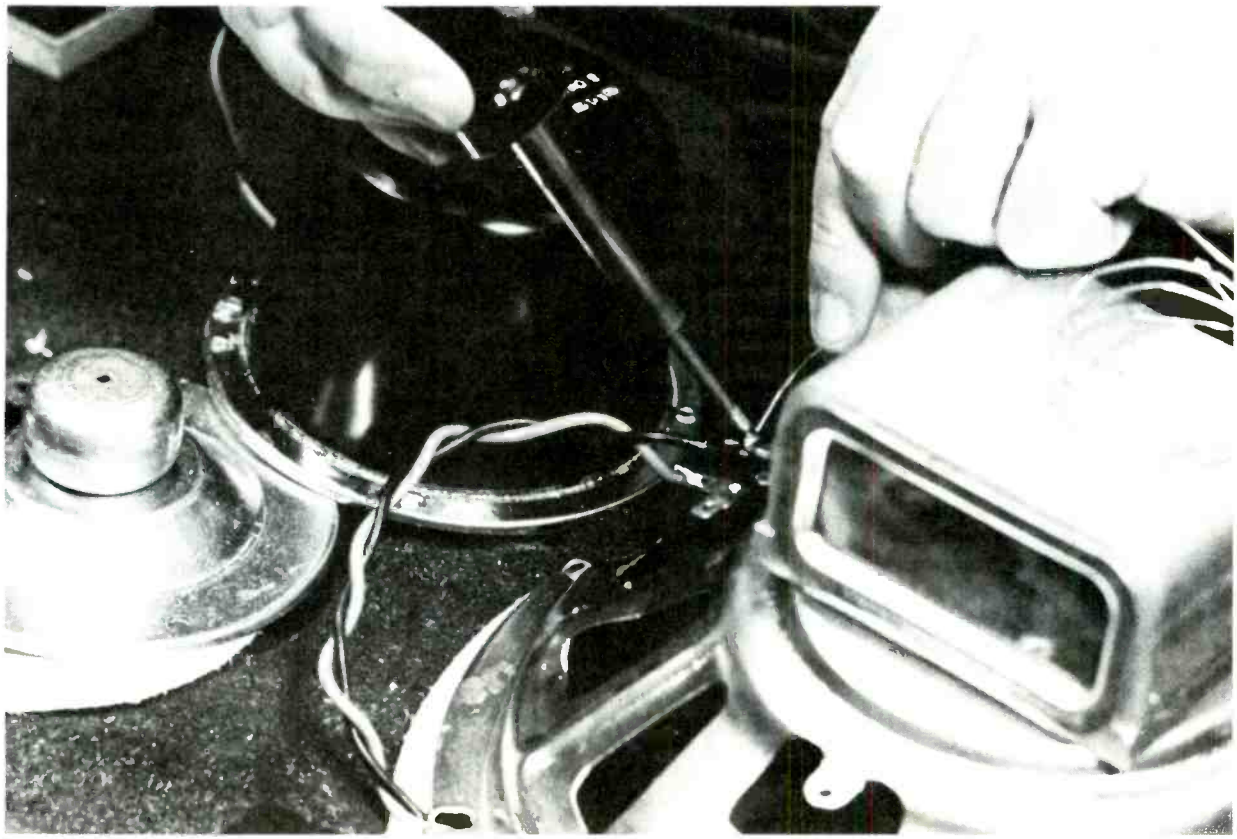
The transmission-line concept is not new; old hands will remember the Stromberg-Carlson acoustical labyrinths of the late Thirties and early Fifties. A decade or so ago the British revived the idea of enclosing a driver in a long tube leading from the back of the driver. According to its proponents, the principle can be used wherever the criterion is more *natural* bass propagation, or wherever it is more *accurate* midrange or bass propagation. Thus some manufacturers have adopted transmission lines for both bass and midrange, justifying the complexity and expense by the more accurate reproduction made possible by high-quality drive systems. Properly executed, the technique provides a dead acoustic environment for the driver, killing reflections back to it from the enclosure and sound feed through enclosure walls. In addition, bass lines can be tuned like organ pipes, lowering the free-air resonance of a driver (to get deeper fundamentals in the bass) and smoothing the impedance characteristics of the loudspeaker (thus making more efficient the transfer of power from the amplifier).

All of these virtues contribute to the transient performance claimed by transmission-line advocates. There are some vices, however, lowered overall efficiency and susceptibility to subsonic disturbances being the most important. But the designers have been busy, and a number of successful transmission-line systems are available from Infinity Systems, ESS, Radford (and Audionics, U.S. importer of Radford products), Music and Sound, and IMF. The configurations vary of course from model to model.

A related idea, again from England, is the active-line loudspeaker. The transmission lines we have been discussing are passive—i.e., driven from one end only. In the new IMF ALS-40 loudspeaker the bass line is driven conventionally at the top end, and driven at its "port" end by a subsonic-resonance woofer through a complex phase-shifting network. The design team at IMF makes the following claims for the active-line principle: that it reduces cabinet size for equivalent performance; that it increases efficiency and power-handling capacity (i.e., acoustic power into the room); and that it eliminates subsonic problems.

Certainly no one has repealed the laws of physics, though speaker designers are wont to accuse each other of claiming to do so. All that can be said about the current state of the loudspeaker art is that some manufacturers are succeeding in making sonic advances, by a better understanding and application of the laws of physics, acoustics, and psychoacoustics. In short the art is not standing pat even though the laws within which it operates are. We are seeing more and more fresh design ideas; and some of them are, I think, better solutions to the eternal quest for the ideal loudspeaker. At the worst, there is a rebirth of excitement in loudspeaker design, and the purchaser this year is given some real choices. I for one look forward to the final verdicts on today's new designs—the verdict of the marketplace!

Speakers by William Tynan

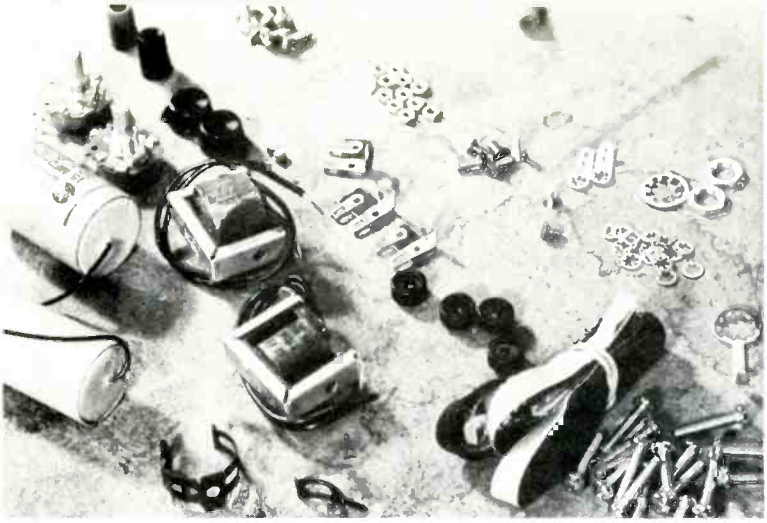


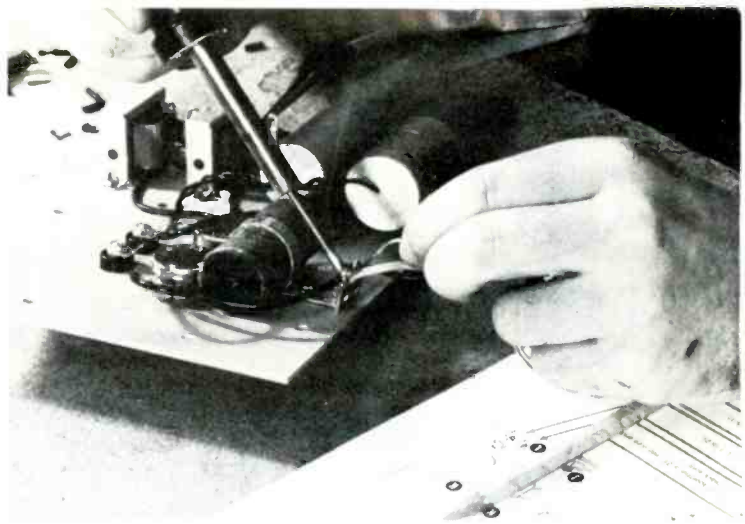
Build Your Own

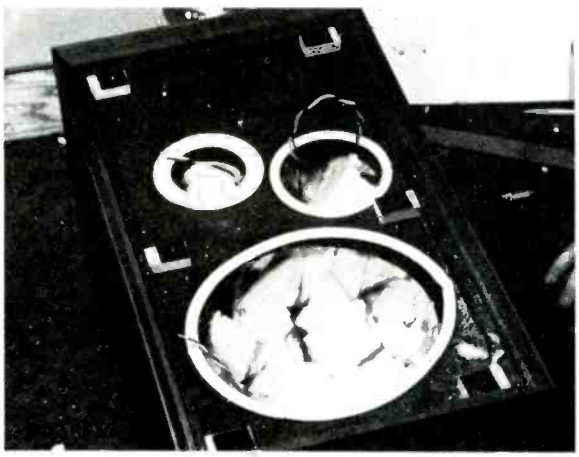
From kits or from scratch, the do-it-yourselfer can construct a growing number of speaker systems.

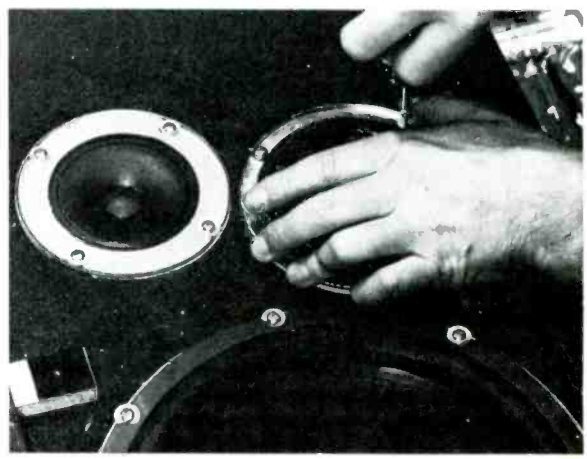
IN THIS AGE of exotic loudspeakers is there still room for people who want to roll their own? Definitely; and although these do-it-yourselfers aren't of the same ilk as the trail blazers of twenty-five years ago, their numbers are slowly growing. The real pioneers were basically experimenters, painstakingly altering hand-built enclosures in size, configuration, and acoustical packing in their search for better reproduction. Loudspeaker manufacturers soon added a helping hand by offering pretested plans and even speaker-system kits. But when electronics kits suffered an eclipse concurrent with the introduction of transistorized circuitry and printed circuit boards, speaker kits too seemed to enter a decline. For one thing, some looked just *too* homemade when compared to factory-finished units. By two or three years ago sales of all kits, including speaker systems, had dipped sharply from the twenty-five per cent of the market they claimed in the early Sixties. Today, however, most manufacturers see harbingers of a renewed growth in the market.

A chief deterrent to building speaker systems from scratch (drivers themselves require too much precision of assembly to allow home building of course) has been the need for a solid woodworking and acoustical background. There is no way to pretest how speakers bought separately will behave in-









Today's typical kits—here represented by Heath AS-104—include a collection of parts (upper left) that must be assembled (upper right) to make crossover/control unit. Enclosure comes preassembled. Crossover unit is mounted at back, acoustic stuffing added (lower left), drivers mounted on front panel (lower left and previous page). When grille cloth is placed over drivers the system is complete.

side your home-brew enclosure. As the individual drivers must be matched among themselves and the crossover and enclosure (including damping material) matched to the drivers, scratch building of a multidriver system is a major project, and there's no guarantee of attaining sound quality comparable to that of a production-line model. In building a kit, however, you bypass most of these problems and will need only a few hand tools to do the job. An additional attraction is the twenty per cent or more you may save over the cost of a comparable preassembled model. And some designs are intended for installation in closets or walls, eliminating the need for separate enclosures.

If you are planning to build without benefit of kits, some manufacturers of raw speakers and crossovers offer extensive information for constructing enclosures to match their products. If you want to design your own, you generally must rely on books such as *How to Build Speaker Enclosures* by Alexis Badmaieff and Don Davis (published by Howard Sams) or Abraham B. Cohen's *Hi-Fi Loudspeakers and Enclosures* (Rider), considered two of the standard works on this subject. Most home builders (and certainly all novices) will prefer the kit approach, however. In the past several years a growing number of kits have been offered with prefinished and precisely precut enclosure parts or fully preassembled enclosures in which only the baffle, crossover and control panel, and drivers have been left unmounted.

A sign of the times, perhaps, is the one-year-old acoustic-suspension kit line of National Tel-Tronics of Great Neck, New York. It offers a two-way system (CK-20-2, $60) and a three-way system (CK-20-3, $70) and now is expanding with a smaller two-way and a larger four-way system. Designed for the real novice builder, they don't even require the use of a soldering iron. "Nothing is needed but a screwdriver and glue," says a company spokesman. The enclosure comes as a string of mitered side pieces held together by a walnut-grain veneer overlay. To assemble the cabinet you simply apply glue and fold the panels over, fitting front and back panels into grooves precut in the sides. All crossover and speaker connections use slip-on sleeves. The company expresses enthusiasm over the potential market for these kits but believes

that the public must be educated to think in terms of kits for speakers. To this end it offers photos of a sweet young thing zipping through one of its kits.

About four years ago CTS of Paducah, which has supplied drivers to the speaker industry for many years, began offering speaker-system kits under its own brand name. CTS offers speakers ($5.00 to $27) only—no enclosures—but includes a wiring schematic and a detailed drawing of the recommended enclosure and driver mounting for each system. The company says it is too soon to forecast how much public acceptance its approach may achieve.

What about the more familiar names? A number are active in this area, though with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Jensen, a company whose drivers have been used by do-it-yourselfers for more than twenty years, has discontinued its line of single-cone component speakers and now lists only a half dozen coaxial and triaxial driver assemblies. General instructions for enclosures, including duct-tube and port-area dimension tables, are included with each speaker. The company offers more detailed plans for specific enclosures for these drivers and instructions on tuning a bass-reflex enclosure.

University, another old-timer, is phasing out some of its broad line of separate drivers during the next few months, but the Mustang series will stay intact. Free plans for enclosures, available through University's customer-service department, are geared to the average handyman according to the company. A spokesman adds that from University's viewpoint the separate-driver market has been decreasing slowly, although he says he still gets several calls every day on speaker-system construction questions.

Electro-Voice is encouraged by the separate speaker business, and a shift in advertising emphasis to separate speakers has yielded results. "I'm amazed at the inquiries; we've received more per ad than on any other product we're advertising," E-V marketing executive William Sutherland told us. E-V (which manufactured one of the earliest folded-horn system kits some two decades ago) offers a mini-booklet with each driver describing how to use the driver and how to build enclosures. A more detailed booklet, including step-by-step cabinet assembly instructions, is available at a nominal cost, and full blueprints for constructing any of a half dozen corner and bass reflex enclosures cost $2.00 per design.

"We get a couple dozen inquiries a day," reports Paul Miller, high fidelity products manager at Altec, whose 604 series of coaxial drivers is among the industry's longevity champions. The company plans to increase its advertising of drivers and enclosures in the near future. "We have a man assigned full time to handling customer inquiries," Mr. Miller said, adding that separate drivers and enclosures account for about ten per cent of the company's business. The key, he said, is in encouraging dealers to go after the business. Altec makes available its complete floor-model speaker line in raw-enclosure form, and provides plans for building enclosures from scratch, though it does not offer knockdown cabinet kits.

The trend is upward at Utah also, where a new series of five drivers is being added. It offers a wide variety of unmounted drivers, along with a two-way system less cabinet (WTC-8, $25). All connections use slip-on terminals, so no soldering is needed. Cabinet plans are included with woofers; diagrams for baffle cutouts and speaker-system wiring are included with the midrange drivers and tweeters.

Olson has added some new tweeters to its line and plans to offer knockdown cabinet kits next year for 8- and 12-inch speakers. Cabinet instructions are included with some speakers, and the company generally offers the Sams book on speaker enclosures free with its top-grade drivers.

Radio Shack has also added a new speaker kit (28-4301, $50) with a preassembled cabinet. The

Our Experience with Two New Quick-Kits

When National Tel-Tronics announced its CK-20-2 and CK-20-3 bookshelf systems HIGH FIDELITY decided to give them a try. Each includes the necessary drivers, a circuit board (plus parts, which attach via slip-on sleeves) for the crossover, instructions, and a Model KD cabinet, which comes with all sides held together in a single piece, as described in the accompanying article. Even the glue for putting it together is supplied, as is sound-absorbent stuffing, hardware, and grille cloth. It took us about a half hour to put the pieces together.

The CK-20-2 ($59.95) has an 8-inch high-compliance air-suspension woofer and a 2-inch dome-center tweeter; the CK-20-3 ($69.95) adds a midrange driver to this complement. Both are housed in the same cabinet, 20 by 10¼ by 9½ inches, which may be positioned horizontally or vertically.

We found the performance of both models to be distinctly better than average for the prices. The smoothest range of the CK-20-2 is from about 40 to 12,500 Hz. There is some doubling at 80 Hz, but it does not increase at lower frequencies. At about 5 kHz some beaming can be heard, and it increases with frequency though test tones could be heard off axis even above 10 kHz. National Tel-Tronics rates this model at 8 ohms, for use with amplifiers of at least 15 watts per channel, and for a power capacity of 60 watts.

The CK-20-3 has the same impedance rating and minimum power recommendation, but is rated to handle 80 watts. The sound is quite similar, though the midrange is more prominent and better defined—definitely worth the extra $10 in our opinion.

company says its separate driver sales are "phenomenal," posing problems of keeping up with the growth. No enclosure instructions or plans are offered with its speakers.

Radford, a British company whose products now are available here through Audionics of Portland, Oregon, offers systems in what might be called semi-kit form. The Radford/Audionics package includes drivers, crossovers, a measured quantity of sound-absorbent stuffing, enclosure plans, and instructions (including recommendations for alternate finishing methods) designed for the more advanced constructor. One model available in this form, for example, is the Radford TL-90, a tower-shaped system with transmission-line bass, selling for about $300; the kit costs only $140 (plus the materials for the enclosure, of course). Other models, as well as variants of the basic TL-90 are available. Though Audionics has just begun offering these kit packages, Radford itself has offered them in England for some time, apparently with considerable success among the more sophisticated hobbyists.

Heath, a company that by virtue of its almost single-minded devotion to the interests of kit builders can claim a special position in the field, is steering away from knockdown cabinets. "Judging from responses in the past, people who want to put speaker kits together are not necessarily woodworkers," says a spokesman. Heath offers several separate drivers and has two new acoustic-suspension kits this year (AS-104, $90; AS-105, $65 unfinished or $70 in walnut finish). Kit directions include a booklet with detailed pictorial and written instructions, along with suggestions on what to check if the speakers fail to function once the kit is assembled. All cabinets are preassembled, and separate speakers come with cabinet recommendations. "Response has been very good," says Heath executive Earl Broihier. But an important thrust of the Heath speaker kit line in recent years has been the inclusion of designs from the major speaker specialists. Represented are AR (the AS-103A, based on the AR-3a), Altec (the AS-101 floor-standing system), Bozak (the AS-102, in a similar floor enclosure), and James B. Lansing (the AS-38 and AS-48 bookshelf systems, which resemble JBL Lancer systems).

James B. Lansing itself predicts a major resurgence of do-it-yourself speaker building within the next five years. Currently JBL offers separate drivers and enclosures. An enclosure instruction manual is available free, and detailed plans for four enclosures, each of which can handle six different driver lineups, cost $2.00 to $3.00 per enclosure. As an additional service, for $15 the factory will install the speaker-system kit of the buyer's choice in an enclosure. Also available is the M12 Expander Kit ($70), which allows upgrading of the 88 Plus bookshelf system to the equivalent of a Century L-100.

Besides a kit available through Heath, Bozak has individual speakers, panel-mounted systems based on speaker systems in its regular catalogue but for installation in a wall or buyer-supplied enclosure, and two enclosure kits. A comprehensive assembly manual is provided. Consumer interest is described as "good" although sales are slightly off from the peak of five years ago.

Barzilay of California offers an extensive "audio furniture" line, including speaker enclosures and equipment consoles in both preassembled and kit form. Lafayette has separate speakers and three enclosures, including one knockdown floor-standing model (20 P 01493WX, $45). No enclosure plans are offered with the speakers, but basic instructions are supplied with enclosures. Lafayette says it assumes a basic woodworking knowledge on the part of the customer. Tannoy offers speakers and enclosures, along with technical instructions on installation.

One company on the fringe of speaker kits is Klipsch, which offers a Decorator series with raw wood enclosures. But an assistant to Paul Klipsch adds that the company is vehemently opposed to kits or plans as such because they cannot match the quality and precision of preassembled models. Another company, Dynaco, offers kits in all its product categories *except* speakers. Dynaco's Bob Tucker explains that automation has reduced factory construction time to less than thirty minutes; hence if it were to offer kit versions of its speakers the saving to the customer would be less than $10. He also suggests that having four *exactly* identical speakers is desirable for four-channel listening, and it would be almost impossible for any home builder to tune four kits (for Dynaco's speaker systems) to the close tolerances that result automatically from factory building.

So where does this leave the aspiring speaker-kit builder? Probably in a better position than he was five years ago—or at any time for that matter. His choices range from selecting and matching individual drivers and constructing an enclosure from scratch to one of building a prepared kit that can be assembled in about thirty minutes and requires little if any woodworking or electronic knowledge. And they can offer good value in spite of the minimal savings to be expected by contrast to comparable preassembled units. Also important, certainly, is the fact that kits give the builder a certain sense of accomplishment without involving him in the highly technical field of loudspeaker-system design. Yet for the venturesome that field—strewn though it is with potential pitfalls—probably will never lose its unique allure.

Readers wishing more information about the products outlined in this article may write us for a list of manufacturers' addresses, specifying which of these three categories interest you: kits, plans, or enclosures.

Speakers

by Edward J. Foster

How Much Power Do Yours Really Need?

Some guidelines to help you decide

I VENTURE into this topic with some trepidation, I must admit. Mating amplifier, loudspeaker, listening room, and listener is no simple matter—a fact to which the dearth of articles on the subject will attest. Many of the variables cannot be pinned down to the hard numbers with which the scientist prefers to work. For example the amount of amplifier power needed depends not only on the loudspeaker's efficiency and how loud you like your music, but on the type of music you like, the size and shape of your listening room, and how it's decorated. Of this whole complex, only the loudspeaker efficiency can be expressed in unequivocal mathematical terms, and even then the efficiency varies with frequency.

Determining whether a loudspeaker and amplifier are "compatible" is a little easier, but not much. Numbers should be available to characterize the loudspeaker's efficiency and short-term power-handling capability. You probably will have difficulty getting them from the manufacturer, but they have been measured and are available to you in the HIGH FIDELITY test reports. What isn't available (for obvious reasons) is the length of time that the loudspeaker will handle these input powers before being destroyed—and that can be of some concern to you if you have a high-powered amplifier. Though it may be impossible to establish universal rules to determine the precise power requirements of your system, guidelines can and must be set down if you are to select your equipment rationally.

The System Approach

Where do we start? The theoretical method of establishing your system requirements is to begin with an estimate of the acoustic power needed. Once that is determined you can tentatively select a loudspeaker and determine, via its efficiency, the required amplifier power. Then you had better check back to see that the loudspeaker can handle the power level you are planning to feed it. If it won't, you'll have to select a different loudspeaker and start over. By following this approach you have some assurance that the loudspeaker-amplifier system will be able to produce the sound levels you want. If you consider loudspeaker efficiency alone,

The author is a frequent contributor to this magazine.

or power-handling capability alone, you can be misled. It's the two together that determine how much sound you can produce—and that's what really counts.

What we've just laid out is the best approach if you are about to invest in *both* an amplifier and in loudspeakers. Of course if you have one and are looking for the other, the procedure will have to be altered accordingly. For example, if you're already committed to an amplifier rated at 20 watts per channel but are in the market for new loudspeakers you will have to choose from among models with a high enough efficiency not to overtax your present amplifier. That may or may not pose a problem.

Acoustic Power Levels

The real trick is in translating these neat theories into practice. How much acoustic power do you need? It's very difficult to estimate. If you follow the recommendations of RCA's pioneer audio researcher and theoretician Harry Olson, the maximum requirement for concert music in a 3,000-cubic-foot room is about 24 dB above 1 milliwatt. That's about one quarter watt of acoustic power (not amplifier power, as we shall see).

Olson's recommendations are based on public address system installations. Are they directly applicable to a home high fidelity system? My judgment would be that his estimates are on the low side. For one thing public address systems are generally of limited bandwith. You might be wise to double his estimate for a wide-band system (that is, one handling the full audio frequency range) depending upon the content of the program material. And your living room is not an auditorium. Although the people sitting in the auditorium are highly absorbent, the rest of the room may be quite reflective. Your living room on the other hand may be carpeted, have draperies on the windows, and be filled with upholstered furniture—all of which absorb much of the sound energy. For comparison's sake, while hard walls absorb only 2 to 5 per cent of the sound energy that strikes them, draperies and carpets absorb 35 to 40 per cent. Quite a difference!

Next you must consider the loudness level you prefer. This is an area where seemingly small changes will result in drastic differences in power requirements. The sound levels you probably are accustomed to depend on three things: you, the music, and the background noise in the room. If you customarily use your stereo system as a source of background music, forget it. Power is not your concern. If, on the other hand, you listen at so-called concert levels you probably are setting your volume as a function of the dynamic range of the program material and the noise level in the room. In general the audiophile tends to increase the volume until the room noise no longer intrudes during quiet passages. During loud sections the music masks the room noise, but during pianissimos, if the volume is set low, the room noise will predominate and mask the music; you will feel the need to turn up the volume until the music re-establishes its supremacy. And this of course makes greater demands on the system during the fortissimos. The greater the dynamic range of the program the more power you'll need to handle the loud passages and still keep the quiet ones above the background. This is why classical music in particular requires power reserves. Pop and rock are usually compressed in dynamic range so there is little variation from loud to soft. Although they're generally listened to at a high level and the synthetic instruments used in the arrangements generate substantial amounts of high-frequency energy, they don't need the reserve capability that classical music requires.

What sort of power demands result from these personal factors? Your intuitive evaluation may run like this: "I listen to music at about twice the loudness levels that Joe does, so I must need twice the power." Seems logical, but unfortunately matters are much worse than that. If you're really listening at what the *ear* would evaluate as twice Joe's level you need approximately 10 dB more power than he has. Since the dB scale is logarithmic rather than arithmatic, that works out to ten times his power—not twice!

So now you see the problem. The imponderables are so large and have so much effect on power requirements that it's practically impossible to give firm estimates of required power on a generalized basis. If we start off with Olson's 24 dB (re 1 acoustic milliwatt), what should we add for the extended bandwidth of a high fidelity system? Perhaps 3 dB? Okay. Now what about room absorption? Another 1 or 2 dB? Doesn't sound like much, does it? How about something for variations in background noise or personal preferences? Another 5 dB perhaps. These allowances would then add up to maybe 10 dB. That's a total of 34 dB above 1 milliwatt, or 2.5 acoustic watts—ten times Olson's power of one quarter watt. And, more important, the calculated power requirement would have been quite different with a different set of assumptions. Suppose we drop the 2 dB for room absorption. Then we only need 32 dB above 1 milliwatt or 1.58 watts—6⅓ times the starting point. If we put in only 2 dB reserve for personal preference rather than 5 dB, we cut the requirements in half! But we know it takes about 10 dB to double the loudness, not 2 dB or even 5 dB. What it all comes down to is that you can get pretty decent sound with a relatively small acoustic power level, but if you take all the contingencies into account the "requirements" become

enormous. That's the difference between high fidelity and the table radio.

Electrical Power

Until now, all the specified power levels have seemed small because we've been talking about *acoustic* power—that is, the number of watts of power that appear in your room as sound. Now we want to translate this into amplifier power requirements: How many watts must your amplifier be capable of delivering? That depends on the efficiency of the loudspeaker system and here again there is a wide spread. Horn loudspeakers of about 40-per-cent efficiency have been developed, but not for home high fidelity systems. Still, the horn-loaded loudspeaker remains the most efficient of high fidelity transducers. In its home version, a good one probably comes in at about 10-per-cent efficiency. That means you'll need an amplifier with a power rating that is ten times your desired acoustic output. If we take our previous acoustic power calculations, a 25-watt amplifier would be needed if we are to achieve 2.5 acoustic watts in the room.

If we go to the smaller and more popular loudspeakers that operate on the acoustic suspension principle, efficiency falls off to perhaps 1 to 3 per cent. A 1-per-cent-efficient unit will require 250 electrical watts from the amplifier to generate 2.5 acoustic watts, and 25 watts even to generate a mere one quarter acoustic watt! The moral is simple. If you want to use a relatively low-powered amplifier you had better select a loudspeaker of at least moderate efficiency or resign yourself to low-level listening. Here the statements about transducer efficiency published in HIGH FIDELITY's test reports are very useful.

The Saving Grace

What happens to all that extra power? If we have a loudspeaker efficiency of 1 per cent and an input of 250 electrical watts to get 2.5 acoustic watts out, what happened to the other 247.5 watts? The answer is that they are converted to heat. And that's a lot of heat—about one quarter the amount your iron or toaster generates. Can the loudspeaker take these power levels? Not for long, but luckily it doesn't have to.

The power levels of music are not constant. When you listen to music, it is obvious that the loudness level varies considerably. When you remember that it takes at least ten times as much power to double the loudness level, you will realize that the long-term average power is pretty low compared with the maximum power on fortissimos. Even if we assume that the dynamic range of classical music will be limited to about 40 dB and further assume that the long-term average power is 20 dB less than (that is, only 1/100 of) the maximum power, our long-term average power input to the 1-per-cent-efficient transducer is only 2.5 watts. If we consider transducer efficiency of 2½ per cent (probably more typical) the long-term average power is about 1 watt and the maximum power is about 100 watts during the fortissimos for the acoustic conditions we assumed previously. Of course the compressed range of rock music puts the average and maximum power levels closer to each other.

A little aside is necessary here to clarify the power terms we're using. There has recently been considerable controversy in power terminology mainly because of ill-defined and carelessly used terms. When we referred to "maximum power" in the previous paragraph we meant the greatest *average* power needed for relatively short-time durations—say, no more than a second or two. We did *not* mean *peak* power, which is the highest power achieved by an amplifier on an instantaneous basis. By "long-term average power" we mean the power averaged over a considerable length of time to include both pianissimos and fortissimos. Obviously it is much lower than "maximum power."

If it weren't for the big difference between maximum power and long-term average power, loudspeakers would burn up regularly. In electric guitar applications, where the average power is very high, loudspeakers are destroyed at a rate that would shock the audiophile even though these loudspeakers have an especially rugged construction. You should be keenly aware of the distinction between long-term average and maximum power ratings. Your amplifier and loudspeaker may be "compatible" in the sense that the loudspeaker requires and can handle short-term average power levels (what we have termed maximum power) of perhaps 50 watts and you are using a 50-watt amplifier. But while the 50-watt amplifier can deliver 50 watts indefinitely, the loudspeaker may not be able to accept it indefinitely! If the amplifier should break into oscillation or if you were to run your tape recorder in a fast mode with the tape in contact with the head you might deliver continuous power levels that the loudspeaker could not handle. It is very easy to destroy a tweeter under these conditions.

You are well advised to adhere to the loudspeaker manufacturer's ratings and recommendations regarding the appropriate amplifier power levels to use with his unit. He should recommend the minimum amplifier power that will give a reasonably undistorted sound level under average conditions and he should state the maximum power level his unit can withstand. You are also well advised to fuse the loudspeaker circuit so that if the maximum level is exceeded on a long-term

basis the fuse will open and protect the loudspeaker.

The Audibility of Amplifier Clipping

Even if you use a relatively powerful amplifier—say 50 watts per channel—with a medium-efficiency speaker system, it is likely that the peak power level of the music will exceed the amplifier's capabilities on occasion. Whether you hear the distortion that results will depend a good deal on how the amplifier recovers from the overload. This is a complex characteristic that would be difficult to state in useful terms, and so it normally goes unmeasured. Yet it can be the source of an audible difference between amplifiers. Some amplifiers recover from an overload almost instantaneously and they will sound "cleaner" and more powerful than an amplifier that can deliver the same undistorted power but breaks into a temporary oscillation during clipping or one that suffers a loss of output during or even immediately after overload. Sometimes the very protective circuits that are triggered during amplifier overload can create audible effects.

Matching the Amplifier and Loudspeaker

From our discussion of acoustic power requirements, we saw how difficult it is to determine the precise power level needed. Personally, I would rather err on the side of too much than of too little. This is not to say that good sound cannot be achieved with 25 watts per channel of amplifier power and relatively small loudspeakers, but you can't expect the sound to match that of a large and powerful system. Since I don't think you can really have too much power (presuming adequate safeguards are taken to protect the loudspeakers from the dangers of a misused superpowered amplifier) I would let my pocketbook be my guide in the last analysis.

Regardless of the power level you pick, your best results will be achieved by matching the power level of the amplifier with the loudspeaker's efficiency and the recommendations of its manufacturer. Remember that it may be less expensive to choose a more efficient loudspeaker and a lower-powered amplifier. If the choice is between a bookshelf loudspeaker with 1½-per-cent efficiency and a unit with 3-per-cent efficiency the latter will produce the same sound level from a 25-watt amplifier as the former would from a 50-watt unit. Be cautious though. The difference in price between the 25-watt amplifier and the 50-watt amplifier may reflect more than just the difference in power capability. The 25-watt amplifier may be a bottom-of-the-line set with fewer features and poorer overall performance. The relatively low cost per watt in solid-state amplifiers has encouraged the development of low-efficiency loudspeakers, but this philosophy can be carried too far; so judge each combination on its own merits.

If you intend to operate extra speaker pairs from the same amplifier, you had better provide extra power for them. You will also have to be careful with their rated impedances. While typical solid-state amplifiers will function with a wide range of load impedances, there is usually a recommended minimum load to prevent either damage to the amplifier or triggering of protective devices at relatively low output levels. The normal minimum is about 4 ohms. If you wish to connect extension loudspeakers in parallel with your present pair, both the main set and the extension set must be rated *realistically* at 8 ohms or more to stay above the 4-ohm load limit. Occasionally, loudspeakers rated at 8 ohms dip significantly below that value at some frequency. If your amplifier has a 4-ohm minimum load specification, you shouldn't use such loudspeakers in multiple connections without adding some series resistance. The loudspeaker test reports in HIGH FIDELITY will advise you if the loudspeaker impedance drops below nominal.

When selecting loudspeakers for secondary use, it is wise to buy units that either match or exceed your main loudspeakers' efficiency. If the efficiencies are closely matched, you will probably find that the sound level in both locations is pleasing with the same setting of the volume control. If the efficiency of the remote units is higher than the main ones, a pad (volume control) can be installed in the remote units to reduce their level. Generally the pad will reduce the damping factor of the amplifier as seen by the remote units. Better there than at the main loudspeakers, which I presume are of paramount importance to you.

Frequently a solid-state amplifier will deliver more power into a 4-ohm load than into an 8-ohm load. The amount of extra power available varies from model to model. If you're going to use extension loudspeakers, check the 4-ohm rating of the amplifiers you are considering. One model may be better in this respect than another even though both have the same 8-ohm rating.

The Final Choice

I've pretty much limited myself to a single aspect of amplifier and loudspeaker selection, namely, one based on power requirements. There are many more considerations—frequency response, transient response, dispersion, distortion of the loudspeaker system—that cannot be ignored. But perhaps I've shed a little light on why one audiophile feels 100 watts is inadequate while another is getting perfectly acceptable sound from a 20-watt amplifier! ●

by John Culshaw

Fragments from an Unwritten Autobiography

TIME HAS A WAY of elevating the trivial, or at least I hope it has. A few weeks ago I came across a not very distinguished book about Wagner published at the turn of the century. It is only worth mentioning because of an appendix in which the author describes his experiences backstage at the first Bayreuth festival in 1876, and he is positively apologetic about recounting such things as squabbles between the artists, difficulties with the mechanics of staging, and in-fighting between members of the orchestra. By hindsight it is all fascinating and revealing; yet the author felt apologetic because what he was describing seemed trivial in relation to what eventually emerged from Bayreuth. I share his reticence. Nothing would have induced me to publish accounts of the incidents which follow at or close to the time when they happened. I can only hope that the passage of time in terms of one or two decades has given some of them a sort of period charm, while the rest may help to clear up some long-standing mysteries about operatic casting.

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Friday, December 20, 1946. A perishingly cold night in the Royal Albert Hall, London, where an innovation is supposed to be taking place. British Decca has had the idea of recording several works and then promoting a concert at which they would be played. The purpose of the exercise is to invite distinguished members of the audience into the Prince Consort room after the concert to hear advance pressings of the recordings, thus inviting a direct comparison between what had just been heard in live conditions and the ultimate in high fidelity, which was then a large piece of furniture called the Decola. The soloist on that cold night was Paul Schoeffler who had recorded Wotan's Farewell the week before, and who now sang it again to a sparse and shivering audience.

Afterwards the gathering in the Prince Consort room was indeed distinguished, though whether by virtue of the promised playback or by the prospect of free food and drink remained unclear, since those were still the days of domestic rationing. Eventually the man in charge of demonstrations stood up and made an impassioned speech about the new reality of concert music in the home: about full-frequency range recording; and about how we were going to hear something which would be indistinguishable from what we had just heard in the expanses of the Albert Hall, although it had not in fact been recorded there. He then loaded four 78-rpm test pressings of Wotan's Farewell on the Decola and a great silence came over the room. People stopped eating. The demonstrator added a final flourish and flicked the mains switch. There was a loud bang, and a cloud of blue smoke came out from the Decola. It turned out that the Royal Albert Hall was one of the few buildings in London still using DC as distinct from AC mains electrical supply. The guests finished off the rest of the food and never did hear the record. A pity, because it was rather good and in any event miles better than the concert.

* * * * * * *

A marvelous story was told in the late 1940s about the Geneva reconciliation of Igor Stravinsky and Ernest Ansermet, and was authenticated by Ansermet himself—surprisingly, since a sense of humor was not his strongest quality. It may be recalled that despite his advocacy of Stravinsky's works in the Diaghilev days, Ansermet had made no bones about his distaste for the composer's later music and had been rash enough to go into print on the subject. In the years after the war Ansermet recorded on 78 rpm virtually all the Stravinsky he cared about, and one day when the composer was scheduled to visit Geneva a meeting with Ansermet was diplomatically engineered. (According to Ansermet it took place on a streetcar, but I find that a little too bizarre to accept.) It was evidently an occasion of some emotion, and ended with Ansermet inviting Stravinsky to his apartment to hear the recordings. Since Ansermet recorded exclusively for British Decca he had been given a Decola, and it was upon this machine that one afternoon he began to stack the auto-couplings of *Firebird, Petrushka, Rite of Spring*, and various other highly praised Stravinsky recordings he had made.

Stravinsky listened in silence, his head cupped in his hands. From time to time it was necessary for

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Ansermet to invert the pile of records, or to reload. Eventually, after some hours, the last record came to an end. Stravinsky did not move, nor did he say a word. It must have seemed evident to Ansermet that the composer was deeply touched, and he was not inclined to break the silence. In the end he could no longer contain himself. "What," he asked, "do you think?"

Stravinsky's head came out of his hands. "I think," he said, "that you need a new pickup."

* * * * * * *

In June 1951 two operas—*Manon* and *Carmen*—were scheduled to be recorded in Paris. These were entrusted to a charming man called Max de Rieux, who some time earlier had had a modest career as a tenor and who later turned his attention to stage production. He was engaged for the operas presumably because he had absolutely no recording experience. By the end of the second week in June some very strange stories indeed began to reach London about certain goings-on in Paris, where *Manon* was supposed to be in progress. There was, for example, a bulky invoice for an actor who could not possibly play any part in *Manon* as one knows it. As I was going to Paris on June 17 to make orchestral recordings with Roger Désormière I was asked to investigate discreetly just what was happening to the operas.

There was a heap of trouble. The French had taken strong exception to the casting of a German, Martha Mödl, in the role of Carmen. Strike action was threatened by the orchestra, and there was an ultimatum from the chorus. I was only on the periphery of things, but it seemed that Miss Mödl was not unduly disturbed by the prospect of a cancellation in Paris, since in less than a month she was due to sing Brünnhilde and Kundry at the reopening of the Bayreuth festival.

"Who on earth is going to replace her?" I asked Max de Rieux. "And with less than three days' notice."

"Ahhh!" he said, and glided away. The resident Carmen in Paris was Solange Michel, but she had already recorded the opera for French Columbia. In London we had Edith Coates and Constance Shacklock, both of whom were dismissed out of hand.

I then discovered the nasty secret about *Manon*. Max had written a sort of running commentary in French which was read by an actor (hence the invoice) to describe the scenes and the action of the opera. Since there were no multitrack tape machines in those days, and since the commentary had been recorded mostly over music there was nothing anyone could do to save *Manon* from disaster; but maybe something could be done for *Carmen*.

Sure enough, I found Max's script of which he was extremely proud. It was full of things like: "Now she comes down the factory steps . . . now she lights a cigarette . . . now she casts a burning glance at Don José." There were pages of it, based on the theory that at all moments when nobody is actually singing the listener's attention needs to be diverted from the music. I called my superiors, but nobody was prepared to take issue with Max: He had been given the assignment, and that was that. I also mentioned that to the best of my knowledge we had no Carmen. As a last resort I called Remy Farkas in our New York office because he was rather good at raising hell, which he immediately did, once he had recovered from his utter incredulity about the commentary idea. Max was ordered to drop the commentary in *Carmen*, whereupon he just about dropped the whole opera in my lap.

"Right," I said, "but *who* is going to sing Carmen?"

"I have engaged a most distinguished singer from the Opéra," Max said. "Her name is Suzanne Juyol."

"Mezzo?"

"She will have no difficulty."

"What does she usually sing?"

"Brünnhilde," he said gracefully, "and Isolde, and lots of that sort of thing."

The summer of 1951 was not a happy one in Paris, and neither opera survived very long in the catalogue, though *Carmen* deserved a place on the shelf if only for Janine Micheau's marvelous Micaëla.

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The extent to which a recording producer can or should influence an artist obviously depends on

Solti and Bjoerling—who needs rehearsals?

Ansermet and

Stravinsky—the pickup was punk.

Milanov (as Aida)—"*Vorse!*" she said.

their relationship and respect for each other. In Amsterdam in 1952 I had been threatened with a baptism of fire in the form of working with George Szell for the first time. As it happened we hit it off at once; and so, perhaps emboldened by the experience, I went further than I might otherwise have done in the next series of sessions with Eduard van Beinum, who was the chief conductor of the Concertgebouw. We were concerned with Brahms's First Symphony, and when we reached the last pages of the finale Van Beinum made the familiar ritardando in the bars before the final brass chorale and during the chorale itself. I have never really understood why conductors do this. The build-up to the climax is marked *piu allegro*, and there is nothing in the score to indicate that Brahms wanted either a ritardando before the chorale or, worse still, a ritenuto, which is an immediate slamming on of the brakes, when the trombones come in. It seemed to me that a strict adherence to accents and dynamics would take care of the climax without necessitating an unwritten change of tempo, and I made this observation gently to Van Beinum.

He looked utterly astonished but not in the least offended. Finally, he made a bet: He would play it that way once, and if on listening back he found it convincing then it would be champagne all round for the crew and the orchestra. He did, and it was; and he ended the symphony pretty much that way for the rest of his life. I recount this not with arrogance, but as an example of how you can sometimes be helpful, even if only by pointing out the obvious.

* * * * * * *

Rome 1957. Giuseppe di Stefano is giving a small dinner party for friends and some members of the cast of *La Gioconda* which we are trying to record for RCA. Morale has not been all that good, and the tension has spread to the dinner party where there are too many high-powered personalities for a room that size. Zinka Milanov is of course there, but in one of her silent moods.

A well-meaning but misguided American journalist attempts to liven the proceedings by trying to draw a jovial parallel between Italy's perilous economic state and the character traits of the average Italian tenor. It is not going down very well, but the guests are reasonably attentive. At the end Di Stefano says: "Well anyway I'm a Sicilian."

Madame Milanov then decides to utter. "*Vorse!*" she says.

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Most sane recording producers come to dread working with Italian tenors, and the more experience you have the less rational the exercise seems. It was therefore with genuine pleasure that I looked forward to working with Jussi Bjoerling in *Un Ballo in maschera* during the summer of 1960. We were to make it in Rome with Nilsson and Simionato in the cast, and with Solti conducting. I had never met Bjoerling, so about a month before the *Ballo* project I went to Vienna where he was recording the Verdi Requiem with Fritz Reiner. Bjoerling was in excellent voice and seemed friendly, but he had a heart condition and was drinking very heavily. I was more than a bit apprehensive about how he would make out in the July heat of Rome, but he did not seem too concerned.

Solti is meticulous about rehearsal, and a careful schedule had been prepared. To some extent it had been built to accommodate Bjoerling who did not want to stay longer than necessary in Rome, and he duly turned up for the first rehearsal on July 8. It was evident immediately that he was not going to get on with Solti because he was beyond the stage where he was prepared to reconsider any aspect of his performance. He had sung Riccardo all over the world and often with no rehearsal at all, so he saw little reason for it now. On July 9 he skipped rehearsal on the grounds of feeling unwell, but sent a message suggesting that instead of having separate rehearsals we should rehearse immediately before each session, thus saving him a double journey from the hall to his hotel.

Solti did not like this at all, and with good reason: The hall we were using in Rome was not air-conditioned. The strain of a three-hour session in such conditions is bad enough for a tape operator, but simply appalling for an active conductor: therefore the idea of adding another hour or ninety minutes of rehearsal immediately before the session was at the very least undesirable. Yet for the

sake of preserving a good working relationship with Bjoerling, Solti agreed; and a colleague of mine went over to Bjoerling's hotel to say that there would be a sixty-minute rehearsal immediately before the first session on July 10.

"Tell me something about Solti," Bjoerling said. "Is he a fairy?"

When my colleague had recovered from the shock he told Bjoerling that nothing could actually be further from the truth.

"Then why does he call everyone 'my dear'?" Bjoerling asked.

The next day Solti and the cast turned up for the rehearsal one hour before the session; Bjoerling didn't. He arrived some little time after the session had started, and wanted to interrupt whatever we were doing to try one of his arias. Solti kept his temper, and we recorded a few passages before Bjoerling decided he wanted to go home. On July 11 Solti wanted to quit and I didn't blame him for a minute. Yet he has extraordinary self-control in a crisis, and in the end he tried to reason with Bjoerling on the telephone. I went over to Bjoerling's hotel and begged him to make even a token gesture by coming to the rehearsal that night. I said how important it was to get his marvelous Riccardo down for posterity and that—whatever their differences—Solti felt the same way. On the other hand, I had to say that if things got any worse I might have to abandon the opera or look for another tenor. He did not think we would dare to do the former, and as for the latter. . . . However, he agreed to come to the rehearsal. Needless to say, he did not.

On July 12 we abandoned *Ballo*, and on September 9 Jussi Bjoerling died. In the following year, 1961, the opera was completed with Carlo Bergonzi as Riccardo.

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Meanwhile, there had been trouble in London where Sir Thomas Beecham had embarked upon his sensational *Messiah* for RCA, which at that time had a close relationship with British Decca. It was of immense importance to RCA that they should borrow Joan Sutherland for the recording, and this was duly arranged. Unfortunately, some sense of the importance RCA attached to Sutherland's participation in the venture may have reached Sir Thomas' ears, and after a very short time he demanded a replacement.

I was dispatched to his hotel to plead with him. He was jovial enough, and offered me an enormous gin and tonic at ten in the morning. I told him that, quite apart from anything I might say, a very senior executive from RCA in New York was at that moment on his way to London in the hope of resolving the situation.

"Alleluia!" Sir Thomas said.

But he would not budge. The senior executive came and went; and so for that matter did Joan Sutherland. Her place was taken by Jennifer Vyvyan.

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By casting Ettore Bastianini as Iago in the Karajan *Otello* in 1961 we were taking a calculated risk. He had never sung the role on stage, but his voice was in marvelous condition and he was enthusiastic about the idea. Yet he was a strangely inhibited man, and his fears may have been increased by the knowledge that he would be working with Tebaldi and Del Monaco, both of whom had vast experience in their parts.

Karajan is extraordinary in his way with singers. If he likes a singer he can be enormously attentive and helpful, and he is a brilliant accompanist in the highest sense of that word: He knows just when to go with a sympathetic singer, and just when to take the singer along with him. On the other hand when he does not like someone he can be ruthless. This liking or disliking is rarely a personal thing, but is entirely concerned with professional competence. Quite rightly he is no longer in the business of teaching singers the rudiments of their art.

The trouble with Bastianini, which became evident only gradually, was that he did not know his part. Worse still, he did not appear to know the opera. "What's all this business about a handkerchief?" he asked Del Monaco at one stage. We all thought this was a joke at the time, but it turned out not to be. The crunch came in the 6/8 passage in Act III ("*Questa è una ragna*") which he seemed not to be able to sing at all. Karajan demanded Aldo Protti as a replacement, partly for the practical reason that he was in Vienna, and partly because Protti had sung the part so many times with him in the theater. The choice provoked much grumbling from the critics later on, but at the time there was really no other option short of abandoning *Otello*, and you can't abandon an opera unless both management and the conductor agree.

* * * * * * *

I treasure a cable sent to me many years ago in a moment of terrible Viennese crisis by a colleague who had never had anything to do with classical recordings, but who had heard of our predicament. We were trying to record *Arabella* (which I personally considered a mistake in the first place); it was to have been conducted by Karl Böhm, but in the event it turned out to be Solti's first operatic recording and his first encounter with the Vienna Philharmonic. The two leading ladies were not, to put it mildly, on the closest of terms; and the schedule was continually wrecked by illness or misfortune. Word of some of this must have got back to London, and so the cable arrived. It said: IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERESTIMATE THE UNIMPORTANCE OF PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING. That, I think, just about sums it up. ●

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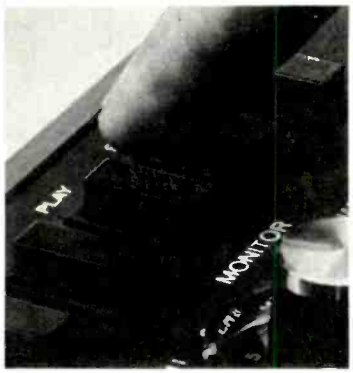

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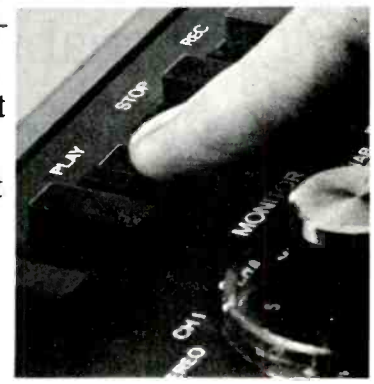


The recent recording boom is notable more for quantity than for quality.

by Royal S. Brown

The Scriabin Sonatas on Records

THE ARRIVAL of Igor Zhukov's complete collection of the Scriabin sonatas (minus the two posthumous works recorded by Ponti and Szidon) provides a good opportunity to survey this and the three other complete cycles, plus the host of individual versions (most of them relatively recent) listed in Schwann. Two general observations before beginning: First, of all the recordings only Laredo's renditions (Connoisseur Society) offer sound you might mistake for a real piano. The Ponti set (Vox) comes in a distant second, realistic enough in the low and mid-ranges but pretty tinny in the upper. Going from Laredo or Kuerti (Monitor) to Szidon (DG) or Zhukov is like going from an LP to a 78. Second, neither Laredo nor Szidon comes up with any really bad interpretations, while Somer's playing (in Nos. 4, 7, and 9, Mercury) offers little competition.

Sonata No. 1, in F minor, Op. 6.
The first two sonatas offer every bit as much interest as No. 3, although they get played nowhere nearly as often. All three are strongly marked by an opulent, almost decadent romantic writing that seems highly derivative until you become better acquainted, upon repeated hearings, with the short, often upward-moving melodic lines, the distinctive rhythmic patterns, and the particularly rich chordal structures and progressions that give Scriabin's early musical language its deep and captivating personality. For No. 1, Zhukov very nearly measures up to Szidon, who combines an excellent sense of balance and detail with a relaxed, mellowly romantic approach beautifully suited to this music. While avoiding some of Szidon's volume excesses, Zhukov nonetheless has a harsher approach to the piece that destroys some of its line. Laredo has Szidon's mellowness without sharing his clarity, while Ponti's detached and ridiculously mannered interpretation belongs altogether to another world that was never, one supposes, inhabited by Scriabin.

Sonata No. 2, in G sharp minor, Op. 19 (Sonata-Fantasy).
Szidon particularly impresses here with his ability to bring out the highly emotional lyrical subtleties buried in the second of the work's two movements. All of the others, particularly Ponti, skim over it, although Laredo produces some good rhythmic effects. In the first movement Ponti executes some of the rippling upper-register figures with such perfect evenness and such bell-like clarity that one almost forgets a mere piano is producing these iridescent sonorities. The Zhukov version, while not bad, is probably the least attractive of the four.

Sonata No. 3, in F sharp minor, Op. 23.
Probably the most often recorded of any Scriabin sonata, the Third has still not received, to my mind, anything near the ideal performance. Certainly Zhukov offers one of the worst. He generally overstates the work, rarely giving the music room to breathe and rarely going more than surface deep in spite of his impressive tech-

nique. And anyone who throws away those marvelous harmonic shifts in the second movement the way Zhukov does should be sent back to sensitivity school. Gould, the only pianist to take the second movement's grace notes seriously, offers a performance so studied that it almost dries up and blows away. But at least Gould makes a better case for an extremely slow first movement than Szidon, and for all his calculation Gould does give the work a definite profile. Horowitz' approach strikes me as curiously disinterested, and if you buy a recent pressing you'll have to put up with one of RCA's new superwarp discs. Only Ponti comes close to what I would consider an idiomatic performance, and even here he gives in to a few too many excesses to make his performance entirely successful. Laredo's rendition is sonorous and moves well but lacks contrast.

Sonata No. 4, in F sharp, Op. 30.
Nos. 4 and 5 seem to form a kind of second, transitional period in Scriabin's sonata output. Both are characterized by a greater textural complexity and a much more ambiguous formal structure than the earlier sonatas, and the Fifth, like all the following sonatas, has but one movement (the Fourth has two). On the other hand, both—unlike the later works—have key signatures and in fact depend greatly on the movement of groups of simple triads and their inversions; and both greatly lack the tonal ambivalence and the mystical, instinctive deployment of thematic material that mark Nos. 6 through 10. The Fourth benefits from two superb performances—by Laredo and Kuerti—while suffering from two particularly bad ones by Ponti and especially Zhukov, whose glib run-through of the second movement seems to result from a classic case of mismatched temperaments. Laredo's slower tempo in the last movement accentuates the rather jazzy rhythms of this 1903 composition while also creating a slight atmosphere of sadness not inappropriate here. Kuerti produces a colder but equally effective interpretation.

Sonata No. 5, in F sharp, Op. 53.
Not even Richter can touch Laredo here. Laredo's strong point is her ability to bring out the full, dramatic tone of the sonata's dynamic chord movements, which are simply staccatoed to death, in varying degrees, by the other pianists. There is also a strong feeling of a kind of expansion/contraction alternance that Laredo likewise captures to perfection. Zhukov offers one of the better versions here, particularly in the opening. If the Richter performance, recorded live, benefited from the engineering of the Laredo disc, the Russian pianist's tone quality would possibly match Laredo's; but Richter approaches the sonata in quite a linear fashion that does not seem wholly justifiable.

Sonata No. 6, Op. 62.
With Nos. 6 through 9, Scriabin entered the most strongly mystical phase in his sonata work. None of these four sonatas maintains anything resembling tonality; yet each is steeped in its own distinctive harmonic idiom—based on a chordal rather than a scale structure—that imparts to each work a kind of obsessive unity within which fragments of themes, rhythmic patterns, and chord progressions appear, disappear, and reappear in a rising spiral whose ending seems almost arbitrarily determined. The Sixth, probably the gloomiest of the four (and never performed in public by the composer/pianist) receives, like the Fourth, superlative interpretations from Laredo and Kuerti (and also from Richter on a deleted MK disc). Ponti, on the other hand, can be dismissed not only for his overly headstrong performance of the Sixth, but for his general failure to make the transition from the dynamic romanticism of the early sonatas to the more expansive, pensive nonmovement of these later works, culminating in an Eighth that represents one of the most absurd, dismal examples of insensitivity to a style I have ever heard. One can only sit back and remain aghast at Ponti's brilliant but completely inappropriate display of technique in these four sonatas. Zhukov gives a performance that is dry without at the same time capturing the atmospheric coldness that pervades Kuerti's version in particular. Szidon falls somewhere in between.

Sonata No. 7, Op. 64 (White Mass).
Zhukov fares somewhat better here, although still basically lacking the essential quiescence that envelops Laredo's version—the best available—of this *White Mass*. Like Ponti, Szidon commits some sins against tone but basically seems to identify quite closely with the work's mysticism, thus giving his technique, which is similar to Ponti's, a *raison d'être*.

Sonata No. 8, Op. 66.
The longest and probably the strangest of the one-movement sonatas, the Eighth apparently also was never performed by Scriabin. In many ways, the work seems reminiscent of the *Poem of Fire*, particularly in a dancelike figure introduced toward the middle of the work; yet there are also certain more conventional elements, such as the Debussyesque runs of parallel fourths and the rising whole-note motive, which seem oddly juxtaposed on the structure of this piece. Zhukov here turns in his best performance (along with his First). His tempos are perfect, and he succeeds particularly well in balancing such incongruous elements as the parallel-fourth motive against the over-all atmosphere of this complex sonata. I find Laredo's interpretation absolutely stunning in the limpidity and depth of sound she produces, and as with all of the "mystical" sonatas, she sensitively captures the diverse nuances of Scriabin's vision, although she does occasionally lose some of the detail because of her attention to sonority. Szidon approaches Zhukov but here lacks the depth of the latter's general conception.

Sonata No. 9, Op. 68 (Black Mass).
For this bleak *Black Mass*, Vladimir Horowitz envelops the work in an ice-cold shroud that will doubtless remain unique in the recorded literature. Laredo offers a more dramatic approach that is quite a few degrees warmer. While both Szidon and Zhukov have their strong points, they do not match up to either Laredo or Horowitz (in either the latter's newer version on Columbia or his mono-only rendition on the RCA set).

Sonata No. 10, Op. 70.
With the leaner, less complex textures of his last sonata, Scriabin seemed to be moving away from the directions of the work's immediate predecessors (although one might have drawn the same conclusions in a different way if the Eighth had been the last). Even the introduction, while recalling the shimmering stillness of earlier

Scriabin, Mascot of the Cosmonauts

The Soviet view of the mystical composer is quite different from the one that has propelled his recent popularity in America.

by Faubion Bowers

DIFFERENT COUNTRIES; different ears. Different eras; new understandings. Few composers in history have illustrated this more clearly (or with more confusion) than Alexander Scriabin. The gyrations over how the Soviet Russians hear his music, and how we now receive it, are so divergent as to be spectacular, for the starting points of Scriabin appreciation in the two countries are far distant one from the other. Irreconcilably so. The tooth of history is indeed venomous, and it would seem that a spoon of antidote has been needed by both countries.

It was extraordinary enough that for the 1972 centennial year of Scriabin's birth the powerful World Peace Council in Moscow decreed that "all mankind in these days observe the hundredth anniversary of this great Russian composer." And although Scriabin was not designated a "Soviet" composer, as Pushkin is sometimes referred to as "the Soviet poet," still the government issued a four-kopeck postage stamp (the equivalent of our eight-cent one for ordinary mail) honoring the composer. People's Artist Dmitri Shostakovich as Chairman of the Jubilee Committee composed an accolade of words which, under the title "Pride of Russian Music," was widely quoted in even the most ordinary of Soviet newspapers and periodicals.

> The legacy of Scriabin was needed for the construction of a new society and necessary for it to live and to continue to live for many generations. . . . Scriabin is close to us today not only as one of the precursors of the cleansing storm of Revolution, but as a musician-innovator who strove to open up new sources of musical expressiveness and discover new means of affecting audiences. In truth, he succeeded in creating a uniquely personal musical language, a special world of sound-images . . . . Scriabin is dear to us for his faith in the transforming power of art and its ability to ennoble the soul of man and bring harmony into the life of the people.

For those of us who remember the Stalinist 1940s when Shostakovich was decrying Scriabin as "our bitterest enemy" and affirming that he was "decadent . . . neurasthenic . . . hypersexualized," these latest encomiums are passing strange. It is right and rightful that Scriabin is elevated to a niche of esteem, but the reasons for this are not exactly as we would think them.

In Soviet rationale, Scriabin is a visionary artist foreguessing outer space travel. His Fourth Sonata Op. 30 written in 1903 is a case in point. Scriabin described it as "a flight to a distant star," and in teaching the piece he said of the second movement (marked *prestissimo volando*), "I want this still faster, as fast as possible, to the limit of possibility. It must be flight, the speed of light going straight to the sun, to the sun!" Small wonder, then, that Scriabin has in recent years become a cosmonautic mascot. In 1961, when Yuri Gagarin shook the world with his first flight in space, the workers of the All-Union Soviet Radio expressed their excitement by broadcasting "into the ether" a program of Scriabin music. When Gagarin was triumphantly welcomed in Red Square on April 15 (the day after Scriabin's forty-sixth death anniversary), *The Poem of Ecstasy* was the official composition. Three days later the Second Symphony was given a nationwide broadcast continuing the celebrations. As Alexander Rekemchuk observes in his monograph on Scriabin issued in 1972 as one of the "Lives of the Great" series designed for the Communist "Young Guard," "Radio performances of Scriabin's music are for the most part associated with Cosmonaut Days."

Scriabin was certainly obsessed with flight. In 1914 he contemplated writing a sixth symphony or poem to be called *Icarus*. In it he planned using an airplane motor, much as George Antheil later in 1927 actually did in a revision of *Ballet méchanique*. To Americans, however, it is the ending to the text of the Fourth Sonata which most fascinates. As Scriabin flies through space toward that "far distant star," suddenly and mystically it becomes a sun. Scriabin swallows its "sea of light" and becomes "My Self-of-Light." In this visionary poetry Scriabin foretells as much as anything the hallucinogenic drug cult.

When Scriabin first announced that the opening of his *Prefatory Action* would begin with bells suspended from clouds, half his followers thought him quite simply mad. The other half continued following him in full trust. When the dirigible became widespread, Scriabin's adherents felt themselves vindicated. The scheme was now feasible. This rationalization after the fact has become a pattern in Soviet thinking. Perhaps Mikhail Mikhailov, the distinguished professor of musicology at Leningrad University, expresses this idea best in his biography of Scriabin updated and rereleased as part of celebrations of the centenary year.

> Much of what appeared in Scriabin's lifetime as only beautiful, fetching dreams, but impractical of realization, today in principle can be fulfilled. Several of the composer's bold imaginings seem prophetic and foreguess what has since become possible in our era of great radio-electronic advances.
>
> The existence of many different electronic music instruments now achieve those unprecedented orchestral timbres the composer dreamed of then. The "like thunder" sound of the human voice Scriabin attempted in the *Prefatory Action* today is easily effected by ordinary microphones. The sound of bells "from the clouds" can be realized by means of modern-day stereophonic techniques. Similarly, so can many more of Scriabin's musical ideas—his thoughts on unifying music vertically (melodically) and horizontally (harmonically), on using untempered sounds, of choral whispers, etc., all of which were nonexistent expressive means at that time, only to be realized in the music of the succeeding period of history.

Mikhailov also finds "prophecy" in Scriabin's color-music. It anticipated by a generation the science-fiction novel by I. Efremov, *The Darkness of Andromeda*, where the compartment of astronauts flying toward unknown, distant worlds, is filled with music accompanied by "symphonies" of lights and colors.

Sovietskaya Rossiya, an official organ in the Soviet Union, pointed out during the centennial celebrations that "The soul of Scriabin the seeker is close to our own times of wing-spreading scientific research, of deep experimentation in art." But today's Russians hear socialism in Scriabin's music. Scriabin accompanies most television shows and films depicting the 1905 Revolution, the event without which the subsequent Revolution of 1917 could not have happened. Russians further hear Scriabin as profoundly Russian, while we in the West think him cosmopolitan, a sort of international passportless maverick.

Certainly the bright, healthy, sunny aspect of Scriabin's music exists. One of his positive goals was the triumph of man over circumstance. But for Americans at least, Scriabin continues to stand resolutely in a world of mysticism, madness, drugs and sex . . . areas which are anathema to Soviet perceptions. I rather think it is these dubious arenas of Scriabin's genius that explain the extraordinary resurgence into vogue of Scriabin's music among young people here during the past decade.

openings, has an almost threadbare transparency that immediately sets it apart. The descending chromatic motive that opens the allegro section, on the other hand, strikes me as much more Romantic than anything to be found, for example, in the Ninth. The Horowitz rendition, now included in an all-Scriabin program (reviewed separately) is one of the great Scriabin recordings. But Szidon's execution of the Tenth represents one of his very best efforts—everything falls together perfectly, from his beautifully smooth and controlled playing of the sonata's many trills to his ability to give relief to the divergent rhythmic lines of this essentially linear work. Zhukov again comes quite close to Szidon without ever relaxing quite enough to make his efforts entirely convincing, although he reaches some impressive climaxes. Laredo's interpretation, although pretty well capturing the mood, harks back perhaps a bit too much to the style of the preceding sonatas and lacks the clarity captured with such skill by Horowitz and Szidon. Ponti's glib display of fingerwork here is only slightly less silly than in his renditions of the "mystical" sonatas.

The complete cycles: a few conclusions.
Zhukov is at his worst, which is pretty bad, in the Third and Fourth; otherwise, his performances are generally good but not as convincing as others, except for the First and Eighth. You can't go wrong with Laredo for Nos. 4 through 10, although she comes in second best in several instances. Ponti obviously identifies (usually) with Scriabin's early style and is equally obviously oblivious to the composer's wavelength in the later works. For the Fantasia in B minor, Zhukov is probably to be preferred to Szidon, if for no other reason than that the former is easier on the eardrums than the latter. But the less said about that particular piece the better.

SCRIABIN: Sonatas for Piano; Fantasia in B minor, Op. 28. Igor Zhukov, piano. Melodiya/Angel SR 40191, SR 40217, and SR 40218, $5.98 each.
Sonatas: No. 1, in F minor, Op. 6; No. 2, in G sharp minor, Op. 19 (Sonata-Fantasy); Fantasia in B minor, Op. 28 (SR 40217). Sonatas: No. 3, in F sharp minor, Op. 23; No. 4, in F sharp, Op. 30; No. 7, Op. 64 (*White Mass*); No. 9, Op. 68 (*Black Mass*) (SR 40191). Sonatas: No. 5, in F sharp, Op. 53; No. 6, Op. 62; No. 8, Op. 66; No. 10, Op. 70 (SR 40218).
Selected comparisons:

Laredo	Con. Soc. 2032, 2034, and 2035
Ponti	Vox 5461
Szidon	DG 2707 053 and 2707 058
Gould (No. 3)	Col. 7173
Horowitz (No. 3)	RCA 2005
Horowitz (No. 9)	RCA 6014; Col. M2S 728
Horowitz (No. 10)	Col. M2S 757 or 31620
Kuerti (Nos. 4 and 6)	Mon. 2134
Richter (No. 5)	DG 138 849
Somer (No. 4)	Mer. 90500
Somer (Nos. 7 and 9)	Mer. 90525

New Scriabin from an Old Master

It is when you listen to a recording such as this one that you realize how totally superfluous it is to say that a Michael Ponti, for example, is the "new Horowitz." This is not to imply that everything Horowitz does is absolute perfection; but there is a completeness about Horowitz' approach to most everything he plays that gratifies in a way few other pianists can, even if you don't always agree with the interpretation. Consider his performance of the tenth of the Op. 8 Etudes, for example. There is a dryness to Horowitz' style here that does not seem altogether appropriate to the piece's more full-bodied romanticism, and this *secco* approach is even more distracting in the fifth of the Op. 42 Etudes. Yet the manner in which Horowitz perfectly times his rubatos, in which he manages to balance the left-hand passages against the right instead of throwing them off as mere accompaniment as so many pianists do, and in which he scrupulously follows Scriabin's various dynamic markings to blend the episodes into a convincing whole must surely not be very far from what the composer desired.

These same qualities pervade Horowitz' performances of the *Feuillet d'album* and the other études on Side 1, which have been particularly well selected. Even more impressive, however, is Horowitz' rendition of the Tenth Sonata, recorded in concert and previously available on Columbia's two-record "Horowitz in Concert" set (M2S 757). Besides executing with perfect evenness and absolute clarity the many trill passages that run throughout this terse and yet almost achingly poignant work, Horowitz also weaves the various thematic motives in and out of the sonata's oft-shifting textures in a way that gives the most possible meaning to the work's complex movement. This is certainly one of the finest performances available of any Scriabin work, and the same can be said about Horowitz' *Vers la flamme*, a Scriabin "poem" that starts off somberly enough but rises to an almost frenzied, chordal climax that can be totally ruined by anything short of a perfect tone. Although not known as a "tone" pianist, Horowitz manages to create volume through balance, a balance that is so perfectly conceived within the structure of the repeated chords that he does not have to hammer the piano to death—unlike Roberto Szidon, for example. Yet the listener is completely enveloped in sound.

Particularly welcome too are the two Op. 69 Poems, not otherwise available to my knowledge. The second seems almost like an introduction to the Tenth Sonata, which immediately followed it, while also offering some especially lighthearted dancelike motives—typical of much of Scriabin's later music—that Horowitz executes brilliantly. The recorded sound for this disc is good enough, although I've heard better. The liner notes, on the other hand, grate: I'm tired of being told what an "in" composer Scriabin is. What is great about his music is that it transcends relevance. And few pianists drive this point home more convincingly than Vladimir Horowitz.

R.S.B.

SCRIABIN: Piano Works. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Columbia M 31620, $5.98. Tape: MA 31620, $6.98; MT 31620, $6.98; Quadraphonic: MQ 31620 (SQ-encoded disc), $6.98.
Etudes: Op. 8, Nos. 2, 8, 10, and 11; Op. 42, Nos. 3, 4, and 5. Feuillet d'album, Op. 45, No. 1. Two Poems, Op. 69. Sonata No. 10, Op. 70; Vers la flamme, Op. 72.

by Andrew Porter

Joan of Arc Italian Style

With Caballé as the Maid, James Levine conducts Verdi's early opera.

Milnes, Caballé, Levine, and Domingo ponder a point during the recording of *Giovanna d'Arco*.

WITH THIS, the first commercial recording of *Giovanna d'Arco*, Angel joins Philips in the "crusade" for early Verdi. *Giovanna* (1845) was Verdi's seventh opera. After his collaborations with Piave on two dramas concerned in the main with private emotions—*Ernani* and *I due Foscari*—he worked again with Solera, the librettist of *Nabucco* and *I Lombardi*, on an "epic" subject. There is a great deal of chorus in *Giovanna d'Arco*: choruses of angels and of demons, choruses of populace and army, and all of them are brought together—voices from heaven, earth, and hell join those of the three principals—in a grand finale around the dying maid while supernatural radiance streams down upon her. (She did not officially become a saint until 1920.) *Giovanna* is large but it is not long (this performance, quite uncut, lasts just six seconds under two hours). Solera protested that he had devised "an entirely original Italian drama" but in effect he took Schiller's play and, in the culinary phrase, "reduced rapidly." Schiller's *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, patterned on Shakespeare's histories (there are echoes from *Henry IV* and *V*), turns on a situation familiar to every operagoer: a conflict between amorous inclination and patriotic duty. Joan, on the battlefield, feels a sudden attraction toward the handsome young English knight Lionel, and spares his life instead of killing him. She feels that the purity of her mission has been sullied by this moment of sensual weakness, and so is unable to reply when—before the crowds assembled for the Rheims coronation of the Dauphin, Charles—her father charges her with diabolic practices. Dishonored, captured by the English, she recalls Samson and with superhuman strength bursts her bonds and leads the French to victory, though dying herself on the battlefield.

Solera dropped Lionel, along with a dozen or so other characters, dropped the standard situation, and transferred Joan's transitory affection to Charles. At the end, her father, not heavenly power, strikes off her chains. Solera also provided words for Joan's "voices," which in Schiller are imagined. The operatic demons tempt her in a lilting 3/8 chorus, *"Tu sei bella, pazzarella,"* whose fresh prettiness carries no infernal overtones—but since the temptation is precisely that Joan should continue in pastoral bliss, rather than take up arms, the effect is not strictly inappropriate. The character of Joan is simplified, but not spoiled, in the reduction. She is still David, the shepherd who rose to lead a people to freedom, and Samson, the champion who yielded to sensual love but repented and destroyed his foes. Jacques, Joan's father, is also the kind of torn personage that Verdi delighted in: a fanatic who sets religious rigor above patriotism and above filial affection—an Azucena rent by loftier emotions. Charles (here King, not Dauphin) is a fairly successful compendium of several Schiller characters, and Verdi found for him chivalrous, graceful, manly music, somewhat kin to Rudolph's in *Luisa Miller*. On these three the opera depends; Talbot is a *secondo basso* whose

role is to lead the English troops in a rousing chorus rather like "Heart of oak."

In the two live performances I have encountered I was bowled over by *Giovanna d'Arco*. I find that I wrote, after a student production at the Royal Academy of Music in London, that "every number in this score is filled with life, with feeling; there is no fluently mechanical writing along approved models for easy effect. All is bold, vigorous, alive, and marked by that response to character which always fired Verdi's imagination." The naive and the crude passages could be taken in the stride of the whole; "one need have no shame in finding them rather stirring too!" That judgment may strike someone who listens to the Angel recording as overenthusiastic. Indeed it strikes me as such. It was made only seven years ago. I've grown wiser, perhaps; the heady excitement of encountering another Verdi opera for the first time no longer obtains; and Julian Budden's finely discerning chapter on *Giovanna* (in his recently published *The Operas of Verdi*, from Praeger) may have had some influence, for it is persuasively argued. Mr. Budden sums up by saying: "Whereas *Ernani* and *I due Foscari* for all their faults show a homogeneity of style and structure, *Giovanna d'Arco* remains a work of brilliant patches. At its worst it is provincial and childishly pretentious. But [Mr. Budden is also appreciative] the best things in it surpass anything Verdi had written up to that time. In the heroine he has created a soprano part of rare distinction, in which all the solo numbers and most of the ensembles are of a high caliber. At no point does Giovanna descend to the level of an ordinary prima donna. Almost everything she has to sing carries her own unique blend of simplicity and majesty."

In the opera house, I believe my original, all but uncritical enthusiasm would readily blaze again. What the recording lacks is drama. It was made by the "standard Verdi cast" of our day during that summer in London when all three of them were hopping from studio to studio and from role to role. Their work in *Giovanna* is by no means perfunctory—not at all—but it does not have the vivid quality that comes, probably, only after the experience of bringing a role to life in the theater. And the same applies to the chorus. When the BBC records an opera for future transmission, it tapes a concert performance given before an invited audience, doing the work from beginning to end, and then afterwards redoing, if necessary, any passages that have gone seriously wrong. The Toscanini operas and the Furtwängler *Ring* were made similarly. And increasingly I sympathize with friends who have gone over to collecting "live" recordings rather than the synthetic products of the recording studios. All this matters most when an artist is tackling a role for the first time. I am aware of the glorious exceptions, of the splendid performances that have been assembled piece by piece; and also of the practical reasons that make piecemeal execution cheaper, more convenient, and more efficient from everything but an artistic point of view. And let me add that it was only *after* noting that this performance of *Giovanna* did not surge forward irresistibly through the scenes that I read, in an Angel handout, that "there was no resemblance between the sequence of items as they follow each other in the score and their order in the recording plans."

Montserrat Caballé makes her way somewhat cautiously through the cavatina "*Sempre all 'alba.*" The romanza "*O fatidica foresta*" she sings with much delicacy and beauty—sounding at times astonishingly like Joan Sutherland in her adoption of drooping portamento and melting cadence, and often too in actual timbre. The affecting little phrase in the finale, "*Oh mia bandiera!*," when Joan's standard is placed in her dying hands, is beautifully done (people who heard Tebaldi in the title role still recall her at this moment). Caballé is in good voice almost throughout: ample, not strident, not lazy. It is a big, shiny performance, with much delicate, finely turned singing in it. Placido Domingo turns in a tasteful, accomplished account of the tenor part. In his first air he simplifies Verdi's cadenza; he does not seem to have the big duet with Joan which closes Act I quite securely in his voice. Sherrill Milnes rather lets things down. The baritone role is grandly written. The first aria carries the indication *grandioso declamato* and the second mounts to a *grandioso*. A Battistini seems to be called for, or at any rate something closer to Battistini's splendor than the less than grand tones of Mr. Milnes.

Sometimes I feel that young Verdi is best entrusted to old conductors. James Levine made a great impression with the Welsh National Opera in Cardiff and later at the Metropolitan, and this, his first opera recording, shows all his virtues of vigor, energy, care for detail, and care for the shaping of a movement. But the music in *Giovanna* which is cheap, and the episodes which are coarsely scored, are mercilessly revealed as such—where a conductor like Tullio Serafin, by driving them less hard and coaxing the singers to give the words and phrases shape, not merely rhythmic precision, could have made them resolute and stirring.

Quite a lot of music is set offstage—not just the supernatural choruses, but also most of the *Gran Marcia trionfale* that opens Act II and the hymn that launches the second finale. It was a mistake in the recording, I think, to make these passages sound so remote. A hint of distance is enough during a long episode, which we must listen to without any stage spectacle to take first attention.

All Verdians will be glad that *Giovanna d'Arco* is now available in the regular catalogue. There is a great deal to enjoy in it. If the performance shows up some passages of the score as tawdry, it also draws attention to the more adventurous things Verdi essayed, and the fine musical architecture of, especially, his first and second finales, and almost the whole of Act III. There are some noble melodies. Of its kind the performance is spirited and accomplished. The recording took ten days. The rules of the British Musicians' Union allow, I believe, only twenty minutes of published "take" to result from each three-hour session, but whether this can be averaged out over a series of sessions I am unsure. I can't help wondering whether something more gripping might not have resulted had there been (if there could have been), say, eight days of rehearsal, and then a complete performance made for the record on the ninth—with a session and the tenth day still in hand to touch up anything that might have gone badly wrong.

VERDI: Giovanna d'Arco.

Giovanna	Montserrat Caballé (s)
Carlo VII	Placido Domingo (t)
Giacomo	Sherrill Milnes (b)
Delil	Keith Erwen (t)
Talbot	Robert Lloyd (bs)

Ambrosian Opera Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra, James Levine, cond. Angel SCL 3791, $17.98 (three discs).

Arnold Michaelis

And Now Xerox Reproduces Personalities

Eleanor Roosevelt, Martin Luther King Jr., Maurice Chevalier, and Oscar Hammerstein II "in conversation with" Arnold Michaelis

by Murray Kempton

Eleanor Roosevelt

Oscar Hammerstein II

THEIR CORPORATE PATRONS have chosen to step off what promises to be an extended parade of Xerox Recorded Portraits with an uncommonly disparate vanguard: Eleanor Roosevelt and Martin Luther King, who are large historic personages, and then Maurice Chevalier and Oscar Hammerstein II, for whom our memories cannot urge much more than that the former gave pleasure to many persons and the latter no offense to any.

All are in the grave, all are missed, and all except Mrs. Roosevelt molder here in the hands of Arnold Michaelis. We cannot of course judge future portraits, but the promise is not cheering. The project appears depressingly dependent on what Michaelis has managed to put in his vaults after a pursuit of the notable that has been steadfast in everything except discrimination.

Portraits have a way of belonging to their painters more than to their subjects. What we can learn here is most often what Michaelis wanted to learn, and I do not think his curiosity sufficient to animate the rest of us. He is, for one thing, the kind of court painter who disproves the nonsense about no man being a hero to his valet. He does not so much engage his subjects as have them "sit"; he settles "comfortably" with Mrs. Roosevelt and with King in their living rooms; he "visits" with Chevalier and Hammerstein. The posture in each case is sedentary, the questions those of a most respectful guest, and the replies gracious but infected with the tedium of holding the facial muscles in the pointed ceremonial expression.

Mrs. Roosevelt escapes these bindings because she was more used to "sitting" and still managing activity, being uniquely a grand lady who had made of herself a great adventurer. Since she was so much more at ease in her court robes than the others, she can lead Michaelis most dexterously through those measures of small talk. Their conversation is the only one of the four that achieves the domestic and approaches the candid. Eleanor Roosevelt talks about her grandchildren while Oscar Hammerstein II talks about poetry and Maurice Che-

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Maurice Chevalier

valier about God. There is very little that is dramatic and even less that is intimate in these talks; and we can thank Mrs. Roosevelt for a great part of what there is of both just in the three and one half seconds of silence after Michaelis has asked her about her mother-in-law, as she arrays herself for an answer that will not disguise her ambivalence and yet will decently dress it.

She had been required to live a considerable portion of her life with great resentments; she had conquered them all and was able, with or without skillful probing, to turn those wounds into discourses of a sweet transparency. She had won her way past the necessity of any mask. The mere goodness of Michaelis' character is displayed in his determination to protect any subject who sits for him; the greatness of Mrs. Roosevelt's showed itself in her refusal ever to protect herself.

But Martin Luther King still needed his mask. He may very likely be remembered as a larger figure than Mrs. Roosevelt, and he was almost as aristocratic a one. But he was still young when Michaelis came upon him, and his own interior quarrel was far from being settled. She could look back upon her resentments, while he must still engage an anger that would grow larger until he died. It is true that in 1965, the year of this conversation, he had the fresh recollection of being made a Nobel Laureate and of hearing the President of the United States cry out to Congress, "We shall overcome." But even that early, King could feel the indifference of the larger society, he could hear his seniors in the civil-rights effort ridicule him as a visionary, and he could see his juniors begin to wander away at the call of a music madder than his.

Yet Michaelis gives no sign of suspicion that a quarrel with self might lie behind a countenance and a cadence like King's, the one wiped smooth of every sign that might betray the feelings, the other marching to a stately measure that made it certain no rebelling thought could break ranks. Such containment does, after all, suggest a special need to contain.

It is Michaelis' disabling innocence that he remains so comfortably one of those persons to whom it never occurs that ill temper is a common attribute of sainthood and that it becomes a particular agony for saints never to be sure whether the summons to be wrathful comes from God or Satan.

Thus he drew from King a most Christian expression of distaste for capital punishment and then followed it with one of those questions of his that are really only commentaries:

"Isn't this part of what I suspect is your attitude of hating the act of the person but not the person himself?"

Oh, yes, King answered; and not even the vividly recent weeks when he had been harried and his comrades beaten by Sheriff Jim Clark of Selma, Alabama, had altered his feelings of charity.

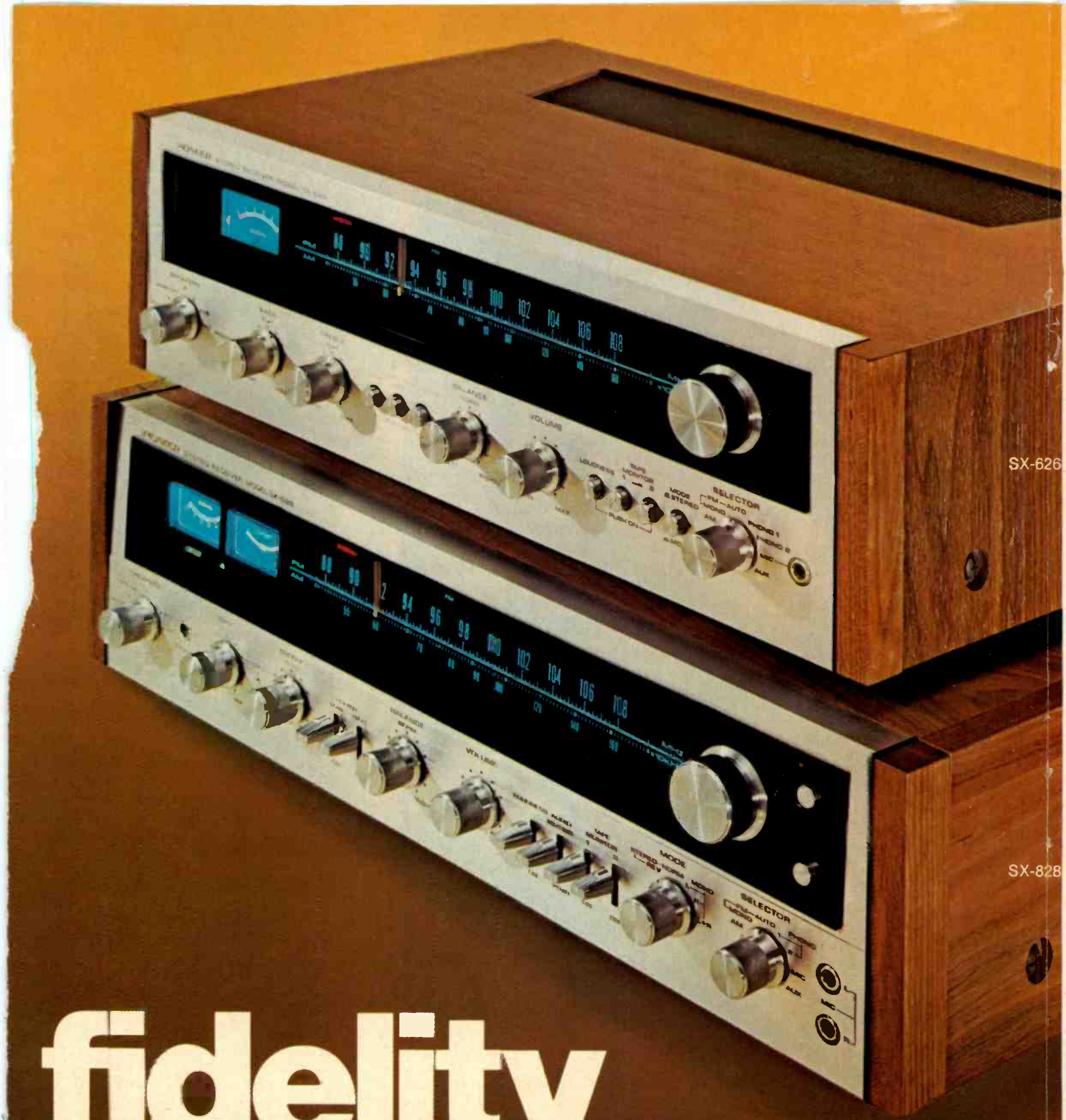
"I'm not concerned with battling Jim Clark just to battle with him. He was taught this way. His whole culture taught him. . . . Probably his church taught him. So that somehow I could maintain an attitude of understanding goodwill towards Jim Clark while hating every evil deed that he did."

Now this reply is certainly noble and indubitably heartful but still far less interesting for the single question it answers than for the rush of new ones it raises in the process. Martin Luther King watched the sheriff of Dallas County push an unoffending Negro down the courthouse steps; could there not have intruded the vaguest diminution of goodwill toward the sinner? How, in such circumstances, immediately tell the sinner from the sin? Might it not be possible, even sensible, quite to dislike Sheriff Jim Clark? King had here offered us sound reason to believe that some such worm *had* tried his innards; he would hardly otherwise have offered us the excuse of the conditioning forces that directed Sheriff Clark to sin. One thinks of King as trying always to teach us that to understand is to forgive, and it is reasonable to assume that he would not have worked so hard to understand if it had not also been steady work for him to forgive. But what is the explanation that is to assist our understanding? "Probably his church taught him." But Sheriff Clark and Martin Luther King were, presumably, Southern Baptists. But what is this church that separates into a branch that taught Jim Clark to be what he is and taught Martin Luther King to be what he was? Manfully, Michaelis turned from this suddenly, almost irresistibly relevant question and began asking King about the logistics of the civil-rights march from Selma to Montgomery. They trailed off to talking about portable toilets: You have informed us, oh, Apostle, about the loaves and the fishes, now tell us what the Savior did for bathrooms. And suddenly we know we have been cheated; we see the snaffle and the bit, but we can't see the horse.

Given the fact of Michaelis' failure with King, it hardly makes any substantial difference that he does better with Chevalier and Hammerstein. Both were men heavily dependent for their effects on techniques of packaging; take away the music and there is very little that either do with the lyrics. Even so, Hammerstein interspersed his conversation with recitations of his lyrics—they run to couplings of "eyes and ears" with "hopes and fears"; and you would have trouble imagining any companion except Michaelis insensitive enough to encourage a self-seriousness so embarrassing in someone so plainly decent in every way. As for Chevalier his memories were an inextricable and ultimately unappetizing mixture of Collette and Jeanette MacDonald. Life was an audience—"these thousands of hearts beating as one great heart." This was a narcissism so unrelieved that you almost have to admire the patience of this listener who not merely endures but even brings enthusiasm to the ordeal. Chevalier remembered great personages; but to him they were indistinguishable for all those other approving and applauding faces in the mirror. He would mention "great movies" and then call to witness *The Smiling Lieutenant.*

The effect of Chevalier's part is the effect of a whole that seems to work almost insistently at inflating those who were trivial and reducing those who were consequential. It is a melancholy thought that these Portraits may survive to persuade our children's children that their ancestors must have been very dull dogs to attend seriously to a collection of representative men as dull as this latest of Xerox processes makes these seem.

XEROX RECORDED PORTRAITS: Eleanor Roosevelt, Martin Luther King Jr., Maurice Chevalier, and Oscar Hammerstein II in conversation with Arnold Michaelis. Xerox 1001, 1002, 1003, and 1004, $6.98 each. Tape: ●● 1001, 1002, 1003, and 1004, $7.98 each (available from Xerox Recorded Portraits, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106).



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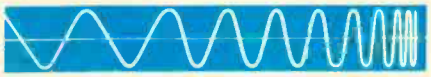
Conceptual diagram



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FM Sensitivity (IHF) (the lower the better)	1.7uV	1.8uV	2.0uV	2.2uV
Selectivity (The higher the better)	+75dB	+70dB	+70dB	+45dB
Capture Ratio (the lower the better)	1.5dB	2.0dB	2.5dB	3.0dB
Power Bandwidth	All exceed by a wide margin the usable sound frequency spectrum			
INPUTS:				
Tape monitor	2	2	2	2
Phono	2	2	2	Phono/Mic.
Auxiliary	1	1	1	1
Microphone	2	1	1	Phono./Mic. (as above)
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classical

reviewed by
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ABRAM CHIPMAN
R. D. DARRELL
PETER G. DAVIS
SHIRLEY FLEMING
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
KENNETH FURIE
CLIFFORD F. GILMORE
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JOHN ROCKWELL
SUSAN THIEMANN SOMMER

B **BACH:** Cantatas: No. 49, Ich geh' und suche mit Verlangen; No. 84, Ich bin vergnügt mit meinem Glücke. Agnes Giebel, soprano; Jakob Stämpfli, bass; Westphalian Choral Ensemble and Chamber Orchestra, Wilhelm Ehmann, cond. Nonesuch H 71273, $2.98.

Except for an out-of-print Scherchen recording of No. 84, this is the only recording of these cantatas, though these performances have been available on the German Cantate label for a number of years. Both works date from Bach's Leipzig years—and they must have been lean years judging from the modest vocal and instrumental requirements of these two scores. No. 84 is a soprano solo cantata with oboe and strings, the chorus coming in only for a closing chorale. No. 49 is a "dialogue" cantata for bass and soprano (representing Jesus and the soul), also scored for oboe and strings. In addition, a violoncello piccolo (or viola pomposa on this recording) is given an obbligato part in the soprano aria, and the organ plays an obbligato in three movements (the opening sinfonia of this cantata later became the first movement of the E major Harpsichord Concerto). Of the two works, No. 49 is the more vital, colorful, and varied—and would be a great favorite if it were better known.

Agnes Giebel, as usual, sings with gentle restraint and elegance, and Stämpfli too performs with finesse. Ehmann leads the small chamber group with sensitivity and good taste, and I would recommend the reading more enthusiastically if only there had been a little bit of intensity or vitality displayed somewhere. Instead he ambles dreamily and coolly right through both performances without arousing so much as a flicker of interest in any of the marvelous details with which Bach has filled these works, especially in the No. 49.

What we have then is scarcely more than a pale reflection of these two masterpieces; but, to be sure, it's not the distorted image Scherchen gave us on his Westminster disc. C.F.G.

BEETHOVEN: Quartets for Strings, Nos. 1-6. Bartók Quartet. Qualiton LPX 11423/5, $17.94 (three discs).

No. 1, in F, Op. 18, No. 1; No. 2, in G, Op. 18, No. 2; No. 3, in D, Op. 18, No. 3; No. 4, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4; No. 5, in A, Op. 18, No. 5; No. 6, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6.

BEETHOVEN: Quartets for Strings, Nos. 7-11. Bartók Quartet. Hungaroton LPX 11470/2, $17.94 (three discs).

No. 7, in F, Op. 59, No. 1; No. 8, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2; No. 9, in C, Op. 59, No. 3; No. 10, in E flat, Op. 74 (*Harp*); No. 11, in F minor, Op. 95.

Selected comparisons:

Amadeus Quartet	DG 2720 010
Guarneri Quartet	RCA VCS 6159 and 6415
Hungarian Quartet	Sera. 6005 and 6006

These two sets, including respectively the six early and five middle quartets of Beethoven, comprise the first two thirds of a planned integral recording by the Bartók Quartet. The Bartók, a Hungarian group, is a fine ensemble, and these discs make a welcome addition to the catalogue. Their rather aggressive, driving approach to the music is reminiscent of that of the Amadeus Quartet, although the Bartók does not quite match them for consistency. But they do communicate the same kind of forceful engagement with the music. And their ensemble is generally excellent: Attacks are usually right together, and there are only rare lapses in intonation. Particularly good are the readings of the earlier, less complex works, especially the faster movements, such as the finale of Op. 18, No. 1.

Despite the good points, however, the performances do not quite measure up to the level of the best of the currently available recordings. The players are not as well matched as a quartet, for example, as are those of the Guarneri: This is evident in the lack of timbral balance between individual instruments (especially noticeable in movements such as the *Allegretto vivace e simpre scherzando* of Op. 59, No. 1, where the melodic material is frequently passed about from instrument to instrument), as well as in the over-all textural balance (in which the bass is particularly weak). Nor are they able to project the individual voices in polyphonic passages—such as the middle section and coda of the second movement of Op. 95—with the clarity, say, of the Hungarian Quartet.

Both sets come with illustrated booklets containing interesting historical and analytical information. R.P.M.

BERG: Sonata for Piano, Op. 1—See Casadesus: Sonata for Piano No. 2, Op. 31.

BIZET: Carmen: Selections—See Recitals and Miscellany: Great Voices of the Golden Era of German Opera.

BIZET: Carmen: Suites Nos. 1 and 2. **GRIEG:** Peer Gynt: Suites Nos. 1 and 2. New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M 31800, $5.98. Tape: ● MA 31800, $6.98; ●● MT 31800, $6.98.

Selected comparison (Carmen Suites):

Munch	Lon. 21023

Selected compariosns (Peer Gynt Suites):

Fjeldstad	St. Treas. 15040
Gruner-Hegge	Victr. 1067

Since it was Deutsche Grammophon and not Columbia that recorded last fall's highly publicized Bernstein/Met *Carmen*, the latter company has to settle for a straphanger's spot on the presumed sales gravy train by rushing out these instrumental selections in advance of DG's complete opera. I just hope this extensive *Querschnitt* (ten items), which was probably recorded several years ago, doesn't reflect the conductor's current interpretative approach to Bizet's music, for while his robust vigor rouses considerable excitement, he is surprisingly heavy-handed at times and almost entirely lacking in the Gallic grace that so notably distinguishes Munch's treatment of most of the same excerpts. I prefer too the more transparent Phase-4 sonics to Colum-

Explanation of symbols

Classical:
- B Budget
- H Historical
- R Reissue

Recorded tape:
- ●● Open Reel
- 8-Track Cartridge
- ●● Cassette

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bia's impressively powerful and reverberant but somewhat unnaturally spotlighted recording.

The eight *Peer Gynt* selections fare better both interpretatively and sonically: Indeed I've seldom heard them recorded with as much romantic fervor and richly glowing sonority. My long-favorite "folkish" readings by native Norwegian conductors remain unmatched for idiomatic authenticity, but their technological age puts them out of competition as far as audio engineering is concerned. Turning to Bernstein's tape editions, the 8-track cartridge makes a very pleasant traveling companion, but the cassette is handicapped both by less than usually effective Dolbyization and by some loss of high-end brilliance.

R.D.D.

BRAHMS: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24. **RAVEL:** Miroirs. Erika Lux, piano. Hungaroton LPX 11528, $5.98.

An impressive debut, indeed. Erika Lux, a twenty-five-year-old Hungarian pianist clears both of these formidable (but very different) pianistic hurdles with almost insolent ease. She has a good architectural sense and harmonic orientation that stands her in good stead for the Brahms variations. Her rich, vibrant sonority is as welcome there as in the Ravel, and the various horizontal lines of the writing are revealed with grand, though never fustian, clarification. Rhythmically, this is rock-solid, large-scaled, very *echt*-sounding Brahms indeed. Some of the more lyric variations in the set may be slighted, it is true, but I will gladly accept that minimal sacrifice for the forward impetus that Miss Lux succeeds so well in obtaining. The last three variations before the fugue are terrifically exciting as she plays them here. My only quibble with her performance is her treatment of trills in the theme itself. Surely these would have had more bite (as well as more suitable Handelian style) had she begun them on the upper auxiliary rather than the main note itself.

In the Ravel, Miss Lux properly relaxes her sense of form and caresses the ear with lavish warmth and color. She gets the shaggy magnificence of the night moths beautifully in the first piece, while *Oiseaux tristes* emerges from her very personal yet poignant reading with altogether touching sensitivity. The only slight disappointment is the *Alborada del gracioso*, which is a bit *too* free and lyrical for my taste (Lipatti's reading with its driving, severely drawn contours is the classic).

Hungaroton's reproduction is one of the finest piano recordings I have ever heard—full-bodied and multitextured—with a glowing bass and clangorous but never percussive treble. The instrument itself is obviously splendid and Miss Lux really makes it sing.

H.G.

CASADESUS: Sonata for Piano No. 2, Op. 31. **BERG:** Sonata for Piano, Op. 1. **EISLER:** Four Klavierstücke, Op. 3. Carol Colburn, piano. Orion ORS 7174, $5.98.

Selected comparison (Casadesus):
Johannesen — G. Cr. 4060
Selected comparisons (Berg):
Kuerti — Mon. 2134
Webster — Dov. 7285

How much greater a tribute this recording would have been to the late Robert Casadesus had it included one of this pianist/composer's still unrecorded works. Grant Johannesen, to whom the Second Sonata, composed in 1945 and 1946, was dedicated, offers a dynamic performance on the Golden Crest label, and Carol Colburn's interpretation here simply does not justify the existence of a second disc of the same composition, particularly when a number of others have not yet reached the medium. Colburn, who incidentally studied under Johannesen, holds her own well in the quieter passages, such as the poignant second theme of the first movement. But she is no match for her mentor in the more dynamic passages, particularly in the opening of the first movement, which Colburn plays rather unevenly, and in the last movement, with its herky-jerky rhythmic base. The sonata is well worth having in any version, but I would recommend the Johannesen, if you can get it.

Robert Casadesus
Pianist turned composer.

Except for some excessive loudness in certain passages, such as at the beginning, which I feel should be much more subdued, Colburn has beautifully captured the spirit of Berg's controlled but haunting lyricism in his early sonata. But Colburn again has strong competition (from both Webster and Kuerti), and the frequent distortion that mars the otherwise excellent recorded sound does not help matters any. As for the Eisler *Klavierstücke*, Colburn here has a free field, since there are no other recorded versions to my knowledge; but I'm not sure these sterile and rather characterless pieces were worth the effort.

R.S.B.

CANTELOUBE (arr.): Chants d'Auvergne—See Chausson: Poème de l'amour et de la mer.

CHAUSSON: Poème de l'amour et de la mer. **CANTELOUBE (arr.):** Chants d'Auvergne. Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra, Jean-Pierre Jacquillat, cond. Angel S 36897, $5.98.

Chants d'Auvergne: Ballèro; L'Aio de rotso; Ound' onorèn gorda?; Obal, dIn lou Limouzi; La Delaissado; Lo Fiolaire; Passo pel prat; Brezairola; Chut, chut.

Chausson's long rhapsodic daydream for soprano and orchestra makes severe demands on the soloist. Variety of mood, even within the narrow emotional compass of sensuous melancholy, is an absolute necessity if the listener is not to feel suffocated by the stress on longing and regret. Delicately shaded vocal nuances and a feeling for the text, in other words, are mandatory for a first-class performance. Victoria de los Angeles, in better voice than on her Hunter College recital with Alicia de Larrocha, lavishes all her seductive tonal gifts on Chausson's outpouring of emotion. The soprano's tone, if not completely steady, is generally very satisfying, at least in midrange. In the region of E to A flat, where the composer tends to locate his sustained lyrical climaxes, she is hard-pressed and at times sounds minimally, but disturbingly, under pitch. Furthermore, she has lost the ability to articulate words at the top of the stave. At times like these the songs consequently turn into troubled vocalises. This is a failing De los Angeles shares with Dame Maggie Teyte, who also recorded this music, though in slightly abbreviated form. One thing Dame Maggie has over De los Angeles, however, is a vivid apprehension of Maurice Bouchor's texts. Except in the tricky high passages the older singer invests these faded poetic effusions with renewed passion and immediacy. She makes something memorable and touching out of lines like "*Quel son lamentable et sauvage/Va sonner l'heure de l'adieu!*" and "*Le vent roulait les feuilles mortes*"—whereas De los Angeles glides over such passages with sweet abstraction.

In the still pleasurable, though possibly overworked, *Songs of the Auvergne* De los Angeles holds her own. All the same, she shows a regrettable inclination to sentimentalize these folk songs, to sweeten and smooth them out to a degree that even the refined Canteloube seems not to have envisioned. There is (for me, at any rate) something too ladylike about the entire performance—too much musing, too little vigor. Jacquillat leads a responsive Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra effectively enough, but so far as the soloist is concerned he might have guided more and followed less. Texts and translations.

D.S.H.

CORELLI: Sonatas for Violin and Continuo. Eduard Melkus, violin; Huguette Dreyfus, harpsichord and organ; Garo Atmacayan, cello. Archive 2533 132 and 2533 133, $6.98 each.

No. 1, in D; No. 2, in B; No. 3, in C; No. 7, in D minor; No. 8, in E minor; No. 9, in A (2533 132). No. 4, in F; No. 5, in G minor; No. 6, in A; No. 10, in F; No. 11, in E; No. 12, in D minor (2533 133).

A few years ago a distinguished if misguided composer declared that "Vivaldi wrote the same concerto 400 times." To the unfamiliar ear Corelli's sonatas may sound uniform—"if you know one you know them all." These unvaryingly "correct" and technically unexceptionable performances of Op. 5 may reinforce such a view; yet we are dealing here with the classically rounded and refined music that was the apex reached by Italian chamber music during the baroque era. His contemporaries called Corelli "the very Orpheus of our time"; Vivaldi, Geminiani, and others hung on every measure he composed, and so did many musicians beyond the Alps, notably Handel. What made Corelli's style a classical summing up of seventeenth-century instrumental music was the remarkable unity of form and content he achieved by compelling the suave Italian melodies—supported by sweet harmonies and elaborated with the aid of a polyphony far more resilient and "free"

Continued on page 76

How Do You Like Your Chopin?

Assortments like the Seraphim grab bag are fun because of the kaleidoscopic effect of distinctive styles (especially in Chopin) in rapid juxtaposition. Since Seraphim identifies selections and artists only on the sleeve and my initial review copy came without the jacket, I listened to the disc "blindfolded." It was an instructive experience. Some of the artists are so individualistic that their styles are immediately recognizable. Heading this list is Cortot, whose *Marcia funebre* sounds ghostly and almost ferocious with its spooky pedal effects and terse, large-scaled contouring. The 1953 version of the sonata from which this movement was taken was not one of the veteran pianist/conductor's finer phonographic efforts but this section was probably its best part. Cortot's earlier version of the prelude (which *was* one of his triumphs) is similarly inimitable but less controversial because of the slenderer dimensions of the piece. Its sonority is blunt and angular, the anticipation with the left hand modest enough but still slightly antique-sounding. Another great individualist was Gieseking, whose square-cut, supercilious detachment in the *Berceuse* is unfortunately reproduced here at an inappropriately loud level that kills the piece's ethereal tranquility. The early Horowitz (in the C sharp minor Mazurka—a marvelously intense, fresh-sounding reading) and the midcareer Rubinstein (two nocturnes from his first set—I find his playing of them less salonish and better structured today) are also decided "presences" even without formal I.D. cards! Dinu Lipatti's two waltzes were easily identifiable, but only because I already knew these renditions intimately: Actually Lipatti's style—full of pristine symmetry and patrician elegance—is a rather spare, objective way of dealing with this subjective music. Malcuzynski (the A flat Polonaise) and Shura Cherkassky (the *Revolutionary* Etude and *Fantaisie-Impromptu*) both opt for the woolly, exaggerated Chopin style made familiar by Paderewski and a score of other "subjective" practitioners. These are excellent performances of their kind but not really so "personal" after all—I couldn't identify them with certainty until the finished album came. Arrau's leisurely, expansively ruminative, and very beautifully played E major Etude makes me eager to rehear his long-deleted complete set from which it was excerpted. Geza Anda's études are similarly finished and expert pianistically but as cold as ice: I doubt whether I could ever have guessed *him*. Considering that these recordings span a time period from 1933 to 1959 (the Malcuzynski polonaise), Seraphim has produced a remarkably consistent-sounding disc. My only surprise is that EMI—an English-based firm—could produce a "Great Pianists of the Century" Chopin recital without including a single example of Solomon! Surely this is a case of chauvinism in reverse.

Stephen Bishop turns out to be an exquisite Chopin player. To be sure, his style contains a certain amount of cerebration—a deliberation that sounds at times almost surgical—but this analytical control only enhances the sharpness and clarity of these late compositions. Along with the incisive control are a sense of vivid contrast and drama (note the stirring eruption in the middle of the B major Nocturne, the granitic and effective buildup of tension in the hard - to - hold - together *Polonaise - Fantaisie*, the near-volcanic ending of the muted C sharp minor Mazurka), a fine feeling for nuance and color (the central section of the Barcarolle; the caressing trills at the end of the aforementioned nocturne) and an altogether touching warmth of feeling that is never permitted to spill over into maudlin sentimentality or neurotic hysteria. For all its studied introspection, Bishop's playing here has plenty of impulsive fervor. It is rare to find a younger artist so able to combine a probing harmonic intellect with a real flair for poetic subjectivity (e.g., the amazingly slow tempo and hushed serenity of the F minor Mazurka). To my mind, this collection represents real growth for Bishop—this is by far the finest playing I have heard from him. Philips' imported pressing reproduces his distinctive pianism with magnificent impact and sensitivity. A masterful disc.

Graffman's work is hard to classify. He gives a finely proportioned, modern Chopin with spare pedaling, consequent detail, and coiled-spring forward momentum. Heard over headphones, the dry-point attack and symmetrical fingerwork have a scintillating impact that somehow vanishes when the disc is played over speakers at normal listening level. Jacking up the volume of this rather low-level recording scarcely makes the sonority less bloodless but only brings up background noise and turntable rumble to an unpleasant degree. Graffman's scrupulous, tasteful phrasing and well-judged tempos are fine in themselves, but Chopin ideally requires a less monochromatic sonority and a greater willingness to take risks. Yet Graffman, in his bleak, unassertive way, accomplishes some near miracles of pianism: Listen, for instance, to the breathtaking precision of his *détaché* fingerwork in the middle of the G minor Ballade. I wish I could muster greater enthusiasm for this brilliantly played, intelligently interpreted recital. H.G.

BH **CHOPIN:** Great Pianists of the Century Play Chopin. Various pianists. Seraphim 60207, $2.98 (mono; recorded 1933-59).

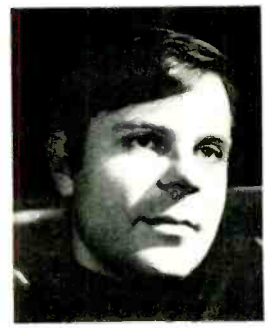
Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57 (Walter Gieseking, 1956). Etudes: in E, Op. 10, No. 3 (Claudio Arrau, 1956); in C minor, Op. 10, No. 12 (*Revolutionary*) (Shura Cherkassky, 1955); in F minor, Op. 25, No. 2 (Geza Anda, 1956); in D flat, Op. 25, No. 8 (Geza Anda, 1956). Fantaisie-Impromptu in C sharp minor, Op. 66 (Shura Cherkassky, 1956). Mazurka No. 32, in C sharp minor, Op. 50, No. 3 (Vladimir Horowitz, 1935). Nocturnes: No. 2, in E flat, Op. 9, No. 2 (Artur Rubinstein, 1936); No. 5, in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 2 (Artur Rubinstein, 1936). Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53 (Witold Malcuzynski, 1959). Prelude in D flat, Op. 28, No. 15 (*Raindrop*) (Alfred Cortot, 1933). Sonata No. 2, in B flat minor, Op. 35: Funeral March (Alfred Cortot, 1953). Waltz No. 1, in E flat, Op. 18 (Dinu Lipatti, 1950).

CHOPIN: Piano Works. Stephen Bishop, piano. Philips 6500 393, $6.98.

Barcarolle, Op. 60; Impromptu No. 3, in G flat, Op. 51; Mazurkas (3), Op. 63; Nocturnes (2), Op. 62; Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat, Op. 61.

CHOPIN: Piano Works. Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia M 31934, $5.98.

Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise, Op. 22; Ballade No. 1, in G minor, Op. 23; Nocturnes (2), Op. 27; Preludes: In D flat, Op. 28, No. 15 (*Raindrop*); in D minor, Op. 28, No. 24; Scherzo No. 2, in B flat minor, Op. 31.



Contemporary pianists Stephen Bishop and Gary Graffman (above left and right) vie with sensitivity and intelligence for Chopin honors with yesterday's greats.

Alfred Cortot

Walter Gieseking

Dinu Lipatti

Continued from page 74

than the Germans—to merge into a balanced relationship, an architecture at the same time simple and noble. Corelli organized not only single works but his entire lifework, progressing through the sonatas to his concerti grossi, the culmination and the most valuable and influential part of his *oeuvre*. Aside from these, all the others are trio sonatas; even this set of "solo" works follows the basic baroque chamber-music pattern, because the continuo cello takes an active part in the proceedings. But there are important differences: The polyphony is markedly lessened in the solo sonatas while the concertante element and virtuosity are markedly increased, and in the slow movements the songful expression is pronounced.

Archive picked a very good violinist for this exacting task. Eduard Melkus has the ability to cope with all technical demands with ease; he is always secure, his intonation unwavering; the double stops are remarkably clean and in tune. What he does not have is the southern tone, the warmth and the flexibility of expression this music demands. His tone becomes somewhat metallic in the upper regions. The long-breathed baroque melodies in the slow movements are a little constricted, not because Melkus' bow technique is faulty (it is excellent) but because he does not phrase like a singer, he does not "take breaths." Despite the identity of the general formal scheme, these sonatas have their own individuality, which the uniformity of the performance tends to erase. To the Italians everything is song, even when the writing is idiomatically instrumental, and singers have never sung by watching a metronome. Here everything is in good order, but also fairly four-square; there is less attention to baroque pathos and expressiveness than to the embellishments, and these are not always convincingly integrated. The performances are most successful in the rapid virtuoso numbers, where the mobility of both Melkus and the first-rate cellist, Garo Atmacayan, can be utilized to good advantage. Huguette Dreyfus furnishes a good harpsichord continuo, and her organ playing is even better. The sound is good.

P.H.L.

DE LA VEGA: Segments for Violin and Piano—See Sessions: Sonata for Violin Solo.

DOWLAND: Lute Songs and Dances. Hayden Blanchard, tenor; Frederick Noad, lute; Ruth Adams, viola da gamba. Orion ORS 72102, $5.98.

Wilt thou unkind thus reave me; Go crystal tears; Round Battle Galliard; Awake sweet love; Tarleton's resurrection; Come again; Air. Thinkst thou then by thy feigning; Come away come sweet love; Lady Hammond's Almaine; Rest you awhile cruel cares; Go from my window; Come heavy sleep; The shoemaker's wife; Can she excuse my wrongs.

ELIZABETHAN LUTE SONGS AND SOLOS. Frank Patterson, tenor; Robert Spencer, lute. Philips 6500 282, $6.98.

DOWLAND: Fine knacks for ladies; Shall I sue; Away with these self-loving lads; In darkness let me dwell; Tarleton's resurrection; Galliard in D; Come again; What if I never speed; I saw my lady weep; Awake sweet love. **CAMPIAN:** It fell on a summer's day; The cypress curtain of the night; Shall I come sweet love. **ROSSETER:** Whether men do laugh or weep; Sweet come again; What then is love. **CUTTING:** Galliard in G minor. **MORLEY:** Thyrsis and Milla; Come sorrow come; It was a lover and his lass.

One of the high points, quite possibly the peak of song composition in English, was reached in the Elizabethan age. Thomas Campian, Philip Rosseter, and above all John Dowland were the Schuberts and Schumanns of our own language. In a flexible union of word and tone, the lute ayre could express every nuance of feeling from lighthearted charm to deep-felt passion. Yet it is a part of their perfection which keeps them from being better known today. The lute accompaniment with its quasi-polyphonic lines and delicate balance with the voice is as essential to the finished work as the piano was to the great Lieder composers, but while there are plenty of pianists who can at least thump through a Schubert song, lutenists are few and far between. Moreover, the sound of the instrument is lost in even a medium-size hall, making concert performance a chore for the listener. The lute song was written for an intimate audience, and fortunately for us, the medium of recordings can bring singer and lutenist right into the living room, making this an ideal way to get acquainted with this delicate art.

Both these discs present an admirable selection of songs, some familiar, some less so. *In darkness let me dwell* and *I saw my lady weep* are justly famous, but the beautifully controlled sweep of *Go crystal tears* and the intense feeling of *Come heavy sleep* make them also among Dowland's finest songs. The rhythmic variety of Morley's delightful pastoral scene *Thyrsis and Milla* is in no way inferior to his popular *It was a lover and his lass*, and for sheer charm it would be hard to beat Dowland's graceful galliard *Awake sweet love*. Compared to the songs, the lute solos seem a bit thin, though the subtle melancholy of Cutting's *Galliard* breathes some of the same spirit as the minor-keyed dance songs.

A glance at the cover photos of tenors Frank Patterson (turtle neck, tweed jacket) and Hayden Blanchard (concert tails) reveals the difference in their approach even before the disc is unsealed. Blanchard is very serious about his recital. Not surprisingly he is at his best in the slow sustained numbers. He has a warm expressive voice, a fine legato, and the breath control to handle Dowland's unbelievably long lines. He is a sensitive musician with emotional depths equal to the longing of *Come heavy sleep* and a sense of phrasing and diction to put across the strophic songs, in which, by the way, he sings all the verses. If he has not Patterson's élan with the more sprightly numbers, he still sings them with adequate spirit. His diction is admirable; in fact he seems to be able to do anything he pleases with it, so one wonders why in this most English of repertoires he has chosen to use a grating Middle Western American "r" throughout and a flat "a" which makes the word "Shafts" sound like "laffs".

Patterson, on the other hand, is an Irish tenor with a sweet, high, bright sound and more than a touch of green in his pronunciation. His casual style is perfectly suited to the lighthearted side of this music which makes up most of his disc, though he shows the ability to cope with more serious matters in his moving performance of the mighty lament *In darkness let me dwell*. Patterson's cheerful devil-may-care presentation leads him into some unpleasant mannerisms however. Scooping up to high notes for effect as he does in *Fine knacks for ladies* may work once in the concert hall, but heard over and over it loses its spontaneity and becomes merely irritating.

Lutenists Robert Spencer and Frederick Noad both cope splendidly with the intricate delicacies and the more robust support of the accompanimental parts, but I found the addition of a viol on the bass line was not a great help. Coupled with the generally muffled sound of the Orion release, the reinforcement of the bass merely aggravated the trouble I had adjusting the sound. The Philips recording is brighter, capturing the crisp clarity of the voice and lute without distortion. Generally—good performances of excellent music.

S.T.S.

Witold Rowicki—personalized and rustic Dvořák.

DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 10; Husitska Overture, Op. 67. London Symphony Orchestra, Witold Rowicki, cond. Philips 6500 286, $6.98.

Selected comparison (same coupling):
Kertesz/LSO — Lon. 6525

Now that the superlative Rowicki/LSO/Philips Dvořák symphony series has finally seen completion, the two earliest installments (Nos. 5 and 6, which appeared on the now defunct bargain-priced World Series label) have disappeared from the catalogue. Alas, there seems little chance of their being resuscitated at premium rates.

The comparison with London's parallel series with Kertesz and the same orchestra

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Priced as it is, it is a real bargain in cartridges. *Audio*

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provides the usual results: Rowicki's readings are a bit more personalized and rustic, and Philips' bright, airy sonics measurably surpass the still satisfactory but basically much more compressed, less distinguished London engineering of a decade ago. This symphony is a particularly fine example of Dvořák's early mastery (Dvořák was thirty-two at the time of its completion, with an additional eight years' under his belt after his Second Symphony). The *Husitska* Overture, on the other hand, is the work of an internationally celebrated master. This fiery work (no pun intended, even if its program *is* about the burning at the stake of Jan Hus!) was commissioned in 1883 by the Prague National Theater. It is the first—and only completed—part of a projected trilogy dealing with the Hussite wars in the fifteenth century. Both scores are well worth knowing, particularly in such disciplined, impassioned readings. Rowicki has become beyond question an important symphonic maestro, with cultivated, personalized views and virtuoso control over his players. I hope that Philips will assign other work to him.

As usual, the imported Philips pressing boasts faultless processing. H.G.

EISLER: Four Klavierstücke, Op. 3—See Casadesus: Sonata for Piano No. 2, Op. 31.

ELIZABETHAN LUTE SONGS AND SOLOS. —See Dowland: Lute Songs and Dances.

FRANCK: Symphonic Variations—See Rachmaninoff: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2.

GLAZUNOV: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in A minor. **PROKOFIEV:** Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in D. Josef Sivó, violin; Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Horst Stein, cond. London CS 6736, $5.98.

Selected comparison (Glazunov):
Milstein Ang. 36011

This happens to be the only pairing of these concertos in the catalogue, and it is an apt one. The works offset each other nicely. You can be snooty if you wish about the Glazunov—its romance does become Hollywoodian at times—but it is so well made for the instrument and summons forth so many nice little details in its orchestration that only a very high-falutin' ear could remain deaf to its blandishments. Sivó does splendidly by it; he moves into the sinuous opening line with total naturalness and proceeds from there with tenderness, which never drips over into gush. The idiom seems second nature to him, and in the first movement he is quite on a par with another persuasive exponent of the work, Nathan Milstein. In the second movement he is both deft and zestful, but he falls just a hair short of Milstein's virtuosic bite and absolute rhythmic definition. But it is just a hair. The Suisse Romande backs him beautifully—those myriad decorative tendrils sprouting from flute and oboe in the first movement are finely delineated, and so is the horn contribution to the second subject of the Allegro.

Beside the Glazunov, Prokofiev's First Concerto is almost austerely elegant. Sivó adapts well to its somewhat different demands: His tone is always firmly focused, and he captures with perfect understanding the sardonic twist necessary to the first movement. There is also drive and thrust aplenty in the development section. The scherzo calls for a silvery, humming-bird shimmer, and the violinist delivers it beautifully. The album notes, as a matter of fact, describe Sivó as "a born virtuoso," and they are correct. S.F.

GRIEG: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 16; Poetic Tone Pictures, Op. 3. Viktor Yeresko, piano; Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40193, $5.98.

Yeresko takes a rather free, untrammeled approach to the concerto. Instead of the conventional bravura reading, the present interpretation features refreshingly cool, fleet passagework, rather flowing, lightweight sonorities, and an outlook that immediately made me think of such Grieg *Lyric Pieces* as the *Little Bird* and *Butterfly* of Op. 43. With the folklorish elements thus brought to the fore, the music becomes vernal and indescribably lovely. Rozhdestvensky's vital, structural support assures musical cohesiveness. I was reminded of Walter Gieseking's two recordings of the Grieg Concerto (although neither of them were at hand for comparison).

The six *Poetic Tone Pictures* are early ef-

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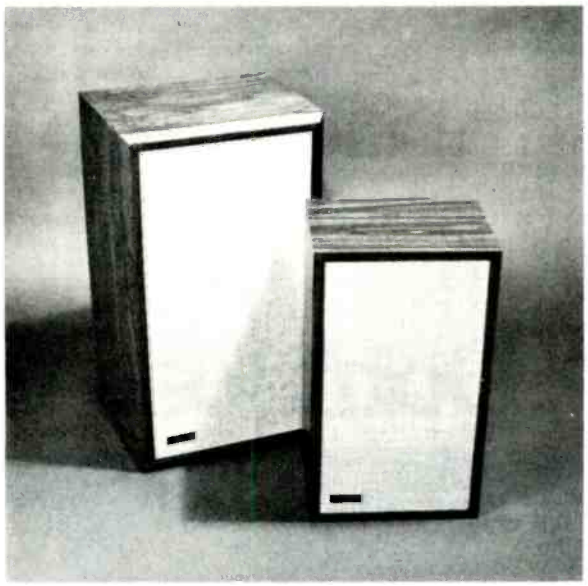

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forts. Grieg's authentic voice comes to the fore only occasionally—most notably in Nos. 5 and 6. Elsewhere, there are echoes of Chopin (in No. 1), a Schumann romance (in No. 2), and Schubert (with impromptulike hints cropping up everywhere). Yeresko gives the material real character. He shapes and shades cantabile passages with sympathetic rubato, and gives point and flair to rhythmic ostinatos. He definitely upholds the extremely favorable impression established by his first Angel/Melodiya disc of Mussorgsky's *Pictures*.

The piano is a shade glassy in the concerto, warmer but a trifle reverberant in the solo selections. The orchestral sound, though, is favorable: clean, pleasant, and extremely kind to woodwind detail. There are many fine discs of the Grieg concerto, but should you opt for this one I doubt whether you will regret it.

H.G.

GRIEG: Peer Gynt: Suites Nos. 1 and 2—See Bizet: Carmen: Suites Nos. 1 and 2.

HAYDN: The Seven Last Words of Christ, H.III:50-56. Amadeus Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 213, $6.98.

In 1786 Haydn composed an oratorio for the Cathedral Chapter of Cádiz in Spain. *The Seven Last Words*, scored for full orchestra, consisted of an introduction, seven Adagios, and a finale (*The Earthquake*). Haydn and his Viennese publisher Artaria & Co. decided to issue not only the original but also two arrangements, so that the rather complicated work could be played in the drawing room as well as in the church or concert hall. The first arrangement, supervised by Haydn, is for piano; the second, actually put together by the composer, is for string quartet. Many years later, after he had returned from England, Haydn himself made still another arrangement: for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Gottfried van Swieten, who translated and adapted the librettos of *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, also adapted words by a German cathedral Kapellmeister, who had made his own arrangement of the work. Haydn heard this arrangement on his way back to Austria in 1795 and thought he "could have done the setting of the words better." It is strangely enough the choral version and that for string quartet that are usually performed.

There were hundreds of such arrangements in the eighteenth century: operas arranged for wind band, or string quartet, and so forth. After they had served their purpose they were consigned to oblivion, like most of the originals. Not so the string quartets from *The Seven Last Words*. Haydn's pupil Ignaz Pleyel included them among the complete edition of the Haydn quartets, which Pleyel started publishing in 1798. Long after the actual oratorio was as good as forgotten, the version for string quartet survived, each "word" being treated as a separate quartet (which of course was not Haydn's intention).

The string quartet version represents at best a skeletal view of the original, failing badly in the final *Earthquake*, which obviously requires a full orchestra. Even the immaculate playing of the Amadeus Quartet and DG's elegant recording do not make the record more than a historical curiosity. I would suggest instead: (1) the choral version, conducted by Scherchen (last available on Music Guild, and a likely candidate for reissue on Westminster Gold), with the "new" piece (1796) for solo wind band, one of the greatest single pieces in all late Haydn—it has to be heard to be believed; or (2) the orchestral version (of which the only recording currently listed is that by Leslie Jones, on Nonesuch H 71154). Both of these versions convey the power and beauty of the oratorio far better than the pale arrangement for string quartet. H.C.R.L.

HAYDN: Symphonies: No. 92, in G (*Oxford*); No. 95, in C minor. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S 36919, $5.98.

Selected comparison (No. 92):
Dorati — St. Treas. 15229/34
Selected comparison (No. 95):
Szell — Col. 30366

These recordings are consistent with other recent Klemperer products in most respects. The effect is more an analysis of the music than a performance, and in the case of the *Oxford* Symphony things get so slow at times that the line of the work is barely sustained. It takes Klemperer slightly over thirty-one minutes to play this music—six minutes longer than Dorati in Vol. 5 of his Haydn edition, five and a half minutes longer than Szell on an Epic disc that is (ones hopes only momentarily) out of print. You don't judge music with a stop

watch, but in this case the slow tempos are the key to the performance. Only Klemperer's most devoted admirers are likely to find this pacing of the work anything other than perverse or lethargic.

In the C minor Symphony the strongly affirmative character of Klemperer's statement of the opening phrase is impressive, but again the tempo is quite slow and it is too much to hope to sustain the work at this slow speed. In this case there *is* a Szell performance in print, and the bravura and vitality he brings to this music demonstrate the true style of the piece.

By the standards of the Dorati or Szell discs, the Klemperer performances are not brilliantly recorded. The Angel engineers seem reluctant to work in close to the orchestra, and the ear often seeks greater clarity and definition. R.C.M.

HAYDN: Trios for Piano, Violin, and Cello: in E flat, H.XV:29; in E flat, H.XV:30; in E flat minor, H.XV:31. Beaux Arts Trio. Philips 6500 400, $6.98.

Haydn's piano trios are now appearing in an Urtext edition—for the first time, astonishingly—published by the Verlag Doblinger in Vienna. This edition includes forty-five trios; in the new chronological numbering the present works are Nos. 41 (H.XV:31), 42 (H.XV:30), and 45 (H.XV:29). Thus they are late works, composed in 1795 and 1796, during or after the last year Haydn spent in England. The new Philips recording is based on the Doblinger Urtext edition.

Philips is embarked on a series of Haydn trios. This is Vol. 2; Vol. 1 (6500 023, very much available but for some reason not listed in Schwann) contained three late trios, including the famous one with the *Gypsy* Rondo (H.XV:25). They could hardly have found a group better suited than the Beaux Arts Trio for the music. The group's recording of the Beethoven trios (formerly available on World Series) is one of the finest Beethoven sets on record: masculine, gentle, harsh, subtle, with all the violent contrasts inherent in the music. The Beaux Arts is equally good in Haydn. The group obviously made a detailed study of this very elusive music, which is among Haydn's greatest but least compromising: It is really music for the players, and the outside listener is almost an interloper. All those wild enharmonic modulations and third-related keys are not for casual listening. The music needs to be studied thoroughly if it is to be understood.

The Trio in E flat minor, a very *outré* key, is in two movements, the first a very Romantic set of variations and the second a lean Allegro with characteristic rhythmic drive. To see what I mean about the highly intellectual key relationships, consider the first movement in E flat minor (six flats). One part of this Andante cantabile is a lush violin solo in B major (five sharps). This relationship (a submediant) is such that you must imagine E flat minor enharmonically as D sharp minor, D sharp being the third of B major. This is typical of these hooded late-Haydn chamber works.

The Trio in E flat (H.XV:30) was composed for the great Leipzig publisher Breitkopf & Härtel. It too is a piece of astonishing modernity. The second movement (in C major—the submediant again) contains a wealth of dynamic marks, which in turn illuminate a depth of expression such as we associate with Haydn's late Masses.

The other E flat Trio (H.XV:29) is, as noted, the last of the trios. Sent off to London by Haydn in late 1796 or early 1797, it was dedicated to Theresa Bartolozzi, for whom he also composed his last three piano sonatas in 1794. The trio starts out with an entire slow movement, like an old church sonata, and has some of the reserved, opaque emotional quality typical of these late trios. The second movement is in another outlandish key, B major, while the finale, marked "in the German style," is a fantasy on a German dance of Haydn's fertile invention.

The performances are, as indicated, outstanding. If you don't know these trios—and unless you are a great connoisseur of late Haydn, you won't—this record will be a genuine revelation. And if you would like to know more about these late trios, I recommend Charles Rosen's fascinating book, *The Classical Style*, just out in paperback (Norton); it ought to be required reading for everyone interested in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. H.C.R.L.

MENDELSSOHN: Symphonies for Strings Nos. 1-12; Symphony Movement In C minor. Amsterdam Chamber Orchestra, Marinus Voorberg, cond. Telefunken SKB 25074-T/1-4, $23.92 (four discs).
Selected comparison (Nos. 9, 10, and 12): Marriner Argo 5467

These products of the boy wonder's early teens, here recorded for the first time *in extenso* (if marginally less than *in toto*), chart a pretty fascinating course of development. From the neutral, rather carefully modeled first examples, where a not-quite-secure command of harmonic rhythm is manifest, we come eventually (say, from No. 7 on) to the expected Mendelssohnian suavity and grace of phrasing, elegance and ingenuity of string writing. The models are often palpable: the Bach and Rossini that were enthusiasms of Meister Zelter, the Handel, Haydn, and Mozart that were the common inheritance of the times. Some movements are so characteristic of these predecessors that they promise to be useful fodder for stylistic guessing games ("Name the Composer"), but the personality of the last works is very genuine.

Aside from their historical interest, the first half dozen of these symphonies don't really promise to command sustained rehearings; for the casual listener, Marriner's recording of Nos. 9, 10, and 12 (Argo 5467) would be a more reasonable investment. And for those who want the complete set, a *caveat* is in order: In Europe, another recording has been issued by Archive, which includes the alternate version (with winds) that Mendelssohn made of No. 8. I can't in all conscience say that the Telefunken performances are very appealing: efficient, certainly, but in a relentless, occasionally jumpy way. The sound doesn't help much, for it shares the disadvantages of both close, dry focus and distant resonance. God only knows how this peculiar mixture was achieved, but the effect is as if the ensemble were poised on a knife-edge between one's listening room and St. Paul's Cathedral. The fierce highs can be tamed with some treble cut, but the other half of the problem is irremediable. It's probably worth waiting to see if Archive will issue its set over here. D.H.

B **MESSIAEN:** Quatuor pour la fin du temps; Le Merle noir. Paige Brook, flute (in *Le Merle noir*); New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble, A. Robert Johnson, dir. Candide CE 31050, $3.98.

Selected comparison (Quatuor):
Petit/Neilz/Deplus/Fernandez MHS 978

The "end of time" of Messiaen's extraordinary *Quartet for the End of Time*, one of the composer's most striking and beautiful works, has many meanings. A vision of the end of the world must have been in his mind as he wrote his quartet for the instruments available to him (violin, cello, clarinet, and piano) in a German stalag in 1940. But the end of time announced by the angel in the Revelation of St. John (in the French and King James versions of the Bible), the point of departure for this work, also implies the beginning of eternity. And indeed Messiaen's quartet is, according to the composer, a seven-movement composition with an eighth "extending into eternity." Muscially the end of time is created by eliminating traditional periodic rhythms. In their place Messiaen uses either long, hypnotic, extremely slow passages with a spiraling, continuous melody over languorously repeated *dolce* chords, as in the fifth movement (which recalls the finale of *L'Ascension*), or diverse nonretrogradable rhythms. The quartet also offers an extremely wide range of instrumental variety and textures, from the four distinct voices of the first movement, with its strange glissandos and harmonics backing up a bird-song pattern in the clarinet, to the unison of the sixth movement and the clarinet solo of the third.

The New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble gives an excellent performance, somewhat warmer and better recorded than the Musical Heritage version supervised by Messiaen. The energy and ecstasy of Messiaen's vision are admirably communicated; A. Robert Johnson elicits splendid tonal balance, precise ensemble playing, and some excellent dynamic shading. The impassioned violin/piano duet of the last movement is rendered in particularly moving fashion by violinist Isadore Cohen and pianist Robert Levin. Furthermore, the engineers have produced a bright, well-defined sound whose stereo balance helps give each instrument its individuality—quite important for this work. Unfortunately my pressing had some all-too-familiar flaws—nasty warp and lots of pre-echo.

Filling out the second side is a fine performance by Paige Brook of *Le Merle noir*, a competition piece whose rondo alternation of bird-song passages with more conventional flute/piano writing lacks the profound and captivating originality of Messiaen's gargantuan *Catalogue of the Birds*, for piano solo, finished six years later. R.S.B.

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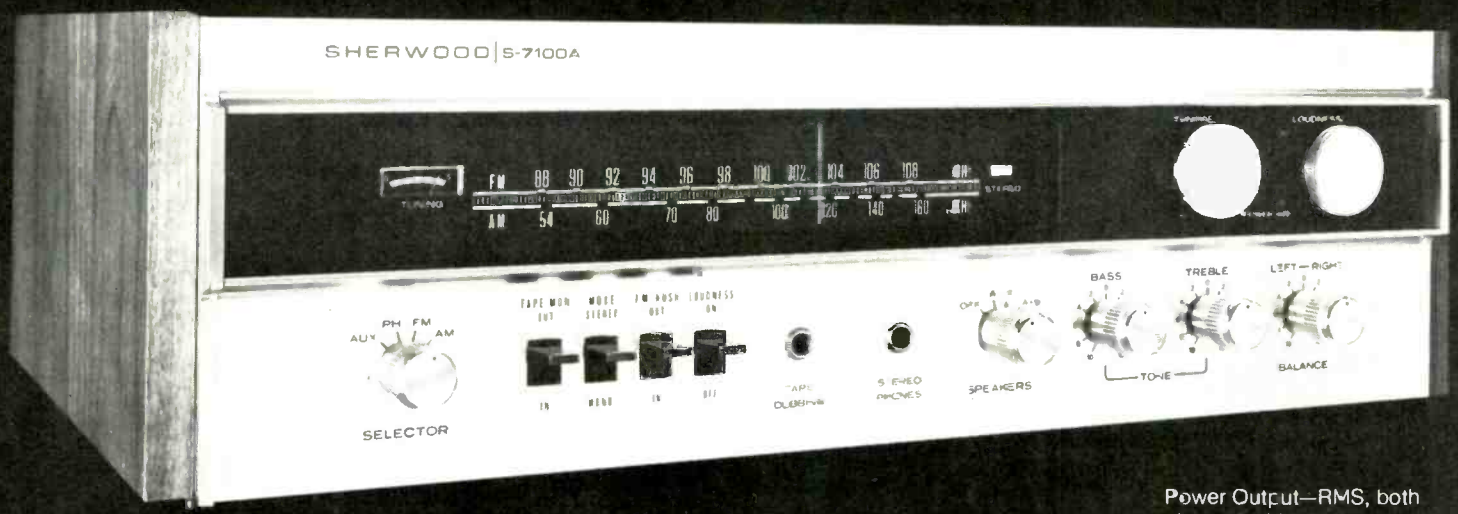

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Karl Böhm—Ambitious marriage music by Mozart aristocratically phrased.

MOZART: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 24, in C minor, K. 491; Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in A, K. 581. Gyula Kiss, piano; Orchestra of the Hungarian Radio and Television, György Lehel, cond. (in the concerto); Bela Kovacs, clarinet; Tátrai Quartet (in the Quintet) Hungaroton LPX 11511, $5.98.

Gyula Kiss is the young (male) Hungarian pianist who made an excellent recording of Liszt's A major Concerto and B minor Sonata a few years ago. His Mozart is broadly lyrical, a bit romantically inflected, but nevertheless stylistically knowledgeable and enlivening. Trills begin from the upper auxiliary (giving them the requisite biting emphasis they need), and many details in the left hand are brought out in a way that suggests that the soloist is listening to what is going on in the orchestra. The sound per se is superb—silken pure strings, woodwinds well forward, and a warm, rich, but still aspirate piano.

The overside quintet (actually an ideal coupling) is similarly well presented. Bela Kovacs, the clarinetist, has a very straightforward tone with no vibrato, and his phrasing and breath control are in the exceptional class. The Tátrai Quartet is pretty exceptional too—with perfect unanimity and true intonation. Some may find their exceedingly metrical, vibratoless playing uncomfortable, though—too much like a medieval consort. And while I am quibbling, some but not all the repeats are omitted in the final variation movement. The close, bright sound is superb and the surfaces are ideally silent.

All in all, a very fine record indeed. The Hummel cadenzas are used in K. 491. H.G.

MOZART: Quartets for Strings: No. 20, in D, K. 499; No. 21, in D, K. 575. Quartetto Italiano. Philips 6500 241, $6.98.

Selected comparison:
Amadeus Quartet DG 2720 055

There have been times when Mozart's chamber music was better represented in the domestic catalogue. The five-disc Amadeus box is therefore tempting, presenting the final ten quartets in chaste, classical style with elegance, taste, and respect for the text. Unfortunately the Amadeus has a lean, wiry tonal quality that makes one ready to be seduced by the sheer gorgeousness of the playing of the Quartetto Italiano. It may be too suave, too sophisticated for the purest classical style, but still it seems quite in harmony with Mozart's ideas. And the truly exceptional polish and refinement of the playing are utterly ravishing.

The quartets offered here are not from the composer's most famous set (the six works dedicated to Haydn, Nos. 14–19, written between 1782–85) but are the quartet of 1786 and the first of the three *King of Prussia* Quartets, from 1789–90. This is an ideal record for those who have the *Haydn* Quartets in an acceptable recording, such as the deleted Juilliard version on Epic, and want to add the later quartets.

Both works give an unusually important role to the cello, and a successful performance requires a thoroughly unified ensemble in which themes can be swapped back and forth without any loss of accent or emphasis. On this record four musicians of the highest achievement are working together as if of a single mind, and in K. 575, with its suggestions of Haydn jokes and its profusion of rhythmic figures and contrapuntal play, their artistry is put to the kind of severe test that makes their success all the more impressive.

This record is part of a Mozart quartet cycle. Two records have already appeared: Nos. 1–4 (6500 142) and Nos. 5–8 (6500 172). Clearly this is a notable series—something to follow and acquire. R.C.M.

MOZART: Serenade No. 7, in D, K. 250 (Haffner). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 290, $6.98.

MOZART: Divertimento in D, K.334; Notturno (Serenade) in D, K. 286. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. Argo ZRG 705, $5.95.

Imagine that Mr. Woolgrant, the merchant prince, plans to marry off his daughter: what will he do? A big wedding in church culminating in the playing of the wedding march from *Lohengrin* in a wretched transcription for organ. Then the wedding party adjourns to the country club for a splendid reception, the music furnished by Chuck Plopping's band complete with a moaning electric guitar. They did it differently in the eighteenth century. When Sigmund Haffner, a rich but enlightened merchant and former burgomaster of Salzburg gave his daughter Elise in marriage, an original composition commissioned for the occasion was performed; it was later to be known as the *Haffner* Serenade, K. 250. The proportions of the work—twice as long as any of Mozart's symphonies—as well as the relatively large orchestra show that Mozart wanted to deliver an ambitious composition to the knowledgeable patron. While it cannot be denied that this serenade is a bit drawn out, the Rondo especially being too long, it is also very attractive: rich in moods, beautifully composed. The moods range from the energetic, full-blown symphonic Allegro, and the scintillating virtuosity of the Rondo, to the almost frighteningly dark accents of the first Minuet in G minor. The performance is excellent, vigorous without being heavy. Böhm phrases aristocratically, the orchestra (except for the thin oboes) is splendid, the sound very good.

The author of the notes for the Argo release warns us that "the intellectual demands are not severe" in these serenades, and that in the case of the *Notturno* we are dealing with a work "musically on a lower plane." Old prejudices die hard. He adds that "Mozart limited himself to three movements." Mozart did not in fact "limit" himself; the piece is obviously incomplete and the final Rondo lost. But let us look at the "lower-plane" echo play: The first orchestra plays the melody, the second echoes the *second* half of this melody, and the third ensemble (each of them consists of strings and two horns) *half* of the already abridged musical idea. This leaves the fourth orchestra with the last few notes, usually the cadence, so that the original melody gradually evaporates. This is not just an innocent game but a carefully thought-out artistic scheme. The serenade abounds in humor, as in the Minuet when the eight horns get in each other's way. This pleasant piece is a witty take-off on an old convention, and I suspect that Gluck's *Orfeo* was included in the spoof. I am also convinced that a certain visual element is needed in the performance, because after a while the piece does become a little monotonous. The engineers attempted to create spatial illusion, but as the echo gradually diminishes the volume of sound, it also diminishes aural definition; the fourth orchestra is pretty insubstantial. I believe that in the concert hall the *Notturno* comes off much better and with fuller sound. But the performance is fine; Marriner forgets about the reduced intellectual demands, giving both the humor and the craftsmanship their due.

While Mozart almost always respected the serenade character and tone in the outer movements of his works in this genre, in the middle he just as often indulged his own

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fancy. The Divertimento in D, K. 334, is a "higher-plane" work: large, beautifully tooled, full of ravishing melodies and ideas. The first Minuet is among the most exquisite he ever composed, but, as in the *Haffner*, where the G minor Minuet is altogether outside the serenade world, here Mozart composes a set of variations in D minor that flout the spirit of entertainment music: It is funereal and resigned. Indeed, even some of the other middle movements have their disturbing moments, the second Minuet having two trios, both in minor. This is a very fine work superbly performed; the Adagio is suave and tender, while the fast movements are sprightly. The first fiddles play like one soloist, in perfect unanimity and with almost personal expressiveness, the pizzicatos in the basses are delightfully light, the variations have as many faces as there are variants, and the sound is first-class. P.H.L.

MOZART: Works for Horn and Orchestra. Alan Civil, horn; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. Philips 6500 325, $6.98.

Concertos: No. 1, in D, K. 412; No. 2, in E flat, K. 417; No. 3, in E flat, K. 447; No. 4, in E flat, K. 495. Rondo in E flat, K. 371.

Selected comparisons:

Brain/Karajan	Ang. 35092
Civil/Klemperer	Ang. 35689
Civil/Kempe	RCA 2973
Tuckwell/Maag	Lon. 6403
Tuckwell/Marriner	Ang. 36840

Yoicks. Hot on the heels of Barry Tuckwell's splendid second recording of the four Mozart horn concertos, with Neville Marriner and the St. Martin-in-the-Fields players on Angel, comes Alan Civil's *third* complete version, also with Marriner and company, on Philips. If nothing else, this strange bombardment serves to reinforce my opinion of Marriner as one of the outstanding accompanists available in this sort of repertory. But the two versions do not really pile redundancy on reduplication as might be expected: Even with conductor and orchestra providing a measure of uniformity, Civil and Tuckwell remain significantly different although similarly first-class artists. Tuckwell/Marriner offered not only the standard four concertos and the Rondo, K. 371, but also the so-called Concerto No. 5, in E, K. 494a, which is actually only a three-minute fragment of mysterious provenance, most likely one of Mozart's false starts. Civil/Marriner includes the Rondo but omits the fragment, which should not weigh heavily in any choice between these two recordings. But what does weigh is a difference in style. Civil, British-born but German-trained, studied with Aubrey Brain, was co-principal with Dennis Brain in the Philharmonia Orchestra, and succeeded to the first-horn post after the latter's death. Essentially a representative of an older Romantic German school of horn player, Civil has a broader, more veiled tone than Tuckwell, and a slight but noticeable tendency to smear, to let arpeggios go fuzzy, and to ease into attacks in a way that can result in mild, not always unpleasing, burps. All this is apparent in the opening movement of K. 412, where Tuckwell by contrast is more focused, cleaner in articulation, and generally more cool in style.

But all things rise and converge. Listening through previous recordings by both these extraordinary performers, I hear some tendency toward homogeneity. Tuckwell, whose work with Maag could be so even, brisk, and unsentimental as to leave a slight chill, still favors that style (listen to the clipped phrases at the end of K. 412's second movement in his latest version), but more and more he takes a *vocal* rather than purely instrumental approach, sustaining and swelling his tone like an opera singer at times, and abandoning his cultivated "Mozart manner" so far as to produce rough sounds at forte climaxes. Civil, seemingly concerned with plasticity of phrase above all else in the past, still avoids the constipated, antiseptic style of some Mozart specialists, and exploits a full range of color and dynamics. And yet, possibly under the influence of Marriner, Civil now takes the opening movement of K. 412 at a positively sparkling clip, making it a genuine Allegro as marked, whereas Tuckwell moves it along at a walk, in Civil's own earlier, rather stolid manner. Civil generally adopts the slower tempos of the two however: in K. 447, K. 495, and the Rondo, K. 371, he invariably offers longer and more ambitious cadenzas where the performer must add his own. Thus, in the K. 495 first movement, Civil fires off a full-scale cadenza of more than a minute; Tuckwell makes a tentative, thirteen-second gesture and hurries on. That, in fact, is the pattern throughout. Civil's cadenzas usually make good sense within the style he favors, though an exception must be made in the Rondo, where he delivers himself of a disproportionately long, idiosyncratic flight of fancy that dives into beery-toned depths quite ludi-

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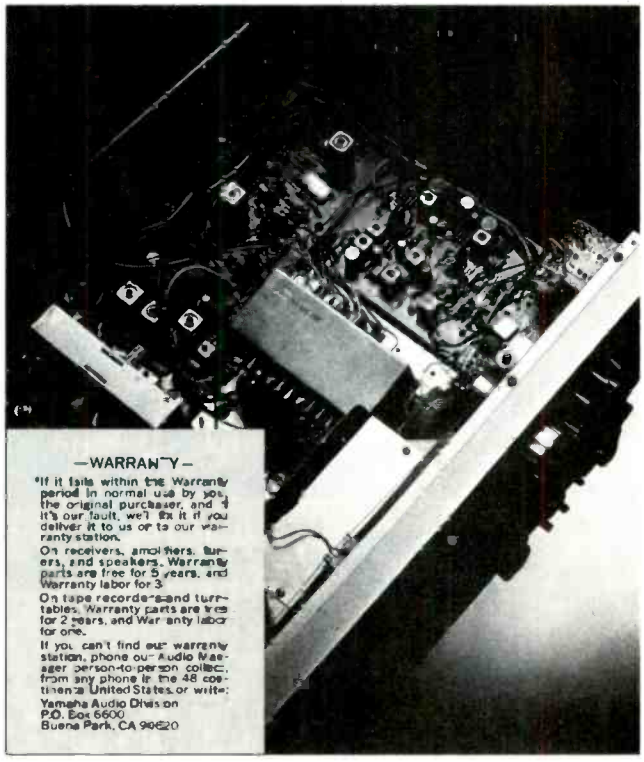

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crously at one point. Tuckwell, characteristically, is brisker and less personal here.

In fact, the Rondo makes an excellent band for comparisons. Because the movement exists mainly in sketch form, both players undertake to complete the scoring. Tuckwell's is open in texture and more eighteenth-century in ambience, possibly because here as throughout the concertos he and/or Marriner decide to augment the bass line with harpsichord. Civil's version of the Rondo gives oboe and other winds more prominence, and in fact the Philips engineering usually places his horn more naturally within the orchestra; Tuckwell's is moved forward into star position.

Both the Civil and Tuckwell versions outclass previous stereo recordings of the concertos and any choice must be resolved on grounds of style and taste. It is necessary to keep the Dennis Brain/Karajan version separate, of course, for St. Dennis is not to be challenged. His recording remains an invaluable classic of mono days. But Civil/Klemperer may be ruled out by the fat orchestral sonority and generally heavy-footed tempos and accents. Civil/ Kempe holds up well in most ways, though it too is thick in sound and square of phrase compared with either of the Marriners. Tuckwell/Maag, also quite acceptable for anyone who doesn't demand such dubious refinements as a harpsichord in the accompaniment, might even be preferred by one whose tastes in Mozart horn playing run to the slightly more reticent Tuckwell style of some years ago. In the tossup, fringe considerations might come to be important. The Philips disc is banded between movements; the Angel is not. Philips also gives full details on the label, while Angel continues its inscrutable policy of confining all but the most elementary information to the jacket. But all in all the vote is still for Tuckwell/Marriner—by a surprisingly slim margin. D.J.H.

MUSSORGSKY: Boris Godunov—See Recitals and Miscellany: Chaliapin.

PAGANINI: Quartet for Violin, Viola, Cello, and Guitar, No. 1; Four Sonatinas for Violin and Guitar. Piero Gosio, guitar; Quartetto di Torino. Spark SPA 04, $5.98.

This disc is billed as a world premiere performance, and it suggests that there are still a lot of little gems in the Paganini archives waiting to see the light of day. According to the album notes, the Quartetto di Torino first played these works, among others, at a concert in Genoa in October 1971, and subsequently made this recording.

The quartet will hold no surprises for anyone familiar with the numerous Paganini works for this combination of instruments already recorded. It is one of those quartets that guitarists like to label "for guitar and strings"—a designation utterly misleading, for the guitarist is low man in the heap, and simply plucks out his thankless accompaniment while the violin runs away with the show. It is a good show, to be sure, with an abundance of songlike melodic lines for the fiddle, occasional bursts of virtuosity (even runs in double stops, à la the Caprices), and a number of vigorous boosts from the viola. Nor does Paganini disappoint in the Theme-and-Variations movement: The beginning is a typical moonlight-on-the-Mediterranean scene with gentle waves rocking ever so pleasantly beneath the violin's serenade.

The four sonatinas for violin and guitar follow the same philosophy concerning balance of power: It is all on the side of the violin. The titles of the movements (each sonatina has two) tell you all you need to know about the music—*Romanza amabile*, *Placidamenta con grazia*, etc. The remarkable thing is that none of the music is perfunctory; it always manages to convey the idea that Paganini was really *there* and that he cared. And so we care too.

The performances are clean, vigorous, and never overromanticized. In an effort not to be indulgent, in fact, the quartet ensemble comes across as slightly tight-lipped; a little more beguilement wouldn't have hurt. But it's an interesting disc, very respectably played. S.F.

PERGOLESI: La Serva padrona.

Serpina — Olivera Miljaković (s)
Uberto — Reiner Süss (bs)

Joachim Freyer, harpsichord; Berlin Staatskapelle, Helmut Koch, cond. Telefunken SLT 43126, $5.98.

La Serva padrona, which helped to change the course of opera, especially in France, is now little more than an engaging trifle. Given a good performance, though, it still exerts a certain amiable charm—depending largely on the

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vocalists' abilities to bring to life the simple comedy about a serving-maid's successful attempt to marry her master. In *La Serva padrona* good musicianship and fine voices go for little without an admixture of characterization. The latter depends on vivid enunciation, and that in turn depends on an idiomatic grasp of the language. Whatever virtues Olivera Miljaković and Reiner Süss possess, familiarity with Italian is not one of them. Neither sounds at ease; both give a Germanic pronunciation to the terminal "e"; Süss is confused by the Italian "qu" and "s" and by the initial "v." As a result the secco recitative, on which so much of the work's vitality depends, fails to come alive.

Both singers attempt to characterize their roles—e.g., Miljaković's slight hesitation before "*militare*," when lying about her lover at the beginning of Part Two—but the results are only minimally successful. Miljaković lacks earthiness, Süss comic dignity. Neither, in any case, commands much variety of vocal expression. In addition, both are rather taxed by the music. Miljaković (a Salzburg and Vienna Susanna and Papagena) sounds thin and insubstantial of voice. The A above the staff in her first aria, "*Stizzoso, mio stizzoso*," gives her trouble. Süss, though sometimes hard-pressed by the top Fs in "*Sempre in contrasti*," sounds more baritone than bass. Anything from B downward is very weak.

Helmut Koch conducts neatly, if without much personality. The Berlin Staatskapelle performs efficiently, as does the discreet harpsichordist. All repeats are observed, though played quite straight. The finale, "*Contento tu sarai*," is preferred to the duet, "*Per te ho io nel core*," whose omission seems unjustified and regrettable. No text/translation is provided.

I'm afraid we still need an up-to-date recording that combines good singing, idiomatic diction, vivid characterization, and sound scholarship. D.S.H.

PONCE: Concierto del Sur—See Previn: Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra.

PREVIN: Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra. **PONCE:** Concierto del Sur. John Williams, guitar; London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond. Columbia M 31963, $5.98. Tape: ●‧ MA 31963, $6.98; ●● MT 31963, $6.98. Quadraphonic: MQ 31963 (SQ-encoded disc), $6.98; MAQ 31963 (Q-8 cartridge), $7.98.

This recording is the story of two collaborations: Segovia's with Ponce in 1941 and Williams' with Previn just thirty years later. In each instance, a nonguitarist composer worked closely with a virtuoso in producing his score. On the face of it, however, it seems clear that Segovia did more for Ponce, even as an instructor in technical possibilities, than Williams did for Previn. Not that the Ponce is all that striking a piece, either; it merely sounds far more like an authentic concerto than Previn's rather disjointed and meandering piece. The American launches his three-movement work with a descending arpeggio that bears a strong intervallic kinship to Debussy's *Maid with the Flaxen Hair*, and through most of the first two movements a late-Romantic idiom and mood are sustained. Although it is difficult to speak with conviction about such matters on the basis of a recording alone, Previn seems to handle the problem of the unfair match between guitar and orchestra with considerable sensitivity. His orchestration blends and contrasts the materials with such skill that one is often able to overlook the essential banality of what is taking place. Technically undemanding for the soloist by comparison with, say, the Ohana Concerto, the Previn nevertheless makes easy listening for the first two movements. The third, however, turns into a tiresome exercise in faddism: An electric guitar, and electric bass, and an extra drummer, acting in consort against the orchestra and acoustic guitar, enter the concerto and interrupt the Romantic proceedings at unpredictable intervals until finally charmed (or perhaps bored) to silence.

The idea behind the contest is perfectly good of course: Orpheus soothing the beasts, as in the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, to name only the most successful example of the type. But as treated by Previn, the notion seems merely a vulgar attempt to keep up with the times. Strange that Previn, with his heavy history of performing and writing pop music, should not be able to provide something better at this point than some slack-jawed pseudo-jazz riffs. Self-satire, perhaps.

At any rate, Williams plays with his usual precision and musicianship, both in the Previn and in the Ponce. The only other version of the

"If music be the food of love, play on."

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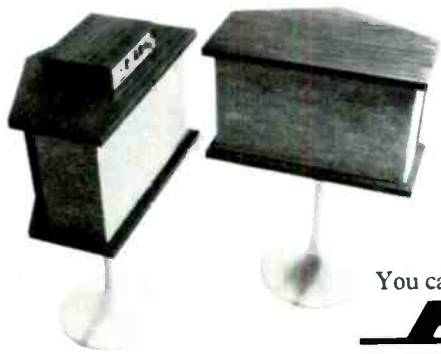

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latter, Segovia's with Jorda and the Symphony of the Air, came out fifteen years ago and is still available. Williams, if anything, plays more cleanly than the elder master did at that relatively late stage of his career, and the final movement has a rhythmic bite in the Williams performance that is not matched by Segovia. Jorda and company adopt a more reticent stance in relation to the soloist than do Previn and the LSO, which allows the Segovia performance a soft-edged elegance and dreamy atmosphere in the slow pages that seem congenial to the Mexican composer's unassertive impressionism. The old Decca still sounds acceptable too, although there is appreciably more sharpness of focus and depth of perspective in the new Williams version. Still, those who want to sample the Previn concerto will not go far wrong with Williams' performance of the Ponce, no matter how sacrosanct they may feel any and all Segovia interpretations to be.

D.J.H.

PROKOFIEV: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1—See Glazunov: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.

RACHMANINOFF: Caprice bohémien, Op. 12; Symphonic Dances, Op. 45. London Philharmonic Orchestra, Edo de Waart, cond. Philips 6500 362, $6.98.

Selected comparisons (Symphonic Dances):

Johanos	Turn. 34145
Kondrashin	Mel./Ang. 40093
Ormandy	Odys. 31246

This disc exemplifies a perennial dilemma: One third is indispensable for off-beat repertoire; the rest duplicates what has been done better elsewhere.

The *Caprice bohémien*—here making its phonographic debut—was composed in 1894, between the symphonic poem *The Rock* and the prerevision Concerto No. 1, on the one hand, and the First Symphony on the other. Surprisingly for such vintage it displays a minimum of verbosity and a maximum of structural inventiveness within its brief (sixteen minutes) duration. Basically using variation format, Rachmaninoff got plenty of mileage and diversity from a wayward, measure-long motif that is punctuated by a triplet figure. Though the work was orginally titled, "Capriccio for large Orchestra based on Gypsy Themes," there is more than an occasional touch of the Hispanic interjected within the dominantly Slavic idiom.

If *Caprice bohémien* lacks the ultimate assurance and polish of Tchaikovsky's and Rimsky's aural snapshots of Italy and Spain, it certainly ought to serve occasional relief duty for them in the repertoire. It seems silly that *The Rock* had been exhumed four times on records before the superior present opus could premiere. Our thanks to De Waart for bringing it to us in such a well-realized version.

The set of three Symphonic Dances is of course Rachmaninoff's swan song, imbued with that special intensity, craftsmanship, and juxtaposition of the yearningly lyric and the diabolically brutal that signify his later style. It may be dirty pool to label this music "Mahlerian" but if that's what it takes to make it more "in" with the arbiters of fad and fashion, so be it. The work is an unequivocal masterpiece, and De Waart's reading is certainly adequate—and, wisely, uncut. However, the conductor's stylistic and technical inexperience shows in many spots. In the first dance, for example, where the saxophone introduces that haunting tune, the ensemble joints sound tentative and unflowing as the other winds in turn take up the ensuing material. In many cantabile passages, De Waart clumsily broadens the tempo and distends phrasing rather than obtaining lyric warmth by such subtler means as coaxing a singing vibrato from the players. Texture and balance are porous and fat—what passes for "Russian" or "romantic" sound, Philips' engineering and pressings however are, as always, exemplary.

If you are mainly after the Symphonic Dances, Kondrashin is generally more animated and responsive to the wild mood of this music. Ormandy—who gave the world premiere—displays a flair for textural nuance and pointing of phrases not usually associated with him. As time goes on, however, my personal preference grows for the edition by the Dallas Symphony under Donald Johanos, who is cognizant above all of the music's balletic character. His rococolike objectivity and pulsating rhythmic linearity permit the expressive and coloristic aspects to emerge unobtrusively—and therefore with impactive innuendo. Turnabout's recording is a paragon of dynamic range, high signal-to-noise ratio, stunning squarewave transients, and a tight, low-resonant hall ambience that makes for ideal clarity and stereo localization. The Dal-

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las version, in short, remains one of the finest examples of orchestral sound I've ever heard on discs, and at Turnabout's low price, the obvious best buy for the major work at hand.

A.C.

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 18. Artur Rubinstein, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond. RCA Red Seal ARD1-0031, $5.98 (compatible Quadradisc).

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2 in C minor, Op. 18. **FRANCK:** Symphonic Variations. Alexis Weissenberg, piano; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Angel S 36905, $5.98.

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 18. **SCRIABIN:** Etude in G sharp minor, Op. 8, No. 9. Vladimir Krainev, piano; Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Konstantin Ivanov, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40190, $5.98.

Selected comparisons:

Rubinstein/Stokowski	RCA 6123
Rubinstein/Reiner	RCA 2068 or 7070
Cliburn/Reiner	RCA 2601, 3318, or 5000

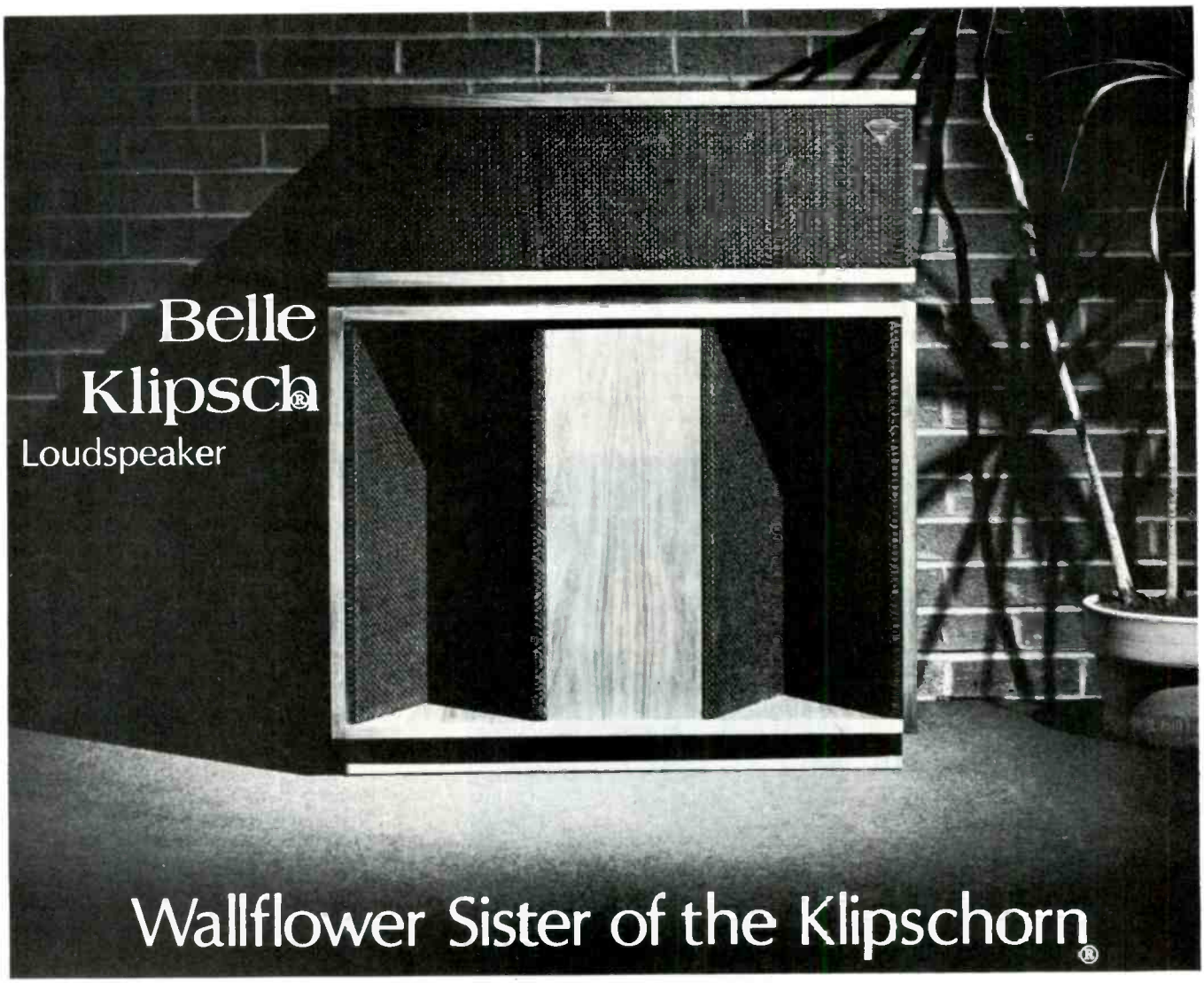
When Richard Strauss came to Boston early in this century to guest-conduct a program of his music, he stopped the orchestra during rehearsal and said: "I have written many notes—some are good notes and some are bad notes. I want to hear the good notes, but when you play I hear *all* the notes!" In many late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century pieces one encounters the problem—so beautifully expressed by Strauss—of how much detail to stress. This is certainly true with most of Rachmaninoff's piano writing. Rachmaninoff however is a strange case: One must *play* all the notes to achieve the proper kaleidoscopic effect, even if the listener hears only the *good* notes. The slightest simplification of Rachmaninoff's intricate passagework can cause the intended scintillating texture to fall flat. On the other hand, too often a player lets you hear "all the notes" and hopelessly clutters the music's logical transit.

Of these three new recordings of Rachmaninoff's finest and most popular piano concerto, Rubinstein's seems most successful in separating the "good" notes from the "bad." There is a kind of broad authority in his playing, a soaring "rightness" and proportion that—although it differs in detail—makes me think of Rachmaninoff's own magnificent 1929 version with Stokowski and the Philadelphians. Rubinstein at eighty-seven is just amazing. He still has youthful vitality and a romantic soul; his technique is as clean and controlled as ever. A comparison with the 1946 Golschmann and 1955 Reiner versions shows his interpretation to be more accurate and better judged than before. For example, his account of the treacherous passage at figure 28 of the finale on the new record, if still a bit *sub rosa* sounding, seems to contain many more of the (bad but necessary) notes than the older versions.

While I would rank the new RCA disc as my favorite modern version of the piece, I think in a few minor details Rubinstein's playing still falls short of the composer's own: He is a bit lightweight and matter-of-fact in the alla marcia recapitulation of the first movement, and his final chords (in both the first and last movements) are a shade indecisive, lacking the magnificent resolution of Rachmaninoff's own. Then too all the tempos in the finale—the allegro scherzando, the accelerandos, and the prestos—are on the sedate side. I hasten to add that advanced age has nothing to do with any of these quibbles: All of them—and more—apply equally to his earlier recordings.

Ormandy is a most considerate colleague—he too has a basic, ripe affinity for the music at hand, and he too lets you hear only the "good" notes. RCA's engineering—the first of their new compatible quadraphonic pressings to come my way (although I can play it only stereophonically)—features full-bodied, elegant piano tone and lush, generalized orchestral likeness that soft-pedals detail.

Weissenberg and Karajan are much more detail-conscious. Karajan, who seems to be making his debut as a Rachmaninoff conductor, unexpectedly finds rare sympathy for many aspects of the idiom. His lapidarian



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finesse is put to good use, as are his cultivated ear for sonority and scrupulous attention to often unheeded instructions. All sort of fleeting niceties abound in his revealing direction: the pungent touch of flute in the first movement one measure before *un poco piu mosso*; the rhythmic cello/bass pizzicatos two bars before the *moto precedente* in the development section; the brass detail followed by the timpani figuration in the first buildup to the second theme. The Berlin Philharmonic plays with marvelous tonal beauty, and all the first-stand contributions are of an order to take the breath away.

Weissenberg unfortunately goes in for heavy, Teutonic phrasing. He too brings out tremendous detail, but unlike Karajan cares little for color and nuance. Before long the ear grows weary of the brittle monochromaticism and longs for a caressing legato, some coloristic warmth, and some sense of a long line. It's not a bad performance, but too heavy and choppy, too self-consciously "notey" for my taste. Only Van Cliburn, in my experience, was able to set such deliberate tempos and yet impart some direction and continuity. Weissenberg fares better in the Franck Variations although there too I have heard more sparkling readings. Angel's Berlin sound gives a firm hardness to Weissenberg's piano and lets one hear a great deal of Karajan's glorious orchestra.

The performance by 1970 Tchaikovsky Competition co-prize winner Krainev falls midway between those of Rubinstein and Weissenberg. The young Soviet pianist lacks Rubinstein's plushy legato but is less acerbic and jagged than Weissenberg. Ivanov brings out much detail but is less subtle about it than Karajan. Many of his effects result from simply raising the dynamic markings above those specified, whereas Karajan's attention to the letter of the law is absolute. All told, the Ivanov/Krainev collaboration is a good one: forthright, conventional in tempo and accent (the third movement is considerably faster than either Weissenberg's or Rubinstein's), but blemished by a prevailing stiffness and by a lack of nuance. The Scriabin étude gets a healthy, extroverted reading, and Melodiya's sound is well balanced. H.G.

RACHMANINOFF: Songs. Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Alexis Weissenberg, piano. Angel S 36917, $5.98.

The Answer; Oh, never sing to me again; Lilacs; Oh, do not grieve; The Storm; To the Children; Christ is risen; Before my Window; In the silence of the night; Vocalise; How fair this spot; Fragment of Alfred de Musset; Arion; The Morn of Life; The Harvest of Sorrow; Day and Night; Floods of Spring.

Four of the songs on this recital—*Oh, never sing to me again; Lilacs; In the silence of the night;* and *Fragment of Alfred de Musset*—are also to be found on Irina Arkhipova's recent Rachmaninoff-Mussorgsky disc (Angel SR 40198). Thus the stock of Rachmaninoff songs available domestically in up-to-date recordings is now increased by at least a dozen items. Rachmaninoff's songs are hardly known to the general musical public. Yet they are mostly very beautiful and make an immediate appeal. They are all imbued with Rachmaninoff's melancholy tunefulness, which is highly individual and at the same time familiarly Russian. Most of them have a haunting sweetness of mood, the melodies winding themselves in long, serpentine curves. But the songs are wider in range than this suggests. They encompass both the fiercely dramatic and the tenderly introspective. Gedda's program spans the strong outbursts of *The Storm*, the wild lamentation of *The Harvest of Sorrow*, the poetic delicacy of *Day and Night*, and the tenderness of *To the Children*.

Gedda, in superb voice, sings the latter pair with a sensitivity and lightness of touch it is hard to imagine equaled by any other tenor at the present time. The beautiful dreamy tone he adopts for the beginning of *To the Children* is marvelously evocative. The more openly plangent songs do not lie as comfortably in his voice these days, yet the total effect is of complete artistic realization. The familiar *Vocalise*, beloved of sopranos and, even more, of violinists, is a tour de force. It is not really honeyed enough in tone, yet it is immensely skilled; it provides a fascinating example of Gedda's ability to deploy his technical resources with maximum effectiveness.

Weissenberg is magnificent. Rachmaninoff's accompaniments—as might be expected from a great pianist—are eloquent and very important to the total effect. Weissenberg's touch is at all times delicate; even when the sounds he produces are huge and dramatic the tone is never coarse. This is an essential acquisition for anyone interested in the Russian

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RAVEL: Miroirs—See Brahms: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24.

ROSEN: Five Pieces for Violin and Piano—See Sessions: Sonata for Violin Solo.

ROSSINI: Petite Messe Solenelle. Kari Lövaas, soprano; Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo; Peter Schreier, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Munich Vocal Soloists; Reinhard Raffalt, harmonium; Hans Ludwig Hirsch, piano; Wolfgang Sawallisch, piano and cond. Eurodisc 86 321 XKG, $11.96 (two discs).
Selected comparison:
Bertola Ev. 441/2

"*Petite*" only in the performing forces it calls for, and "*solenelle*" for only parts of its considerable length. Rossini's Mass still breathes the air of the theater, although composed decades after the Swan of Pesaro had sung his last operatic song. This new recording deriving from a Bavarian TV presentation last summer at the monastery church in Baumburg, seems to have missed that point and to have muddled some others, so that the result is something close to a star-studded fiasco.

Following too slavishly the original performance specifications, Sawallisch uses his four soloists plus an additional double quartet for the tutti passages—which might work if the voices in question really blended into some sort of homogeneous choral sound. They don't, and still worse, the double quartet is rather vaguely recorded, some distance back from the very prominent soloists; since the male stars come out louder than anyone else, there are passages in the "*Cum sancto spirito*" fugue that sound like duets for Schreier and Dieskau with off-stage chorus. Elsewhere, the vagaries of intonation and unanimity are serious, and much of the choral writing is more or less unpleasant to hear.

Equally debilitating is the spirit of stifling reverence that weighs heavily, even upon Rossini's most bumptious moments. One hasn't previously ever heard that barrel-organ natural, the "*Domine Deus*," treated after the fashion of an art song, but Schreier does just that, and all of Rossini's natural art evaporates in the process. Dieskau falls into the same trap, and his isn't even the bass voice that's called for: When Rossini makes a melodic climax by descending to a low note, our versatile baritone is literally out of his depth. Miss Fassbaender rises fairly well to the climax of the Agnus Dei, but is not really at her usual best, and the soprano makes choppy, short-breathed lines instead of long flowing ones, as well as singing persistently flat.

In sum, this won't do: for all the care and affection that is audible in Sawallisch's playing of the lead piano part, the spirit is misdirected, the forces weak. After hearing this, I turned with relief to the old Ricordi version (now on Everest) directed by Giulio Bertola, in which Renata Scotto and Fiorenza Cossotto show how Rossini lines *should* be sung—and, not so incidentally, demonstrate that Italian singers can be every bit as musically precise as Germans, if not more so: In fact, Kari Lövaas (and many more renowned sopranos) should listen daily to Scotto's singing of the "*Crucifixus*" until they learn how to distinguish accurately between eighth- and sixteenth-note upbeats. Bertola's normal-sized chorus is a bit muddily recorded, but its sound is at least homogeneous, and the male soloists (Alfredo Kraus and Ivo Vinco) are more than adequate. In fact, my only reservation about this set is that the Everest pressings tend to deteriorate under the repeated playings that I've subjected them to over the years; they aren't nearly as smooth as the silky Eurodiscs—but it's what's in the grooves that counts. D.H.

SCHMIDT: Symphony No. 4, in C. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. London CS 6747, $5.98.

Erich Graf's liner notes speak of Franz Schmidt (1874–1939) as the "ultimate master" of the Viennese school; one assumes he means ultimate in the sense of "last," not "greatest." Schmidt's music has an undeniable charm. Bruckner is the chief model, but Bruckner and Mahler managed to extend Wagner in a way that the less original Schmidt could not. And mixed with the earnest tone there is sometimes a disconcerting whiff of the operetta. Schmidt composed in an already dying tradition, and he lacked the strength of artistic personality to create with full conviction within an isolated subculture.

After attending the Vienna Conservatory, Schmidt played cello in the Court Opera orchestra for fourteen years, taught piano and composition at the Vienna Academy of Music from 1910, and served as director of the Academy from 1925 until his retirement in 1937. The Fourth Symphony, completed in 1933, has a somber, even tragic character; in form and harmony it is characteristic of Schmidt's work at its best. The uninterrupted four movements can be analyzed as a continuous, large-scale sonata movement. The harmonic vocabulary is completely tonal, with a chromaticism that never exceeds Mahler at his mildest. The expert orchestral writing is full of variety and color, with—unsurprisingly—especially attractive opportunities for the first cello. This may not be a great undiscovered twentieth-century masterpiece, but it is certainly an appealing way to spend fifty minutes.

Aside from the often-recorded Intermezzo from the opera *Notre Dame*, Schmidt's music has been rather spottily represented on records. Of the four symphonies, apparently only the Fourth was previously recorded—by Rudolf Moralt and the Vienna Symphony in mono on Philips. A dim-sounding Munich version of the oratorio *Das Buch mit sieben Siegeln*, with Julius Patzak, has been available in import shops. But Mehta's Fourth represents the first easily obtainable stereo recording of a major piece on a major label with a major orchestra. It is, fortunately, first-class all around. The Vienna Philharmonic is completely at home with this music. Schmidt's symphonies have never fallen out of Viennese concert programs. Mehta spent his student days at the Vienna Academy of Music, and has already revealed a strong feeling for music of this sort in his fine Bruckner recordings. The result is a convincing, sympathetic interpretation, on which London has lavished its usual excellent sound. J.R.

SCHUBERT: Sonata for Piano, in A, D. 959;

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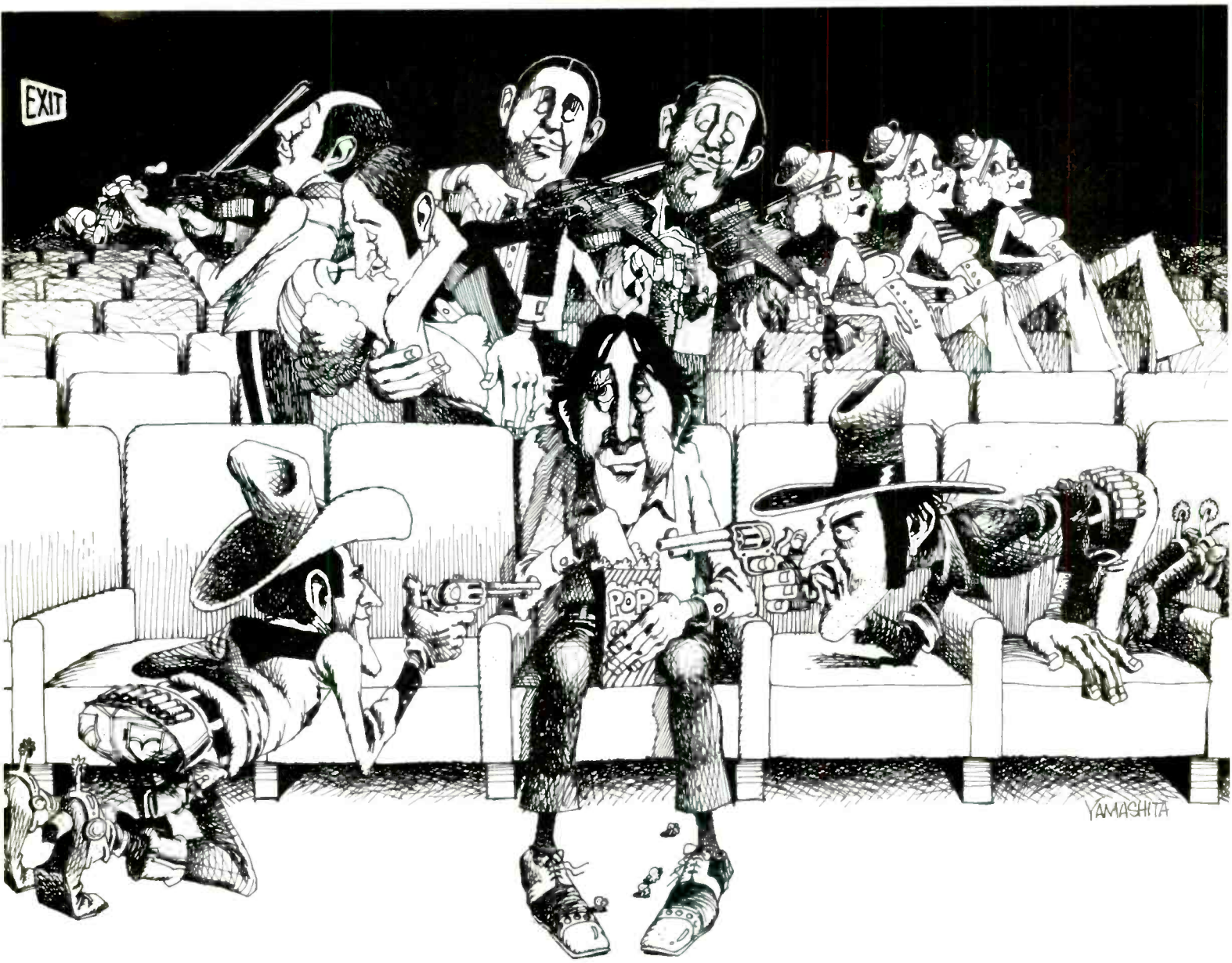

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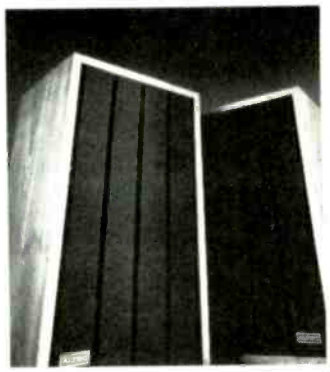

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Ländler (12), D. 790. Alfred Brendel, piano. Philips 6500 284, $6.98.

SCHUBERT: Sonatas for Piano: in A, D. 664; in A, D. 959. Andor Foldes, piano. EMI Odeon 1C 063-29 084, $6.98.

Selected comparisons (D. 959):

Hungerford	Van. 71171
Kempff	DG 2720 024
R. Serkin	Col. 6849

Brendel's playing on this disc is full of professorial point-making; but his lack of subtlety makes the listener resentfully aware that he is being "taught." The performance of D. 959 suggests that Brendel has developed some bothersome mannerisms. Some are only slightly annoying: e.g., the tendency to arpeggiate certain left-hand chords and the playing of left hand before the right in the unlamented manner of Paderewski. Others, such as the constant toying with tempo (accelerando for every buildup, rallentando for every pianissimo), sound disastrously out of place in a work that requires an almost Beethovenian strength and pulse. Brendel has also developed the habit of drawing up full stop at every new structural group—not only at obvious places like important second themes, but also at relatively trivial episodes. Sometimes these liberties contradict Schubert's explicit directions vis-à-vis dynamics, tempo modifications, and even notes.

On a more subjective level, I am disturbed by many interpretive details such as the leaning on the first note of the triplets (first movement, bar 12) and the cutesy, teasingly flippant phrasing (shortly thereafter, at bar 16 et seq.). He also seems to think he knows better than the composer on matters such as where to place *a tempo* markings, thereby turning sentiment to sentimentality. There are, nevertheless, some rarefied and wonderful things in Brendel's playing: the many instances of real leggiero pianissimo; the pristine clarity and balance of some thickly scored chordal passages; the plastic shaping and perfect legato in the rondo when the main tune appears—awkwardly—in the upper part of the left hand (pianists are trained from the cradle to bring out the bass line, i.e., the *bottom* part). In the German dances, the tricky rubato and great finesse are affecting; in the sonata, with its greater architectural problems, I find it simply affected.

The straightforward and seemingly rather plain Foldes performance provides an illuminating contrast. Foldes has a penchant for understatement and favors a certain sobriety. As is the case with any sensitive musician, he plays around with tempos and accents (note his stretching of bars 70–79 in the scherzo), but paradoxically because he isn't always trying to make points he scores more of them. One or two places *do* seem prosaic, but for the most part Foldes' D. 959 is supremely accomplished and richly satisfying. His technique is, like Brendel's, superior. His clean part-playing and translucency of texture are a pleasure, and his sonority—thicker, less tacky and penetrating in forte than Brendel's, more robust in pianissimo—is more to my taste in this particular work. And though the Odeon disc offers the remarkably generous bonus of the "little" A major Sonata (which Foldes rightfully interprets in a more flowing, less Beethovenian manner than D. 959), room is found for the exposition repeats of both sonatas (omitted in Brendel's D. 959).

Although my favorite recorded D. 959—Schnabel's—is presently in limbo, all three of the comparisons listed above are worthy. Serkin gives a very measured performance—oppressively four-square at times, but full of spiritual grandeur. A strangely moving, exalted account. Kempff's (available only in the DG set of the complete sonatas) is a bit faster in the first movement and more leisurely in the third, and is more nuanced and atmospheric than Serkin's, though it too maintains a degree of Teutonic metrical rigidity. Hungerford opts for a light, cutting sonority à la Brendel, and begins by making an emphatic rubato stress. In general, though, he favors faster tempos and stricter adherence to textual markings. Serkin, like Foldes, makes the repeat; the others eschew it.

Both of the new discs are imported pressings with an elegance of processing seeemingly incapable of duplication on this side of the Atlantic: Surfaces are velvety smooth and silent; high transients are crisp and low frequencies wonderfully solid. H.G.

Schubert's music was often enjoyed at home recitals known as Schubertiads.

SCRIABIN: Etude in G sharp minor—See Rachmaninoff: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 2.

SCRIABIN: Sonatas for Piano; other piano music. For a feature review of recordings of these works, see page 60.

SESSIONS: Sonata for Violin Solo. **ROSEN:** Five Pieces for Violin and Piano. **DE LA VEGA:** Segments for Violin and Piano. Robert Gross, violin; Richard Grayson, piano (in the Rosen and De la Vega). Orion ORS 73110, $5.98.

The Sessions unaccompanied sonata is a keystone work in the composer's development, comparable to Stravinsky's pieces of the Threni period. Robert Gross, an excellent West Coast teacher and violinist, gives it a clear, objective reading in this welcome first recording. Here we find Sessions, at fifty-five, setting out on the 12-tone road to which he has remained faithful for (can it really be?) twenty years. If his total output comes to loom larger in history than its present lack of popularity would suggest, the 1953 violin sonata will be studied as his Great Divide. So it is valuable now to have the work documented in a good recording by the violinist who suggested it to Sessions and gave the first performance. As in early serial works of Stravinsky, perhaps, the intellectual agon is more striking in this sonata than the emotional content. However, that characterizes much of Sessions's music, serial or not, and although 12-tone techniques are applied here chiefly in the opening movement, the entire sonata is permeated by the composer's individual, rather austere formalism. In the jacket notes, Sessions mentions the Bartók Solo Sonata as one of the work's influential predecessors; but the Sessions lacks the strong pulsation and the marvelous sonorities that give the Bartók an immediate appeal. Gross, however, deals with the instrumental problems with masterly ease, except for a shaky moment or two in the final movement, and the violin sounds natural, if somewhat close.

Jerome Rosen, a former student of Sessions, and Aurelio de la Vega are represented by duo pieces of less ambition, but solid academic accomplishment. De la Vega's *Segments* is slightly more interesting in that it adds the glissandi of Xenakis to the usual neo-Webern gestures. In the duos, the violin is much too harshly prominent. D.J.H.

STRAUSS, R.: Capriccio: Selections—See Recitals and Miscellany: Great Voices of the Golden Era of German Opera.

STRAVINSKY: Apollon Musagète. **BARTÓK:** Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 065, $6.98.

Selected comparison (Stravinsky):

Stravinsky	Col. 6646

Selected comparisons (Bartók):

Boulez	Col. 7206
Reiner	Vic. 1620

If Stravinsky's own recording of *Apollon* is palpably deficient when it comes to delicacy of dynamics, the Karajan alternative is so sub-

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dued as to exemplify the cure that is worse than the disease: a smooth, nerveless reading that entirely misses the rhythmic and articulative substance of the piece. In the process, the notes are overlaid with inappropriate stylistic gestures: accents that swell after the attack rather than bouncing on the nose of the note; sentimental ritards (notably at the end of Apollo's Variation, specifically marked "senza rit." in the score); a failure to observe the composer's documented performance practice (as his overlap of the violin solo in the same Variation with the final chord of the preceding movement). Many passages are played as if their point of rhythmic departure were an irregular moto perpetuo, evading any commitment to phrasing: The allegro of the opening movement trips along without any distribution of relative weight among the notes, and thus remains without shape. The expertise of the players is certainly noteworthy, but this isn't Stravinsky's *Apollon*.

In the Bartók, style is more a function of virtuosity and polish, so the Karajan approach yields more positive results: a carefully registered, impeccably played reading. Since Reiner and Boulez generate more physical excitement at no sacrifice of clarity and accuracy, they would be my preference—especially the former, on the bargain Victrola label. D.H.

STRAVINSKY: Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments; Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra; Movements for Piano and Orchestra. Michel Beroff, piano; Orchestre de Paris, Seiji Ozawa, cond. Angel S 36857, $5.98.

Selected comparisons (Concerto):
Bishop/Davis — Phl. 839761
Magaloff/Ansermet — Lon. 15048
Selected comparisons (*Capriccio*):
Magaloff/Ansermet — Lon. 15048
Ogdon/Marriner — Argo 674
Selected comparison (*Movements*):
Rosen/Stravinsky — Col. 6272 or 7054

The addition of the late (1960) *Movements* to the logical although not often observed coupling of Stravinsky's two "neo-classic" concertos ranks as a thoughtful gesture, even if these performances don't move to the head of the class. Actually, the only current direct competition on the concerto and *Capriccio* is the leaden Ansermet: even at half price, Magaloff's precise playing cannot offset the soggy playing, especially from the crucial winds. And the "official" recording by Entremont (with Stravinsky and Craft conducting the concerto and *Capriccio*, respectively) was such a disaster that its present nonavailability hardly constitutes a deprivation.

Beroff and Ozawa get better results in the *Capriccio*, for the pianist's fluent and vividly colored work counts for more here, while the muddiness that afflicts lower-register sounds as recorded is a more serious problem in the concerto, where the piano writing often lies low (as at the beginning of the slow movement). The orchestra's imperfectly *sec* articulation is a problem, notably in the introduction to the concerto's first movement, and there is a tendency to let things run away in the fast passages of the *Capriccio*. Oddly, Ozawa commits one major error of tempo judgment, in the *più mosso* oboe theme that follows the cadenza of the concerto's slow movement: This is far too slow, by both the metronome marking and musical common sense. *Movements* (absurdly titled with the French *Mouvements*, although the score is quite clearly labeled in English) scores some few points of orchestral smoothness over the composer's version, but the latter enjoys the much more sharply profiled solo work of Charles Rosen.

In the two longer scores, it seems to me that two performances from Britain, despite their own shortcomings, get far closer to the spirit of the music: Bishop and Davis in the concerto, Ogdon and Marriner in the *Capriccio*—although the latter is a bit rushed and unrelenting in dynamics, it is played with more attention to thematic shape and relations than the Beroff. We haven't heard anything like the last word on these works—especially *Movements*, that pointillistic masterpiece of Stravinsky's later years. D.H.

STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du printemps. London Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M 31520, $5.98. Tape: ● MA 31520, $6.98; ●● MT 31520, $6.98. Quadraphonic: MQ 31520 (SQ-encoded disc), $6.98.

Selected comparisons:
Bernstein/N.Y. Phil. — Col. 6010
Stravinsky/Columbia Sym. — Col. 6319

The name of the conductor is larger than that of the composer on the jacket of this record—although the head looming out of the Disney-*cum*-Douanier Rousseau landscape on the

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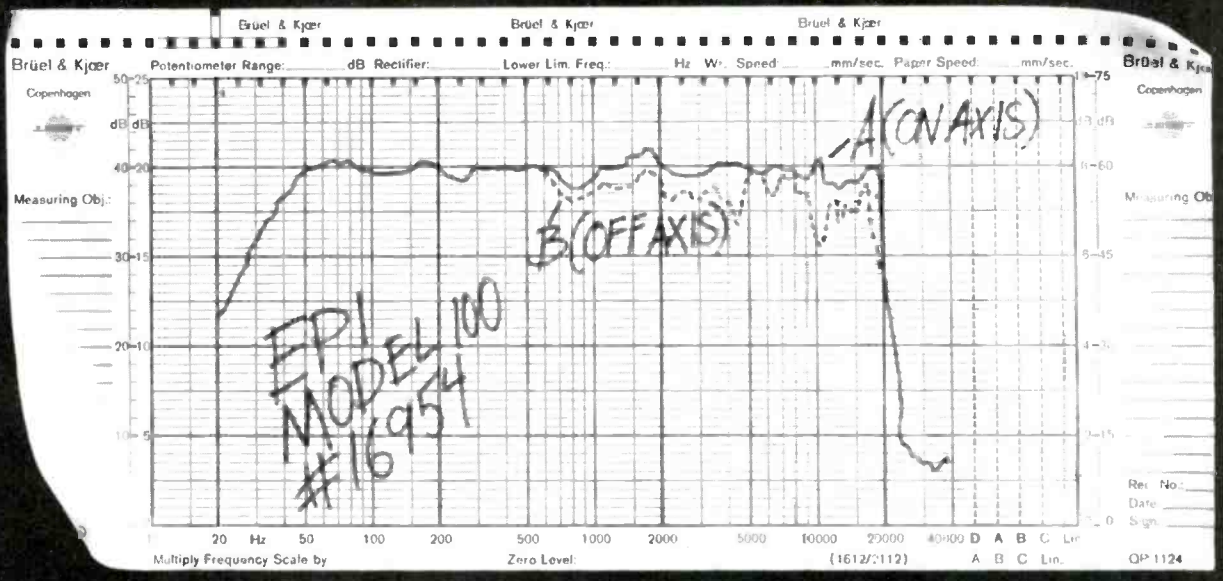

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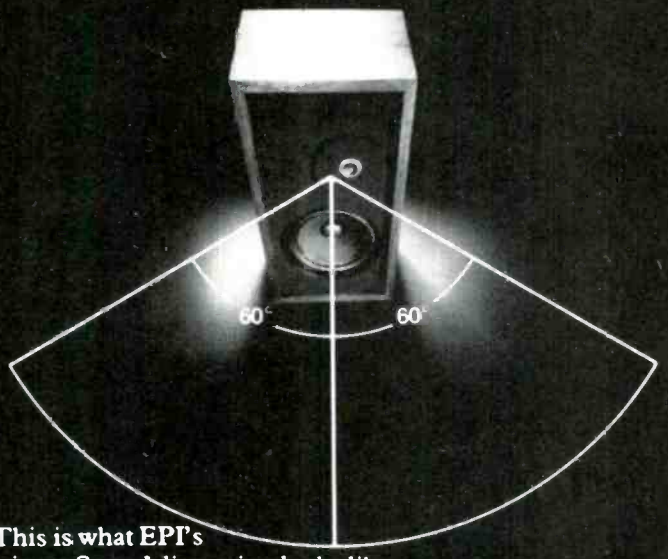

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front cover is, recognizably, Stravinsky's rather than Bernstein's. This is not an endearing practice—but such is the way of the record industry; even with "Stravinsky Conducts Stravinsky" covers, one has the feeling that the Stravinsky who conducted is expected to have more sales appeal than the one who composed.

Be this as it may, *The Rite* has always been a house specialty *chez* Bernstein, although Stravinsky reputedly did not find his tempos well chosen. I am troubled not so much by the tempos themselves as by certain related matters. For one thing, this score is remarkably free of tempo transitions—only one such gradual change in the whole piece: the accelerando leading up to the "Glorification of the Chosen One." All other ritards and the like are brief temporary articulations without further consequence, followed by returns to Tempo I or by new tempos that start from scratch.

This is basic to the rhythmic conception of *The Rite*: it is made up of discrete sections, without smooth gradations from one to the next. (That one accelerando occupies a special place, signaling the resumption of activity after the nocturnal repose that begins Part II.) New tempos start abruptly and should remain steady, because a firm pulse is the essential background to the expansion and contraction of melodic cells that constitute Stravinsky's most common developmental technique (the bassoon line at the beginning is a good example of this process, but even clearer are the famous repeated chords soon afterwards, starting the "Dance of the Adolescents"; a "phrase" of nine beats, first shrunk to two, stretched to six, then on to three, four, five, and three—the "melodic cell" in this instance being a single chord).

Bernstein has a tendency to indulge in exactly the kind of tempo transitions that undermine the requisite firmness: The wind phrases under the flute trills at the start of "Spring Rounds," for example, gradually slow down to "prepare" the new tempo for the dragging syncopated chords. In this respect, his new recording doesn't differ much from its New York Philharmonic predecessor—but there are other, rather important differences, most notably a smoothing-out of articulation and contrast, a more legato emphasis in the playing. At the start, the bassoon solo is sweeter, sleeker, contrasting less with the clarinet tone, and later the tutti as well has a machine-finished, decidedly unprickly character that seems far less relevant than the edgier, drier playing in Bernstein's earlier version (not to mention Stravinsky's uniquely spiky performance). One of the ways tension builds in *The Rite* is through the cumulation of different rhythmic patterns (the "Cortege of the Sage" is a prime example), and if these simultaneous patterns don't all sound clearly, a significant part of the effect is lost.

That such passages aren't clear here is surely due in part to the recording, a most peculiar and unreal affair dominated by a resonance engendered by percussion and horns: In the "Dance of the Adolescents," these punctuating horn chords virtually sound twice; vast echoes invade the pauses after loud chords; and fierce activity from the battery usually envelops the rest of the orchestra in a mucilaginous mass of sound. This isn't just "too much bass," of the kind that can be cured with the tone controls: It's acoustic mud, floating around the studio and into the grooves. Whether it may result from the fact that the original was designed for quadraphony, I can't say (perhaps the almost inaudible duets from muted trumpets near the beginning of Part II are also a casualty of the mixdown), but the result, in simple stereo, is far from satisfactory. Bernstein's earlier *Rite* seems to me a basically better piece of engineering to begin with, and that performance, if also mannered in certain respects, was more Stravinskian in sound as well.

D.H.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Manfred, Op. 58. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond. London CS 6786, $5.98.

Selected comparisons:

Goossens	Ev. 3035
Svetlanov	Mel./Ang. 40028
Toscanini	Victr. 1315

Manfred dates from 1885, between Tchaikovsky's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. It is curious that while much was made of the threadbare and spurious "Seventh Symphony," *Manfred*—a fine and completely authentic work—has never been listed among the composer's symphonies. It certainly is a symphony—with the conventional four-movement layout and all the other trappings of the form. But because of its Byronic "program," Tchaikovsky dubbed it a "symphonic poem." Arturo Toscanini, one of *Manfred's* staunchest champions, likened the music to "an opera without human voices." Igor Markevitch's fine Philips performance (now unavailable but most certainly deserving of reissue) is highly balletic in its approach. Whereas Toscanini had his instrumentalists "sing" with declamatory fervor, Markevitch used fast tempos and finely tapered, rubato phrasing. When his version first appeared, I found it admirable but a bit nervous and lacking in weight. On rehearing, I find that I missed the point; his approach is actually highly dramatic in its special way and quite subtle.

Maazel's reading too is excellent, but again quite different from either Markevitch's or Toscanini's (available on Victrola in reprocessed stereo that does only moderate damage to the surprisingly vibrant 1949 original). Maazel sees the work in soundly symphonic terms, although there is also chamber-music purity and refinement. In general, Maazel is interested in clarity. His tempos are occasionally—as in the scherzo—a bit steady, even staid. He carefully differentiates the various instrumental components, strings from winds, winds from brass, etc., thus clarifying the complex scoring. Articulation is ultrasharp, and all the figurations are set forth with a kind of pure objectivity that some will undoubtedly find excessive for so highly romantic a work. The Vienna Philharmonic, stunningly reproduced, plays superbly.

Then there is the matter of cuts. There are problems with this music, especially the last movement, which rambles, sometimes lapsing into Tchaikovsky's celebrated reliance on banal, sequential repetition. Toscanini made a whopping—though skillfully executed—excision (if you didn't know the score, you would never suspect that anything was missing) and undoubtedly tightened the movement. He also, though, removed some of *Manfred's* most interesting, albeit inconsistent, music. Among the casualties of the maestro's abridgment are a slow passage that remarkably foreshadows late Sibelius, some engaging instru-

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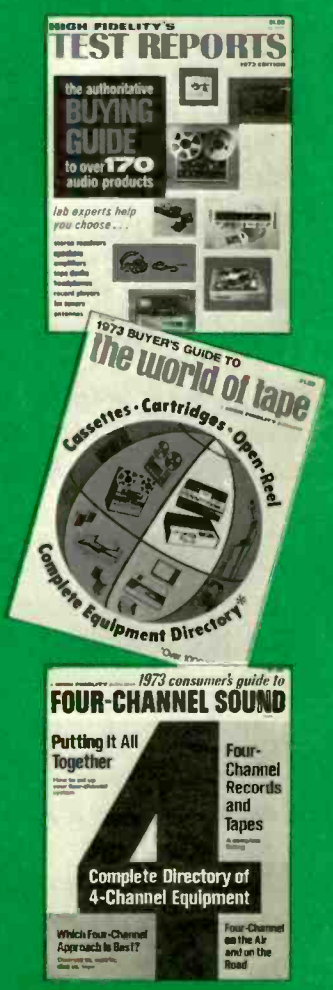

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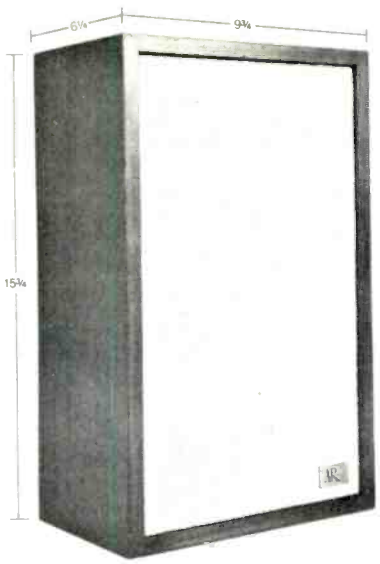

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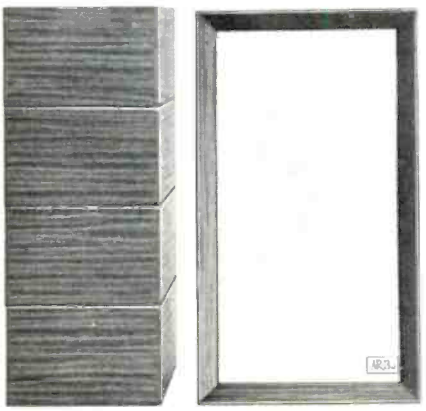

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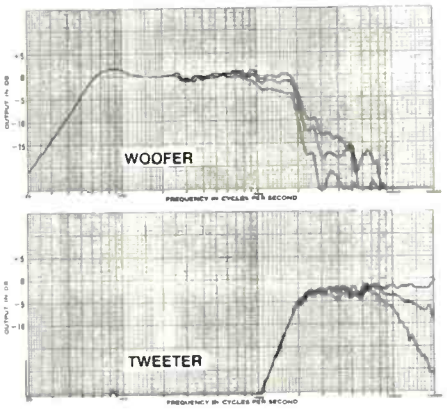

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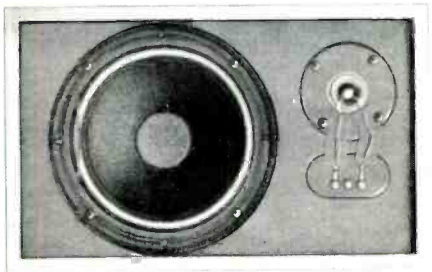

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mental variants on the "orgy" music, and a fugato based on the movement's opening thematic material. Markevitch, Maazel, and Svetlanov (in his inferior Melodiya/Angel edition) play the work in its entirety. Goossens' (on Everest) was cut to ribbons.

One further point: Tchaikovsky, in an epilogue depicting Manfred's death and absolution, asks for a harmonium, which Markevitch provides. Toscanini and Maazel substitute an organ, and the tonal effect, to my ears, is more compelling. The organ is particularly solid and well registered in the new London recording.

Toscanini, Markevitch, Maazel: three very dissimilar accounts of a problematical piece, each eminently satisfactory by itself were there no other version to choose from. Because of Toscanini's cut, I would pick Maazel or Markevitch on general principle—but then I listen anew to the magnificent, surging, impassioned NBC strings in the trio of the second movement and I waver! H.G.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Songs. Robert Tear, tenor; Philip Ledger, piano. Argo ZRG 707, $5.95.

My genius, my angel, my friend; Reconciliement; Mignon's Song; Do not believe me, dear; My little minx; No answer, no word, no word, no greeting; O stay!; In the clamor of the ballroom; They kept on saying "You fool"; Great Deeds; Through the window; Cradle Song; Disappointment; As over the hot embers; To forget so soon; Is it not so?; Again, as before; Do not leave me; Don Juan's Serenade.

The idea of recording this collection—the entire contents of Editions Peters' volume of *Ausgewählte Lieder* by Tchaikovsky except for the song of the gypsy girl, Op. 60, No. 7—is attractive. The songs range from Tchaikovsky's fourteenth year to the last of his life and give a welcome reminder of his proficiency in this field. We have too few recordings of Tchaikovsky's songs and none in the current catalogue by a tenor. The tenor voice suits Tchaikovsky's individual cast of melody. The high bright sound accords well with the composer's predominant mood of lyric regret. Russian tenors like Sergei Lemeshev used to make something wonderfully touching out of a song like *O stay!*

In this recital Robert Tear makes a gallant effort to accommodate his vocal and linguistic talents to this still far too unfamiliar material. Though he deserves credit for his intentions, he cannot be said to succeed on either count. The voice is dry and rather slow in responding to his demands on it. As a result, expressive nuances tend to sound clumsy, like the important diminuendos at the end of *Great Deeds* and in the penultimate phrase of *Cradle Song*. Tear is obviously a very musical singer, but his vocal means are not up to his interpretive aspirations. His enunciation of the text is doughty but unidiomatic. Perhaps Nicolai Gedda will undertake a recital of Tchaikovsky songs with the superb Alexis Weissenberg. Philip Ledger, however, is a very good pianist, with a highly developed rhythmic sense. The recording is very closely miked. Cyrillic texts, translations. D.S.H.

VERDI: Giovanna d'Arco. For a feature review of a recording of this work, see page 64.

VERDI: Otello: Selections—See Recitals and Miscellany: Great Voices of the Golden Era of German Opera.

VERDI: Rigoletto.

Rigoletto	Sherrill Milnes (b)
Gilda	Joan Sutherland (s)
Duke of Mantua	Luciano Pavarotti (t)
Sparafucile	Martti Talvela (bs)
Count Monterone	Clifford Grant (bs)
Maddalena	Huguette Tourangeau (ms)
Giovanna	Gillian Knight (ms)
Borsa	Riccardo Cassinelli (t)
Marullo	Christian du Plessis (b)
Count Ceprano	John Gibbs (bs)
Countess Ceprano	Kiri Te Kanawa (s)

Ambrosian Opera Chorus; London Symphony Orchestra, Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA 13105, $17.94 (three discs).

Selected comparisons:

Stracciari/Molajoli	EMI Odeon 3C 153-17081/82
Warren/Cellini	RCA 6021
Bastianini/Gavazzeni	Ev. 470/3
Merrill/Solti	RCA 7027
Fischer-Dieskau/Kubelik	DG 2709 014
MacNeil/Sanzogno	Lon. 1332

In October 1968 Conrad Osborne reviewed the thirteenth *Rigoletto* to appear on a domestic commercial label (Angel's, with MacNeil, Grist, and Gedda, conducted by Molinari-Pradelli). Here now is the fourteenth. Each of the fourteen has things to be said for and against it; what we really need now is some ideal version that brings together a Rigoletto like Stracciari (on the old Columbia set under Molajoli, now available as an EMI import from Peters), a Gilda like Erna Berger (on the RCA mono set under Cellini), a Duke like Borgioli (with Molajoli; Alfredo Kraus—on the Gavazzeni/Everest and Solti/RCA sets—is the nearest among the moderns), led by a conductor who combines Molajoli's stylish and sensitive approach to the (unwritten) metrical freedoms necessary in Verdi's music with Kubelik's passionate care for the sense of the instrumental detail—and all this in the finest modern recording!

The new set has quite a lot going for it. Joan Sutherland's second Gilda on disc recaptures some of the energy she showed in her first Covent Garden account of the role (long, long ago, before Lucia had made her famous) but which was in abeyance in the earlier recording with Sanzogno. She has both the agility and the power for the role. It is admirably sung. One can object strongly only to her lazy-lipped, sluggish articulation of the triplets in "*Tutte le feste*." Luciano Pavarotti sings blithely as the Duke. His easy, unforced tone is always a pleasure in itself. But Richard Bonynge holds him to too rigidly metrical a beat in "*Questa o quella*," so that the air becomes less than buoyant. In "*Ella mi fu rapita*" he is too loud; he does not caress the phrases with his tone, though here he does use some apt rubato (which occasionally seems to have taken the conductor by surprise). The cabaletta is churned out regardless of sense or situation, without the emotional shaping and vivid delivery of the words that can—just—redeem a pretty trashy piece of music. In the first section of the quartet, "*Un dì, se ben rammentomi*," Pavarotti does not sound as if he were *wooing* Maddalena; one wants more seduction, and a closer attention to the *pp dolce* Verdi wrote over the words "*le mie pene*." And, like many another tenor before him, he totally ignores the portamento slurs that, in "*La donna è mobile*," link the last beat of the first measure with the first of the second, the last of the third with the first of the fourth, and

Rectilinear answers the question most people ask about quadraphonic stereo:

"Do my rear-channel speakers have to be as good as my front-channel speakers?"

This is the question most people are asking today if they're getting ready to go four-channel. And we at **Rectilinear** would like to make it clear how we stand on the answer. Simply stated, we think that the rear speakers need to be of the same *quality* as the front ones, but not necessarily the same *size*.

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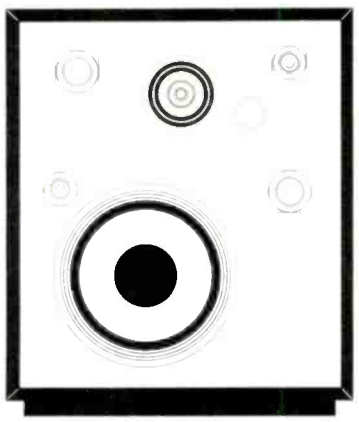

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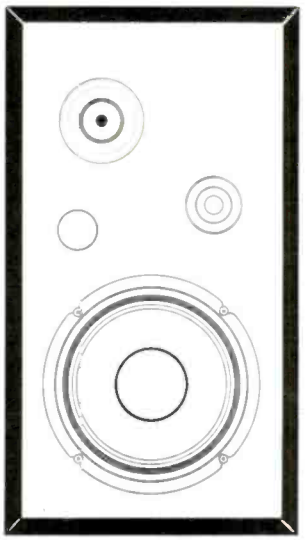

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so on: properly realized, these lilting portamentos give the air much of its carefree character.

Sherrill Milnes's Rigoletto is disappointing. As Julian Budden writes in his splendid new book on Verdi's operas, "The name part of *Rigoletto* remains the greatest part ever written for a high baritone, requiring every emotional stop of which the voice is capable. It is of course murderously high, not so much in the solos as in the duets with Gilda, which call for a real beauty of tone." Mr. Milnes is fine above the staff so long as he can use full voice; "*Oh rabbia! esser diforme! oh rabbia! esser buffone!*" is most impressively done. But a few bars later when, still above the staff but now softly, he must sing "*il pianto*" or "*Ma in altr'uomo qui mi cangio!*" the tone loses all quality. The first phrase of "*Deh non parlare al misero*" sounds thin and strained; the second, lower and more comfortable, is movingly uttered. "*Sola or tu resti,*" marked *ppp*, he sings *mf*. Again and again, the part takes him out of his effective range. In "*Ah! veglia, o donna*" he alters Verdi's underlay of the words "*attenta*" and "*difendi,*" spoiling the shape of the phrases. Martti Talvela sounds more High Priest than hired assassin, and his voice rings out in the first street-corner colloquy as if he were addressing the Senate. Huguette Tourangeau's Maddalena is lively. Covent Garden's new star *spinto*, Kiri Te Kanawa, turns in two pretty phrases as the Countess Ceprano.

Much about Bonynge's performance is highly attractive. The little woodwind allegretto that accompanies "*Signor ne principe*" is beautifully poised. The strings boil in "*Cortigiani.*" The fantasy for lower strings which accompanies Rigoletto and Sparafucile is so eloquently done that one hardly wants to listen to the voices! Throughout, the cello playing from the LSO is exceptional. Not so the clarinet: surely it cannot be Gervase de Peyer who makes so little of "*La donna è mobile*" in its sleepy reprise? The recording opens with that gabble-gabble cocktail-party sound to which London is addicted. The stage band sounds very distant (and its breakneck tempo almost trips up the Duke and Borsa in their exchanges). The text is uncut, and the performance lasts an hour and fifty-four minutes. There is an elegant and penetrating album essay by William Weaver. A.P.

B R

VERDI: Rigoletto.

Rigoletto	Ettore Bastianini (b)
Gilda	Renata Scotto (s)
Duke of Mantua	Alfredo Kraus (t)
Sparafucile	Ivo Vinco (bs)
Count Monterone	Silvio Maionica (bs)
Maddalena	Fiorenza Cossotto (ms)
Giovanna	Clara Foti (ms)
Borsa	Enzo Guagni (t)
Marullo	Virgilio Carbonari (b)
Count Ceprano	Giuseppi Morresi (bs)
Countess Ceprano	Clara Foti (ms)

Maggio Musicale Fiorentino Orchestra and Chorus, Gianandrea Gavazzeni, cond. Everest S 470/3, $8.94 (three discs; from Mercury SR 39012, 1961).

The collector on a budget has slim pickings when it comes to Verdi, so this excellent stereo *Rigoletto* is especially welcome. Only the Kubelik/DG version—which shares the same

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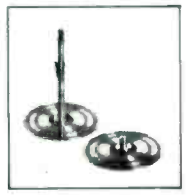
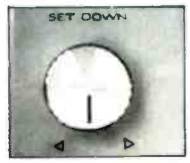
separation and no audible distortion or uneven groove wear. A strobe disc is integrated into the platter design, and a variable speed control is provided should you want to vary from, and later return to, the normal

speeds. Tone arm will track as low as 0.25 grams to make use of finest light-weight, high compliance cartridges for maximum fidelity and dynamic range.

Protect records and cartridge stylus assembly. Tone arm descent is viscous-damped both in automatic operation and

when using the manual cue and pause control to make gradual and gentle contact with record surface. Platter surface is covered with deep-ribbed rubber mat to protect record surface during play and to cushion discs during drop from automatic play spindle. Automatic spindle uses umbrella-type suspension, with no outboard balance arm that could scratch records. Manual stub spindle rotates with record to prevent distortion of center hole. Stylus setdown adjustment is provided to





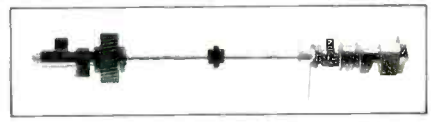
insure that stylus is not damaged by dropping outside of entry groove range. Tracking pressure acjustable down to 0.25 grams to accommodate newest lightweight cartridges for minimum wear to record surface. Stylus brush of softest camel's hair gently

whisks dust off stylus between plays. Tone arm lock automatically secures tone arm to prevent damage to stylus from accidental movement.

Provide convenient operation in any desired mode. After touching a single featherweight button, the 810 can either: play a stack of records, shutting off after the last; play a single record and shut off; or play a single record, and repeat it indefinitely until stopped by the user. Manual operation is also provided using a single button to start

the motor, and the cue control to lower the stylus onto the desired groove.

Operate quietly, emitting no sound that can intrude on the music. The 810 uses a unique sequential cam drive mechanism,



a rigid precision assembly that replaces the plumber's nightmare of rotating eccentric plates and interlocking gears that other changers use—light metal stampings that can go out of alignment and make a lot of noise, from being carried, being bumped, or just from extensive use.

If you were to design a record changer to do all that you might demand of it, you would design the BSR Model 810.

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Gilda, Maddalena, and Sparafucile—seems to me clearly superior. Bastianini's vivid, richly sung Rigoletto made a particularly strong impression on rehearing. A more dynamic conductor (say, Kubelik?) would have helped, but Gavazzeni deserves credit for a scrupulous, beautifully played reading.

You may have to do some exchanging to get three satisfactorily pressed discs. And the booklet translation is the same horror Everest packs in its other *Rigoletto* (S 407/3—the excellent Cetra recording with Taddei, which would be a worthy bargain if not for the ruinous rechanneling). But this recording comes closer to my idea of *Rigoletto* than most of the higher-priced competition. **K.F.**

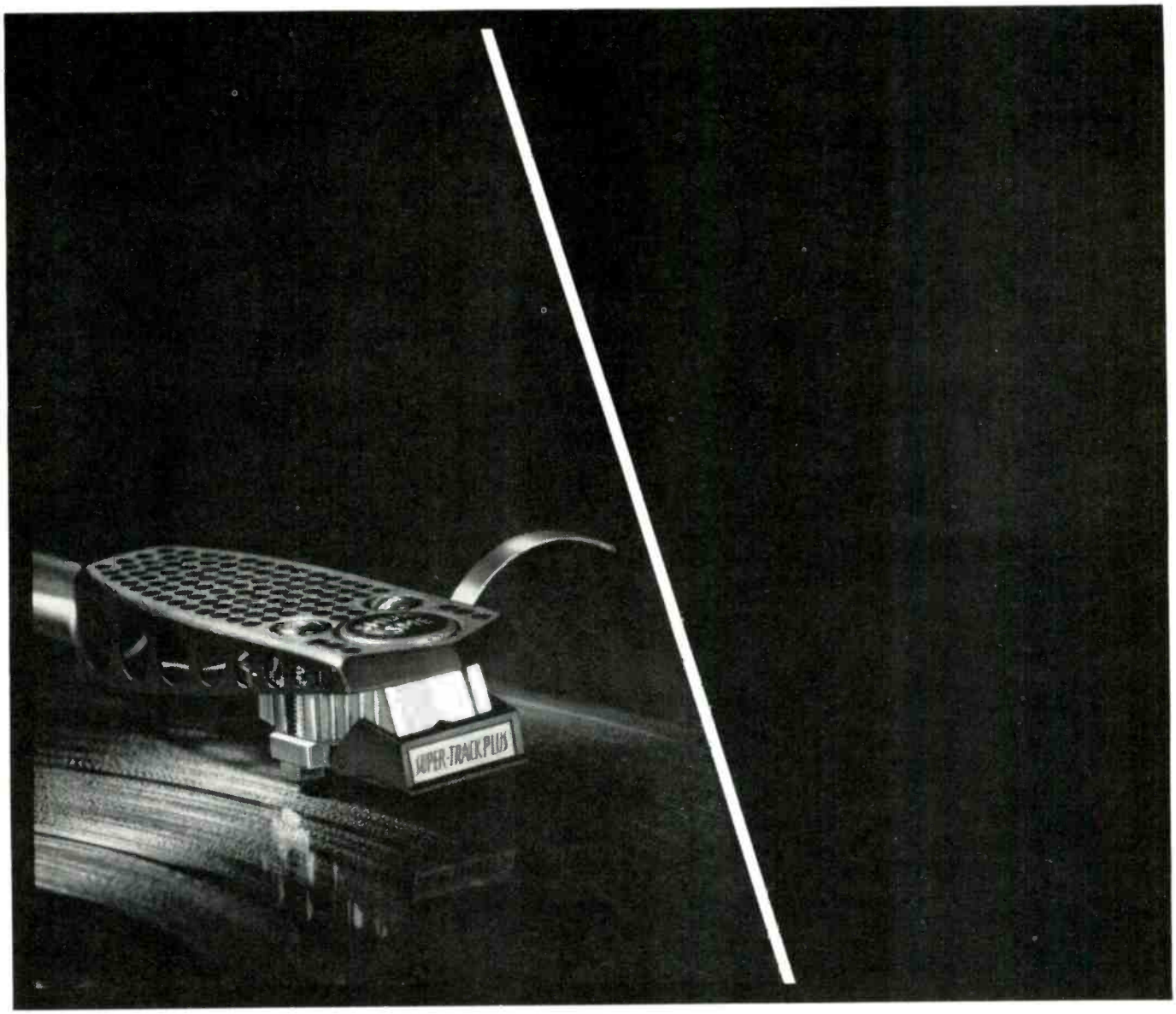
recitals and miscellany

BR **INGE BORKH:** Operatic Recital. Inge Borkh, soprano; Orchestra, Anatole Fistoulari and Rudolf Moralt, cond. Richmond SR 33192, $2.98 (from London OS 25195, 1961).

DVOŘÁK: Rusalka: Song to the Moon (sung in German). **GLUCK** Alceste: Divinités du Styx (sung in German). **MASCAGNI:** Cavalleria rusticana: Voi lo sapete. **DEBUSSY:** L'Enfant prodigue: Air de Lia. **GIORDANO:** Andrea Chénier: La mamma morta. **CILEA:** Adriana Lecouvreur: Io sono l'umile ancella. **VERDI:** Macbeth. La luce langue; Vieni t'affretta. Un Ballo in maschera: Ma dall'arido stelo devulsa. La Forza del destino: Madre, pietosa Vergine.

This is another in Richmond's "Great Singers" series. *Caveat emptor*: The overselling of the younger generation is now being matched by the overselling of the older generation. Borkh was—no doubt about it—a useful artist. During the 1950s and 1960s, first in Stuttgart and later in Munich, she sang a wide variety of roles—Fidelio, Eglantine (*Euryanthe*), Tosca, Turandot, Lady Macbeth, Senta—and she did so with effectiveness and skill. She made a specialty of certain Strauss parts: Salome, Elektra, the Egyptian Helen, and especially the Dyer's Wife. It was in the latter part that during the opening season of the rebuilt National Theater in Munich she enjoyed probably the greatest success of her career. (This *Frau ohne Schatten*, under the uninspiring baton of Josef Keilberth, is available on DG 2711 005.) On the international circuit, however, Borkh was best known in her prime for her Elektra—an assured, cool performance, remarkable no less for her dispassionate vocal efficiency than for her neatness of appearance and red-lacquered nails. Borkh's striking air of disengagement comes through clearly on this recital, where the singing manages at every point to keep the drama at arm's length.

Borkh's voice was a clear high soprano, girlish and light in timbre, though capable of penetrating easily Strauss's most fearsome orchestral climaxes. As is revealed by the opening selection, the charming Song to the Moon from *Rusalka*, Borkh lacked variety of tone color, an instinct for effective phrasing (she makes nothing of the melody's climactic passage), and, sad to say, charm. "*Divinités du Styx*" is robbed of its majesty by Borkh's weak lower voice and the tameness of her attack. Borkh's Verdi is neither very distinguished nor



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very idiomatic. Especially in unsupported passages the voice is not as steady as it might be and some of the detail is clumsy. On Side 2 (a different recording session from Side 1) Borkh has difficulty in pitching the music accurately. High notes comes out sharp—e.g., the A's and the C at the climax of "*Ma dall'arido*"; also the A sharps on the rising phrase "*non mi lasciar, pietà*" in "*Madre, pietosa Vergine.*" The best singing on the disc is Lia's aria from *L'Enfant prodigue*, where Borkh's grasp of style and good French are very pleasing. No texts or translations. D.S.H.

FRANS BRÜGGEN PLAYS SEVENTEEN RECORDERS. Frans Brüggen, recorder; Marie Leonhardt, Alda Stuurop, Antoinette van den Hombergh, and Lucy van Dael, violin; Anner Bylsma, cello; Fred Nijenhuis, double bass; Nikolaus Harnoncourt, gamba; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord and organ. Telefunken SMA 25073T/1-3, $17.94 (three discs).

PARCHAM: Solo in G. **EYCK:** Pavane Lachrymae. **LOEILLET:** Sonata in C minor. **DIEUPART:** Suite in G. **TELEMANN:** Fantasies: In C; in A minor (from SAWT 9482, 1967). **LOEILLET:** Sonata in C minor. **EYCK:** Batali; Variations on Doen Daphne d'over schoone Maeght. **CARR:** Divisions upon an Italian Ground. **TELEMANN:** Fantasies: in F; in D minor. **COUPERIN:** Pièces de clavecin, Book III: Le Rossignol en amour. **PEPUSCH:** Sonata No. 4, in F (from SAWT 9545, 1970). **DIEUPART:** Suite in A. **BABELL:** Concerto à 7, in D. **EYCK:** Engels Nachtegaeltje. **A. SCARLATTI:** Sonata for Recorder, Two Violins, and Continuo, in A minor. **TELEMANN:** Fantasies: In B; in G minor (from SAWT 9582).

If Frans Brüggen is not the world's most skilled and most musical recorder player, he's at least equal to the finest in every respect. Listening to his warm and silvery tone and complete technical mastery of these seventeen different recorders from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is sheer delight in itself. It's easy to overlook the fact that the ratio of musical masterpieces to mere baroque-ish noodlings is not as high as we might wish for. It's also true that uninterrupted listening to three full records of recorder solo and recorder with continuo will soon become tedious to all but the most dedicated recorder buff (only in two works on the third record is Brüggen joined by other instruments).

But then it's primarily recorder buffs who will be interested in this handsomely produced box, with a twelve-page booklet (full of information about the seventeen recorders, an interview with Brüggen, and brief notes about the pieces) and a poster-size photo of this strikingly handsome young artist. The more casual recorder fan should know that though two of these records are available separately the third and most interesting (SAWT 9582) has not yet been released singly in this country. C.F.G.

BRH

CHALIAPIN: Scenes from Russian Operas. Feodor Chaliapin, bass; various orchestras. Seraphim 60211, $2.98 (mono; recorded 1925-31; from Angel COLH 100, 1958).

MUSSORGSKY: Boris Godunov: Coronation Scene; I have attained the highest power; Clock Scene; Farewell, Prayer, and Death of Boris. **GLINKA:** Ruslan and Ludmila: Farlaf's Rondo. **DARGOMIZHSKY:** Rusalka: The Miller's Aria; Mad Scene and Death of the Miller. **BORODIN:** Prince Igor: How goes it, Prince? **RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** Sadko: Song of the Viking Guest.

This is a straight reissue—with the addition of welcome separating bands and unwelcome rumble—of the first vocal record in Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series. I hope it is enough to note that the disc is available

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again: These recordings remain among the phonograph's great triumphs.

The four *Boris* excerpts (including the overwhelming eleven-minute-plus Farewell, Prayer, and Death recorded live at Covent Garden in 1928!) leave no doubt of Chaliapin's stature. True he was not a polished singer; he did not offer the gorgeous line of a Ghiaurov. But even as sheer sound the voice is irresistible; add the tragic intensity of, for example, his tortured Act II monologue and you have the stuff of which legends are made—quite apart from his legendary stage presence.

Going from Boris' Death, which closes Side 1, to Farlaf's bumptious Rondo, which begins Side 2, is an object lesson in versatility. All the Side 2 excerpts are fascinating cameos—in particular the bold, direct rendering of Khan Konchak's familiar aria from *Prince Igor*. The LP transfers are excellent. Surely this is as indispensable as any vocal record I know of—along, I hope, with several more Seraphim Chaliapins (the obvious next step is a reissue of COLH 141).

The jacket carries a generous sampling of the notes from COLH 100; unfortunately texts and translations still are not included. K.F.

DOULCE MEMOIRE. Purcell Consort of Voices; Elizabethan Consort of Viols; Andrew Davis, harpsichord; David Munrow and Richard Lee, flutes and recorders; James Tyler; lute. Argo ZRG 667, $5.98.

SERMISY: Au pres de vous (two settings). **LE JEUNE:** Ce n'est que fiel; La belle Aronde; Comment pensés vous; Revecy venir du printemps; Qu'est devenu ce bel oeil; Debat la nostre trill'en May. **COSTELEY:** Mignonne allons voir. **LASSO:** Margot labourez les vignes; La nuit froide et sombre. **SANDRIN:** Doulce memoire. **SANDRIN-CABEZON:** Doulce memoire. **GERVAISE:** M'amye est tant honneste. **BERTRAND:** Je suis un deml-dieu. **DE BOIS:** Je suis desheritee. **JANNEQUIN:** La plus belle. **MANCHICOURT:** Doulce memoire. **BONNET:** Francion vint l'autre jour. **CERTON:** Que n'est elle. **ANON.** Aupres de vous. **ARCADELT:** Margot labourez les vignes.

B **AMOROUS DIALOGUES OF THE RENAISSANCE.** Accademia Monteverdiana, Denis Stevens, dir. Nonesuch, H 71272, $2.98.

WERT: Tirsi morir volea. **DEMANTIUS:** Echo responsum si vis; Jungfrau, ich hat ein Bit. **LASSO:** Que dis-tu, que fais-tu?; O doux parler. **G. GABRIELI:** Dormiva dolcemente. **HASSLER:** Mein Lieb will mit mir krlegen. **A. GABRIELI:** Tirsi morir volea. **MORLEY:** Phyllis I fain would die now. **WILLAERT:** Che fal alma.

These are two beautiful programs of Renaissance chamber music, carefully selected, excellently directed, admirably sung. "Doulce Memoire" presents a varied recital of French chansons from the middle of the sixteenth century, performed as they might well have been in some nobleman's household in a variety of vocal and instrumental arrangements. We hear the title song, Sandrin's four-voice song *Doulce memoire* in a sprightly version for two recorders and in a set of elaborate harpsichord variations by Cabezon as well as in its original elegant simplicity. A similar chanson, *Au pres de vous*, shows up as the accompaniment to a Renaissance basse dance, and Lasso's rowdy rustic *Margot labourez les vignes* becomes a proper parlor song when it is arranged for soprano and guitar. The potential didacticism of this approach is hidden by skillful programming. The twenty-two selections on this disc are arranged for maximum listening pleasure mixing slow and fast, light

by Harris Goldsmith

Schumann's Piano Music—A Discovery for the Seventies?

IN THE LAST few years *Kreisleriana* has truly made the "big time," with recordings by Horowitz (Columbia) and Rubinstein (RCA), a no less musicianly one by Klien (Turnabout), and now these three new versions. In short, *Kreisleriana* is now as popular as *Carnaval* or *Kinderszenen*, and it looks as if the *Davidsbündlertänze* (or *Davidbündler*, as Schumann's later edition calls it) is about to follow suit. This is really a surprise since the last-named, one of Schumann's most introverted and autobiographical (as well as longest) compositions, has been a slow starter with music lovers outside Schumann's orbit.

Some things about Kempff's new recordings lead me to suspect that, nearing eighty, he is probably past his technical prime. His fingers are noticeably less incisive than of yore, his tempos are slower, his rhythm less firm and driving. He seems less willing to take risks. But with the conveniences of tape editing, he manages to minimize losses and actually effect a few gains. There are few wrong or missed notes, and even now Kempff has much more style and artistic backbone than ninety per cent of his colleagues. In fact, although some of the former crispness and driving energy of his older readings is lacking here, in its place one finds greater breadth, more tenderness and repose, a ruminative inward glow that suits this music to perfection. As before, Kempff brings a Beethovenian nobility to the thickly scored declamative passages and if, say, the very beginning of *Kreisleriana*, with its tumultuous passagework, is less sparkling and sharply etched than on the older recording, it still resounds with impressive solid authority. As before, Kempff adheres to the composer's second thoughts in almost every instance. Thus, Op. 13 has only the standard études (none of the five posthumously restored ones), and the finale is without the rather meretricious middle episode (recorded by Arrau). There are more brilliant recordings of both these works, and certainly more flexible ones, but not many with comparable depth and integrity. On records, at least, Kempff is still capable of greatness. DG's beautifully atmospheric engineering has more impact and bass than many of Kempff's stereo records.

Mme. De Larrocha's *Kreisleriana* is in the more familiar free-wheeling romantic style. She gets a round, fluent sonority and uses considerable rubato. In the main, she gives more heed to extroverted generalities than introverted specifics. In its way, hers is an admirable performance but I am slightly disappointed. Alongside the probity of Kempff's poetic vision, the chaste severity of Walter Klien's deeply intellectual reading and the absolutely breathtaking shimmer and imagination of the Horowitz, De Larrocha's account—like Rubinstein's—impresses me as being just slightly superficial and ordinary. The overside of her disc contains an unusual makeweight in the impassioned B minor Allegro; a lush but unmannered account of the popular romance; and a very potent, forthright rendering of the hard-to-hold-together F sharp minor Novelette. The last-named is in actuality several unrelated ideas juxtaposed into one. London has supplied full-bodied but rather overresonant piano sound—while piano and pianissimo come forth with clinging fullness, fortissimo tends to be a bit swimmy and overbright.

I like Anton Kuerti's bargain-priced *Kreisleriana* a good deal better than London's more expensive one. Kuerti came to the United States from Vienna at an early age and studied at Curtis with Rudolf Serkin, winning the Leventritt Award in 1957. Of late he has been residing in Toronto. While most of Serkin's many pupils emulate his most conspicuous mannerisms, few have succeeded in catching his humanity and passionate intensity. Temperamentally and pianistically Kuerti comes closer than most. Both of these CBC radio performances—well reproduced, albeit slightly unresonantly—are replete with searing, volcanic urgency and brilliance. Kuerti doesn't dwell on the pretty, purple prose of either work although he is more than capable of nuance and tenderness. The special electricity of this *Kreisleriana* falls between the virtuoso brilliance of Horowitz and the reflective sobriety of

and serious, vocal and instrumental in a manner calculated to give variety without sacrificing coherence.

Another delightful feature of this recording is the inclusion of several of Le Jeune's famous *vers mesurée* settings, whose irregular meter is solely determined by the long and short syllables of the French verse. We hear not only the popular *Revecy venir le printemps* but also the exquisitely delightful *Ce n'est que fiel* and the harmonically astonishing *Qu'est devenu*. In this last piece Le Jeune experimented with a startling chromaticism using all twelve semitones in rapid succession. The wandering tonality and irregular rhythms make *Qu'est devenu* sound more like a product of the 1950s than of the 1590s. Love in its various guises—none too serious—is the subject of most of these selections, but there are occasional exceptions like Lasso's musical evocation of the dawn in the splendid *La nuit froide et sombre*, a stanza from an ode of Du Bellay.

"Amorous Dialogues of the Renaissance" chooses to present a form and a subject rather than a period and a country. The program, which is equally well arranged to divert the listener with fine music, also provides an international glimpse of love clad in quite different national costumes. The Germans are very foursquare and direct about it. Hassler's *Mein Lieb will mit mir kriegen* is in an uninterrupted tradition of folklike love songs from Isaac to Schumann and Brahms. The rather obvious jokes of the Demantius echo pieces (although the Latin text of *Echo responsum si vis* is very clever) with their simple chordal homophony, reinforce the straightforward no-nonsense Germanic approach to the subject. Lasso, an international composer, has the ability to slip into any style he chooses, and his French chansons are elegantly modeled to the prevailing *goût*. Typically the dialogue elements in these sophisticated jewels are more subtly expressed than they are in the music from the North.

It is in the wealth and decadence of the small Italian courts that music and poetry reached full agreement in serving the amorous complications of the small groups of would-be lovers, bound together in artificial groups ruled by Machiavellian innuendo. Erotic suggestion is the basis for most Italian madrigals. Subtly handled at first in works like Willaert's dialogue of the lover and his soul (*Che fai alma*), the lowered glance becomes a sly wink in Gabrieli's *Dormiva dolcemente*, culminating in the outright pornography of Giaches de Wert's marvelous setting of *Tirsi morir volea*.

Thomas Morley, that tireless admirer of the Italians, borrows their poetic pastoral dialogue with its *double-entendres* and their expressive musical forms in *Phyliss I fain would die now*, but despite his dutiful imitation of the Italian style, he misses the point and his shepherdess emerges as a live sheep girl rolling in the hay rather than a sophisticated lady of the court suggesting some more subtle dalliance.

The performances on both discs are excellent. As I have pointed out before in these columns, there is a splendid assortment of singers in England with the voices, the technique, and the stylistic experience to do full justice to this music, but they require good direction to weld their various talents into a single interpretation. Grayston Burgess is emerging as a

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Kempff. Kuerti's treatment may be less analytical and revelatory than Klien's, but I think it is more exciting. He gives comparable charge to the F minor Sonata, and it is his truly remarkable playing that supplies what little pleasure I get from that heavily scored and uninterestingly sequential composition. Kuerti uses the revised four-movement version, which omits one of the two original scherzos. If you must have the work, Kuerti's is clearly the version to go for.

Silverman's is broad, rhythmically secure, and generally idiomatic. But the contest is an unfair one—between flaming brilliance and extreme competence. The chief value of the Orion disc is a nearly complete performance overside of the rarely heard (and mostly superb) *Bunte Blätter*, Op. 99. It is unfortunate that timing considerations necessitated the omission of No. 12 (*Fast March*) and No. 14 (*Evening Music*), but at least Silverman (or his tape editor) has reshuffled the dozen remaining selections to make sound musical sense. Silverman seems even better suited to these miniatures than to Schumann's pseudo-heroic ramblings overside: His playing is clean, direct, and in these pieces, more warmly communicative. Orion's open, resolute, sound frames the style of playing nicely.

Charles Rosen's deleted Epic version of *Davidsbündlertänze* stressed its graceful, salonish, dancelike elements. (This ought to be reissued by Odyssey). Kempff's still surviving DG is broader, more starkly analytical, and spiritual. Masselos' recent RCA edition played up the music's strong contrasts and zany irascibility to excellent effect. Sometimes, however, his technique was a bit unequal to the task and textures ran together in a slightly impatient, muddled way. Arrau, by contrast, patiently clarifies every strand of the writing with his supreme pianistic skill. His reading most closely resembles that of Kempff in its leisurely, singingly expansive warmth, deliberate tempos, and dark, tender inwardness.

In one important respect, however, Arrau diverges from Kempff and from practically all his past and present colleagues, and that is in the matter of text. Schumann made numerous small revisions in his second edition, adding a few short repeats for "logic," taking out a few harmonic felicities, inexplicably removing a charmingly piquant postlude to No. 9, and altering the trio of No. 13 rhythmically. Virtually no one plays either edition intact, but Arrau comes nearer to giving the original version (adding a few of the repeats from the second; he loves repeats!). Kempff, by contrast, is nearly all Edition Two. Arrau's *Nachtstücke* are much more subtly complex than Gilels' readings (Melodiya/Angel). Although I liked that pianist's uncluttered, forthright accounts far better than his overside Schubert *Moments Musicaux*, I must admit that Arrau delves much more deeply into Schumann's private, occasionally frightening world of darkness. I especially admire Arrau's arpeggiation of the accompaniment pattern in No. 4, so full of resignation and consolation.

Klien's *Davidsbündler* (he opts for most of the revision) is, alas, no match for his *Kreisleriana*. His brusque treatment has a few saving graces: He gets clear textures, firmly sprung rhythms, and a just about ideal translation into sound of the *con impatienza* marking for No. 4. But there is a great deal missing from his playing, which here sounds hard, unsubtle, and deficient in warmth and poetry. The four romances are similarly promising in basic musicianship but ultimately rather hard-boiled and tightfisted. Possibly I am influenced by Turnabout's dry, close, high-level sound. Despite the disc's low price, I'd hesitate to recommend so limited a view of such comprehensive music.

Nor can I muster much enthusiasm for Gimpel's solid, firmly molded but rather prosaic renderings of the Schumann and Chopin Fantasies. Gimpel is a sturdy player—somewhat in the mold of the late Wilhelm Backhaus—and he strives for a slightly brusque, structural approach. But unlike my own favorites in the Schumann—Curzon (he plays it even better in concert than on his deleted twenty-year-old London recording), Kempff, and Arrau,—Gimpel does not manage to evoke much in the way of passion and warmth. The Chopin is even less able to withstand the emotional frigidity than the Schumann, although it too is competently handled. Genesis gives Gimpel slightly clangorous, woolly sonics.

SCHUMANN: Kreisleriana, Op. 16; Etudes symphoniques, Op. 13. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 317, $6.98.

SCHUMANN: Kreislerlana, Op. 16; Allegro, in B minor, Op. 8; Novelette, in F sharp minor, Op. 21, No. 8; Romance, in F sharp, Op. 28, No. 2. Alicia de Larrocha, piano. London CS 6749, $5.98.

B **SCHUMANN:** Kreisleriana, Op. 16; Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in F minor, Op. 14 (*Concerto Without Orchestra*). Anton Kuerti, piano. Stereo Treasury STS 15255, $2.98.

SCHUMANN: Bunte Blätter, Op. 99; Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in F minor, Op. 14 (*Concerto Without Orchestra*). Robert Silverman, piano. Orion ORS 7146, $5.98.

SCHUMANN: Davidsbündlertänze, Op. 6; Nachtstücke (4), Op. 23. Claudio Arrau, piano. Philips 6500 178, $6.98.

B **SCHUMANN:** Davidsbündlertänze, Op. 6; Romances (3), Op. 28. Walter Klien, piano. Turnabout TV-S 34379, $2.98.

SCHUMANN: Fantasia, in C, Op. 17. **CHOPIN:** Fantaisie, in F minor, Op. 49. Jakob Gimpel, piano. Genesis GS 1030, $5.98.

Selected comparisons (Kreisleriana):
Horowitz — Col. 7264
Klien — Turn. 34317
Rubinstein — RCA 3108
Selected comparison (Etudes symphoniques):
Arrau — Phi. 6500 130
Selected comparisons (Davidsbundlertänze):
Kempff — DG 139 316
Masselos — RCA 3291
Selected comparison (Nachtstücke):
Gilels — Mel./Ang. 40082
Selected comparisons (Schumann Fantasia):
Arrau — Phi. 802 746
Kempff — DG 2530 185

tasteful and imaginative conductor of the Renaissance repertoire, one who is not afraid to let the listener revel in beautiful sound while paying his respects to the formal niceties of the music. The elegant phrases of the chansons are finely carved and beautifully balanced. Over half the selections are performed a cappella and the intonation is a joy to hear. I also want to mention Andrew Davis' delightful accompaniment to the four-voice version of *Au pres de vous* which opens the first side.

It is always good news to get a new record by Denis Stevens who can be counted on for a high level of music and musicality. The singers of the Accademia Monteverdiana maintain a consistently high standard. The basses in particular deserve special commendation for their clear and expressive singing in the lowest tessitura in Willaert's *Che fai alma*. The recording on both albums is of a uniformly high quality as are the notes and translations provided.

S.T.S.

B **WALTER KLIEN:** Piano Dances. Walter Klien, piano. Turnabout TVS 34482, $2.98.

BEETHOVEN: Allemande in A; Three Contretänze; Waltz in C; Waltz in B; Ecossaise. **HAYDN:** Four Pieces from "Flotenuhr." **SCHUBERT:** Waltz, Op. 18; Damenländler Op. 67; Eight Ecossaises; Valses sentimentales, Op. 50; Waltz in F, Op. 127; Trio in E; Eight Landler; Grätzer Galopp; Two German Dances.

The Viennese tend to get a bit arch and possessive about their own music, and Klien—usually an uncommonly direct, unaffected

Walter Klien—dancing with relish.

player—does once or twice overpoint a rhythm. However, he plays with so much relish and gusto, such refreshing dynamic range and basic musicality (quite a different thing from acquired "musicianship," which Klien also has in good measure) that I am quite willing to overlook the few excesses. This is light music of the best sort—ranging from the popular Beethoven Ecossaise (here played in a reliable edition) to the harmonically more unusual Schubert specimens. The Haydn pieces are demure and stylized, benefiting from Klien's pearly, sophisticated treatment. Good sound, sometimes a mite dry and hard, but full of amplitude and color.

H.G.

RENAISSANCE MUSIC FROM ADVENT TO CHRISTMAS. Ambrosian Singers, John McCarthy, cond. Oiseau-Lyre OLS 153, $5.98.

PALESTRINA: Ad te levavi; Ave Maria. **VICTORIA:** Ne timeas Maria; O magnum mysterium. **BYRD:** Tollite portas; Beata viscera. **GABRIELI:** Deus, Deus meus; Hodie Christus natus est. **ESQUIVEL:** Veni Domine. **VAET:** Ecce apparabit. **BERNARDI:** Benedixisti Domine. **GUERRERO:** Canite tuba in Sion. **SCHEIN:** Venite exultemus; Plainsong: Christus natus est nobis. **ASOLA:** Quem vidistis pastores? **AICHINGER:** Jubilate Deo. **MONTEVERDI:** Angelus ad pastores. Plainsong (anon.): O radix Jesse.

One of the great dramatic creations of Western civilization is the recurring drama of the church year. Linked to the rhythm of the returning seasons, its pattern of festivals, rituals, and celebration provided spiritual excitement for generations of medieval rulers and peasants, Renaissance bourgeoisie, somber Protestants, cheerful monks, and ordinary men and women. It is hard today to appreciate how deeply the Christian liturgy was embedded in the ordinary man and how much meaning the traditional Latin texts had for him. This selection of music carefully chosen to illuminate the coming of Christmas and its celebration by some of the best composers of the high Renaissance presents the scope of the entire

Continued on page 122

ADRS*

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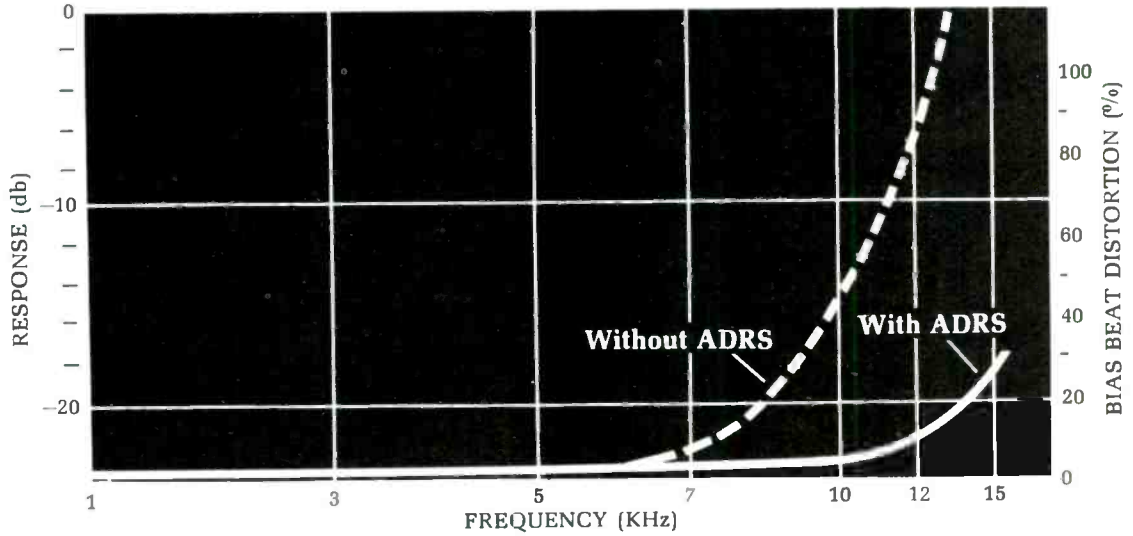

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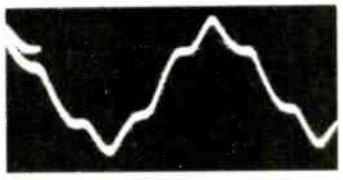

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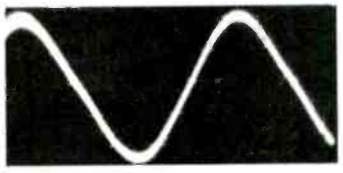

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CIRCLE 3 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

by Dale S. Harris

BASF Plugs a Historical Vocal Gap

THE INCREASING AVAILABILITY of historical vocal material (either through commercial or underground sources) is encouraging for anyone who believes in the informing power of the past. Such material helps to establish the continuity of performance, to create a context for our present-day efforts. It is especially fascinating to see what was happening in the Third Reich, a period when so much first-class talent was either forced, or chose to go, into exile. The opening selections from *Don Giovanni* on the sampler disc that initiates BASF's historical series are not reassuring. Sung, like everything else here, in German, these excerpts are conducted by Karl Elmendorff with heavy-handed efficiency. Even though Kurt Böhme was later to become a fine Baron Ochs the comic antics of a basso buffo were never natural to him and as Leporello he sounds merely bovine. Mattheiu Ahlersmeyer's Don is uningratiating and Elfriede Weidlich is a not very charming soubrette. But to hear the wonderfully solid, saturnine tones of Gottlob Frick, the great Hagen and Hunding of the next two decades, expended on the role of Masetto is both startling and pleasing. Roswaenge as Tamino in 1944 under Steinkopf is not as easy as he was in 1938 under Beecham. And in the Pamina-Papageno duet Arthur Rother phrases the music with less grace than Beecham had done for Lemnitz four years earlier. Karl Schmitt-Walter, a famous Papageno of that time, upholds his reputation, as do most of the other celebrated names: Berger and Anders in *Martha* and Strienz and the remarkable Hann in *The Merry Wives* are especially delightful. Klose is a phlegmatic Orfeo, however, and Walther Ludwig an uneasy Fenton. Both Teschemacher and Cebotari sound acidulous in the Letter Duet, but here and in the *Entführung* and *Fidelio* excerpts Karl Böhm controls the performances with great distinction. It is, moreover, good to hear Seefried before she succumbed to her own charms and took refuge in coyness. The only selection to originate outside the studio is the Berlin Staatsoper's 1942 *Lohengrin*, an almost exact reincarnation of the hugely successful 1936 Bayreuth production, of which highlights were recorded at the time on 78s. Maria Müller, the Metropolitan Opera's first Maria Boccanegra ten years before, is very lovely, though Völker's voice, once a beautiful instrument, has developed a pronounced beat in the six years after Bayreuth. The performance from which this comes, like the Böhm *Figaro*, is currently available complete on Preiser. The *Martha*, *Merry Wives*, *Fidelio* and *Orfeo*, however, though all once obtainable complete on LP have long been deleted. Some of these sets deserve to be reissued in full-length form. BASF promises the complete Hugo Wolf *Corregidor* in the strongly cast 1944 performance formerly on Urania, but otherwise announces only excerpts discs. In the case of the 1944 *Dutchman*, a long vanished Mercury album of four LP's, the loss is severe, for under Clemens Krauss's commanding baton Hotter is revealed at the height of his majesty.

Ursuleac, stage director Rudolf Hartmann, Krauss, Strauss, Hotter, and Hann take their bows after the world premiere of *Capriccio* at the Munich Opera in 1942.

It is hard to tell whether the *Carmen*, *Otello* and *Capriccio* excerpts were broadcast complete and, if so, whether the original tapes survive in that form. The *Carmen*, however, isn't very consequential. Böhm is fairly idiomatic, but his cast is depressingly un-French in style. Höngen, estimable artist though she was in roles like Klytemnestra (*Elektra*) and the Nurse (*Frau ohne Schatten*), was not intended by nature for badinage, seductiveness, or an excess of sexual passion. Here she sounds merely a hard worker with a wayward voice. Ralf is ungainly and stolid in lyrical passages. Moreover he tends to sing sharp. He is better in the heavy drama of the final scene, though he never sounds comfortable. Elfriede Weidlich, inoffensive in the duet with José, gives a squally account of Micaëla's aria, and Josef Herrmann, a miscast Wagnerian, sounds simply dogged.

Otello is better sung, though the German text makes the musical drama too emphatic in accentuation, a problem aggravated by Elmendorff's unsubtle conducting. Within these limitations, however, Roswaenge gives a very fine account of the title role. The love duet, falsetto conclusion apart, is molded with great sensitivity, and in the cry for blood and subsequent "*Si, pel ciel!*" the voice blazes up with thrilling intensity. Otello's death is noble, unfearful, proud. Reining is pure and pallid. On the evidence of this disc Reinmar had a big, rather ungainly voice, which he sometimes pushed out of focus and pitch. But otherwise he was technically well schooled, and for the most part his big style and intense manner produce exciting results. If a complete tape of this performance does survive then the job of excerpting highlights has been seriously bungled: Desdemona's Willow Song ends on "*Buona notte*," before the sudden heart-stopping ascent to high A sharp on "*Ah! Emilia, addio!*" It is hard to believe that the original broadcast, however abbreviated, ended Desdemona's participation in the opera at this point. But that the performance was in some respects abridged is suggested by the onlookers' silence as Otello stabs himself. Since the full chorus and the voices of Jago, Cassio, Roderigo, and Montano are heard in the opening scene, the omission of the last three at the end seems decidedly odd. Perhaps Otello's death is taken from another broadcast.

The lack of applause from the Countess and her guests at the end of La Roche's great monologue on the theater suggests that *Capriccio* wasn't broadcast in full. A great pity if so, for this is a performance of the greatest historical interest: a souvenir of the world premiere of Strauss's last opera, his testament and final musical adventure. Since Strauss worked side by side with Clemens Krauss, the librettist as well as conductor, on the preparation of the Munich production it is safe to say that this is as close as we can get to the composer's intentions. Krauss is simply wonderful with this music. Under his guidance it glints and glows and at the end wells up in sustained song. The youthful Hotter is an ardent Olivier. Georg Hann a La Roche (the character Hotter was later to sing under Sawallisch on Angel) who dominates without bluster. The role of Flamand, sung by an intelligent and attractive artist who handles the beautiful sonnet with great finesse, is assigned by the jacket to Franz

Klarwein. At the world premiere however Klarwein sang the comic part of the Italian tenor, the Flamand being Horst Taubmann. I suspect that it is the latter who actually sings it here. Certainly this tenor sounds quite different from the Klarwein who sings the Steersman on the 1944 Krauss *Dutchman*. Viorica Ursuleac, (Krauss's wife) who was also the First Arabella, is authoritative but vocally ungainly.

The sound on all these discs is boxy and a little congested, as one might expect. But that fact should not obscure the achievement of the German technicians who developed the tape recorder so early and of the German radio authorities who put it to such good use. Both records and jackets are manufactured in the United States. The latter, nevertheless, are bilingual and lacking in solid, precise information. There are no texts.

B H **GREAT VOICES OF THE GOLDEN ERA OF GERMAN OPERA.** Various soloists and orchestras. BASF BQ 21549, $1.98 (mono; recorded 1938-44).

MOZART: Don Giovanni: Madamina (Kurt Böhme, bass); Su svegliatevi da bravi (Elfriede Weidlich, soprano; Matthieu Ahlersmeyer, baritone; Gottlob Frick, bass). Die Zauberflöte: Dies Bildnis (Helge Roswaenge, tenor); Bei Mannern (Tiana Lemnitz, soprano; Karl Schmitt-Walter, baritone). Le Nozze di Figaro: Sull'aria . . . Che soave zeffiretto (Maria Cebotari and Margarete Teschemacher, sopranos). Die Entführung aus dem Serail: Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden (Herbert Alsen, bass; Anton Dermota, tenor). **FLOTOW:** Martha: Letzte Rose (Erna Berger, soprano; Peter Anders, tenor). **NICOLAI:** Die lustigen Welber von Windsor: In einem Waschkorb (Georg Hann, bass-baritone; Wilhelm Strienz, bass); Horch, die Lerche (Walther Ludwig, tenor). **BEETHOVEN:** Fidelio: Jetzt, Schatzchen, jetzt sind wir allein (Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Peter Klein, tenor). **GLUCK:** Orfeo ed Euridice: Che farò senza Euridice (Margarete Klose, alto). **WAGNER:** Lohengrin: Wenn ich im Kampfe (Maria Müller, soprano; Franz Volker, tenor). All sung in German.

H **BIZET:** Carmen: Selections (sung in German).

Carmen	Elisabeth Hongen (ms)
Micaela	Elfriede Weidlich (s)
Don José	Torsten Ralf (t)
Escamillo	Josef Herrmann (b)
Frasquita	Elfriede Trotschel (s)
Mercedès	Helena Rott (ms)

Dresden State Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Karl Böhm, cond. BASF KBB 21362, $5.98 (mono; recorded in 1942).

H **VERDI:** Otello: Selections (sung in German).

Otello	Helge Roswaenge (t)
Desdemona	Maria Reining (s)
Jago	Hans Reinmar (b)
Cassio	Gustav Rodin (t)
Roderigo	Gustav Rodin (t)
Montano	Otto Husch (bs)

Berlin State Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Karl Elmendorff, cond. BASF KBB 21360, $5.98 (mono; recorded in 1943).

H **STRAUSS, R.:** Capriccio: Selections.

The Countess	Viorica Ursuleac (s)
Flamand	Franz Klarwein (t) (see review)
Olivier	Hans Hotter (b)
La Roche	Georg Hann (bs-b)
Haushofmeister	Georg Wieter (b)

Bavarian State Opera Orchestra, Clemens Krauss, cond. BASF KBB 21363, $5.98 (mono; recorded in 1942).

Continued from page 118

season dramatically compressed into one disc.

The side devoted to Advent, the period of anticipation before the birth of the Lord, is especially well conceived. The joyful rising lines of Palestrina's *Ad te levavi* announce the introit or entrance of the season. Next Victoria, the great Spanish mystic, pictures the intimate solemnity of the moment where the angel Gabriel announces Mary's mission, gently reassuring her with the words *Ne timeas Maria* (fear not, Mary). The following motets by less famous contemporaries, the Spanish Juan Esquivel, Maximilian's court composer, Jacobus Vaet, and the Roman Steffano Bernardi, continue the feeling of expectancy. Only the Counter-Reformation bombast of Bernardi's *Benedixisti Domine* strikes a stylistically jarring note in the beautifully balanced mood of the moment. This is quickly set aright by the flowing Gregorian antiphon *O radix Jesse*, one of the acclamations greeting the Lord which are sung at the Magnificat during the week before Christmas. Palestrina's tenderly beautiful *Ave Maria* for five voices is followed by two triumphal cries "Blow the trumpet in Sion." "Throw wide the doors . . . let the King enter," ending the joyful Alleluias of the Byrd motet.

The dawning baroque is particularly appropriate to illustrate the splendor and joy of Christmas day itself. Schein, Asola, Aichinger, Monteverdi, and finally Giovanni Gabrieli express the enthusiasm of Christ's reception into the world in more directly harmonic fashion, while Byrd and Victoria reflect the wonder of the incarnation in their exquisite motets *Beata viscera* and the ever popular *O magnum mysterium*.

I have emphasized the Christmas connection with this record because the selection of pieces is so extraordinarily fine, giving an added dimension to the disc. It is in fact a superb Christmas record, but it is also an excellent selection of Renaissance music beautifully balanced, magnificently sung, which can be enjoyed all year round. One does not after all avoid scenes of the Nativity in a museum just because it happens to be April or August. As usual John McCarthy conducts the Ambrosian Singers with sensitivity and style. Their tone is ravishing in the quieter numbers and suitably brilliant and full bodied in the more majestic moments. My only regret is in Oiseau-Lyre's packaging. The irrelevant cover and lack of texts (though Alec Robertson's notes are splendid) hardly matches the devotion and care which have gone into producing this fine disc. S.T.S.

SLATKIN: U.S.A. Concert Arts Orchestra, Felix Slatkin, cond. Angel S 36936, $5.98.

This release is enough of both a short- and long-term outdated curio to justify skipping what would seem to be its logical discussion among the Lighter Side reviews and calling it here to the attention of readers who are possibly more historically or technologically oriented. The disc's special jacket sticker features the inclusion of the "Olympic Fanfare as heard in the ABC telecasts of the Olympic Games from Munich," but the disc appears

John Philip Sousa—four of his marches are played by Felix Slatkin's band in "the best recording of American military marches yet to grace vinyl grooves."

too late to be reviewed or to capitalize on whatever interest still remains in those tragedy-blurred games. What is really interesting, especially to audiophiles, is that the contents here are largely drawn from what was quite justly considered in 1958–59 as "the very best recording of American military marches yet to grace vinyl grooves": Felix Slatkin's "The Military Band" program for Capitol (mono and stereo discs, two- and four-track stereo tapes).

Most of those seventy-man-band performances reappear here: four Sousa marches (*Stars and Stripes Forever*, with no less than seven piccolos!), *Semper fidelis*, *El Capitan*, *Washington Post*); three band "standards" (Meacham's *American Patrol*, J.F. Wagner's *Under the Double Eagle* March, Bagley's *National Emblem* March); and an exceptionally straightforward and eloquent *Star-Spangled Banner*. And, amazingly enough, these all still sound as magnificently solid and impressive as they did back in the early stereo era, if naturally now less vivid and astounding.

The additions to that program are also impressive. They may date from around the same time, if not from the same sessions, but it's merely a guess, since I haven't been able to trace them to any released disc then or later. (Of course there may have been one I've missed.) These are all credited to composer/arranger Leo Arnaud: the aforementioned *Olympic Fanfare* (drawn from Arnaud's *Bugler's Holiday*), a rather fancy arrangement of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, and two medleys—one for bagpipes and drums, the other for fifes and drums. Whatever the provenance of these additions, they merely fill out and somewhat vary the program without significantly adding to its distinctive original—and historical—interest as a milestone of audio progress, and now, sadly, as a worthy memorial to a fine musician, Felix Slatkin (1915–1963). R.D.D.

H **THE ART OF INA SOUEZ.** Ina Souez, soprano; Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Fritz Busch, cond. (in the Mozart); London Philharmonic Orchestra, Alberto Erede (in the Puccini and Verdi) and John Barbirolli (in the Bizet and Bellini), cond. Orion ORS 7293, $5.98 (rechanneled stereo; recorded in the 1930s).

MOZART: Don Giovanni: Crudele? Ah no, mio bene . . . Non mi dir; Don Ottavio, son morta . . . Or sai chi l'onore (with Kolomon von Pataky, tenor). Così fan tutte: Ei parte . . . Per pietà; Temerari, sortite . . . Come scoglio. **PUCCINI:** La Bohème: Si, mi chiamano Mimì. **BIZET:** Carmen: Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante. **BELLINI:** Norma: Casta diva . . . Ah, bello a me ritorna (with chorus). **VERDI:** Ernani: Surta è la notte . . . Ernani, involami . . . Tutto sprezzo che d'Ernani.

American soprano Ina Souez is a historically important singer. Souez played a key role in the success of Glyndebourne. After all, she sang the Fiordiligis and Donna Annas in every single prewar performance of *Così* and *Don Giovanni*. Neither role is ever easy to cast, but both seemed even harder to fill during those less Mozart-conscious days, when first-class dramatic sopranos capable of coloratura nimbleness—not to mention great musicality and an Italianate style—were few and far between. When, in the second Glyndebourne season (1935), Souez seemed unavailable for Fiordiligi, Fritz Busch canceled his own appearances. Only when the services of Souez were assured did he agree to return.

The collaboration of Busch and Souez is preserved on the complete HMV recordings of *Così* (1935) and *Giovanni* (1936), still available on Turnabout (4120/2 and 4117/9 respectively). These remain superlative musical experiences. They are, to be sure, stylistically dated, what with piano-accompanied recitatives and the lack of appoggiaturas and decorations. But the feeling for ensemble, the delicate balance of lightness and gravity, of rapture and high spirits, and the sense of dramatic purpose, remain enthralling.

The individual performances now seem less remarkable. Out of context, Souez' arias are still very fine, but marginally less satisfying, less virtuosic, than one remembers. Souez had the right kind of timbre—rich, full, forward. The middle of the voice was marvelously secure. Her line was good. She could trill. She was fluent in coloratura. The leaps in Fiordiligi's arias test her, however: They are negotiated rather than commanded. Her scale was not particularly even, and some of the low notes in "*Per pietà*" are shaky. Also she tended to aspirate awkward transitions. Even so, the sweep of these assumptions is wonderful to hear. The recitatives are thrillingly attacked and enunciated. Listen, for example, to the masterful way she accentuates a phrase like Donna Anna's "*Quegli è il carnefice del padre mio!*" And in the allegro/allegretto final sections she is irresistible.

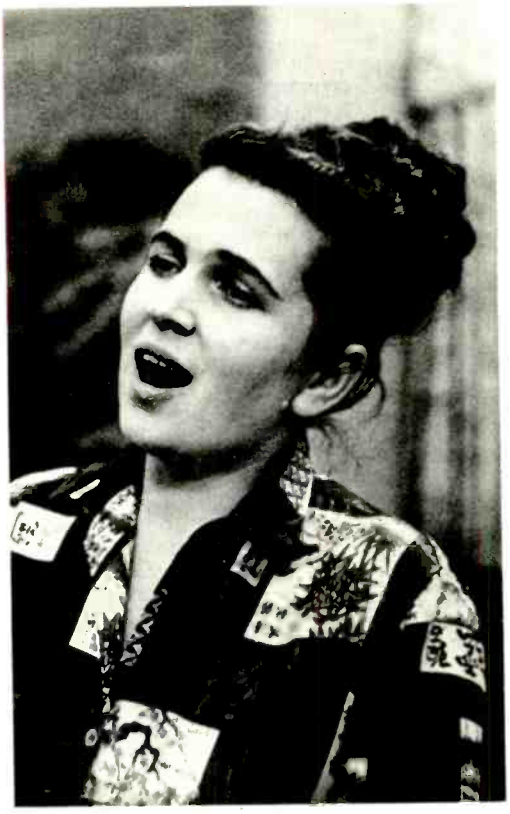
The miscellaneous arias display the same virtues. The texts are vigorously handled, the music excitingly projected. Mimì's aria is both charming and lively; so is Micaëla's. The opening phrases of "*Casta diva*" are awkward, full of aspirates and holes, but after that the aria takes fire. Again, though the cabaletta is a bit sketchy in places, the general effect is very impressive and the final top C is glorious. The *Ernani* scene has tremendous authority.

The liner notes by Francis Robinson are at best unilluminating ("Not content with instant stardom she sought new heights and moved from strength to strength"), at worst inaccurate (Souez sang Liù at Covent Garden in 1929—*not* 1937, when the role was shared by Albanese and Favero). And they are uninformative—Robinson does not mention Souez' neglect by the Met after her return to the United States in 1939 and her subsequent descent to joke vocalist with Spike Jones and His City Slickers. Souez now teaches in Los Angeles. As this recital shows, she deserves to be remembered with honor. D.S.H.

GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA: Russian Opera Arias. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, Boris Khaikin and Alexander Melik-Pashayev, cond. Melodiya/Angel SR 40220, $5.98.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: The Tsar's Bride: It was in Novgorod; Marfa's Aria. **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Mazeppa: Sleep, my pretty child. The Sorceress: Where are you, my beloved? The Oprichnik: Ah, the wild winds. Iolanthe: Why did I not know before? Queen of Spades: O listen, night!; Oh, I am weary of sorrow. The Maid of Orleans: Farewell, my hills.

Though last season's Metropolitan revival of *Queen of Spades* was not very distinguished, it was wonderful to hear this intriguing score again, and chastening to realize all over again how narrow our operatic experience is.



Galina Vishnevskaya
Russian opera wonderfully expressed.

Tchaikovsky's ballets, and orchestral music in general, do not lack exposure or appreciation in this country, but the operas are seldom seen. Vishnevskaya's recital makes clear how much beautiful music we are on that account denied. Apart from the opening pair of selections by Rimsky-Korsakov everything comes from Tchaikovsky operas, and of these only *Queen of Spades* is ever performed here. It is possible that only Russian audiences would be able to appreciate a work like *The Oprichnik*, which combines strong dramatic action with unsuitably meditative and lyrical music—but it would be nice to have the chance to judge for ourselves. Perhaps this disc will help. There is not a selection here that is uninformed by Tchaikovsky's melodic individuality. The *Queen of Spades* arias are deservedly familiar nowadays, and the Farewell from *The Maid of Orleans* sometimes figures in recitals, but the other pieces—the *Mazeppa* lullaby and Iolanthe's arioso, for example—are equally deserving of popularity.

Vishnevskaya is in very good voice. Sometimes the tone gets a bit strident and hard at the top, but she is a wonderfully expressive artist, full of fire and commitment and utterly communicative. Even with the slightly harsh sound that creeps into her top register (an occupational hazard with seemingly all modern Russian sopranos) Vishnevskaya is nevertheless capable of a thrilling, sustained, free-ringing high B in the *Sorceress* excerpt. The *Maid of Orleans* aria is really very beautifully done. Both Khaikin and Melik-Pashayev bring great warmth to this music. Highly recommended. Notes, texts, and translations. D.S.H.

in brief

BEETHOVEN: Duos for Violin and Cello, WoO. 27: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in F; No. 3, in B flat. Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Mihaly Virizlay, cello. Orion ORS 7295, $5.98.

Here we have two excellent musicians—one well known, the other just beginning to attract attention—wasting their talent on unimportant music not even written for their instruments. If anything of Beethoven deserves oblivion, surely it is these inconsequential duos. Of interest to scholars and counterpoint students, they are meaningless as music simply to listen to. They are thinly veiled Haydn, and Beethoven did not even copy his teacher at his best. If you must revive something like this, at least use the composer's instrumentation: in fact the duos were composed for clarinet and bassoon. It might be nice to hear the pieces in their original form; in this anonymous transcription we get little idea of the intended sound. The performances are excellent, the sound good. A.M.

HANDEL: The New Messiah. Andy Bellinger, arr. and cond.; assisted by Michael Elliott. Columbia KC 31713, $5.98.

I won't list the rest of the cast: they are probably honest musicians who simply earned a few needed dollars by collaborating in this atrocity. I will, however, name the Department of Choral Music of the University of California, Los Angeles, who have no business compromising a fine institution of learning. We have had some entertaining—and musical—take-offs on Bach and other composers, which can be considered legitimate musical caricature; they do not violate good taste. But this disgraceful concoction is in execrable taste; the music added to Handel's is the work of an adolescent and irresponsible imagination—poor in wit, callous in feeling, and indifferent to truth. This recording, lacking even in minimal musical graces, is simply hard-core artistic pornography—hardly the "exciting contemporary version of the classic masterpiece" it claims to be. Why "review" it? Only to warn our readers. P.H.L.

HUSA: Music for Prague 1968. GUTCHE: Genghis Kahn, Op. 37. PENDERECKI: De natura sonoris, No. 2. Louisville Orchestra, Jorge Mester, cond. Louisville, LS 722, $5.95.

Karel Husa's *Music for Prague, 1968* is actually a symphony in four movements. It is a work of considerable eloquence and power, in an essentially conservative idiom, based very largely on an old Hussite hymn associated with the freedom struggles of the Czech people. Its elegiac slow movement and its Interlude for percussion alone are especially beautiful. Gene Gutché's *Genghis Khan* is a busy, vigorous, snotty little piece in keeping with the legend of its hero; it is well calculated to bring the palms of audiences together at pop concerts. Penderecki's *De natura sonoris* is typical of its composer in its radiant streams of color and its coruscating timbral contrasts; whistling, sliding, roaring, banging, cooing, tinkling, and all kinds of other sounds are stirred together in a manner which somehow makes musical sense and provides a challenge to your hi-fi set such as few other compositions this side of Xenakis are likely to offer.

The anonymous person now writing the liner notes for the Louisville records is doing the best job of anybody in America and should take a bow. A.F.

LISZT: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E flat; Fantasia on Hungarian Themes for Piano and Orchestra. Earl Wild, piano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Andre Kostelanetz, cond. Columbia M 31962, $5.98.

These are traditional-style performances in that they stress brilliance and extroverted momentum. Leisurely passages bask in voluptuous instrumental sonority (cellos in particular are brought to the fore at the smallest excuse), while glittery passagework is allowed to accelerate to the point of near hysteria. The ultraclose miking clarifies all of Liszt's masterful concertante writing, and for all their heart-on-sleeve obviousness the performers stay well within the confines of good taste. Wild, a fine technician, has the many notes of the piano part down pat and Kostelanetz keeps a firm, experienced hand on his expert orchestra (probably mostly players from the New York Philharmonic).

This E flat Concerto lacks the expansive subtlety of Richter's virtually definitive performance (for Philips); nor does it feature such intellectual penetration and structural cohesion as the recently reissued Rosen/Pritchard (Odyssey). Likewise, there is more silken suavity in the Cherkassky/Karajan *Hungarian Fantasia* (for DG). Still, the Wild/Kostelanetz team is worthy of respect and serious evaluation: this is a decidedly highbrow record despite its semi-pop presentation. H.G.

STRAUSS FAMILY: "From Vienna with Love": New Year's Concert. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Willi Boskovsky, cond. London CS 6731, $5.98.

One of a record reviewer's hardest tasks is to find some way of saying something arrestingly new about the latest addition to a long and almost uniformly excellent series. My present problem is how to praise the latest Boskovsky New Year's Concert program without merely repeating what I—and other reviewers—have been saying for years about this conductor's and orchestra's unchallenged supremacy in the realms of Viennese dance music, and about London's ever more sparkling, translucent, and aurally delectable recording. But if I can't find any fresh words of praise for the present performances and sonics, I can at least point out the exceptional programmatic novelty here. Even Straussian connoisseurs will find only a few relatively familiar selections—and even these *Accelerationen* and *Freut euch* Waltzes, *Annen* and *Frauenherz* Polkas are scarcely hackneyed choices! Everything else is not only likely to be brand new to most American listeners but so appealing that one must wonder why it hasn't been played and recorded far more often. Pass this recording by at your own incalculable loss! R.D.D.

WALTON: Belshazzar's Feast; Improvisations on an Impromptu of Benjamin Britten. John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; London Symphony Chorus (in Belshazzar); London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn, cond. Angel 36861, $5.98.

Walton's De Millean superspectacular *Belshazzar's Feast* is given a rousing, brilliant performance here. It is the kind of work that makes a great impression on one hearing but leaves nothing for the second, and that is precisely the kind of music in which André Previn excels. The short Improvisations is cut from the same cloth. A.F.

B **"The World of Adam de la Halle (c. 1237–1287)."** Cambridge Consort, Joel Cohen, dir. Turnabout TVS 34439, $2.98.

An entertaining selection of popular music from the thirteenth century sung and played with great élan by a talented group from the Boston area. The fresh sound and versatile musicality of the ensemble makes the Cambridge Consort a group to watch. A highlight of the disc is the medieval musical comedy *Le Jeu de Robin et Marion*, but there's lots more—polyphonic motets, trouvère and troubadour songs by Adam and his contemporaries, poet-musicians like Bernard de Ventadorn. S.T.S.

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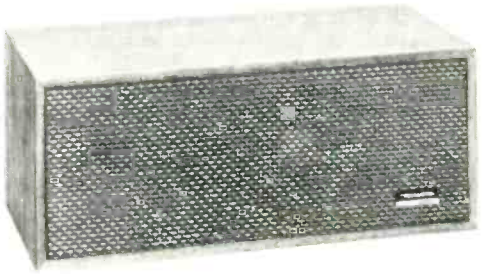

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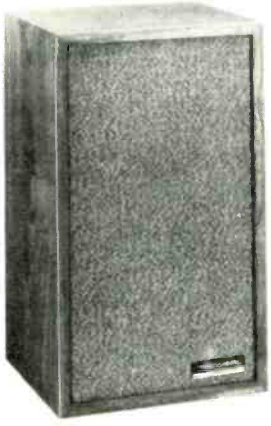

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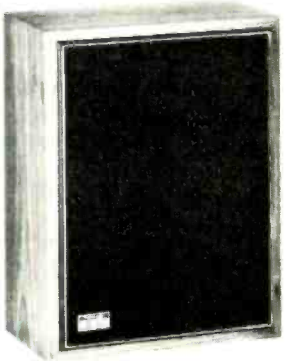

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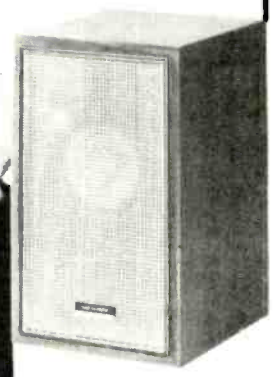

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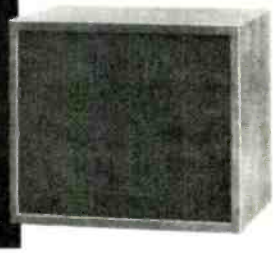

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CIRCLE 53 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

the lighter side

reviewed by:
MORGAN AMES
ROYAL S. BROWN
R. D. DARRELL
HENRY EDWARDS
MIKE JAHN
JOHN S. WILSON

✱ **HARRY CHAPIN:** Sniper and Other Love Songs. Harry Chapin, vocals, guitar, and songs; rhythm accompaniment; Steve Chapin, arr. *Barefoot Boy; Winter Song; And the Baby Never Cries*; six more. Elektra 75042, $5.98.

Harry Chapin is a storyteller disguised as a singer/musician. They used to call them troubadours. Chapin deals with human emotions that are ageless, set in stories that are heavily into the present. All are good and some are killers.

The Sniper is an intricately structured tale based on recent headlines concerning a campus sniper. The track is nearly ten minutes long and deserves to be.

Burning Herself is a painfully real character study. "She" is strictly a big-city phenomenon, a girl with "marks upon her body and marks upon her mind," moving too quickly and understanding too slowly, one blind step away from suicide. *Sunday Morning Sunshine*, on the other hand, is as bright as its name.

The most touching story of all is *Better Place to Be*, in which a man in a bar tells a friendly waitress his story, how he found a lovely lady who was so sad she was "long past lonely and well-nigh on to lost." The story winds itself out beautifully and must be heard to be appreciated.

On the inside of the double-fold album cover, all lyrics are written out in prose form, which suits them well. They are superbly illustrated by artist Rob White. (Before I forget—the album includes Chapin's latest hit song, *All My Life's A Circle*.)

I am not crazy about Harry Chapin's musical sound, but he is a splendid tale-teller, as honest and real as anyone I can think of. M.A.

THE KINKS: The Great Lost Kinks Album. The Kinks, music, lyrics, vocals, and all instrumentation. *Til Death Do Us Part; There is No Life Without Love; Lavender Hill*; twelve more. Warner Bros. MS 2127, $5.98. Tape: ●M82127, $6.95; ●●M52127, $6.95.

In 1969 the Kinks were scheduled to release an album entitled "Four Respected Gentlemen." The LP never hit the record stores and several of its selections were released on the group's "The Village Green Preservation Society" album. Fans, however, dubbed the never-released "Four Respected Gentlemen" "The Great Lost Kinks Album." This "Great Lost Kinks Album" is *not* "Four Respected Gentlemen" but fourteen Kinks tracks left over from the days when the group was recording on the Warner Bros. label.

Why haven't these tracks ever been released? There is no more whimsical, perverse, clever showman in all of rock-and-roll than Ray Davies, lead singer and head songwriter of the Kinks. This Mad Hatter has mated the spirit of the British music hall to rock music. It is this feeling for English vaudeville that makes the Kinks' music so special. These "lost" tracks typify that streak of the Kinks' talent, so much so that perhaps these numbers may not have seemed commercial at the time they were recorded. The public is just beginning to catch up with this particular aspect of the Kinks' magic. "The Great Lost Kinks Album," filled with Ray Davies' comedy and pathos which he expresses in a mellow, lilting singing voice, is a delight, a tribute to both Davies and a segment of the public that is finally beginning to realize that a rock band does not always have to rock.

That public should be enthralled by these fourteen "lost" numbers, which include the Brecht/Weillish *Til Death Do Us Part*, the fantasy-filled *Lavender Hill*, and the cornball but charming *Mr. Songbird*. (What other rock-and-roll star but Davies would give himself this fey title?) *When I Turn Off the Living Room Light* is a typical Kinks grotesquerie: funny, sad, revolting, touching—all at the same time. On *Where Did My Spring Go?*, a classic tale of growing old, Ray Davies asks plaintively: "Where did my 'go' go?" Judging by this set of "lost" tracks, Davies' "go" is in mighty fine shape. H.E.

JOHN WAYNE: America, Why I Love Her. John Wayne, narrations; Jack Halloran Singers; Billy Liebert, arr. and cond. *The People; An American Boy Grows Up; Pledge of Allegiance*; seven more. RCA LSP 4828, $5.98. Tape: ●• P8S 2112, $6.95.

If I ever make a western, John Wayne has every right to have at me. For the moment, he has made a blatant propaganda statement in the guise of a record album. I figure that puts him on my turf. Any idiot knows that politics does not belong on records, which is why Sinatra, Julian Bream, or even the Ace Trucking Company does not waste time on the frontal approach. They may slip it to us subtly, in which case it is either bad taste or bad art, depending on how well it works. John Wayne, on the other hand, throws his views at us with both fists. That makes the subject matter fair game too.

First of all, Mr. Wayne does not sing. Neither does he write songs nor play an instrument nor arrange. He talks this album. To his credit, Mr. Wayne is known as a charming and humorous man, a hard worker with no ego hangups, a thorough professional.

The album was produced, arranged and conducted by Billy Liebert, who also wrote most of the Muzak. Among the word writers (these are not lyrics) are John Mitchum, Howard Barnes, and Bill Ezell. The chorus (studio singers) was put together by Jack Halloran. One can presume that Mr. Wayne went about the task with his usual professionalism, so that the job was a comfortable one. The music itself is boring and uncreative, though well executed. Any good musician could have performed it in his sleep—and no doubt did.

John Wayne in the white hat . . .

The Duke is selling his utter and unshakable conviction that his opinion is Right. RCA hardly needed bother inserting the record into the jacket. It is enough to see the full-face color close-up of Mr. Wayne's weathered, dramatic face and cowboy hat surrounded by the American flag, together with the words: *John Wayne, America, Why I Love Her*. He is not putting us on. It is his honesty that makes the album impact powerful.

But when the initial impact of the voice passes, one's adult faculties take control. Then one is obligated to question the packaging of this product. It is a profit-making venture. I seriously doubt John Wayne cares about the money. I guarantee the others do.

The beauties of America are well and simply expressed in the first track of this album, *Why I Love Her*. We share in Mr. Wayne's vision of "a Kansas sunset or an Arizona rain . . . a bobwhite calling in the Carolina pines . . ." But later we get to the hard-core stuff. *Face the Flag*: "So do what you've got to do, but always keep in mind a lot of people believe in peace, but there *are* (italics theirs) the other kind. If we want to keep these freedoms, we may have to fight again. God forbid, but if we do, let's always fight to win, for the fate of a loser is futile and it's bare, no love, no peace, just misery and despair. Face the flag, son, and thank God it's still there." Apparently the "misery and despair" are not in fighting but

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and John Stewart in the black.

only in losing. Thus are our children trained from birth to be ready for the next war. When in doubt, simply face the flag, and later send it to the war widow and let her face it.

Another track is entitled, *Why Are You Marching, Son*. It is the only profound question in the set.

This album does not share; it tells. It does not entertain; it testifies. It does not inform; it glowers. If the listener is self-directed, it offends. M.A.

✱ **JOHN STEWART:** Cannons in the Rain. John Stewart, vocals and guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Durango; Chilly Winds; Armstrong; Spirit; Lady and the Outlaw*; six more. RCA LSP 4727, $5.98. Tape: • P8S 2111, $6.95; •• PK 2111, $6.95.

Stewart's debut LP for RCA after brief stints with Capitol and Warner Bros. is predictably a masterful one. The former Kingston Trio singer now has carved for himself a niche as an important figure in contemporary folk. Certainly no other contemporary folksinger has the track record provided by the magnificence of his recent recordings. His voice is deep and firm, with an occasional vibrato that threatens to shake the furniture. His compositions are warm, immediate, and graspable, yet imbued with enough sly intelligence to satisfy all but the most poetically demanding lyric-watcher. This LP as a whole is softer, with more strings for sweetening, than his previous efforts. It rocks a little less, but with Stewart this is not a fault. He is at his best with ballads such as *Spirit; Lady and the Outlaw*; and even the old Trio number, *Chilly Winds*. M.J.

ELTON JOHN: Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Piano Player. Elton John, vocals and keyboards; Davey Johnstone, guitar; Dee Murray, bass; Nigel Olsson, drums; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Daniel; Elderberry Wine; Crocodile Rock; High Flying Bird*; six more. MCA 2100, $5.98.

This latest Elton John outing is a good one, and appears to continue the trend to strident, hard rock represented in his previous LP, "Honky Chateau." The several up-tempo rockers are fine, notably *Crocodile Rock*, a song that reminisces about the 1950s, done appropriately in 1950s style. Among the ballads, *Daniel* and *High Flying Bird* (the latter an original, not the standard folksong) are the best. John's best moments, however, came in his first and second albums, "Elton John" and "Tumbleweed Connection." But in all this is quite good. M.J.

ANDY AND DAVID WILLIAMS. Andy and David Williams, vocals; arranged and conducted by Arti Butler and Al Capps. *Out of My Head; Fly Pretty Baby; Satisfied*; nine more. Kapp 3673, $4.98. Tape: • K8-3673, $6.98; •• K7-3673, $6.98.

Andy and David Williams are cute. They're about twelve or thirteen years old, blond, twins, nephews of Andy Williams, already into the vanilla-family tradition. They sing okay. Their album arrived with lots of photos in addition to the two on the front and back of the jacket. The visual thing is very important in the subteen market, as it is called by those who service it.

There have to be a certain number of David Cassidys per season. The best float to the top, after which the business wheels go into motion. That's the deal. The reason is that the subteen market, known to some as children, is very successful at bugging Mommy and Daddy for the money to buy albums and products advertised on kid TV shows.

Subteen heroes are always boys because subteen consumers are girls. They may sing anywhere from well to harmlessly. There was a time when David Cassidy, of the Partridge Family, didn't sing at all. His early vocals were performed by a studio singer—the same man who faked for the Monkees before that, and for Gary Lewis and the Playboys before that. Cassidy has since learned to sing for himself.

Subteen heroes must be cute and preferably blond. Above all they must not be sexy. Subteen girls are not ready for sexiness in heroes and reject it quickly. Sexuality does not appear in singer/heroes until about eighteen. Obviously it is time to find a replacement for David Cassidy. He is becoming a man, a market for which he has not been designed. He will soon have to sink or swim on his own among the adults, while the networks and record execs go to work on the image of his successor(s). I wouldn't be surprised if a TV series was in the works for the Williams twins.

While there is some professional vocal support on this album, it is slight. The Williams twins do their own singing and have a sweet, unoriginal, virginal sound. Choice of material is tricky. Most love songs are automatically out; those included are strange to hear, such as Paul Williams' and Roger Nichols' tender and very grownup *I Won't Last a Day Without You*. One choice was a natural: *Baby Love* by Holland-Dozier-Holland. It was once a hit by the Supremes, but of course it works beautifully in this context.

This is a carefully designed package. No chances were taken. The twins sing standard pop fare in unison or simple harmony. Some songs are yawns (*Falling Falling Gone* by, of all people, Rhonda Fleming). Two of L.A.'s best arrangers were hired for the tight, well-written, middle-of-the-road pop charts: Arti Butler and Al Capps.

The children's market is one of the most efficient areas of the music business. It is all business. Perhaps a twelve-year-old is less likely to give the bosses trouble by asserting his own feelings. Kids are used to taking orders. They are pawns in this game and ultimately they are the losers. I sigh for them. M.A.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: The Session. Jerry Lee Lewis, vocals and piano; Alvin Lee, guitar; Klaus Voormann, bass; Kenny Jones, drums; Rory Gallagher, guitar; Matthew Fisher, organ; Delaney Bramlett, guitar; vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *Baby What You Want Me to Do; Bad Moon Rising; Sea Cruise; Big Boss Man; Memphis; Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On; Sixty Minute Man; Rock 'n' Roll Medley*; eleven more. Mercury SRM 2-803, $5.98 (two discs). Tape: • MCT8 2-803 $9.95; •• MCT4 2-803, $9.95.

Apparently patterned after Chess Records' highly successful "London Sessions" series, this two-disc set matches Jerry Lee Lewis with some of Britain's best-known rock musicians. Recorded over a four-day period, the LP covers many familiar rock songs from both the 1950s and the 1960s. My guess is that they started the tape and kept it rolling as long as possible, because everything on these two discs sounds the same. Lewis' vocals are at times lackluster, at times just shoddy. His reading of *Baby What You Want Me to Do* is dreadful. But the rock backup is competent and, at times, exciting. Still it's the same old stuff, and not done in a new or even a very interesting manner. The best way to hear Lewis is on his "Original Greatest Hits," Vols. 1 and 2 (Sun). M.J.

theater and film

LAST TANGO IN PARIS. Original motion picture soundtrack recording. Music composed by Gato Barbieri. United Artists UA LA 045F, $6.98. Tape: • EA 045G, $7.98; •• CA 045G, $7.98.

Everything seems to be of some sort of a piece in Bernardo Bertolucci's film of passionless passion, *Last Tango in Paris*, except Gato Barbieri's score of contemporary jazz tangos. Harsh, abrasive, and obtrusive, they leap from the soundtrack to plague the viewer with their unrelenting cheapness.

Bertolucci's film with its startling, provocative Marlon Brando performance, its three perverse sex sequences, its stylized Kabuki-like dance ritual, its sterotyped secondary characters, its improvised "method" monologues, and its melodramatic, almost trashy denouement, is an uneven, complex, unnerving film experience. Because of its complexity

and because of its two unpleasant but thought-provoking themes—the failure of sex as a method of communication and the failure of love to be able to incorporate compulsive sexuality—one has difficulty reducing the film to its lowest common denominators.

Barbieri, however, has gone straight to the core of Bertolucci's melodrama. These jazz tangos, a series of moody compositions in corny arrangements that emphasize Barbieri's whining, piercing saxophone, suggest the clichéd Paris of those cheap imported films on local late late shows; they are the perfect accompaniment for a low-budget European "B film" dealing with the restless, mindless, provocative sexual escapades of European "B film" heroes and heroines on the make. The *Last Tango in Paris-Tango*, which occurs over and over again, is insinuating in a cheap, gaudy way. Locked into its jazz tango mold, this score does show a healthy amount of musical variety and does build to an effective jazz waltz variation on the *Last Tango* theme, accented by a pounding set of Latinesque percussion effects, which effectively accompanies the frantic *Last Tango* dance of despair that occurs on screen.

There are those who think that this antierotic sexual epic is a "masterpiece"; there are those who detest it. No one, however, considers it a "B film," even though it has the musical sound of one. Barbieri has composed his score from the point of view of the Marlon Brando character. This angry, aging, randy goat of a man ultimately displays an honest sentimental streak that urges him to propose marriage to his nameless mistress. These jazz tangos capture this bedrock sentimentality with startling exactness. Throughout the film Brando, dedicated to a sexual relationship devoid of love, enacts the role of the hero of the "B film" that exists in the fantasies of all too many men. His sexual sparring partner in the film, Maria Schneider, plays a mindless, thrill-seeking contemporary teenager who has her own brand of sentiment and "B film" movie magic rooted in her consciousness. (The tawdry relationship excites her because it is an adventure plucked from the pages of a paperback porno novel.)

Barbieri's jazz tangos effectively portray both the sentiment of this contrary "love story" and the tacky dirty-movie/dirty-book quality of the behavior and fantasies of the film's two central characters. Still, the obviousness and obtrusiveness of these jazz tangos make this score a disquieting one; it's a disquieting score to accompany an altogether disquieting motion picture. H.E.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB. Original motion picture soundtrack recording. Music composed by Richard Rodney Bennett; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Marcus Dods, cond. Angel S 36946, $5.98. Tape: ● 8XS 36946, $7.98; ●● 4XS 36946, $7.98.

It was inevitable that Richard Rodney Bennett would be asked to score Robert Bolt's *Lady Caroline Lamb*. Film composers get typecast like everybody else. Well, Bennett wrote just what was required of him: a nostalgic, poignant score filled with a bucolic opulence whose secret only English composers seem to know. Oh yes: There is also a main theme, a very attractive one that is used nicely throughout the film score itself but run into the ground in the concert piece *Elegy for Caroline Lamb*, which fills out Side 2. All in all, Bennett has composed a score that, like his music for Schlesinger's magnificent *Far from the Madding Crowd*, stands up exceptionally well divorced from the film—which is just as well in this case. R.S.B.

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL. Original Cast Recording. Margery Cohen, Ken Kercheval, Judy Lander, Jerry Lanning, and Hal Watter, vocals; Newton Wayland, arr. and cond. *Bilbao Song; Happy End; As You Make Your Bed; Trouble Man*; thirty-eight more. Paramount PAS 4000, $11.96 (two discs). Tape: ● T 8091-4000, $11.95.

The test of time puts great popular composers in different places in our hearts. Rodgers and Hart had their glitter and grace, Gershwin his sense of melody, Cole Porter his tailored wit and charm, Irving Berlin his innocence.

Ah, but Kurt Weill. He had everything: richness, drama, depth, fun. All is captured beautifully in this album. It is the cast album of a revue that opened in New York in late 1972. In her touching liner notes, Lotte Lenya points out that the average age of the cast involved is twenty-five, "just about our average age—Kurt's and Bert Brecht's and mine and everyone else involved with that phenomenal first production in Berlin of *The Threepenny Opera* nearly a half-century ago, when everyone, and the world itself, seemed either newly born or reborn."

The great thing about the show is that it is not a remake of the Bible or a World War. It is scaled perfectly and purely to set off the rightness of Weill. Great credit must go to the producers and cast for all their choices and the over-all handling. The show was produced by Hank Kaufman and Gene Lerner with Michael Arthur Film Productions. Chuck Gregory produced the album. The superb and simple musical settings were arranged and directed by Newton Wayland. Weill's music is not easy. Wayland makes it flow effortlessly. The concise text and format are by Gene Lerner.

A dozen red roses to each of the cast—Margery Cohen, Ken Kercheval, Judy Lander, Jerry Lanning, and Hal Watters. They are more than your usual charged and ragged Broadway singers. Charged, yes. Ragged, no. Listen to the precision of the ensemble voices on *Ain't It Awful The Heat* or *Lost in the Stars* or a dozen others. I happen to be a freak for the Weill/Brecht songs, but the lyrics of many other collaborators are included, each with his own specialness. Among them are Maxwell Anderson, Ira Gershwin, Ogden Nash, Alan Jay Lerner, and Langston Hughes.

About the songs—where does one begin? Weill and Brecht had a thing about disreputable types. No team ever did more for prostitutes or sailors or combinations thereof. *Surabaya Johnny* (English version by George Tabori) is the tale of an unfortunate lady and her latest persecutor. It rocks me every time I hear it and has for years. Then there is the lusty and marvelous *Mandalay Song*, in which a bunch of impatient sailors wait in line for the only whore in Mandalay.

Weill expressed his fascination for American inner city culture in the folk opera *Street Scene*, in which people swelter through heat waves in New York City tenements and lan-

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guish in a strange kind of city isolation (*Lonely House*, with lyric by Lanston Hughes). Many other shows are honored: *Threepenny Opera; Marie Galante, Knickerbocker Holiday (September Song*, lyric by Maxwell Anderson); *One Touch of Venus (Speak Low); Lady in the Dark (My Ship);* and the powerful *Lost in the Stars.*

Either I stop now or I write a book. If you owe yourself a perfect evening, buy this album. M.A.

THE HARDER THEY COME. Original motion picture soundtrack recording. Music and lyrics by Jimmy Cliff, Derrick Harriot and D. Scott, B. Dowe and F. McNaughton, the Slickers, Desmond Dekker, and F. Hibbert; performed by Jimmy Cliff, Scotty, the Melodians, the Maytals, the Slickers, and Desmond Dekker. *You Can Get It If You Really Want; Draw Your Brakes; Rivers of Babylon*; nine more. Mango SMAS 7400, $6.98. Tape: ●8XT 7400, $6.98; ●●4XT 7400, $6.98.

Paul Simon's huge hit *Mother and Child Reunion* featured the compelling reggae beat. Johnny Nash's recent two-million-copy seller *I Can See Clearly Now* was another reggae tune. Reggae (pronounced reg gay), the music that throbs through the island of Jamaica, has finally launched a full-fledged international invasion; the public (and rightly so) is offering no opposition to this rhythmic onslaught.

The music is as languid as that proverbial tropical breeze; yet it has an insistent beat that makes it not only totally compelling but also perfect for toe-tapping and dancing. The beat—the product of a throbbing bass line and a drum beat that rocks steadily and unexpectedly on the off beat—gives reggae a distinctive musical style. Reggae is the beat that pervades the new feature film *The Harder They Come*. This is the tale of a Jamaican country boy who comes to Kingston, makes a hit record, gets ripped off, becomes a powerful marijuana dealer, and winds up as a living legend, rather like Jimmy Cliff, one of Jamaica's top-notch reggae performers, sort of a reefer-puffing Jamaican Jesse James. The score of the film is not only made up of Cliff's hits over the past three or four years, but also features such other famous Jamaican reggae rockers as Scotty, the Melodians, the Maytals, the Slickers, and Desmond Dekker. The soundtrack disc, a sampler of these reggae hits, is a primer for the uninitiated. The listener will be enveloped by the sinuating island sound; he will also discover that reggae lyrics can be undiluted consciousness raisers. Sometimes hard to understand because of the island accent, the lyrics deal with the necessity of crime for survival, the quest for freedom, the horrors of slavery, and the indignity of poverty. "Well the oppressors are trying to keep me down/ Trying to drive me underground/And they think that they have got the battle won./I say forgive them Lord they know not what they've done./ Cause as sure as the sun will shine/ I'm gonna get my share now, what's mine/The harder they come./The harder they fall, one and all," sings Cliff in the film's title tune, a song of his own composition. It is no wonder that Jamaica's middle and upper classes hate this music from the island's ghettos, and think of it as a major source of class discontent in Jamaica.

The music will probably not have the same social effect here. Nevertheless, it is bound to be a powerful new musical trend. The Rolling Stones have just completed recording in Kingston. With the blessings of white superstars and with its own natural infectiousness, reggae should join "soul" and "blues" as a recognizable label for a recognizable musical style. This soundtrack's reputation as basic source material is bound to grow in direct proportion to reggae's success. Be the first on your block to hear this new sound. Listen to "The Harder They Come." H.E.

THE RULING CLASS. Music from the motion picture soundtrack. Music by John Cameron, Giuseppe Verdi, and others. Peter O'Toole; John Cameron, cond. Avco AV 11008, $4.98.

The critical neglect of Peter Medak's *The Ruling Class* in favor of such in-group twaddle as Francois Truffaut's *Two English Girls* will forever remain one of those less than sweet mysteries of life. If it has a few flaws, *The Ruling Class* is so original, funny, and iconoclastic that it could be forgiven a good deal more. Not the least striking element is the soundtrack, which uses music ranging from John Cameron's appropriate pop-Bach main theme to an incredible variety of familiar numbers, including *The Varsity Drag, Dry Bones, the* duet from Verdi's *La Traviata*, and a marvelous strip arrangement, most of which are used in incongruous song-and-dance routines that keep popping up in the film. The music for this disc has apparently been re-recorded, to judge by the decent sound quality, while the voice of Peter O'Toole, used most effectively on this recording, was probably taken from one of the original voice tracks. The whole disc delightfully recreates the movie and it is the kind of record that will probably not mean too much to those who have not seen the film. But since everybody (well, almost everybody) should see *The Ruling Class*. . . . R.S.B.

THE CECIL HOLMES SOULFUL SOUNDS: The Black Motion Picture Experience. Tony Camillo, producer, arr., and cond. *Super Fly; Shaft; Trouble Man / T Stands for Trouble*; six more. Buddah BDS 5129, $5.98.
FRANCK POURCEL: Western Movie's Greatest Hits. Robert Colby, producer. *The Magnificent Seven; How the West Was Won; Bonanza*; nine more. Paramount PAS 6045, $5.98.

Cecil Holmes, a Buddah Records vice-president in charge of r & b operations, is one of the most respected members of the recording industry. Holmes has worked long and hard on behalf of black music, and he has produced some significant results. (The successes of Bill Withers and Curtis Mayfield can in part be attributed to Holmes's efforts.) It is lamentable, therefore, that the executive has lent his name to this collection of Muzak to snap one's fingers by.

There is definitely a need for an album of this kind. The most dramatic, and perhaps the most controversial, occurrence in the film industry is the emergence of the black film. While film critics debate whether such motion pictures as *Super Fly, Shaft*, and *Trouble Man*, are accurate representations of the black community or mere examples of exploitation in

concert with the white power structure, the best black musical artists have been marshaled to provide theme music for these movies. Curtis Mayfield's score for *Super Fly* and Isaac Hayes's score for *Shaft* are rhythmic, highly charged, pulsating, soulful musical experiences. This disc features music from these two films as well as a selection from Marvin Gayes's score for *Trouble Man*; a selection from Billy Preston's score for *Slaughter*; Bobby Womack's theme from *Across 110th Street*; the theme from *Ben*; Michel Legrand's mushy *Theme from Lady Sings the Blues*; and the theme from *2001*. (Did Stanley Kubrick really know his space epic was a "black motion picture experience"?) A polite, unvaried, orchestral reading has been given to each of these selections, robbing them of the energy and stylish high jinks that have made them world famous. Perhaps this kind of performance is the only way to introduce "easy listening" audiences to this music; still, I would have appreciated an album compiled of the original artists performing their compositions. That would have made for a truly soulful album.

Add "The Black Motion Picture Experience" to the list of obvious exploitations. For shame, Cecil Holmes!

Yup, partners, "Western Movie's Greatest Hits" is one more entry in the film-music nostalgia sweepstakes. These themes taken from epic Westerns of the Fifties and Sixties will be familiar to anyone who has ever listened to a "middle-of-the-road" radio station. Once again the listener can be stirred by the lush, lively themes from *The Magnificent Seven*, *Bonanza*, *High Noon*, and *The Big Country*, as well as *The Green Leaves of Summer* from *The Alamo*, and two lively, spunky themes from two of the classic spaghetti Westerns, *A Fistful of Dollars* and *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*, both written by Ennio Morricone, Italy's answer to Dimitri Tiomkin.

Franck Pourcel has sold more than nineteen million records. His large audience is pleased with his listenable interpretations of contemporary popular music. They will not be displeased by this new Pourcel effort. Pourcel gives this potpourri of Alfred Newman, Victor Young, and Elmer Bernstein a lavish, musically articulate treatment. Each theme is hammered out with the utmost dedication and full attention to musical detail. While one has heard it all before, it still sounds fresh.

Whether you want to add another performance in your record collection of *The Magnificent Seven* and these other themes is an individual matter, but if you're looking for another performance, this disc definitely fits the bill. H.E.

jazz

MAX ROACH-CLIFFORD BROWN. Daahoud. Clifford Brown, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Richie Powell, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums. *Daahoud; These Foolish Things; Mildama*; three more. Mainstream 386, $5.98.

This is not a reissue, which may seem remarkable since Clifford Brown and Richie Powell, the group's pianist, were both killed in an automobile accident in 1956. It is a tape made by the group as a demonstration in 1953 (it got them a contract with EmArcy) but never released before. It brims with the fresh spirit of five musicians in the first flush of creating something that is their own. It was, as Nat Hentoff points out, a joyous band, and in this setting Clifford Brown gives a marvelously all-encompassing demonstration of his talent as a crisply inventive, incisive trumpet player who could generate electric waves of excitement or explore a ballad, such as *Ghost of a Chance*, with the kind of probing imagination that one would be more likely to expect of a pianist such as Bill Evans. Even though this was just the beginning of the group, it was very much together—you hear it on *Joyspring*, a marvel of relaxed, flowing togetherness. The group made only a handful of records, and these are some of the best. J.S.W.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: The Great Soloists. *That Rhythm Man; Dallas Blues; Dinah*; nine more. Biograph C5, $5.98.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Mr. Armstrong Plays the Blues. Louis Armstrong, Hociel Thomas, Chippie Hill, Clara Smith, Sippie Wallace. *Gambler's Dream; Low Land Blues; Lazy Man Blues*; eleven more. Biograph C6, $5.98.

Two more products of Arnold Caplin's unique arrangement with Columbia Records to reissue material from the Columbia files. The emphasis on these two discs is on Armstrong as a blues accompanist, although on Biograph 5 the entire first side and two selections on the second side are by Armstrong's early big band of 1929–1932. Oddly enough, the vocal accompaniments come off better than the big-band pieces, which seem unusually thin in these reproductions (and which, because they have been readily available, are of less importance in this release than the other material). Armstrong was a superb accompanist, and even the least of these vocal pieces benefits from his presence.

There are some absolutely superb pieces here: Clara Smith's *Court House Blues*, recorded while Armstrong was in New York with Fletcher Henderson's band (and with Henderson on piano); Chippie Hill's *Kid Man Blues*; and Sippie Wallace's *Flood Blues*. Hociel Thomas, who has the entire first side of Biograph 5, has an earthy voice but none of the spark that appears from time to time in the work of these other singers. On Biograph 5 the vocalists are quite secondary—Eva Taylor sings *Cake Walkin' Babies from Home* in a performance in which the honors are easily taken by Armstrong, playing cornet, and Sidney Bechet on soprano saxophone, while young Victoria Spivey is clear-voiced but unimpressive on a routine song called *How Do They Do It That Way*. J.S.W.

DUKE ELLINGTON: The Great Paris Concert. Cootie Williams, Cat Anderson, and Roy Burrowes, trumpet; Ray Nance, cornet and violin; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, and Chuck Connors, trombone; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton,

Paul Gonsalves, and Harry Carney, saxophone; Duke Ellington, piano; Ernie Shepard, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums. *Perdido; Cop Out; Happy-Go-Lucky Local*; thirteen more. Atlantic 2-304, $6.98 (two discs).

After something of a starvation diet of Ellington records during the Sixties, the floodgates seem to have been opened—in a very relative manner of speaking. That is, two Ellington sets issued in the fall of 1972—"Latin American Suite," recorded in 1968, and "Togo Brava Suite," recorded in 1971 (which won a Grammy as the best big-band jazz performance of 1972)—have been followed by this amalgam of pieces from four concerts by the Ellington band at the Olympia Theater in Paris in 1963. Unlike "Latin American Suite" and "Togo Brava Suite," in which the title numbers were recorded for the first time, there is nothing really new in this collection. But there is a redefining of enduring Ellington standards. Cootie Williams is heard, still fresh with the joy of rejoining the Ellington band after an absence of twenty years, in a marvelously stated version of *Concerto for Cootie* and in the Duke's welcome-back composition, *Tutti for Cootie*. There is a generous (most of one side) segment of the late Johnny Hodges both in familiar pieces (*Sunny Side of the Street* and *All of Me*) and in his melting expression of the relationship of Romeo and Juliet, *Star Crossed Lovers*, which was rarely played in Ellington concerts. Along with the short pieces are two Ellington extended works—*Suite Thursday*, played with great aplomb (even more than in the excellent Columbia recording that preceded this concert by three years) and *Tone Parallel to Harlem*, played with such uncertainty that it would seem the band had not looked at it for a while. Despite this lapse, the two-record set is an excellent summation of the Ellington band in the Sixties. And the Duke has rarely sounded as openly exuberant. J.S.W.

RAY BRYANT: Alone at Montreux. Ray Bryant, piano. *Gotta Travel On; After Hours; Greensleeves*; eight more. Atlantic 1626, $5.98.

CLAUDE HOPKINS: Soliloquy. Claude Hopkins, piano. *Indiana; Crazy Fingers You're Driving Me Crazy*; eight more. Sackville 3004, $4.50 (Sackville Recordings, 893 Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada).

Unaccompanied solo pianos don't get around much any more. Not on records, at least—the presumption being that if you've got enough money to hire a studio you can also afford bass and drums to help out. Or maybe it is the memory of that master of the unaccompanied solo, Art Tatum, that scares off today's pianists. Whatever the reason, two solo albums by two very different pianists have turned up almost simultaneously. Claude Hopkins, an emigrant from Washington to Harlem in the Twenties, was part of the Harlem school of pianists, the days when a pianist played alone more often than not. Playing in a light, str ding style, he goes back to those days in his Sackville collection, mixing the standard pop tunes that were part of a pianist's repertoire then and later with three of his own compositions. Much of his playing has an appropriately reflective, after-hours feeling, even when he is swinging along through *Safari Stomp*, a tune that was a real stomper when he recorded it with a small group several years ago. Hopkins' own *Late Evening Blues* sums up the spirit of the collection and, along with Hoagy Carmichael's *New Orleans*, shows him at his relaxed best.

Ray Bryant did his soloing before the audience at the Montreux Jazz Festival in 1972. His strong, two-handed playing, as opposed to Hopkins' easygoing fingering, seems determined to make up for the absence of a rhythm section. He is forceful, even in the blues, using a style that commands attention, although there are times when he overplays the forceful role—his *Liebestraum Boogie*, for example, on which he beats what might be an amusing idea into the ground. His own *Cubano Chant*, on the other hand, is an excellent instance of his ability to handle strong rhythms with finesse. Like Hopkins, Bryant also finds a very viable source in Hoagy Carmichael—his *Rockin' Chair* turns out to be an ideal vehicle for Bryant's cleanly etched, strongly stated lines. J.S.W.

JAMES P. JOHNSON: 1917, Vol. 2. James P. Johnson, Bill Farrell, and Ed Wilson, piano. *Mama's Blues; Caprice Rag; Fascination*; thirteen more. Biograph 1009Q, $5.98.

JAMES P. JOHNSON: The Original. James P. Johnson, piano. *Jersey Sweet; Jungle Drums; Euphonic Sounds*; thirteen more. Folkways FJ 2850, $6.50.

Something old and something new from James P. Johnson—which may seem odd, particularly the "something new," since Johnson died in 1955. The "new" on these discs is the collection on Folkways, taken from sessions between 1943 and 1945, a few takes of which were issued on the Asch label. But the performances in this collection have never been issued before. The contrast disc, on Biograph, is made up of 1917 piano rolls (with one exception, a 1939 recording) and transferred extremely well to disc. Both discs have their points of interest—the Biograph for Johnson's marvelous performance of *Steeplechase Rag*; the Folkways for a buoyantly bright *Liza*; the perpetual rhythm of *Keep Movin'*; and a definitive treatment of Jess Pickett's 1890s *The Dream*. Both discs include some James P. classics—*Carolina Shout* on the Biograph, which comes across strongly but with the mechanical feeling of a piano roll; *Snowy Morning Blues* on the Folkways, played with relaxation and ease. There are opportunities for comparison on *Twilight Blues*, done in bright and airy style on the Folkways but rushed to ridiculous degree (and not, apparently, Johnson's fault) on the Biograph; *Daintiness Rag*, performed well on both discs but a bit more relaxed on the Folkways. Aside from the roaring attack on *Steeplechase Rag* the Biograph is fairly well tied to the limitations of the player piano, but the Folkways has the freedom that the phonograph brought—although the reproduction (particularly of three W. C. Handy numbers) is not always as clear and full-dimensional as the Biograph. J.S.W.

THOMAS VALENTINE: At the Kohlman's Tavern. Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Charlie Hamilton, piano; Joseph

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Butler, bass; Sammy Penn, drums. *Rum and Coca Cola; Anytime; I'll See You in My Dreams*; six more. New Orleans 7201, $6.00 (New Orleans Records, P.O. Box 50523, New Orleans, La. 70150).

The band led by Thomas Valentine, more commonly billed as Kid Thomas, is usually heard in concert programs (as The Preservation Hall Band) and on records playing what has come to be the expected New Orleans mixture of old jazz tunes, hymns, a blues, and a couple of pop songs. There's nothing intrinsically wrong with such programs if they did not revolve around the same increasingly tired tunes. This record, produced by the English trumpeter and Orleanophile Clive Wilson, focuses on the freshest, least emphasized aspect of the old New Orleans bands—their dance hall repertory.

This is a wonderfully relaxed, unpressured music, played for easy shuffling around the floor with all the musicians nudging their way through solos and supporting roles. Charlie Hamilton's piano trickles through the backgrounds. Louis Nelson's trombone sighs and sings soulfully, and Kid Thomas' trumpet erupts with arrogant flashes of melody, while Sammy Penn and Joseph Butler keep the beat bouncing. The charm of this record is that it shows a New Orleans band playing what, in the normal course of events, it would actually play rather than acceding to what has become the tourist impression of New Orleans jazz. And Kid Thomas' band shows that, in these circumstances, New Orleans jazz still has real vitality. J.S.W.

DICK WELLSTOOD: And His Hot Potatoes. Kenny Davern, soprano saxophone; Dick Wellstood, piano; Gene Ramey or Franklin Skeete, bass; Al McManus, drums. *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me; George Sanders; Shout 'Em Aunt Tillie*; four more. Seeds 3, $5.95.

DICK WELLSTOOD: Alone. Dick Wellstood, piano. *Viper's Drag; Poor Buttermilk; South Amboy Highball*; eight more. Jazzology 73, $5.98.

Dick Wellstood may not be the Peck Kelly of postwar jazz (Kelly was a legendary pianist in Texas who never recorded and was known almost solely because of the luxuriant praise that Jack Teagarden heaped on him), but he seems to be doing a good job of approximating Kelly's elusiveness. Wellstood is now playing in Spring Lake, N.J., and he has spent most of the last seven years of his career on the Jersey shore, achieving a very positive level of obscurity. And yet he has managed to grow in outlook and polish as a pianist without losing any of the dour wit that has always been part of his personality both as a musician and as a writer of prose (his liner notes on both these discs are as fascinating as his piano playing—where else will you find exclamation about the "illative oxymoron" of a performance of an Ellington tune?). The "Hot Potatoes" on the Seeds disc is essentially the group with which Wellstood is currently playing (known now as "The Fifth Avenue Four" because the room they play in looks out on Fifth Avenue, Spring Lake). It features Kenny Davern, a reformed clarinetist who now plays exclusively and brilliantly on soprano saxophone. His is the dominant voice on the disc, from the burning funkiness of *Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me* to a marvelous collection of intentional "wrong" notes on Ellington's *In a Mellotone*. Wellstood goes it alone on the Jazzology collection, running through Waller, James P. Johnson, Scott Joplin, and Zez Confrey (who else, aside from William Bolcom, a highly educated pianist, plays Confrey today—and why not?). There are also a couple of Wellstood originals, all played with an incisively swinging, two-handed attack that goes a long way toward making up for those twenty-five-years-plus when Wellstood's piano contemporaries were passing off single-note solos as jazz. This is the real stuff. J.S.W.

in brief

STEPPENWOLF: 16 Greatest Hits. Dunhill DSX 50135, $5.98 (two discs). Tape: ⏺ M8023-50135, $6.95; ●● M5023-50135, $6.95.

THREE DOG NIGHT: Around the World With Three Dog Night. Dunhill DSY 50138, $5.98 (two discs).

Two of Dunhill's best sellers are recapitulated in these LPs. Steppenwolf, now defunct, has a nice set here: their "regular" LPs contained too much chaff. Three Dog Night, still operational, has in this two-disc set a nice in-concert recording—if you happen to like in-concert rock recordings. M.J.

HOYT AXTON: Less Than The Song. A&M SP 4376, $5.98.

Hoyt Axton is best known as the writer of that huge Three Dog Night hit *Joy to the World*. Axton is a writer with considerable talent, versatility, and feeling. His singing style is deep-voiced, and rough-edged with plenty of down-home country flavoring. This release, with its very special title tune, is filled with the stuff that new hits are made of. H.E.

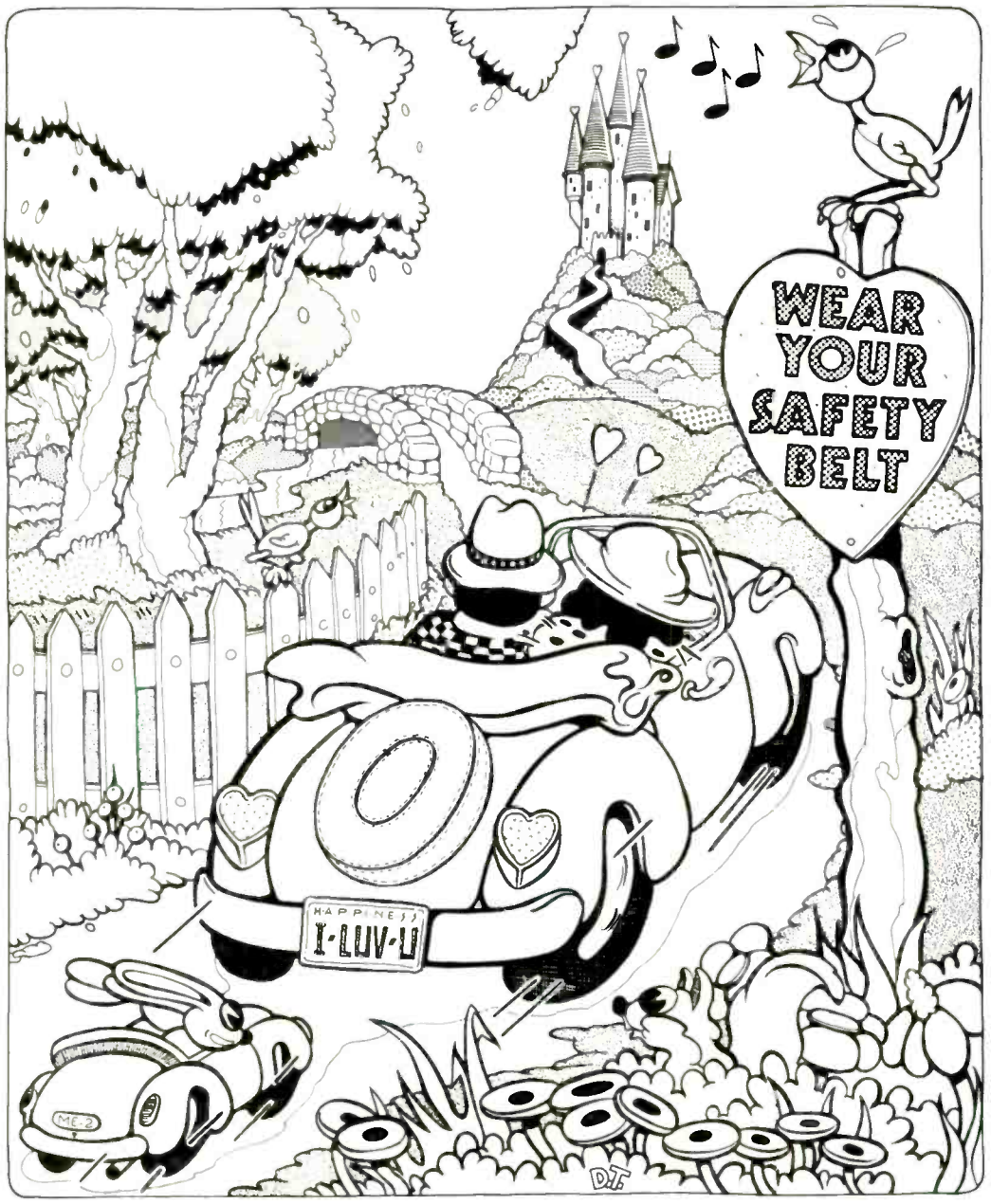
GRAM PARSONS: GP. Reprise 2123, $5.98. Tape: ● M82123, $6.95; ●● M52123, $6.95.

Gram Parsons made his name with the original Byrds, then the Burrito Brothers. His inclinations and his roots are solidly in country music, and in this album he finally does just what he wants. Though he's only twenty-five, Parsons' solo debut was long in coming and worth the wait. Presence comes with experience. Congratulations. M.A.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: Tyranny and Mutation. Columbia KC 32017, $5.98. Tape: ⏺ CA 32017, $6.98; ●● CT 32017, $6.98.

Ignore the pretentious title, the pretentious jacket design, and the pretentious inscription on the inner sleeve ("See page from deep, black, brittle experiments which failed and transformations too hard to find," etc., etc.). These cuts are basic rock-and-roll played with all the ferocity this band with the weird name can muster up (which, by the way, is plenty). Now, if you hate basic rock-and-roll and you also hate pretension, this is one album you should avoid on both counts. H.E.

TARO MEYER: RCA Victor LSP 4832, $5.98. Another questionable debut from a fragile tal-



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ent. Her singing reminds me of Joni James: quick vibrato, croony style. It sounds like an expensive production too. Boring, boring.
M.A.

CHUCK BERRY: Golden Decade Vol. 2. Chess 2CH 60023, $6.98 (two discs). Tape: • C 8033-60023, $7.95; •• C 5033-60023, $7.95.
Most of Chuck Berry's best-known hits were exhausted in Vol. 1 of this series; these discs do include, however, seven of the twenty-five Berry epics that found their way onto the Top 100 charts during the Founding Father of Rock-and-Roll's "golden decade," 1955–1965. Included also are tastes of Berry's instrumentals, blues, and Christmas songs as well as some numbers that have since been performed by the Beatles and Rolling Stones. Serious rock scholars will find this set a must.
H.E.

B. B. KING: The Best of B. B. King. ABC ABCX 767, $5.98.
Nine songs from several King albums. His best-known songs are represented here, all in excellent versions.
M.J.

THE MONKEES: Re-focus. Bell 6081, $4.98.
The generation that grew up during the Sixties is probably the first generation to willingly sponsor a wave of nostalgia for its own adolescence less than ten years after it has left its teens. These "greatest hits," each less than seven years old, are so dated and so pedestrian that nostalgia is probably the only thing one can feel about them. Here are the Monkees singing *Last Train to Clarksville* and *I'm a Believer*. Here are those songs by Neil Diamond, Carole King, and Barry Mann before these composers became recording "artistes." The only word I can apply to these synthetic manufactures is embarrassing. The thought that this LP is provoking even a nostalgic response is genuinely depressing.
H.E.

NANCY WILSON: I Know I Love Him. Capitol ST 1131, $5.98. Tape: • 8XT 11131, $6.98; •• 4XT 11131, $6.98.
No surprises here. Nancy Wilson's performance is—as usual—cool, crisp, lyrical, and romantic. "I Know I Love Him" is a lovely disc; still one does long for some hint of musical experimentation. Even if the formula is a successful one, talent as rich as Ms. Wilson's deserves the chance to grow.
H.E.

ROD MCKUEN: Greatest Hits, Vol. 4. Warner Bros. BS 2688, $5.98. Tape: • M82688, $6.95; •• M52688, $6.95.
Oh please.
M.A.

MARY TRAVERS: All My Choices. Warner Bros. BS 2677, $5.98. Tape: • M82677, $6.95; •• M52677, $6.95.
Mary Travers is trucking on as a single as is one of her former teammates, Paul Stookey. She's a sweet, warm singer with thoughtful taste in songs. A nice album.
M.A.

RICK NELSON, Garden Party. Decca DL 75391, $4.98.
Garden Party is the recent hit single that rescued Rick Nelson from the oblivion of being just another "golden oldies" purveyor. On this disc, Nelson displays an attractive set of country-rock skills. Whether he has the staying power to be a major contemporary writing/performing star is still to be seen.
H.E.

the tape deck BY R.D. DARREL

Dolbyized Reels at Budget Prices. Capping its successful debut earlier this year of Dolbyized open-reel processings, Ampex now is beginning to augment its familiar-label releases by a bargain-price series under its own label. Drawn from a European catalogue, the new programs are exceptional in today's American tape world in that they are not available here on discs. And while they originate from a relatively minor company (Primatone, I believe) and feature musicians of mostly South German provenance, some of whose names may be unfamiliar here, the examples I've heard so far clearly meet normal standards of professional artistic and technical competence—quite apart from the *sui generis* added attraction of Dolby-B noise reduction. Especially rewarding are these two:

C. P. E. Bach Concerto Firsts; Bruckner Second Uncut. Tape has given Bach's most famous son such a dirty deal in the past that there must be a special welcome for two of his most interesting concertos: the one for harpsichord and Hammerklavier (an early piano), in E flat, W. 47, and the delectable Flute Concerto in D minor, W. 22 (Ampex X 6006, 7½-ips reel; cassette, X 56006; 8-track cartridge, X 86006; $5.95 each). The vivacious performances are by the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra under Kurt Redel, with well-balanced keyboard soloists Rudolph Zartner and Ernst Gröschel in W. 47, and a very engaging flutist, Karl Leder, in W. 22. Both works are cleanly and brightly if quite closely recorded, with a few overintense moments in the former, more warmth in the latter (which some listeners may remember in a 1964 Decca disc version, now out of print, in which Redel played the dual role of soloist/conductor).

A second Bruckner Second Symphony on tape isn't as supererogatory as might be assumed by admirers of Jochum's dramatically played and recorded 1967–68 DG/Ampex reel. Swarowsky's able South German Philharmonic performance may be less overtly eloquent and the present sonics may command a shade less expansiveness, weight, and bite. Nevertheless, devout Brucknerians well may prefer this version (Ampex X 6016, 7½-ips reel; cassette, X 56016; cartridge, X 86016; $5.95 each). For, in addition to its price and Dolbyization attractions, this reel boasts the powerful musicological one of adhering to the original score of 1871–72, whereas Jochum inexplicably chose the 1877 Nowak edition with its mutilating cuts. But whether you opt for authenticity or are willing to accept Jochum's cuts for the sake of his greater edge in sheer excitement, the Second is an invaluable bridge from the "easier" Symphonies Nos. 0 and 1 to the more "difficult" and lengthy later masterpieces.

Reeling Along with RCA/Magtec. Digging deeper into the big batch of first Stereotape/Magtec open-reel processings of RCA Red Seal recordings (which I had time only to sample last month), I've given precedence to one program brought to tape for the first time in any format, and to two others making their first appearance in reel format. The first is a significant addition to the sparse contemporary repertory on tape: the sonically avant-garde yet often profoundly impressive Penderecki *Utrenja, The Entombment of Christ*, a recorded first by soloists, Temple University Choirs, and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (RCA/Magtec ERPA 3180 C, 7½-ips reel, $7.95; notes-and-English-text leaflet included). There is no electronic gimmickry here, only human voices and familiar instruments exploited in unorthodox ways that are at worst unconscionably pretentious, at best arrestingly imaginative with quite extraordinary sheerly sonic appeals.

Ever since I reviewed the Ozawa/Boston Symphony disc of Orff's *Carmina Burana* back in October 1970, I have remained so dazzled by its spectacular glitter that I felt undeniably let down by my first hearing of its long-anticipated reel version (RCA/Magtec ERPA 3161 C, 7½-ips reel, $7.95; notes-and-texts leaflets included). In the end I've come to feel that the tape editing may have achieved better over-all spectrum balance—and certainly provides warmer, more solid lows and less sharp-edged highs. But I still miss the really shattering brilliance of the disc sonics—a brilliance not so much lost here as unmistakably tamed down. The exceptional lucidity of this recorded performance has not been blurred, however, and while I regret the lowered thrill quotient, Ozawa's version remains my decisive choice among the several first-rate tapings of *Carmina Burana*.

I've never heard the early 1972 disc and cartridge editions of Julian Bream's Villa Lobos program featuring the Brazilian's charming guitar concerto along with five preludes and two other solo pieces, so I can't compare its reel transfer (RCA/Magtec ERPA 3231 C, $7.95). But surely the soloist and orchestra (London Symphony under Previn) couldn't be any more exquisitely balanced and differentiated than they are here, nor could the solo playing be captured with more naturally vibrant tang. As usual the guitar itself is so closely miked that there is a good deal of musically extraneous snapping noise (which guitar aficionados conveniently filter out of their minds if not their ears), but this is a minor nuisance to everyone captivated by Bream's skill and lyric artistry.

Bream fans will also want his two other RCA/Magtec reels (ERPA 3247 C and 2730 C, $7.95 each). The former comprises the duo program with John Williams which I relished last August in RCA's own cartridge and cassette editions. The latter brings back from the out-of-print reel limbo (FTC 2172 of 1964) the superb Rodrigo/Vivaldi/Britten concerto-and-dance program that has been so potent in establishing Bream's fame.

Opera: On the Road . . . The 8-track cartridge catalogues shy away from tackling complete operas and almost always restrict their "highlights" programs to mass-public standards. Hence opera fans who relish listening while they drive will have a warm welcome for a generous sampling of Verdi's *Don Carlo*. But even further warmth will be engendered on first hearing, since the source is the exciting 1971 complete (on discs) Covent Garden version led by Giulini and starring Caballé, Domingo, Verrett, Raimondi, and Milnes. And since the recording itself is exceptionally rich and glowing, this cartridge (Angel 8XS 36918, $7.98) proves to be one of the most satisfactory of all operatic traveling companions.

. . . And in the Living Room. At home the programmatic breaks, almost inevitable in endless-loop tapings of large-scale works, give preference to the cassette edition (Angel 4XS 36918, $7.98), which I haven't yet heard. Of course no true connoisseur will be satisfied with bits and pieces, and will be forced to turn (since there is no reel edition of this performance) to the fine earlier *Don Carlo* in its entirety (London/Ampex V 90116) conducted by Solti and starring Tebaldi and Bergonzi.

Best of the more recent complete-opera tapings that have reached me is the sequel to the Abbado/DG Rossini *Cenerentola* of last November: the first new *Barbiere di Siviglia* in some years, starring Berganza, Alva, and Prey (DG/Ampex R 7041, two 7½-ips reels, $21.95; notes and texts included). Not *quite* as irresistibly delectable as its predecessor, it has some minor, especially vocal shortcomings, but its orchestral playing and recorded sonics are zestful.

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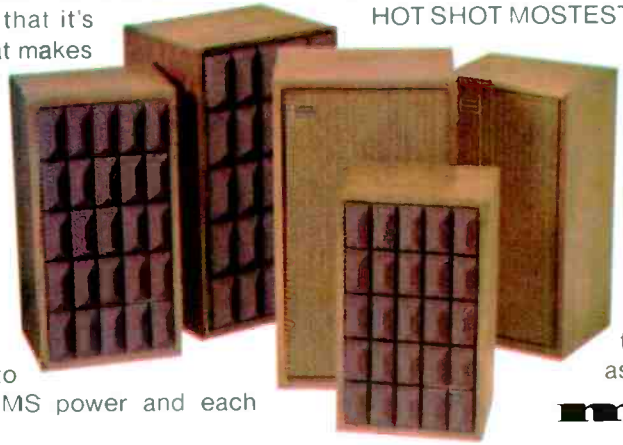

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