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THE MAGAZINE FOR MUSIC LISTENERS

NOVEMBER

THE MOZART OPERAS

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Music and Musicians
57 The Mozart Operas: an editorial  
58 "That True Phoenix"—Lorenzo da Ponte  Gordon Rogoff  
62 Mozart on the Eighteenth-Century Stage  H. C. Robbins Landon  
65 The Operas of Mozart on Microgroove: a discography-in-depth  Conrad L. Osborne  
26 Notes from Our Correspondents: Boston, London  
34 Music for Non-Listening  Leslie Rich

Sound Reproduction
46 High Fidelity Newsfronts: more sound on less tape  Norman Eisenberg  
75 Equipment Reports  
   KLH Sixteen Control Amplifier  
   Benjamin Stereo 200 Modular System; Model 208 Speaker System  
   Marantz 10B FM Stereo Tuner  
   Garrard AT60 Automatic Turntable  
   Dynaco B&O Stereodyne III Cartridge  
149 Tape Recorder Guide—a special supplement

Reviews of Recordings
83 Feature Record Reviews  
   Ives: Symphony No. 4 (Members of the Schola Cantorum; American Symphony Orchestra, Stokowski, cond.)  
   Verdi: Luisa Miller (Moffo, Bergonzi, et al.; RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, Cleva, cond.)  
   Berlioz: Grand Messe des Morts, Op. 5 ("Requiem") (Valletti; Temple University Choirs; Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.)  
87 Other Classical Reviews  
124 Reissues  
143 The Lighter Side  
54 Folk Music  
169 Jazz  
175 The Tape Deck

NOVEMBER 1965 • VOLUME 15 NUMBER 11
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The “Best” Speaker
Sir:
Norman Eisenberg’s article “The Magnificent Monsters” [September 1965] poses the question of whether three AR-3s “equal” one Patrician.

As the designer of the AR-3 I would like to say that neither three, nor one, nor sixteen AR-3s sound anything like a Patrician. I am sure that Electro-Voice agrees, and that both of us are glad of it.

The AR-3 speaker represents the best effort of Acoustic Research, without any limitations on design approach, size, or cost. Undoubtedly the Patrician represents the same thing for Electro-Voice. The two speakers must therefore be compared on a one-to-one basis, and the chips allowed to fall where they may.

The three-to-one handicap suggested in the article has no meaning; if I had been after the kind of sound produced by three AR-3s I would have designed a triple system.

The “best” speaker is the one that reproduces the original live sound most accurately. When two speakers are very different in sound both may be grossly unfaithful to the original sound, each in its own way, or one may be more faithful than the other, but both sounds cannot be right.

Edgar Villchur
Acoustic Research, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Eisenberg comments: The question of “...whether three AR-3s equal one Patrician or whether a brace of KLH-4s sound as good as a J.B. Lansing Paragon, and so on...” was posed in terms of the points raised earlier in that paragraph, regarding the spreading out of the sound source and the enhancement of the volume of sound wafted into a room. In terms of these acoustic considerations, the comparison is quite apt—and in fact many of AR’s demonstrations, including those of live-versus-recorded sound, have been conducted with exactly this point in mind, as witness the use of more than one AR system per channel to make such demonstrations more effective. Mr. Villchur states that “the ‘best’ speaker is the one that reproduces the original live sound most accurately.” This implies a direct route between live sound and a loudspeaker—as if microphones, tape recorders, disc

Continued on page 12

High Fidelity Magazine
Wharfdale presents the

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4 important ways different...

1. It's efficient... ideal for use with moderate power amplifiers and receivers. W30 doesn't need powerful amplifiers to fill entire absorbing rooms with impressive sound.

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3. It preserves definition and full-range response at all levels. W30 won't distort at high levels; nor will it fade into an indiscernible sound played at low levels. This is because the system is built entirely of genuine Wharfdale components, renowned for the uncompromising quality designed into them by England's G. A. Briggs.

4. It provides an entirely new technique for complete acoustical correction of both the treble and mid-ranges, on a frequency discrimination basis.

The W30 Acoustic Compensation System doesn't resort to a simple resistor or potentiometer which merely attenuates the tweeter for only partial adjustment to room acoustics.

This is how the Acoustic Compensation Circuit operates—

- **Switch in “FULL” position**:
  Crossover network functions as conventional 2-division LC circuit, permitting speaker system to operate unencumbered through entire audio spectrum. "FULL" position is suggested for "normal" living room acoustical environment having upholstered furniture, wall-to-wall carpeting, window draperies. It will also satisfy listeners who prefer a "lively" sound to their music, projecting instruments and vocalists into the room.

- **Switch in “DE-EMPHASIS” position**:
  Reduces reflections, echoes and reverberation which generally distort the reproduction of music where acoustical conditions may be described as "hard surfaced." This position is also suggested for persons who prefer a mellow, subtletype of sound, but without loss of musical timbre, definition or range.

Unlike simple resistors or variable potentiometers, which attenuate all frequencies equally, the W30 acoustic compensation is frequency discriminating, and is applied only to mid-range and treble response for preservation of true musical balance. While an alteration in speaker characteristics is apparent in the "DE-EMPHASIS" position, the change is not exaggerated because there is no noticeable loss in frequency range and, therefore, no loss of musical content.

In "DE-EMPHASIS" position, a shunt circuit, introduced into the crossover network

1. permits bass frequencies to pass freely to the woofer, but attenuates the mid-range, starting at about 500 cps and becoming more prominent above 1250 cps.
2. attenuates treble energy to the tweeter from 1500 cps to approximately 6000 cps, becoming less effective from that point to 20,000 cps.

The net result is to produce a response envelope in which the range from 500 to 8000 cps is depressed approximately 3-4 db, while attenuating the range from 8000 to 20,000 cps significantly less. This provides a more linear and better balanced response than systems which cut off the tweeter response without regard for the relationship between frequency, hearing acuity and room absorption.


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DECORATOR STYLED WITH A PROFESSIONAL HEART . . .
For example, a spoon, a VW or an 88 Stereo Compact. They are made for a specific purpose and fulfill it so well, the basic design never changes. Improvements are made though. Spoons are better balanced. VW's have larger tail lights. We've added a pause control to the 88 Stereo Compact. We've improved the automatic stop, included a pilot light and put a push-button on the counter - but we haven't changed the basic design. An 88 is still only $13 x 13 x 7/" and fits into most hi fi consoles. 88 Stereo Compacts always deliver smooth tape handling, excellent frequency response, feature off the tape monitoring and separate hyperbolic heads for erase, record and playback.
An 88 Stereo Compact is never obsolete. Ask those who own one - design and quality have endured the test of time. So we didn't change it - we just made improvements.

88 Stereo Compact in modern walnut finish cabinet with hinged cover.

880 Stereo Compact complete with tachable speakers - in portable case.

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

cutters, playback amplifiers, and the room itself were nonexistent and not directly and most influentially involved in the whole process. It must be obvious that while live-versus-recorded demonstrations are great fun, and are worthwhile in showing how good audio equipment can be, they are as much a demonstration of the recording process as of the playback system. In the last analysis, all we can expect of the latter is that it respond accurately to the electrical signal fed to it. How closely that signal resembles the live original is a matter of recording technique entirely. And, in any case, the similarity of acoustic environment—in which both the live and reproduced sound are heard—must be at least partly responsible for the success of the illusion.

A key phrase in Mr. Villchur's statement is "most accurately" (rather than "with complete accuracy"), which implies—and with which I agree—an approach to, rather than a complete duplication of, live sound. This point, plus Mr. Villchur's acknowledgment that various speaker systems (conscientiously evolved from different design approaches) may indeed sound different, only bears out my contention that this whole matter—once you get past a certain quality level—is "a matter of personal taste."

Beecham, Philips, and EMI

SIR:

Ward Botsford's invaluable article on Sir Thomas Beecham's recordings [June 1965] contains a wealth of information which I'm sure your readers would have great difficulty in finding elsewhere. But let me correct one small point, as it tends to conceal quite an important drama in recorded sound.

Apropos the period 1948-1955 in Beecham's recording career, Mr. Botsford writes: "Originally his contract . . . was with American Columbia, even though he recorded with EMI. Then American Columbia broke from EMI and went with Philips in Europe—at that time with no experience in the recording field. On hearing that his recordings were to be handled by strangers to the media and to him. Beecham broke his contract."

The real picture is somewhat different, and the first and most important point is that many of Beecham's best recordings in the period, so he held, were recorded by Philips, not EMI.

Apart from using the spacious acoustics of the Walthamstow Town Hall, Philips' system of setting the microphones for the whole series of thirty sessions and virtually leaving them untouched (except for helping the harp) was at that time novel to Sir Thomas and greatly appealed to him. For years he maintained that the recordings of the Nutcracker Suite, the Delius Peer Gynt, and the Balakirev Tamara were the best realizations of his orchestral sound yet on disc. Whenever he had a free moment for listening, he

Continued on page 18
Feature by feature, Empire components have achieved the most significant advance in stereophonic reproduction. Listen for a moment.
It sings! It absorbs! It feels! It captures every sound, caresses every note. The new Empire 888P cartridge is the pulse of your entire music system. Listen to its unbelievable frequency response that spans the complete orchestral spectrum one full octave above and below the fundamental range of any musical instrument or of any harmonic content it can possibly generate.

No other cartridge can reproduce the entire musical range as precisely and with such clarity. An important fact to note is that Middle C on the music spectrum producing 261.6 vibrations per second, can be struck on a piano, blown on a horn or bowed on a violin. The characteristic sound of each is determined by the fundamental vs. harmonic balance. Failure to produce the lowest fundamental or the highest harmonic frequency lose the subtle nuances of the musical note. The new Empire 888P keeps every note “in true character” from the lowest B of the contra bassoon to the highest C of the piccolo.

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EXCLUSIVE MAGNETIC CONE STYLUS

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The new Empire 888P cartridge
Like its nine predecessors, RECORDS IN REVIEW 1965 Edition brings you in one convenient book hundreds of reviews of records (stereo and mono) which appeared in High Fidelity Magazine. This edition reprints reviews that appeared in 1964 – classical and semi-classical music exclusively.

It will save you many hours in your dealer's listening booth or earphone corner. And it will help you build a library of music YOU enjoy, for it is the most complete and authoritative book of its kind – the standard reference work that gains in value as the years roll by.

Each reviewer stands high in his field — Nathan Broder, for example, reviews Bach and Mozart, Alfred Frankenstein the moderns ... Paul Affelder covers the romantics, Robert C. Marsh specializes in Haydn and Beethoven ... Conrad L. Osborne writes on opera recordings. Forthrightly, they discuss the composition, performance and fidelity. And they compare new recordings with earlier releases.

You'll find the reviews organized alphabetically by composer for quick, easy reference — and in the case of composers frequently recorded, further subdivided by such categories as Chamber Music, Vocal Music, etc. You'll find, too, a special section on Recitals and Miscellany. And an Artists' Index.

Saturday Review comments: "Comprehensive coverage of each year's recordings gives a surprisingly well-rounded picture of what's available on records, and most reviews describe the work as well as the performance, providing each annual with a permanent use."

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or ask your own Hi-Fi dealer for full details.

LETTERS
Continued from page 12

would frequently choose the Paris or the Nutcracker recording.

If I understood the question correctly, the real reason for returning to EMI was to defend the interests of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, which was not receiving recording engagements from Philips outside its commitments with Sir Thomas, whereas EMI—being resident in England—was in a much better position to help the orchestra in this respect. I remember well an embarrassing moment shortly after we returned to EMI when Sir Thomas asked me to outline to the EMI technicians the qualities of the Philips sound which he wished to find in his EMI recordings. With so many variable elements—hall, microphones, amplifiers, tape, and playback speakers—it was impossible to say with any precision what needed to be done, and the first recording (Handel’s Solomon) packed so many performers into the EMI Abbey Road Studios that it would have been quite impossible to re-create the sense of spaciousness to which Sir Thomas had grown accustomed at Walthamstow.

In view of the great difficulties which surrounded them, and Sir Thomas’ obstinate refusal to listen in detail to the stereo playbacks (he listened mainly on mono for some years more), I think that the EMI technicians worked wonders.

Denis Vaughan
Rome, Italy

Toscanini’s Magic Flute

Sir:
I have been given to understand that a Toscanini performance of The Magic Flute was recorded at the Salzburg Festival in the Thirties. If this is true, I’d like to inquire if the recording is ever going to be made available here in the States. I have heard two excerpts from

Continued on page 20
The new Sony Solid State 350 adds professional performance to home entertainment systems

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LETTERS

Continued from page 18

this performance, as presented in a radio narrative on the Maestro by Marcia Davenport, and if these excerpts are indicative of the manner in which Toscanini interprets all the music from this opera, then I feel it would be a crime to withhold his reading.

Tom Aldridge
Indianapolis, Ind.

Yes, the whole performance was recorded in Salzburg on Selephone tape in 1937. This recording (as well as Toscanini-Salzburg recordings of Die Meistersinger and Falstaff) forms part of the Toscanini Archives in Riverdale, N.Y. Walter Toscanini is now investigating ways of making these and other performances of his father available at reasonable prices. At the moment there is a burgeoning "catalogue" of pirated editions—most of them inferior from both a technical and musical standpoint. The pirated Magic Flute, for example, is pitched a half tone too high and is shorn of all the dialogues.

Weingartner as Composer

Sir:

Some years ago, while doing research on Felix Weingartner, I came across a statement in a 1904 newspaper article that this conductor was considered in Germany to be Richard Strauss's No. 1 rival as a composer. The newspaper statement may very well have been puffery, but we have no recordings against which to test its validity. Up until a few years ago we did have examples of Weingartner as an orchestrator. I refer to his reworking of Beethoven's Hammerklavier Sonata (once on Columbia ML 4675 and Urania 7089) and his completion of the "other" unfinished symphony of Schubert, the one in E major (Vanguard 427). These orchestrations are fine indeed, and the prospect of having Weingartner's own works is tantalizing. Perhaps some enterprising record company could give us some of Weingartner's music as a change of pace from the steady flow of baroque and pre-baroque compositions.

Stanley M. Shone
Los Angeles, Calif.

In pre-LP days a few works by the composer Weingartner were put on record, notably excerpts from the opera Schneewittchen and some songs. But these were minor samplings from a catalogue of works that includes seven symphonies, two concertos (violin and cello), five string quartets, and eight operas.

The Longest Record

Sir:

In your September issue, Alfred Frankenstein states that the CRI disc of John Cage's Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano "must be something of a

Continued on page 22

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NOVEMBER 1965

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record for long-playingness" due to its length of 67½ minutes.

The Vox recording of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis with Otto Klemperer has a total length of over 72 minutes on one disc, each side over 36 minutes in length. This must be the record for the longest single disc available, unless some enterprising record company is now recording along the edges.

Lawrence L. Faltz
New York, N.Y.

"Bel Canto" at Issue . . .

Sir:
Robert Lawrence's definition of bel canto in his review of Maria Callas' recent recital [September 1965] seems to be missing the point. Beautiful sound is not bel canto, nor is good technique or phrasing. Beautiful sound and good technique are just singing, and singing well. Phrasing is merely musicianship. But opera is not just singing or just music. It is drama, which means that the distinguishing mark of bel canto is diction and verbal expression. Callas may have a poorer technique than a Sutherland. Sciuitti may have even a better technique. Both are finer bel canto artists.

D. J. Centner
Las Cruces, N.M.

... Or the Diva Defended

Sir:
Those evidently callous opera buffs who are in the practice of referring to the art of Maria Callas as a hoax [see "Letters," August 1965, page 6] are a constant source of amusement to me in that they seem to me to be missing the intended ends of opera as a form, not to mention the accomplishments of the soprano in question. I fully recognize that this diva is not without flaw; but so were Antonio Scotti and Mary Garden before her—and who would hesitate to call them great in

Continued on page 24
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LETTERS
Continued from page 22

every sense of the word, now that the veil of time has been lowered between them and us? To listen to the old Gigli/ Dal Monte Madame Butterfly is to hear one of the great tenors of the century joined in happy partnership with a Cio-Cio San with almost no voice at all; but as far as I can discern, few complaints have ever been lastingly cast against the recording.

The reason is simply that opera is far from being a purely vocal art; every note in a score is designed to make a dramatic effect. Once opera is taken out of its proper context, then it fails to be a faithful realization of the composers' intentions. It is my opinion that an opera singer can never go too far in an effort to search out and re-create on stage the dramatic possibilities to be found in a work (unless, of course, musical values are distorted, in which case both the dramatic and musical intent is disturbed).

While Callas has never had a remarkable voice—and it has worn badly with the years—no one can ever say that she has lost sight of the art of opera as a whole, projecting the musical and dramatic values of her vehicles with absolute fidelity, even though the instrument with which she must do it is an imperfect one. Those who call the Callas art "a hoax" are perpetrating something of a hoax on themselves—cheating themselves, as it were, of the broader potential of opera as a musical-dramatic form; and merely the physical lunging forth of a voice into a gaping auditorium. That merely amounts to muscular power, and I am sure that opera needs as much intellectual and emotional involvement as any other art before it becomes just that—an art.

Lawrence F. Fisher
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Ouch!

Sin:
Please accept my "Bravo!" for the incisive and subtle review of Ralph Shapey's Seven for piano four-hands in the September issue. Harris Goldsmith writes: "Not having a stop-watch handy, I feel reluctant to pass judgment on the Salkiaks' performance." Brevity of this sort is to be highly commended, as are the insights into the work's merits. It is also encouraging to note that some critics continue to keep contemporary music in the proper perspective. For some time I have feared that personal judgment and taste might encroach upon the more objective and informative style of criticism. My fears have been temporarily allayed as a result of this review.

At a performance of the Chicago Symphony this year, Stravinsky's Rite of Spring was included in the program. Now I know that I did the right thing. Not having the program notes handy, I felt reluctant to remain for the performance. However, I did read the review the following day.

James C. Kidd
Evanston, Ill.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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*Ask for Sony's new Tape booklet.
Late one sultry Saturday night last August, when RCA Victor packed up its recording gear after the final Lohengrin session, several new pages in phonographic history had been written. The Boston Symphony Orchestra had collaborated in a complete recorded opera for the first time in its eighty-five-year history; the opera itself marked the first time the Metropolitan Opera; and the total cost of taping in the United States since RCA's own 1959 taping of Verdi's Macbeth with the Metropolitan Opera; and the total cost of the recording probably set an all-time high.

An Air-Conditioned Checkerboard. To accommodate the large number of participants (104 orchestral players, twenty-five off-stage trumpeters, the six principals, and a chorus of 160) half the seats on the floor of Symphony Hall had been removed; this space was reserved for the orchestra. On stage was the familiar checkerboard of numbered squares to guide the singers in their stereophonic movements, and to the rear were tiered rows of chairs for the chorus. Air conditioning had been installed especially for the recording sessions, and fourteen units (at an estimated cost of $10,000) jutted into the hall from eight balcony doors.

When I arrived on the scene for the third day of recording, a "patching" session was in progress for the opening scenes of Act II and the Bridal Chamber Scene in Act III. Rita Gorr (Ortrud in a pink house dress) and William Dooley (Telramund in chinos and a violent red T-shirt) completed their evil machinations smoothly enough, but as the music progressed it seemed as if there would be no Elsa to breathe her love to the night breezes. Eventually, Elsa (Lucine Amara) was spied, purse in hand, creeping guiltily towards her microphone on stage right, arriving exactly on time for a neatly posed "Ench Lunfen."

Another latecomer, however, was not so lucky. During the next take, as the

Continued on page 28

Lohengrin from Boston: RCA's Dick Mohr, tenor Konya, conductor Leinsdorf.
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NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 26

Bridal Chamber Scene drew to its furious climax and Lohengrin (Sandro Konya) was to draw his sword and slay the murder-bent Telramund, conductor Erich Leinsdorf suddenly threw down his baton and cried, "You are all a bunch of dilettantes! Sabotage!! Sabotage!!" The percussionist who "plays" (i.e. unsheathes) Lohengrin's sword was nowhere in sight. The tense moment quickly dissolved into laughter, and the red-faced percussion player made up for his omission with a virtuoso performance on the retake.

During the thirty-minute breaks, most of the singers listened to playbacks in the engineers' quarters, located in Symphony Hall's museum room, which houses the famed Casadesus collection of old and exotic instruments. Serpents and Japanese biwas made an incongruous background for the mass of complicated audio equipment, dominated by four Ampexes which greedily devoured tape to the tune of thirty 2,500-foot reels a day (the grand total at the week's end: approximately 100 miles of Lohengrin). The surroundings, however, were of little consequence to the singers. Miss Amara lived through the session all over again in a silent duet with herself; Sandor Konya sat motionless, his eyes glued to the score; Rita Gorr betrayed signs of self-critical distress.

A Downbeat for 289. That evening the finale of Act I was scheduled, and here the problems in coordinating 289 people readily became apparent. The chorus, at quite a distance from conductor Leinsdorf, was continually a fraction behind the beat until they were instructed to rely on their eyes and not their ears; the sound of the orchestra had been reaching them slightly later than the visual image of the conductor's downbeat. But in general the intricate undertaking went off extremely smoothly. In fact, the only insuperable problem was posed by an RCA press representative: how to convince the entire cast to be photographed in a Swan Boat at Boston Commons?

Peter G. Davis

Montserrat Caballé, the Spanish soprano, has made her first record for RCA, displaying the minimum of temperament (her husband was beside her during the sessions) and the maximum of musicianship. It is a recital disc of Bellini and Donizetti arias, most of them comparatively little known—"C'è uno strappo" from Lucrezia Borgia, Maria's Prayer from Maria di Rohan, Elisabetta's aria from Roberto Devereux (all by Donizetti), as well as the finale from Bellini's Il Pirata.

But the item which will no doubt attract most attention is Caballé's account of "Casta diva" from Bellini's Norma, and it was the session for that which I attended in the Kingsway Hall—the most favored of London's recording halls for vocal work. If anything, the sound of Caballé singing Bellini's soaring cantilena was more beautiful via Decca/London's playback equipment than in the hall itself—heretical suggestion to the purists—and the culminating half-tone phrase with a long messa di voce on the final F made Caballé herself beam with delight in the playback room.

The Caballé Cabaletta. Before recording the cabaletta, Miss Caballé had a vigorous discussion with Maestro Carlo Felice Cillario about the right tempo, in the course of which she sang a private unaccompanied run-through of the main theme. Even so, the first attempt was too slow—or so felt the singer and RCA's recording manager, Charles "Chuck" Gerhardt. Cillario obliged with a brisker tempo, but by this time Miss Caballé was herself beating time with a crisp one-two of the right forefinger, rivaling the conductor from an opposite and equally dominant vantage point high above the orchestra.

The playback also brought flashes of the Caballé personality, as she bounced with delight at the march rhythm. With a chuckle she admitted, "Das ist nicht so schlimm," when an attempt on coloration with deliberate flattening went a shade too far. Then there was a crisis when the singer felt slightly sick and asked for a little branly. Unfortunately, Britain's licensing laws were incompatible, and she had to make do with a foul-tasting drug-store preparation. But sick or not,Montserrat Caballé certainly endeared herself to the orchestra: a rousing cheer greeted her at the end of the session.

Jacqueline Du Pré: celebrity at twenty.

Du Pré and the Elgar. It was at Kingsway Hall too that the young British cellist Jacqueline Du Pré recorded the Elgar Cello Concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, for EMI-Angel. This was a great moment for a twenty-year-old, and understandably she was keyed up beforehand. The very first take of the first

Continued on page 32

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<th>FOR MODEL</th>
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<td>'101'</td>
<td>DL 86 Leather Carrying Case</td>
<td>'95', '101', '150'</td>
<td>TP 86 Telephone Pickup Coil</td>
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<td>'101'</td>
<td>CC 86 Texon Carrying Case</td>
<td>'150'</td>
<td>TC 2 x 30 Tape Cartridge</td>
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<td>'101'</td>
<td>BE 86 AC Adapter</td>
<td>'201'</td>
<td>EL 3775/21 Monitoring Headset</td>
</tr>
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<td>'101'</td>
<td>RS 86 Remote Mike Switch</td>
<td>'201', '401'</td>
<td>EL 3984/15 Foot Control</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'150'</td>
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<td>'201', '401'</td>
<td>TP 34/49 Telephone Pickup Coil</td>
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<td>EL 3775/37 Stereo Headset</td>
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<td>'401'</td>
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ALMOST EVERYBODY LOVES REK-O-KUT

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Continued from page 28

movement had an extraordinary intensity; almost certainly it will be this first performance which will provide most of the tape for the finished disc.

Miss Du Pré remains the most modest of artists—not the slightest suspicion of a tantrum but rather wonderment that she should be the center of things; and though she finds it hard to sustain full intensity over a series of retakes, her natural musicianship comes over very vividly in recording.

In England the Elgar Cello Concerto will be appearing before the end of the year at what amounts to "pop-star" speed, and that is some tribute to EMI's regard for her. Its disc mates are to be Elgar's song cycle Sea Pictures, sung by another fine British artist, Janet Baker.

Dorati at Watford. Antal Dorati has renewed his earlier association with the London Symphony Orchestra for some Mercury records, including the first three Tchaikovsky symphonies, the Brahms Hungarian Dances, and a record of offbeat French items. He has also been conducting what will probably be called the Festival Chamber Orchestra in Mozart and Haydn. Many of the members of this ad hoc group belong to Menuhin's Bath Festival Orchestra, but for obvious reasons it can hardly be described as that on non-Menusir records. At a session I attended in Watford Town Hall, Dorati was directing Haydn's Symphony No. 59, subtitled the Fire Symphony, and there was aplenty. Dorati allowed a harpsichord continuo into the ensemble, but took good care that it did not stand out, feeling that too little rather than too much is a good rule in Haydn. Harold Lawrence from America was in charge of the sessions and guided Dorati with the acutest analysis.

Mozart Cycles from Ingrid Haebler. Mercury's running-mate in Europe, Philips, has also had some London sessions, including several with the pianist Ingrid Haebler and the London Symphony Orchestra under Alceo Galliera. Miss Haebler has contracted to do a complete Mozart Piano Concerto cycle, and on the day when I went to Wembley Town Hall she was completing a coupling of two early concertos—No. 6, in F flat (K. 238) and No. 8, in C (K.246). Her natural dominance both in the recording studio and in the control room during playbacks is astonishing, and the clarity of her analyses shows how little her performances depend on inspired accident and how much the impression of complete spontaneity depends on careful preparation. My only surprise, watching her play, was that she pedaled so much. From the sound of her earlier Vox issues of Mozart, I had always imagined her using a "dry" technique. She is now starting on a cycle of the Mozart piano sonatas for Philips parallel with the concerto cycle.

Edward Greenfield
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Now anyone can build just as fine components as Fisher.

CIRCLE 32 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
Music for Non-Listening

by Leslie Rich

The struggle may be useless. In this cluttered age, anyone with any sort of appetite for music is sooner or later led into the dangerous practice of listening to it while doing something else. Yes, I know Mozart's serenades were composed to accompany the mighty murmur of an eighteen-century garden party, and yes it's marvelous that the whole thing can now take place in one's living room. But it's dangerous all the same. Electronics, like all scientific advances, must be carefully controlled or it will turn into a monster, if not a Munster.

At our house we're trying our best, and the rule is simple. Music may be listened to while anybody is doing anything that doesn't make too much noise and does not require any significant use of the intellect—in other words, while engaged in any of those endless, mindless, menial chores that old issues of the Saturday Evening Post assured us would be turned over to sleep-in robots by the year 1965. Every household would have a different list. Ours includes such tasks, performed by myself or my wife or jointly, as doing the dishes, balancing the checkbook, putting up shelves with expansion bolts, repapering the kitchen, feeding the baby, changing light bulbs, surging through the isometric chart, and making the martinis before the guests arrive.

To such as these, we listen to music. But since the conditions are not ideal, we must make a small compromise: the music we select must be emotionally complementary to the job; in some cases, it must provide active assistance.

I might mention, in passing, that since I work at home the division of labor is not drawn so firmly along lines of gender as in most families. I frequently feed the baby (I am good at it); my wife always does the bank statement (she is not good at it, but she's a lot better than I am). For this latter task, which my wife insists is a thoroughly mechanical one, in no way involving thought processes, she wants something contrapuntal.

"Actually, any old Brandenburg will do," she says. "What I must do, reflexively, is take all the long, gorgeously inventive melodic lines of our monthly spending, and somehow match them against the rather perfunctory line of our monthly earnings. It took old J. S. to manage that. Do you suppose it was because of all those children?"

At first, I scoffed. But take my word for it, she was right. With her Brandenburgs, especially the Third, my wife is a blue-eyed Univac. Without them? Once, as an experiment, I insisted on playing Harold in Italy while she was working on the balance, and that month our account, much

Continued on page 36
When these EMI loudspeakers speak... people listen!

Model 319  Model DLS-529  Model 630

There are two ways to buy a loudspeaker. Take the one you’re being sold. Or listen, and let your ears do the choosing. We recommend the latter because we have no fear of the inevitable judgment of your ears.

If anything, we fear the perfection of our loudspeakers. Their transient-perfect sound reproduction can be "dangerous" because it exposes the flaws in other components used with them.

But it is this same perfection that makes EMI loudspeakers reproduce music like you’ve never heard it before. Vital and alive. Smooth and balanced. Whether the volume is played at a shout. Or a whisper. You’ll think you’re at the actual performance.

That’s the kind of realism you get from an EMI loudspeaker.

If one listen is worth a thousand words, these three EMI speakers are sure to leave you speechless.

They speak for themselves. In performance, popularity and prices. The DLS-529 is $159.00. The 319 is $99.75. And the 630 is $69.75. Other models range from $49.95 to $395.00*. And they’re all dangerous.

*All prices slightly higher in South and West.

EMI/SCOPE
Scope Electronics Corporation, 235 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y. Also available in Canada.

CIRCLE 33 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
MUSIC FOR NON-LISTENING
Continued from page 34

like Berlioz's composition, came out
overdrawn. In fact it wandered, alone
and melancholy, all over the Abruzzi.

One of my own most trying tasks,
on the other hand, is putting up
shelves or fixtures or anything that
goes on the wall. Since we live in a
terribly modern, awfully fireproof
apartment, the walls are of a crumbly
sort of plaster, and I'm reduced to
using expansion bolts. To master these
inventions of the devil, you need a
spirit of invincibility. So I play the
second movement of the Ninth, which
as far as I'm concerned is as invincible
as mankind ever got. I should imagine
that since Huntley and Brinkley
adopted it for their closing theme it
has given countless millions of Ameri-
cans the courage to face the early-
evening tribulations of modern life
(those Munsters, for example, come
on right after Huntley-Brinkley-Bean-
thenew).

Anyway, when I hear Toscanini and
the NBC throwing themselves into the
movement I believe—yes, believe—
that I can indeed drill a clean little
hole, even with the others, put the
bolt in it and the putty around it, and
somehow get everything attached
without destroying a square yard of
plaster. I can also enjoy the mu-
sic; after all, the piece is repetitious
enough so that everything isn't lost
when it is momentarily submerged by
some noise—the drill, the hammer, the
shouted curse. The hazard, of course,
is that on our recording the Molto
vivace shares a side with that long,
shimmering Adagio, which simply
cannot survive an expansion bolt—a
common problem in doing jobs by
music. Unless you are in a position to
keep up encores by leaning over and
lifting the needle, you may as well
give up and settle for something less
inspiring but more emotionally ho-
mogeneous, something with road-show
invincibility like a 1.5 foot tone poem.
I have had fair success with Mazeppa.
The objection may be entered
that both my wife and I are trying
to do too much while listening, that
we are, in fact, not listening at all
but may as well be toiling to the
accompaniment of "Afternoon Carou-
sel" or whatever the local FM station
calls its auditory chewing gum. Not
so. At our place, I must reemphasize,
we put no mental effort into balancing
handbooks (as has been noted) or
putting up shelves (as you yourself
would note if you ever saw those
holding my record collection, which
have a perilous starboard list).

However, let us proceed to less
controversial areas. Here are some
wholly mechanical jobs that must be
done at regular intervals but, we have
found, do not get in the way of listen-
ing to music. For your consideration.
I have listed the complementary mu-
sical experience with each duty.

Sewing (wife only). For its sprightli-
ness and regular motion, the prefer-
ence is any ballet music from Rameau
to Offenbach. No Bartók. No Schoen-
berg. Not even any Copland.

Shaving (husband only). To look
sharp, etc., you really should be listen-
ing to something narcisistic, like Stra-
vinsky conducting Stravinsky. If you
choose Bernstein on Bernstein, do
avoid the Age of Anxiety. Even if you
don't cut your chin, it's no way to
start the day. (Rest assured, I wasn't
going to suggest that while shaving
you should listen to Barber—either
Samuel or of Seville. Nor was I going
to say anything about the Water Mu-
sic. Please trust me.)

Doing Isometrics. The principle being
a state of tension between opposing

HERE IT IS...ONLY $15.95

The Revolutionary
Adjustatone

...ALL NEW FROM TELEX

Never before such fine performance
at such a low price. This all new stereo
beauty from Telex has big 3½-inch
speakers with over 7 square inches of
cone area. They deliver a terrific bass
response down to 10 cycles and reproduce
highs clearly up to 15,000 cycles. Sound
impedance 3-16 ohms.

Forward Sound
You get the aural perspective of an
audience seat with the exclusive "for-
ward sound" acoustic effect that puts
stereo sound out front. You adjust to
normal "in-head" stereo effect by revers-
ing phones.

Comfort
Soft foam cushions combine with light
weight to assure effortless listening, even
over long periods. Stereo pleasure the
way it should be enjoyed—in solid
comfort.

Rich new styling
The all new Adjustatone complements
the decor of any room, any stereo set.
Inset panels and silver trim accent the
smooth line styling. Construction is of
stainless steel and injection molded high
impact plastic.

Try the sensational new Adjustatone
at your dealer. No stereo set should be
without one. See also the three other
great Telex stereo headsets—the Stereo
Twin ST-10 and ST-20 and the ultimate
of all stereo headsets—the new Serenata.
All made in U.S.A.

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DEPARTMENT 19-K, 3054 EXCELSIOR BLVD., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

CIRCLE 91 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

36

CIRCLE 8 ON READER-SERVICE CARD—>

www.americanradiohistory.com
The speaker that went unnoticed until the ratings that count came out—

The ADC 303A Brentwood

Truth to tell, speaker systems look much alike. Nice polished cabinets. Handsome fronts. Look at a few, and you’re understandably confused.

The experts have it easier, with unhurried side by side comparisons. And when recently they listened to the ADC 303A Brentwood, introduced without great fanfare, their eyebrows went right up to here. Their ratings leave little doubt: this is the speaker system that’s at the top and the price will be one of the pleasantest shocks you’ve had since you began buying equipment.

May we send you some reprints and references? They’ll make your decision easy.

AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. Picket District Rd., New Milford, Conn.
HOW TO GET BASS WHEN YOU HAVE NO SPACE!

A book-shelf speaker system just can’t produce the extreme lows of full-size speakers, but it can be improved. Considerably. Often startlingly. You’ll probably speakers, but...

The Bass Energizer compensates for low-frequency deficiencies inherent in small speakers by providing an increase in very-low bass level relative to the rest of the spectrum. Can’t you just boost the typical amplifier bass control, or use the control, and get the same result? No, not without also affecting midrange frequencies from 200 cycles up to around 1000. It is this effect that gives unnatural boombiness to voices. The Altec Bass Energizer becomes effective only below 150 cycles and builds to full efficiency from 60 cycles down to the speaker’s cutoff. This reinstates those often lost low, low notes without adding boombiness to voices. The result is added low-frequency richness.

The Energizer is passive, requiring no additional electrical power, and connects simply between amplifier output and speaker. It is designed to operate with efficient speakers—however, it can be used with inefficient speakers if the amplifier power is adequate.

So if you have no choice but to use small speakers (due to your space limitation) try the new Altec Bass Energizer to add the bass richness you have been missing. A demonstration at your audio dealer will convince you. (Caution: be sure the program source has bass in it before making this test.) Price at $30.

While They Last—only $1 TAPES IN REVIEW
By R. D. Darrell

Brings you in one convenient book the pre-recorded tape reviews—about 500—which appeared in HIGH FIDELITY during 1962 and 1961. All were written by R. D. Darrell, contributing editor of HIGH FIDELITY, pioneer in the art of discography, author of The High Road to Musical Enjoyment and Good Listening and many, many articles.

If you buy pre-recorded tapes, this book will help you build a fine library of the music you enjoy. Mr. Darrell’s interests range from Beethoven to romantic Italian songs. As a sample of the contents turn to The Tape Deck in this issue of HIGH FIDELITY. Multiply that contribution by 24, add a piece on The Basic Tape Library, and an index. And that’s it!

If you are not yet one of the HIGH FIDELITY readers who buys pre-recorded tapes, you will find Tapes in Review helpful as a guide to discs for performances on tape are available, also, on discs. And the book will enlighten and entertain every musically minded reader. It measures 6½” x 9½”. Soft Cover. Regularly $2.50. Now only $1.

Payment with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Use the handy order form below.

Wycliff Press, a Division of High Fidelity Publishing House, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230
Send me a copy of Tapes in Review for the $1.00 I enclose.

Send to
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Address_ ____________________________
City_ ____________________________
State_ __________________ Zip Code_ ____________________________

MUSIC FOR NON-LISTENING
Continued from page 36

forces, there is a wide selection of helpful music in anybody’s collection. For example, we own a newish rendering of the Brahms Violin Concerto in which the state of tension between soloist and conductor is really frightening. It invariably puts us in the proper musically schizophrenic mood to do the six-minute peak-level workout in our customary half-hour.

Facial isometrics are, as they say, something else again. Here is where opera comes into its own. The obvious choice is the Mad Scene from Lucia, but what about Strauss? Much of Elektra and all of Salome appear to have been written for making funny faces. If none of this appeals to you, try flamenco records.

Defrosting the Refrigerator. Because her hands get nearly frozen trying to hurry the process along, my wife tries to evoke a cheery winter mood with the appropriate portion of Haydn’s The Seasons or maybe Meyerbeer’s Les Patineurs. She says Sibelius only makes her fingers stiff.

Changing a Light Bulb. This would seem to be a very simple operation, hardly calling for any special musical substance, but at our house the only bulbs that ever burn out are those installed high overhead in ceiling fixtures. We have no ladder, so I reach the trouble spot by standing on chairs that either fold, are swiveled, or have fiber centers. The fixture is white hot because there are other bulbs in it, and if I turn them off, I can’t see. I require reassurance. I require Mozart, probably the G major Violin Concerto. If I get the new bulb screwed in but it still doesn’t work, I assume there is something wrong inside the thing. I start in with screwdriver and wires, but first I ask my wife to switch over to the Requiem.

Changing a Diaper. Brahms, of course, is the likely candidate. The Andante of the Third Symphony, for instance, will suggest the Lullabye without exactly inflicting it (and will you forget that Water Music?). It should be kept in mind, by the way, that these days a great many babies start off their lives exposed to the very worst of anti-niche, i.e., the stuff that is piped into the delivery room at these resolutely modern hospitals. Some kind of counterattack should be launched as early as possible. And the best antidote for Musik, surely, is Mozart. Regular exposure to the Jupiter at
The Remarkable REVOX

has finally arrived in the U.S.


Is the REVOX different? Consider these features, found only in the most expensive, professional tape recorders. Each of the two reels has its own Pabst motor. There is also a separate, heavy duty Pabst 6/12 pole hysteresis synchronous capstan motor that electrically changes the number of poles for the speeds. This is a direct drive unit assuring linear tape speed, whether at 3½ ips or 7½ ips. Direct coupling eliminates wow and flutter; no belts to break or slip. Tension adjustment contrast assures use of any reel up to 10½ inches with assurance that tape will not snap or break. There are three ring-core heads, specially designed and manufactured by REVOX... each head performing its own function of record, playback and erase. Other features? All operating modes are switched electrically by push-buttons; you can use remote control on the REVOX; also a highly accurate tape counter; no pressure pads (for long head life); no need for hum-buckling gimmicks. Vertical or Horizontal Mounting.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS
The REVOX is the only recorder in its price category that takes a 10½-inch reel. You can record up to 4,800 feet of LP tape with unsurpassed sound quality. It's a complete 4-track stereo recorder. Exceptionally fast rewind. Oversized, solenoid-operated brakes assure quick and positive braking, even with extremely fast winding speeds. A microswitch senses the end of the tape and automatically stops the motor after a reel has been rewound or where a splice has opened. Tape breakage and tape spill are virtually impossible.

CREATING SPECIAL EFFECTS
With the built in mixing facilities of the REVOX, you can mix and record any two signals. You can also set one channel for playback, while the other is recording, and thus achieve all kinds of multplay and duoplay effects — sound with sound — even sound on sound with echo.

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY FEATURES
The REVOX G-36 includes two VU meters, one for each channel, for accurate control of recording levels. All operating controls are electrically operated by pushbuttons. There are no gears, belts, levers or friction drives. In its smart gray, portable carrying case, with pockets for reels (reels not included), the REVOX is built for a lifetime of proud performance. Only $500.

AN EXPERT'S VIEW
Recently, British critic Geoffrey Horn wrote about the REVOX. "One can record a piano at 3½ ips, and if on listening critically to a held chord one detects the slightest waver, then it is likely to be the piano tuner you should send for, not the tape mechanic. This is a superlative machine, quite the best domestic tape recorder I have experienced, and so well worth saving and waiting for."

The REVOX is available only through carefully selected Franchised Dealers. Complete literature and Dealer listings are available upon request. Write Dept. HF-11.

ELPA MARKETING INDUSTRIES, Inc.,
NEW HYDE PARK, N. Y.

REVOX — another Elpa quality product distributed in the U. S., Canada and Puerto Rico.
MUSIC FOR NON-LISTENING
Continued from page 38

crucial moments such as changes and feedings will give a kid at least a fighting chance to grow up without a tin car.

Painting or Wallpapering. The principal characteristic of jobs like these is their length, which is also the principal characteristic, alone among musical forms, of opera. When I am confronted with some monumental assignment such as painting kitchen cabinets, I seize the opportunity to hear something for which I ordinarily lack the stamina. I own, for example, a complete recording of Pelléas et Mélisande. Now I have never actually sat down and timed it, but I have heard this opera often enough to form a reasonable estimate of its length: about eight hours, or one working day.

I have painted entire apartments to Pelléas et Mélisande. It has a wonderful effect. Even arched across the top of a borrowed ladder, going at the ceiling like a trade-union Michelangelo, I never leave a brush stroke. In fact, my work has no recognizable features at all, which is the desired thing in ceiling painting and the great thing in Pelléas et Mélisande.

It seems Audiophiles are buying our new 10½" reel Model 5000 Tape Recorder.

Actually we made it for Professional Recording Studios.

Until now you could expect to pay twice the amount for only half of the operational features of the new Roberts 5000. Here is a tape recorder designed purely for the recording studio. Accepts all size reels up to 10½" without adapters. The amazing 22,000 cycle Cross Field head adds dimension to recorded music impossible with conventional recording heads. Regardless of the demands, the new Roberts 5000 exceeds them all.

Your authorized Roberts dealer will soon have a 5000 available. Make sure you have him demonstrate it for you. $699.95

However, all this should have been in the past tense. The truth is that I will no longer listen to the thing. After many gallons of paint and untold lengths of wallpaper, I have had it with Pelléas and, by association, with just about all of Debussy except perhaps Gollwag's Cakewalk. My wife respects my wishes, although she occasionally says she is going to play all the Etudes unless I paint the foyer.

In general, neither of us approves of using music as a weapon, but at times it's hard to resist. When next-door neighbors have a loud, late party on the other side of that sound-pervaded wall, we commonly rise early next morning to catch up on our Beethoven. We could play the Fifth, I suppose, but why give them that much andante? We have a delightful Munch-Boston Symphony disc that contains all four crashing Overtures that the master tried out before Fidelio, then finishes cracking the dawn with the good old Coriolan.

Doing the Laundry. The more tiresome aspects of housekeeping demand music that is broadly, actively heartening—Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, for instance. The Beethoven or Schubert Seventh, or Prokofiev First. This being the case, I don't know why my wife plays those Mexican mariachi records.

Checking Closing Stock-market Prices. Actually reading the afternoon paper, of course, should not be done while listening to music because it requires concentration of a sort—that is, if your afternoon paper, like ours, contains thoughtful columnists like Dorothy Kilgallen or shellah Graham. However, simply glancing over the closing prices is mechanical enough. We usually do it while listening to something by Tchaikovsky, any selection that's on the commercial side, yet reflects the progress of our fortunes. Truthfully, we're getting sick of the Pathétique.

But so much for the purely mechanical. There remains another variety of duty: that sort requiring some mental effort but not enough to preclude a measure of musical enjoyment. We are on dangerous ground here; self-discipline is everything.

Those martinis, if you recall, must be mixed before the guests arrive. Now it is quite possible to listen to music while performing this operation, but you must select with care. I lean towards the baroque, myself, in particular the Vivalki Concerto for Two Violins. This is precise, infinitely

Continued on page 42

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
you can now cut recording speed by half, yet retain full fidelity. You can actually record twice the music per foot. Your budget will applaud. Start savings with this new box.

SCOTCH® Brand "Dynarange" Series Recording Tape is the name. And this one makes all music come clearer, particularly in the critical soprano range. Reason: This tape cuts background tape noise in half. With this result: You can now record at 3¾ ips all the finest fidelity that before now your recorder could only capture at 7½.

Your dealer has a demonstration tape that lets you hear the excellence of this new tape at slow speed. Costs a little more. But you need buy only half as much—and can save 25% or more in tape costs. Or, if you use this new tape at fast speed, you’ll discover fidelity you didn’t know your recorder had.

Other benefits of new "Dynarange" Tape: Exceedingly low rub-off keeps recorders clean. The "Superlife" coating extends wear-life 15 times over ordinary tapes. Lifetime Silicone lubrication assures smooth tape travel, protects against recording head wear and extends tape life. Comes in new sealed pack, so tape is untouched from factory to you. Reasons aplenty to see your dealer soon, hear a demonstration. Then try a roll on your own recorder.

"SCOTCH" and THE PLAID DESIGN are REG. TM OF 3M CO. ST PAUL, MINN. 55119 ©1965 3M CO.
Kudos to Carry-Corder. About as personal as a complete sound system can get. Nor- 
elco's recent Model 150 Carry-Corder is a 
cigar-box-size tape recorder—the first, as far as we know, which achieves real portability 
by using a miniature self-loading 
cartridge rather than by merely duplicating 
in condensed form the basic design 
of larger, conventional tape machines. To 
be sure, the Model 150—like any hybrid—has some of the features of its bulkier antecedents, yet it is a genuinely new form 
of product—and has much to recom- 
mend it.

A single-speed (1½ ips) monophonic 
unit, the Carry-Corder is supplied as a 
complete tape system, from microphone 
to built-in speaker. Included in the pack-
age are a detachable remote-control mike 
switch, a mike stand, a mike pouch that 
may be snapped onto the main carrying 
case, a shoulder strap, a shorter hand 
strap, four blank cartridges, a prere- 
corded demonstration cartridge, four car-
tons for sending tapes through the mail, 
and a patch cord for recording from 
external program sources and for connect- 
ing to external equipment for enhanced 
playback. The instruction manual 
is clear and complete: the rank novice 
at tape recording should have no trouble 
mastering the use of this machine.

Indeed, it is hard to imagine how oper- 
ation could be simpler. The cartridge 
snaps into place on the tiny deck (the tape 
itself is never handled). A three-position 
control is used for play/record: fast-for-
ward, and fast-rewind. To its left is a red 
press-to-record button: to the right is a 
tiny meter which indicates signal level 
and the condition of the set’s batteries. 
On the side of the machine are two multi-
pin jacks for connecting the microphone 
cable and the patch cable (both are pre-
wire and ready to use). There also are 
separate level controls for recording and 
playback. No tape counter is provided, 
but a zero-to-100 index is marked on each 
cartridge to show, through a tiny window, 
just how much tape has been used. The 
cartridge—which holds 300 feet of 0.15-
inch-wide triple-play tape—runs for 30 
minutes in one direction using half its 
width for a track of monophonic sound. It 
then may be lifted out, turned over, 
and replaced in position for another 30 
minutes running time. In addition to its 
small, silent motor, the machine contains 
seven transistors around which are built 
its recording and playback circuits.

All this is powered by five ordinary 
flashlight cells—and judging from our 
weeks of use, powered very well indeed. 
All performance characteristics, as far as 
we could determine, are as specified— 
including a useful frequency response 
from just over 100 to a little higher than 
6,000 cps. This range, of course, is not 
“high fidelity,” but combined with the 
machine’s fairly low distortion and decent 
signal-to-noise ratio it does provide sound 
comparable to what one might hear from 
a good AM radio. Wow and flutter are 
surprisingly low, and barely detectable 
even on sustained piano notes. Fast-
forward and rewind times were each 
clocked at 1 minute, 12 seconds. No diffi-
culty has been encountered with the 
controls or their operation. The diminu-
tory circuitry and mechanics of the Carry-
Corder apparently have been well de-
signed not only to function specifically 
for this size machine, but to work with 
a minimum of drain on the batteries. We 
already have exceeded the manufacturer’s 
estimated time (20 hours) of battery life-
expectancy, with only a sign of faltering 
by the Carry-Corder.

The microphone supplied with the 
Model 150 is an omnidirectional type that 
has a fairly healthy pickup range and 
does manage to preserve the relative spac- 
ing of sound elements in a given recording 
situation. It has proven equally at 
home hidden in a bowl of fruit to record, 
candid-mike style; a noisy dinner party; 
or clipped to the branch of a tree in a 
neary wood to capture birdcalls and other “forest murmurs.” As a traveling 
companion, resting on the seat next to the 
driver or placed in the glove compartment 
or the side-pocket on the door, the 
Carry-Corder has “memorized” for us 
umerosous ideas and plans for menus, 
articles, and such; and has obligingly 
taken down our own efforts at singing 
(we become very uninhibited when driv-
ing alone). In its role as a playback de-
vice, the Carry-Corder—with a quick 
change of cartridge—provides hours of 
music previously taped from tuner, trans-
table, or other tape machine by means of 
the auxiliary patch cord supplied. On one 
cartridge we managed to squeeze the 
complete Eroica and most of the St. 
Saens Second Piano Concerto; and while 
Einsidler and Rubinstein (respectively) 
have sounded much better on superior 
home playback equipment, being able to 
hear them at all on a three-hour solitary 
motor trip was rewarding enough. The 
Norleco 150 measures 7 3/4 by 4 1/2 by 
2 1/4 inches, and weighs, without five flashlight 
batteries, three pounds. Suggested retail 
price is less than $120.

Progress at a Slow Speed. Whatever one's 
musical tastes are in Tosca, the sound 
of the recent r-elease of the full opera in 
stereo (Callas, Bergonzi, Cobb, et al., 
Angel Y25.3655) on a single 7-inch reel at 
3 3/4-ips speed must be duly noted by 
this department as an audio event of 
prime importance. Professional audio 
men, serious hobbyists, and critics alike 
have traditionally cluck-elled at each 
new reduction in playing speed or in the 
total physical amount of a recording 
medium used: so it was when 30-ips 
speed yielded to 15-ips, and when 15-ips 
was reduced to 7 1/2-ips as the “standard” 
high fidelity speed. The reduction of tape 
width, from half-track to quarter-track, 
also was greeted with skepticism (not un-
warranted, for the time).

It is important to note that each suc- 
cessive change in the physical nature of 
program material called for correspond-
ing improvements in home playback 
equipment, if the full sonic potential of 
the new form was to be enjoyed. The 
slow-turning disc required a new kind 
of pickup and equalization; the slower-turn-
ing and narrower-track tapes required 
new tape heads, modified equalization, 
and more carefully designed tape trans-
ports. This point, it seems to us, is es-
pecially germane—and, ironically, less 
apt to be readily understood—in assess-
ing what quality and ultimate impor-
tance of the new slow-speed tape 
releases. Our own listening experience, 
and that of others with whom we have discussed this 
matter, indicates that many a tape deck— 
otherwise excellent for 7 1/2-ips play-
back—may not yield best results when 
handling prerecorded 3 3/4-ips tapes.

In general, the preference here is for 
those machines built in, say, the last year 
and a half (two years at most) in which 
there is definite evidence of a deliberate 
effort to extend the response at 3 3/4 ips. 
Our own published test reports over the 
past two years document this point quite 
consistently, by the way. In fact, we have 
deliberately held off commenting on the

Carry-Corder and cartridge.
ONLY 4% OF RECORDED SELECTIONS* TAKE UP MORE THAN ONE DISC.

WHETHER YOU USE A CHANGER OR A MANUAL TURNTABLE, THE REMAINING 96% MUST BE TURNED OVER BY HAND.

Should you buy a turntable or a record changer?

If a good part of your listening is to multi-record albums and you hate to get up every twenty minutes (or if you like to stack records for background music), your best bet is a good changer.**

For playing single records the AR turntable is, if anything, a little more convenient than most automatics because of its operating simplicity. But this is a relatively minor consideration compared to its other advantages—uncompromised professional performance and insensitivity to floor shocks.

Rumble, wow, flutter, and speed accuracy are guaranteed, as a condition of sale, to meet NAB specifications for broadcast turntables. The speed remains accurate within 0.3% (1/20 of a half tone) whether or not you are using a dust cleaner that bears on the record, and no matter how much the line voltage varies.

Literature, including descriptions of the top stereo systems chosen by four magazines (all four chose the AR turntable from a field of competing units costing up to twice as much), is available on request.

*Close to 100% of non-classical titles, and 89% of classical titles are on single discs. Data taken from the current Schwann catalog.

**In choosing a record changer make sure that it does not slow down from the end of one side to the beginning of the next, or the orchestra will seem to go flat after each record drop. A speed error as small as 1% means a discernible pitch error of 1/6 of a half tone.

$7800 complete with arm, oiled walnut base, and dust cover, but less cartridge, 33⅓ and 45 rpm

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If you want to SELL—classified listings of used equipment and records cost only $1 per ad—limit 30 words including name and address. No dealer ads accepted.

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If you’re audio-minded, how far wrong can you go for these small sums? Fill in and mail the form below today!

CIRCLE 84 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Music for Non-listening

Continued from page 40

measured music, and what better definition is there of a martini? I should add that my preference for the Double Concerto has nothing to do with the dimensions of the cocktail I pour for myself. I would suggest, on the contrary, strict avoidance of any convivial spirit during this delicate pre-party mixing period. If you carelessly make the drinks too strong, you will probably get into some embarrassing argument later on with that friend of yours who is always thumbing through your records, looking for the 1812 Overture. If you influence yourself to start nipping at the martinis while mixing them, you will also start nibbling at the hors d’oeuvres, and you know how furious that makes your wife. Your guests will sense a steamy, restrained atmosphere, and . . . But why go on? Stick, therefore, to Vivaldi. Play no drinking songs, not even Don Giovanni’s.

Finally, let us consider one more chore that is minimally mental—writing to your relatives. Unless you are one of those rare people who actually like even the more removed relatives, you probably spend an uncomfortable amount of time jotting down foolish pleasantries, thank-yous, or brief accounts of the regional rainfall pattern. These communications are by way of keeping in touch with cousins, or something, that you haven’t seen in years and hardly knew in the best of times. Composing them is a bore; and since it requires scant thought, it can be safely done while listening to music.

The choice depends on the general personality or “image” of the relative. Can our own experience be typical? I doubt it, but the fact is that both my wife and I use the letter-to-a-relative period for our infrequent excursions into Cage and other contemporary enclosures. When we think of our relatives, we think weird.

My wife has a thing by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble in which she claims to find new value every time she writes to an aunt. It could be true, but I wish she would stop playing it when talking to one of them by telephone. She insists that it shortens conversations by an average of 12 minutes and 45 seconds, but I don’t care. That’s going too far; that’s the danger I was going on about at the very beginning of this exercise. She’s not listening to the Cage, she’s using it as a shield, a buffer, against the relative. And sooner or later she’ll get tired of it and switch over to Mozart.

Then that relative will say, “Isn’t your music nice? But isn’t it terribly expensive having Muzak installed in your living room?”
...now in a superb COMPACT MUSIC SYSTEM

ALL-TRANSISTOR AM/FM STEREO

Harman-Kardon, creator of Stratophonic Sound—the cleanest, most transparent sound in all stereo—now brings you this incredibly lifelike quality in a complete matched stereo system...the great new Stratophonic SC-440!

Here for the first time is an entire full-component system designed without compromise: a handsome 36-watt all-transistor AM/FM stereo receiver with built-in Garrard automatic turntable, plus a pair of H-K speakers whose specialized wide sound dispersal assures the full stereo effect at any point in the room—even a small room.

At only $399*, the SC-440 brings the magic of Stratophonic Sound quite down to earth. It's a worthy addition to the widely acclaimed Harman-Kardon line of Stratophonic all-transistor stereo receivers, tuners, and amplifiers. You'll love it on sight, and buy it on sound.

*Slightly higher in the West. Dust cover optional.
We just developed a sound tape so sensitive that
1. Look at the transistors. You’ll have to check with the salesman to make sure they’re silicon, not germanium. Silicon transistors are more costly, but are far more effective than germanium in terms of ruggedness, reliability, and sound quality. Scott uses silicon transistors in the IF circuit for superior stability, selectivity, and wide bandwidth. Scott output circuitry uses silicon, allowing instantaneous power for extreme music dynamics, while affording your sensitive speaker systems complete protection against overload.

2. Look for driver transformers. If you find them, look for another receiver. Both output and driver transformers are eliminated from Scott’s radically new solid-state amplifier design. The reason? Audio transformers cause distortion and rob you of power. As a direct result of transformerless, direct-coupled output design, Scott solid state receivers surpass all others, transistor or tube, in transient and high frequency response.

3. Check the heat sinks if you’re looking at a higher-powered unit. Some manufacturers don’t even bother to use them. Heavy heat sinks are a necessity in a high powered solid state unit for low operating temperature and consequent longer life and greater reliability. Only Scott uses massive military-type heat sinks, scientifically designed for maximum heat dissipation.

4. Look at the front end. This is the heart of the receiver’s tuner section. Scott silver-plates its front ends to achieve maximum tuner sensitivity with virtually no cross modulation. Scott never sacrifices quality to thoughtless cost-cutting. The performance of the Scott receiver FM sections equals or exceeds that of the finest separate tuners made.

5. Look at the chassis layout. Is it neat and uncluttered? A clean chassis layout is an immediate tip-off to expert engineering and careful design planning. In addition, well-planned parts placement minimizes service problems, eliminates the danger of shorting, and keeps your equipment running cool for optimum performance and long-lived reliability. Scott uses high conductivity electrolytic aluminum for chassis, never mere cadmium-plated steel which may have higher hum and be susceptible to rust. All Scott receivers look as good as they sound, both inside and out.

6. Look for adequate protective devices. Scott receivers alone are designed to withstand these common problems: accidental shorting of speaker terminals, operating the amplifier section without a load, or subjecting the input to a high level transient signal. Capacitative loads, such as electrostatic loudspeakers, will not harm the output transistors. Your expensive loudspeakers are protected from direct current by special circuitry combined with heavy-duty output coupling capacitors. Special quick-acting output fuses completely protect both associated equipment and the transistors themselves.
WARNING!
LIFT THE COVER BEFORE YOU BUY A SOLID STATE RECEIVER
THE 388 . . . Here is a receiver with the quality, the performance, the complete control features of the 348 . . . with the plus of Scott Wide-Range AM! A radically new front end design uses field effect transistors for amazing sensitivity and cross modulation rejection. Scott is proud to offer the 388 AM-FM Stereo Tuner/Amplifier to the audio expert who wishes the ultimate in sound and reliability. Less than $500.

THE 348 . . . We believe this solid state receiver to be, without question, the finest stereo component ever offered. The 120-watt 348 was designed without compromise to outpower, outperform, and outlast even the most expensive separate tuners and amplifiers. Incorporated are all conceivable control features that even the most critical audiophile might desire. At $479.95, the 348 is a thoroughly top-notch instrument specifically designed for that small select group who cannot be satisfied with less than the best.

THE 344 . . . The 85-watt Scott 344 combines the most advanced technology with extraordinary compactness and simplicity of operation. The more modestly priced 344 offers the cool operation, long life, and matchless sound you expect only from Scott transistors equipment. The tuner section is identical to the Scott 312, acclaimed as one of the finest tuners ever produced. The power-packed solid state amplifier utilizes unique Scott-developed circuitry that assures peak power capabilities for the most demanding applications. $374.95

THE 342 . . . Here is an astonishing value for serious music listeners . . . a Scott tuner and a Scott 65-watt amplifier . . . all solid state . . . combined on one handsome chassis, and priced at under $300 complete! You get Scott's traditional quality and features at this low price. Includes all-silicon output transistors and IF, plus the popular features found only in the most expensive Scott components. No driver or output transformers to mar the superb high frequency response one expects from Scott.

The "Uncoverables" by Scott

H. H. SCOTT, INC. Dept. 226-11, 111 POWDERMILL RD., MAYNARD, MASS.

www.americanradiohistory.com
new tapes until we have had a chance to play them on some of these machines, as well as on more recent models which will be reported on in the near future. These machines, as a group, offer both improved electronic response and steadier mechanical performance—so that the "natural" tendency to wow and flutter or speed irregularity at the slower speed (which could degrade the audible results no matter how "sophisticated" the circuits themselves are) has been vastly reduced, almost to the vanishing point. Played on machines of this caliber, the new slow-speed tapes—and particularly this Tosca—offer sound that is wide-range, very clean, and with no serious restrictions on musical dynamics.

It is the kind of sound that can be enjoyed over the best amplifiers and speaker systems—with one proviso: we discern more preëmphasis of the upper midrange, doubtless employed to overcome the traditionally expected loss of highs or "air and space" in the sound at the slower tape speed. It shows up only in time, with the kind of "brightening" in prominent upper midrange, or a hint of ringing during strong soprano or high tenor solos. At that, we have no reason to doubt that this occasional and fairly minor fault will be overcome in future slow-speed releases, "as the art progresses," so that the critical listener will not encounter even this much distortion from what is otherwise full, balanced sound and very effective stereophony. It also occurs to us that if the slow-speed tapes could be made with a "pre-assurance" that they would be played on machines that did have extended response at 3½-ips speed, the impetus to preëmphasize the upper midrange (to compensate for the fall-off of response on older machines) would vanish. Between the inevitable progress in recording and duplicating techniques, and the gradual influx of the new, improved home tape machines, this is exactly what we can look forward to in the future.

If, at any rate, the sonics of 3½ ips are promising, the convenience of the slow-speed reel is an indisputable fact. One "product unit" now can hold as much musical material as two identical units did in the past. Even vis-à-vis discs, the advantage is obvious: a 7-inch reel offers playing time equivalent to two 12-inch discs. And when played on one of the new automatic-reverse decks, the 3½-ips reel provides a complete performance of a major work without the need—once the machine is started—to change or flip the musical package. This is literally grand opera at the press of a button.

Although Angel has pioneered this trend in serious music, other companies are moving with it, in one way or another. The slow-speed tapes announced by Roberts (initially intended as demonstration material to help promote this company's use of the cross-field head) are expected to burgeon into a modest, though steady, repertoire of pops and show tunes. We have, since noting this development earlier in the year ("Newsfronts," February 1965), had an opportunity to audition both the 3½- and the 1½-ips releases by Roberts and, again, are more than favorably impressed. As might be expected, the 1½-ips reels lack the highs more noticeably, although they do preserve much of the stereo effect. Ampex, the largest single producer of prerecorded tape on reels, has no immediate plans for classical programs at 3½ ips, but will continue to use this speed for lighter music such as pops, and spoken word releases. Some background and mood music will be issued at 1½ ips.

While Ampex and Angel do not agree, so far anyway, about the suitability of 3½ ips for serious classical music, they do apparently concur on the economics of the slow speed. The new releases, despite the fact that they permit using half as much tape for an equivalent amount of program material, cost somewhat more than half the price of 7½-ips releases. On the other hand, they are competitive with equivalent discs. "The program itself, rather than the amount of tape used," an Ampex spokesman told us recently, "determines the cost of the reel." Apparently the recording companies feel that Tosca—on a 12-inch reel—is still worth $11.98, or forty cents more than the disc version.

**High Fidelity Newsfronts**

*Continued from page 46*

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**Literature, All Free:** A 292-page book containing information on equipment sold by Zack Electronics, the California distributor, is available at any of the six locations of Zack Electronics and its "zackKIT" stores. The company is headquartered at 1444 Market St., San Francisco, and its main branch is at 654 High St., Palo Alto. . . . Thirteen new items, including several for professional and home audio use, are introduced in the Electronic Wire and Cable Catalogue No. 865, offered by Belden Manufacturing Co., 415 S. Kilpatrick, Chicago, Ill. 60644. A special chart, to help select various wire sizes for different cable runs, is included. . . . Anyone who has had to stumble mentally over such conversions as centimeters to inches, watts to horsepower, and so on, may welcome a new data chart listing hundreds of data conversions in alphabetical order. Measuring 8½ by 11½ inches and printed on heavy stock, the chart may be tacked to wall or bulletin board, or slipped into a loose-leaf binder, and is being offered free "to engineers and other executives" by Precision Equipment Co., 4409G Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60640. . . . An 8-page brochure, in color, describes Empire’s latest products and includes hints on installation and décor, using audio components. Copies are free on request to Empire Scientific Corp., 845 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N. Y. 11530. . . . McIntosh has issued its catalogue—36 pages, illustrated—and featuring in addition to detailed product information a list by frequency of all FM stations in the U.S.A. and Canada. For a free copy, write to McIntosh Laboratory, Inc., 4 Chambers St., Binghamton, N. Y. 13903.
Lots of people said, "If KLH would put a stereo tuner in their Model Eleven portable, they'd have a great thing."

Lots of people, you were right!

The Model Eleven-FM by KLH

At KLH we listen to people. So we built a stereo tuner into our Model Eleven. But not just any tuner. Our tuner. Essentially the same solid state tuner that Julian Hirsch of HI FI STEREO REVIEW called "...one of the better FM tuners I have seen regardless of price."

We call our new portable music system the Model Eleven-FM. It weighs just 29 pounds. But it's a heavyweight when it comes to solid musical performance.

It's a portable that's really portable. And it can do everything. It plays stereo and mono records. It receives FM and FM stereo broadcasts. It has outputs so you can make tape recordings of records or broadcasts. It has effective controls so that you can tailor any program material to your needs and the room acoustics.

What more could you want? KLH quality?

It's got that too. Throughout. In its specially designed KLH full performance loud-speakers. In its KLH-designed solid state tuner and amplifier. In its custom-built automatic turntable, designed especially for KLH by Garrard. In its Pickering magnetic cartridge. In its diamond stylus. In short: everywhere it counts.

The Model Eleven-FM is a complete stereophonic music system in a suitcase. And it's ready to travel—for just $279.95.

*Suggested price for Continental United States.
"Music of Viet Nam."

Folkways FE 4352. $6.79 (LP).

Among the many virtues of this fine ethnic release is the clear delineation of the great diversity of Viet Nam. The melancholy warfare that has wrecked the former French colony for almost thirty years—climaxed by our own steadily escalating commitment of the past decade—has given the world a somewhat simplistic view of the people involved. Musically, at least, this disc rights the balance. Here are chants and ritual music of the primitive tribes of the Central Highlands—ethnically different from and politically opposed to Lowland Vietnamese of every party. Limpid, Chinese-sounding music of the old Imperial Court reminds us of Viet Nam's long history: work songs, love songs, and very sophisticated chamber music trace the varying strands—Chinese, Indian, Indonesian—toward the glittering brocade of Southeast Asian culture. The recordings were drawn from the tape collection of Vietnamese folklorist Pham Duy with an assist from the American folk duo of Steve Addis and Bill Crofut. Spanning some twenty years, they display a certain variation of sonic texture. But in every sense this ranks as a superior release.

"Twenty-four Songs and One Guitar."

Belina, soprano, and Siegfried Behrend, guitar. Odeon ST 83510. $6.98 (SD).

A genuine tour de force by Belina, a Polish-born Parisienne who made this recording in Berlin. Her dark, caressing soprano is stunningly supple: it can become transparent as gossamer in Greensleeves and like thick honey in the Moroccan Zitlina. Mlle. Belina's repertoire on this disc encompasses no less than seventeen languages—from Greek to Portuguese, from Russian to Japanese. The songs are, without exception, delightful: a sampling will convey the tone of her program—El Vito (Spain), Trauka (Russia), Lupu cupa (Poland), Manhu de carnaval (Brazil). The recital is presented as an entity, with the clever guitar of Siegfried Behrend bridging the selections. While the lack of separate bands constitutes a minor inconvenience, this device very successfully preserves the carefully conceived continuity of the concert. Less pleasing is the fact that the vocalist sings from the left speaker only, and the fugitive presence of a faint pre-echo.

"Moscow Hit Parade."

Monitor MF 603, $4.79 (LP); MPS 603, $4.79 (SD).

On the evidence of this disc I would say that in the realm of pops the U.S.S.R. lags about twenty years behind us—for which every Soviet citizen should thank God or His Marxist equivalent. The dozen songs on the album, recorded in the U.S.S.R. by Mezhkniga, possess accessible, memorable melodies: the lyrics focus on lovers, rivers, the colors of autumn, and blue-eyed girls. No sweaty beats . . . words instead of gabled syllables—no choked soloists—this is counterrevolution! I particularly enjoyed You Will Come, sung by a soprano named Tamara Miansarovna, and The Volga Flows by baritone Vladimir Troschin. Here is happy evidence that all is not crop quotas down on the old kolhoz.

Burl Ives: "Shall We Gather at the River."

Word W 3339, $3.98 (LP); WST 8339, $4.98 (SD).

Through thirteen traditional Protestant hymns, Burl Ives re-creates the cleaner, greener world of the white clappboard country church and its era, when theology was unencumbered by exegesis and eschatology and ecumenism. Despite these clichés, the hymn The Blessing in the Sheaves, O How I Love Jesus, Shall We Gather at the River—have an enormous residual power to quicken the spirit. Ives sings with conviction and, intentionally or no, a back-up choir provides the super-sweet sound common to so much church vocalism. You are not likely to hear a collection of such hymns—in themselves a significant tributary of American folk music—better presented.

Giuseppe di Stefano: "Neapolitan Songs."

New Symphony Orchestra, Iller Patatcini, cond. London OL 5936, $4.79 (LP); OS 25936, $5.79 (SD).

Excol! Embazoned on the album sleeve in four colors, a well-fleshed Di Stefano sits at the wheel of his Ferrari and caresses his pedigreed puppy. He is going to the singing, intense songs of impoverished Naples? Well. Neapolitans have always relished irony, so they might take with joy in the fact that the well-to-do tenor not only sings them, but sings them very well indeed. He brings a proper operatic bravura—the anguished upper register, the hinted sob—to such as Catarì, Catari and Torria a Sorrento: while one suspects that little perception underlies his florid delivery, the vocal pyrotechnics almost make passion pass.

Jean Ritchie: "A Time for Singing."

Warner Bros. W 1592, $3.79 (LP); W 1592, $4.79 (SD).

Fortunately, Jean Ritchie has been relatively little recorded in recent years. I say fortunately because when her records appear at longer intervals one can better appreciate her promising skill and peculiarly authentic singing. Her family, long established in the mountains of Kentucky, provided British folklorist Cecil Sharp—in the course of his epochal 1917 collecting trip through the Southern Appalachians—with vital information on Elizabethan ballads, lost in their native England, that had survived among the descendants of old English immigrants to the isolated Appalachians. Miss Ritchie learned her ballads quite literally at her mother's knee and her light, fresh voice is less a channel for song than an integral component of the song. This is unequivocally her finest recording to date. Wholeheartedly recommended.

Leadbelly: "Take This Hammer."

Verve Folkways FV 9001, $4.98 (LP); FVS 9001, $5.98 (SD).

Huddie Ledbetter, or Leadbelly, died in 1949, and, save a limited coterie of admirers, was for years a forgotten composer of the hit Good Night, Irene. But those few admirers recognized in the brawny Louisiana Negro one of the great folk artists of this century. The Leadbelly who long ago recorded this album—now sonicized with the ears that had mellowed with the years. But not too much. Listen to Yellow Gal, Laura, We Shall Walk through the Valley, and Rock Island Line. By any standards, an important re-release.

"Portugal's Great Amalia Rodrigues."

Monitor MF 442, $4.79 (LP); MFS 442, $4.79 (SD).

A magnificent singer caught at the absolute pinnacle of her form in a live concert at the Olympia Theatre, Paris. Although Miss Rodrigues has abandoned her native Lisbon for Brazil, she still dominates the fado world of the Portuguese capital as some young American of the same epochal order of bickering cousins—had dominated in her prime. This葡萄牙 program includes the finest contemporary fado—Una casa portuguesa, Mouraria, Barco negro, Coimbra. Lisbon antique and lushous constitutes a splendid entry to this intoxicatingly melancholy idiom. Monitor provides outstanding stereo sound and acceptable paraphrases of the songs, although no Portuguese texts.

Lui Man-Sing: "Chinese Masterpieces for the Erh-hu."

Lyricord LL 132, $4.98 (LP); LIDT 7132, $5.95 (SD).

Another distinguished entry in Lyricord's series of Chinese classical music. Lui Man-Sing, a virtuoso of the erh-hu, a kind of two-stringed, long-stemmed fiddle, reveals the enormous potential of his apparently simple instrument. In Birds Returning to the Forest, for example, he creates with uncanny verisimilitude the cries of birds in flight. Mr. Lui also leads a larger ensemble in an ancient composition, Triumph from the Battlefield, that is, in its way, as much onomatopoetic fun as Beethoven's Wellington's Victory. The willing Westerner can readily respond to this type of Chinese program music, and initiates will find endless enchantment.

O. B. BRUMMELL

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
MARANTZ 10-B TUNER: "...rather spectacular results."

Q. Mr. Marantz, your new 10B stereo FM tuner has caused quite a stir in the hi-fi industry. Now that a large number are in the field, what reactions have you received?

Mr. Marantz: The overwhelming reaction has been one of surprise from owners who found our claims were not exaggerated. One user wrote he had "...taken with a grain of salt your statement that reception was as good as playback of the original tape or disc. However, after using the tuner for several days I felt I owed an apology for doubting the statement." This is typical.

Q. What success have users had with fringe area reception?

Mr. Marantz: Letters from owners disclose some rather spectacular results. From the California coast, which is normally a very difficult area, we have had many letters reporting clean reception from stations never reached before. An owner in Urbana, Illinois told us he receives Chicago stations 150 air miles away with a simple "rabbit ears" TV antenna. Another in Arlington, Virginia consistently receives fine signals from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 125 miles away; Philadelphia, 200 miles away; and three stations in Richmond 100 miles over mountains, which he said "come in as good as local stations."

Q. What are the reasons for this improved fringe area performance?

Mr. Marantz: Technical people will find it self-evident that the rare four-way combination of high sensitivity—better than 2 µV, IHF—both phase linearity and ultra-sharp selectivity in our new advanced IF circuit, and a unique ability to reach full quieting with very weak signals—50 db @ 3 µV, 70 db @ 24 µV—virtually spells out the 10B's superior reception capabilities. Engineers will also appreciate the additional fact that our circuitry exhibits very high rejection of "ENSI," or equivalent-noise-sideband-interference.

Q. Considering the 10B's excellent fringe area performance, shouldn't one pick up more stations across the dial?

Mr. Marantz: Yes. The report published in the April edition of Audio Magazine claimed to have logged 53 stations with an ordinary folded dipole used in the reviewer's apartment, which was "more than ever before on any tuner!"

Q. I appreciate, Mr. Marantz, that the 10B's built-in oscilloscope tuning and multipath indicator is very valuable in achieving perfect reception. How big a factor is this device in the total cost of the 10B?

Mr. Marantz: Well, first we should note the fact that no manufacturer would offer a quality tuner without tuning and signal strength meters. Therefore, what we should really consider is the difference in price between ordinary tuning meters, and our infinitely more useful and versatile Tuning/Multipath Indicator, which is only about $30! While our scope tube and a pair of moderately priced d'Arsonval meters costs about the same—slightly under $25—the $30 price differential covers the slight additional power supply complexity, plus two more triode triode tubes with scope adjustments and a switch. The rest of the necessary associated circuitry would be basically similar for both types of indicator. The price of the 10B tuner is easily justified by its sophisticated precision circuitry and extremely high-quality parts.

Q. With the 10B's exceptionally high performance, does it have any commercial or professional application?

Mr. Marantz: Yes, very much so. In fact, a growing number of FM stations are already using 10B's for monitoring their own broadcast quality. One station wrote that they discovered their 10B outperformed their expensive broadcast monitoring equipment, and were now using it for their multiplexing setup adjustments and tests.

Q. Just how good is the general quality of FM stereo broadcast signals?

Mr. Marantz: As I have remarked on previous occasions, the quality of FM broadcasting is far better than most people realize. The Model 10B tuner has proven this. What appeared to be poor broadcast quality was, in most instances, the inability of ordinary FM receiving circuits to do the job properly. The Model 10B, of course, is based on a number of entirely new circuit concepts designed to overcome these faults.

Q. In other words, the man who uses a MARANTZ 10B FM tuner can now have true high fidelity reception?

Mr. Marantz: Yes, very definitely—even under many conditions where reception may not have been possible before. This, of course, opens up a tremendous source of material for the man who wants to tape off the air, and who needs really good fidelity. He can, as many of the 10B owners are now doing, build a superb library of master-quality tapes, especially from live broadcasts.

Price: 5600

Also see the exciting Marantz Stereo Pre-Amplifier, Stereo Amplifier, and Straight Line Tracking SLT-12 Turntable.
As tracking forces have become lighter, and stylus assemblies more delicate, so has the danger of damage from manual handling increased. To eliminate this hazard, Garrard has built into the Lab 80 an ingenious tone arm cueing control. This feature protects your records as no other turntable can.

The Lab 80 integral cueing control works for you in three important ways:

1. To play a single record: Press the Manual tab. This starts the motor and activates the tone arm cueing control. The arm stays suspended a safe half inch over the record. Position the tone arm over the first (or any) groove. Now, press the cueing control and the stylus lowers gently into the groove.

2. To cue a record during manual or automatic play: Press the Manual tab. The arm rises and stays a half inch above the record. Move the arm to the band or groove desired, and press the cueing control. The stylus lowers slowly and accurately into the groove. With this feature, there is no necessity to lift the arm by hand causing accidental jarring or scraping of the stylus across the record.

3. To pause during manual or automatic play: When you want to interrupt the music, press the Manual tab. The arm rises directly over the record and stays there. The turntable continues to revolve. When you are ready to resume play, press the cueing control. The stylus lowers accurately and safely, and the music continues from where it left off.

Regarding automatic play: The Lab 80 is a superb transcription turntable for single play. But, in addition, it includes an exceptionally gentle, built-in record changing device, enabling you to play a stack of eight records fully automatically.

the perfect unit / for taping and / protecting your records

The

Garrard

LAB 80

Automatic

Transcription Turntable

is the only automatic...

that performs on cue!
This special issue on the Mozart operas commemorates no anniversary, marks no particular occasion. It is, in fact, a sheer indulgence. We are simply giving ourselves the pleasure of reëxploring some of the most enchanting terrain in the realm of music. The operas of Mozart come as close to perfection as anything achieved by man, and the last word on their infinite variety will never be uttered.

We begin on the following page with a reappraisal of Lorenzo da Ponte, the versatile adventurer who provided Mozart with the texts for three of his greatest operas. Da Ponte's librettos to Figaro, Don Giovanni, and Così fan tutte are absorbing—sometimes disturbing—dramatic entities in themselves, and it therefore seemed appropriate to invite the brilliant young theatre critic Gordon Rogoff to take a fresh look at Mozart's enigmatically talented collaborator.

Next comes an account of the reception accorded Mozart's operas during the composer's lifetime. It is a strange history of love and hate, in which many questions are still unresolved. That indefatigable guide to the eighteenth century, H. C. Robbins Landon, gives us a fascinating inventory of what is known and a hint of what remains to be discovered.

Finally, there is a comparative guide to the complete recordings of Mozart's five best-loved operas, from the pen of our valued opera critic, Conrad L. Osborne. We call it a "discography-in-depth" because of its minute and probing thoroughness. The article is extremely long—but we urge readers not to be discouraged on that account. In our opinion, Mr. Osborne is producing some of the most distinguished (and witty) writing on music of our day, and in this discography he is in peak form. His aim here is not primarily to provide a shopper's directory of available recordings (though that is a useful by-product) but rather to illumine and deepen our appreciation of the Mozart operas by an exhaustive analysis of varying interpretative approaches. As a sampler of the Osborne method, turn to his paragraphs on Donna Anna (page 128). After that, you will probably find yourself going back to the beginning and reading through the whole discography at one sitting.

To tell the truth, we have found the whole issue to be marvelous reading. We hope you will too.
BY GORDON ROGOFF

In the librettist for Figaro, Don Giovanni, and Cosi, the composer discovered an extension of himself.

That True Phoenix
Lorenzo da Ponte

PRIMA LA MUSICA E POI LE PAROLE: first the music, and then the words. This ancient issue, decaying from overexposure, can be settled at once by agreeing that, in opera, in musical drama, the words bear a less central position to artistic results than does the music. This is not quite the same as saying that words stand beneath music, or that they have no significance at all. When Strauss joined with Clemens Krauss to fashion a speculative romance around the sophist comedy of Capriccio, he was writing music to a libretto prepared not by a poet but by a musician. This was surely part of the joke. Two rather wry musicians, with years of operatic experience almost literally draped over their endeavor, were pretending to present a neo-Socratic dialogue, a theoretically balanced and fair debate, on the subject of Words vs. Music. Even as the Countess seems to waver between the worlds of poet and composer, she is always wavering to music. It is this casual irony that implicitly unmasks the argument for what it is: a battle won before its beginning. In the end, Strauss and Krauss had the audacity to suggest that the only resolution available to such a question is a trivial one. And so the operatic dialogue, this Conversation Piece for Music (my italics), ends elegiacally with strings and horn. Little doubt remaining that Madeleine will choose the composer for her lover.

Lorenzo da Ponte, who in life would have moved a rakish heaven and a scheming earth to make the poet—himself—the chosen lover, would nonetheless have deferred to the composer in the operatic situation. Little as we know of his direct working relationship with Mozart—and external evidence is almost as shadowy as what we possess on Shakespeare's life—we have by now surmised from the evidence of the three operas themselves that Da Ponte had an instinctively sensible, professional view of his proper role.

Not that he loved either music or Mozart more than he loved himself. Indeed, his biographer, April FitzLyon, says that the only evidence of music in his soul is that he played the violin in his own brothel while still wearing his priest's cassock. Moreover, Mozart was neither his favorite composer nor the source of his proudest collaboration. Measuring
artistic success by box-office returns as he did, it was *Una Cosa rara*, which he wrote with Martín y Soler, that pleased him most.

With Da Ponte, in fact, we are forced away from romantic gush, from portraits of the artist as chained spirit, soul in torment. Love, whether of Mozart or music, was not at issue. Living, however, the complex business of staying alive, was. Poets today are distinguished publishers (as was T. S. Eliot), doctors (the late William Carlos Williams), or university professors (almost all the rest). In Da Ponte's Europe, they wrote odes and sonnets to potential patrons and they vied for the few jobs available as Poets to the Opera or Imperial Court. In short, they wrote words to music in order to survive, just as most of our contemporary poets write criticism. Da Ponte had only to realize in his infinite cleverness that the best way to serve himself would be to serve the composer first.

His own story was preparation not so much for service as it was for adaptability to emergency situations. Da Ponte's energies, his darting will for work and play, were only a shade less prodigious than his astounding talent for inventing new forms of survival. He was like a man sentenced to umbilical life on a tightrope, never to come down until severed by death, balancing himself for almost ninety years on two continents, in four countries, and in four major cities.

It is a small wonder and special blessing that Hollywood has up to now overlooked his life story. Da Ponte would have no doubt loved nothing better than writing the screen play, embroidering it, as he stitched his *Memoirs*, with innumerable patches of fictional adventure. The moguls, with Da Ponte's accommodation, would cast Rock Hudson for the leading role. A more fitting choice, however, would be an actor combining the buckling swash of Douglas Fairbanks, the incredible daring of Laurence Olivier, the brooding cynicism of Richard Burton, with all three capped by the rough suavity of Ezio Pinza in his waning years. Who but this chameleon, this quick-changing Pulcinello, this actor's actor could ever hope to embrace the shifts, the brazen elegance, the gentle vulgarity, the blinding ego of Da Ponte—a Jewish merchant's son who in one extensive lifetime was a onetime Catholic priest, a Venetian seducer, a small town teacher, a Court Poet, a librettist to fourteen composers, a friend to Casanova, a London bookseller, a devoted husband and father, a theatre manager, a Pennsylvania grocer, a distiller, and the first professor of Italian literature at Columbia University? Yet it is certain that for all the skill of this ideal actor and for all the technicolored features of Da Ponte's life, the central achievement would be missed.

One of the teasing ironies of any man's life is that, grounded as he is in the shifting sands of domestic survival, he may himself die without an awareness of his unique moment, his passing instant of personal glory. While he struts and frets his hour upon the stage, searching for means to express himself, or less grandly, for a profession, or more philosophically, for his identity, the fact of his life may well have been there all the time.

For us—and quite rightly—the fact of Da Ponte's life is that he wrote the librettos of *Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte* for Mozart. Listeners today, it is true, scarcely think of Da Ponte when faced with these operas. His moment misses them no less than it missed him. Perhaps this is as it should be: first the music, then—somewhere in the background—the words. But the fact persists that Mozart wrote three of his five major operas to librettos by Da Ponte. And, unless one believes in accidents, magic, or the divine unimportance of the librettist, Da Ponte deserves placement and more than a grain of appreciation for his part in these transcendent works of dramatic imagination. To serve so well the mind of Mozart was to reveal in turn, whether he knew it or not, a mind touched by genius.

Genius, as we are constantly reminded, is *una cosa rara*—a rare thing. In the librettos of most acceptable operas, it is conspicuous by its absence. This might well be a contradiction in terms. It is better to say that an opera of genius must perforce be set to a libretto touched, at the very least, by the same brush that inspired the music. The society of honored opera librettists could scarcely be more exclusive: Da Ponte, Boito, and Hofmannsthal, with a grudging, critical nod to the heavy labors of Wagner. Clearly, such a tiny circle of talented librettists suggests that the few who have succeeded—however inharmonious a group in most respects—shared some peculiar quirk, some odd mole of nature, some twist of spirit, that enabled them to submit to the special discipline of drama for music.

The mole, however, like all creative forces, resists definition. One assumes, for a start, that any writer has what can be only called a chemical attraction for his particular form. Great poets are almost always poor dramatists. The thumping verse and sweet melodies of Byron and Shelley sailed headlong into drama, and promptly sank. Indeed, in the English language, there has been only one poet who crossed the frontiers with ease: and for Shakespeare, a nondramatic form such as the sonnet represented only a peripheral urge.

A useful rule, in fact, informs a writer that he is wise to find his form and hold to it. Novelists invariably write better novels than plays. The broken dramas of Henry James, Joyce, Hemingway, and Steinbeck should be testimony enough. In like fashion, playwrights such as Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams have written indifferent novels. And—lastly—the dissimiliar, unlikely, less than holy trinity of Da Ponte, Boito, and Hofmannsthal stands clearly for the justice of the rule, the conditioning of the mole: they are remembered today not for
poems or novels, but for operas. And opera, like it or not, prescribes a form.

That Da Ponte was first a careerist and then an artist takes nothing away from his instinct for the form. Mozart, it would seem, had an equal instinct for Da Ponte. In May 1783, he wrote to his father from Vienna:

Our poet here is a certain Abbate da Ponte: he has an enormous amount to do in writing pieces for the theatre and he has to write per obbligo an entirely new opera for Salieri which will take him two months. He has promised after that to write a new libretto for me. But who knows whether he will be able to keep his word—or will want to? . . . If he is in league with Salieri, I shall never get anything out of him. But indeed I should dearly love to show what I can do in an Italian opera!

Mozart undoubtedly knew what everybody else knew: that Da Ponte was far from being an experienced dramatist; that, in fact, he had arrived in Vienna with little more than his social ambitions to his credit. To the Emperor Joseph II he was “a virgin muse.” The virtue of Da Ponte’s virginity was that he knew his models (having been weaned as a young man on Metastasio’s texts) and that he had the joy of spirit and the quick imagination to make any new experience very much his own.

Mozart, as we know from his most frequently quoted letter to his father (1781), was searching for “an able poet, that true phoenix,” towards the end of demonstrating “that in opera the poetry must be altogether the obedient daughter of the music.” Some scholars are persuaded that by the autumn of 1783 he was already in collaboration with Da Ponte on an opera that was to remain unfinished, Lo Sposo deluso (K. 430). Whatever the story of that abortive effort may be, it is clear that by 1786 and their first finished collaboration, Le Nozze di Figaro, Da Ponte had already suffered the kind of apprenticeship—translating, adapting, and inventing for Salieri and Martin y Soler—that fitted him admirably for the needs of Mozart. In the same year, he adapted Shakespeare’s Comedy of Errors for Stephen Storace, the exploration of which, says Alfred Einstein, “would be tantamount to writing a short study of the dramatic technique of the opera-libretto.”

Da Ponte’s reputation today suffers less from detraction than it does from disinterest. At one time, clearly, his standing was higher. Hofmannsthal linked him with Goethe and Wagner. Shaw saw the libretto of Don Giovanni as “an odd mixture of the old Punch tradition with the highly emancipated modern philosophy of Molière.” And Mozart himself, not likely to be satisfied by a disabled poet or a disobedient daughter, demonstrated by the frequency with which he collaborated with him that he had found his man.

Detractions ranged from the moral outrage of Beethoven and Wagner, most clearly expressed by Ruskin (the Don is the “foolishest and most monstrous of conceivable human words and subject of thought”), to Ernest Newman’s understandable, if no less arguable, formal view (the Don libretto is “one of the sorriest pieces of stage joinery ever nailed together by a hack in a hurry”). More typical, but perhaps even more bizarre and unjust, is the opinion of Da Ponte’s biographer, Miss FitzLyon, who, while crediting him with “good craftsmanship, willing subordination to the music, verse expressed in the contemporary idiom . . . wit, sound plot construction, good characterization, and elegant verse,” concludes, nevertheless, that Da Ponte’s real contribution is only “the framework and the frills.” Mozart she calls the active partner, Da Ponte the passive, with Mozart, finally, the source of the works’ “intellectual depth and thought.” Worse writers than Da Ponte, genuinely content with hackery, would be happy to manage such “frills” as good wit, craftsmanship, plot, verse, and characterization. But the habit of treating him dismissively appears to have caught on even with his admirers.

Da Ponte, as I have implied, suggested the habit first, by treating this part of his career so casually, and often insensitively, in his Memoirs. In this, he was only a child of the eighteenth century. A truly obedient daughter of music was then only a lackey of the State, little more than a footnote in an Emperor’s notebook. Even so liberal a monarch as Joseph II would have traded all his composers for one good soldier, and there is no way of knowing how many librists he would have willingly burned for two. Given such status, it is no wonder that Mozart had so much trouble finding a Da Ponte and that Da Ponte had so much trouble appreciating himself.

Nothing is easier, therefore, than to speak of Mozart as if Da Ponte scarcely existed; as if, in fact, a daughter, obedient or otherwise, is not necessarily a person. The latest to do so is Brigid Brophy in her extravagantly psychosexual analysis called—with no apologies to Da Ponte—Mozart the Dramatist. Scarcely necessary as it is to agree with all the conclusions she draws from the impotence, castration, repressed homosexuality, and incest woven into her thick texture, it is still possible to accept her formative assumption that psychology was Mozart’s revolutionary contribution to opera. What is missing, again, is Da Ponte’s likely share in that psychology.
First, of course, two psychologies must be distinguished: that of the operas and their characters, and that of the two men who created them. The three operas have in common one theme or subject that imposes on them a very specific psychological atmosphere, more severe, intense, ironic, and highlighted in these operas than in Entführung or Zauberflöte: an atmosphere of seductive intrigue. To the end of testing the fragile constancy of men and women, the sources of true personal freedom, the tremors of doubt men have about themselves—to this end all three operas revolve around schemes, deceptions, masks and masquerades, utilizing most of the trappings of mistaken-identity comedy which can be pressed into quick service.

The play—which is to say playing—is the thing, the comic dramatist's oldest metaphor for the psychology of feeling behind our words. Characters in such comedies serve a double action: the movement of the drama and the movement of their games, each action dependent upon the other, both expressing the manner in which men fool themselves while pretending to fool others. This playing within the play becomes at once the source of comedy and the expression of an idea. A man in fear of attack tries to attack first. In gaming comedy, his sharpest weapon is whatever illusion he can create if only for an instant. Through illusion—through playing at life—he finds momentary relief and protection from demons within and without. The identity a man mistakes in the rush of events propelled by him is really his own; for men and women masked are men and women running from themselves. This is as true of the Count trying to exercise his droit du seigneur over Figaro's Susanna as it is of Don Giovanni running from the masked trio of Anna, Elvira, and Ottavio.

As intrigue links the operas, so does its psychological corollary—fear of attack—link librettist and composer. Shriil, sometimes desperate strains of imminent danger pervade Da Ponte's Memoirs and Mozart's letters—Da Ponte's haunted by rogues after his jobs and money, Mozart in fear of imagined inconstancies and even, towards the end of his life, of being poisoned. How easy and natural it was, then, for these two to make drama together from such a powerful, shared response to the world. Phantoms from life became figures in the living dream called theatre. If drama is the enactment of fantasy, the dynamic presentation of an image in the mind, then Mozart and Da Ponte—however else they differed—were ideally suited to each other.

Mask and play, then: Mozart putting a face on drama, covering intrigue with the abstractions of music, shadowing sensuality with sound: Da Ponte giving intrigue its first rhythms, its orders, shapes, directions, its concrete humors and impulse: Mozart expressing. Da Ponte impressing, both serving the whole, like comedy and tragedy in the best plays, as one; unromantically, beyond the regions of conscious will, both imagining, and then conjuring, drama for music.

To speak of these linked impulses, these twin psychologies, is not to say that Mozart and Da Ponte spoke of them. When artists collaborate, they speak not of art but of craft. Once each is assured of the other's talent and temper, art can be assumed. It was neither the fashion then, nor is it even a necessity now, for artists openly to share psychologies. All that was required was a sharing of forms, the way to build blocks of action that suggested varieties of music. While Mozart and Da Ponte were never aggressive reformers in the Beethoven or Wagner mold, they did, in fact, blur the inherited lines of opera to make something at once richer and more expressive; no longer seria or buffa alone, but, in their place, a blending of forms and atmospheres pierced by irony. Da Ponte's predecessor, the high priest of librettists, Metastasio, described himself as "a bird of court, used to ease, comfort and repose." To him, drama for music was foursquare and immutable; action moved forward by blank verse set as recitative, lyrics set mainly for arias or duets, the chorus used sparingly, and large ensembles almost unknown. Heeding their own free spirits, Mozart and Da Ponte built upon more flexible forms. But—and perhaps here I am suggesting a minor blasphemy—for all the skill, boldness, scope, and grandeur of their adapted works, Figaro and the Don, it was not until Così, when they built upon a tale of their own invention, that all the elements cohered. Here, at last, was balance, the perfect ordering of material ideal to both of them.

For subject: an intrigue again. For manner: serious comedy placed against comic seriousness. For characters: six types reaching beyond type, evenly compared to one another, unevenly matched. For dramatic line: economy, a spare directness, superb timing, and the most ingenious placement of situation. For musical challenge: a first act moved almost entirely through ensembles, the second by arias, both mounting inevitably towards extended finales that use all the voices and orchestra almost symphonically. And finally, for the single element that uses and bridges operatic inheritance while reaching forward to operatic future: the astonishing, ambivalent, sometimes absurd, sometimes heartbreaking figure of Fiordiligi. As she crosses centuries, threatening at moments to break the balances, she almost upsets the carefully wrought and contained shapes of both the music and the drama. At once satirical of the indignant, stentorian sopranos of opera seria, and yet deeply serious within her precarious, temptingly dangerous dramatic situation, Fiordiligi is the logical touchstone to Mozart's and Da Ponte's extraordinary collaboration. With her, nature appears richer and more various, bending backwards, glancing ahead, perfect and sublime in its touching imperfections. In concept and through music, Fiordiligi blows dark winds of change softly and dramatically into the once circumscribed world of opera. Suddenly,
How did Mozart's contemporaries view the operas which we now consider immortal?

One of the modern critic's favorite sports is to read the criticism of great composers, or painters, or sculptors written by their contemporaries and to prove what fools those contemporaries were: that they never realized the greatness of Michelangelo's Moses, or Leonardo's Last Supper, or Bach's St. Matthew Passion, or Beethoven's Eroica. While no doubt there were indeed many who, as we vulgarly say, just weren't with it, I fail to see the point of such ancient critic baiting. Surely the understanding of what is new and often difficult in the arts grows with time, and the important thing, it seems to me, is to watch the gradual appreciation of the artist's work coming about even in his own lifetime.

All great eighteenth-century composers were at first, if not thoroughly misunderstood, at least subjected to intensive and occasionally vicious criticism. Bach's congregations were at first "confounded" by his music, Handel's Israel in Egypt (perhaps his greatest single work) was the subject of a fascinating debate in the British newspapers, Haydn's music was violently attacked in North Germany in the 1760s, and the story of Beethoven's fight for recognition is too well known to bear repeating here.

To a large extent, Mozart's operas (which, apart from his piano music, received the widest circulation in his lifetime) were so new—not only their subjects (political opera, Figaro; a rapist and debaucher, Don Giovanni; wife swapping, Cosi) but also their lush orchestration and the pure physical difficulty of the vocal and instrumental parts—that it was to be expected that they would be received with considerable astonishment. But the fact is that Entführung had been performed all over Germany by 1791, and the other stage works followed hard upon it. It can be proved statistically that there was not a single year, after 1786, when Figaro was not being played somewhere in Germany. Mozart undoubtedly died in shattering poverty in 1791, but his fame was secured long before then; and it is no hindsight platitudine to say that if he had lived another five years, he would obviously have reaped the profits of his fame, as did Haydn (though we must remember that Haydn was nearly sixty before he went to London "to make me famous at home," i.e. Austria).

Thus what is of interest to the serious student must be not only that some obscure critic in Braunschweig thought Entführung no good but also that some equally obscure critic in Hanover thought it marvelous. Haydn once said, apropos of living in Esterháza, "My misfortune is that I live in the country"; and Mozart wrote his friend and brother Mason, Puchberg, a few years after Haydn's bitter comment, "Fate is unfortunately so against me, but only here in Vienna" (italics original). And while Haydn was making his complaint, his works were being played all over the civilized world, and while Mozart was writing to Puchberg for another loan, Entführung and Figaro and Don Giovanni were being performed and discussed throughout Central Europe. This fact did not make Mozart's financial...
position any less catastrophic, but it does perhaps show that a large part of Mozart's misery was that he chose to live in a violently talented, scandal-mongering town where superficiality and profundity existed happily side by side. The one killed Mozart and the other, perhaps, helped to make him the universal genius he is.

This brief survey of the contemporary response to Mozart’s operas is limited to those he wrote after settling in Vienna: i.e., Die Entführung aus dem Serail (1782), Le Nozze di Figaro (1786), Don Giovanni (1787), Così fan tutte (1790), La Clemenza di Tito (1791), and Die Zauberflöte (1791). Of Mozart’s earlier operas, Idomeneo (1781) is almost the only one in the permanent repertory, and its première in Munich received hardly any contemporary notices at all (that in the local paper a few days afterwards does not even mention the composer’s name).

In fact, music criticism in daily newspapers as we know it today did not exist outside England. The Viennese newspapers, for instance, were more in the nature of official government bulletins, listing concerts and informing the reader what works were being given in the principal theatres. Such attention as was paid music and theatre was closer to the news release (as we would call it today) than to the review.

We go, therefore, to the diary of a Viennese aristocrat and avid opera-goer, Count Karl von Zinzendorf, who gives us an interesting sketch of what Viennese court society thought of Mozart—which, as we shall see, was not much. Zinzendorf went to the opera primarily as a social function, but his opinions are valuable in that they undoubtedly reflect court opinion in general. And the court was no more partial to Haydn than to Mozart: after the first Viennese performance of the Nelson Mass, Zinzendorf wrote: “au Concert de Lobkowitz. Musique de Haydn et ennui. Messe bruyante. . . .”

Although the Zinzendorf diary has been for years in the Haus-, Hof-, und Staatsarchiv in Vienna, its enormous length has deterred anyone from going through it page by page. Recently, however, two English scholars, Christopher Raeburn (who is a member of the Decca/London recording team) and Edward Olleson, have extracted large parts of the diary, the former primarily for references to Mozart and the latter for material on Haydn and Gottfried van Swieten (a patron of both composers as well as of Beethoven). The results of their research have been partly incorporated in the monumental book Mozart: Die Dokumente seines Lebens, by Otto Eric Deutsch, of which an English translation has just appeared.

The Count went to hear Entführung but seems to have thought the music “pillée de différentes autres” (we leave Zinzendorf’s colorful French as it is; as the language of educated people, it was obviously the tongue in which one had to write one’s diary). Some years later, in 1785, Mozart wrote two beautiful inserts for an opera by Francesco Bianchi called La Villanella rapita (these inserts have been recorded recently, on Telefunken). Zinzendorf writes about it: “Le Spectacle est gai, la musique contient quelques morceaux de Moshart [sic], les paroles beaucoup d’équivoques.” Here we have that first, albeit faint, aura of scandal which was gradually to surround Mozart at the Viennese court—those “very equivocal words” were to double their potency in the next opera by Mozart to which Zinzendorf devoted his attention.

“1 de May [1786] . . . à 7 du soir a l’opéra Le Nozze di Figaro, la poésie de Da Ponte, la musique de Mozhardt . . . l’opéra m’ennuyer.” But bored though he was by “Mozhardt,” the subject gradually began to worry him (and others). He heard it again in July and wrote, “La musique de Mozart [the Count finally got the name right] singulière des mains sans tête,” a rather oblique description which one might translate colloquially as “running around like a chicken with its head cut off.”

Zinzendorf seems to have liked Don Giovanni at first hearing (“La musique de Mozart est agréable et très variée”) until he was told the party (court) line. Five days later, the Count went again and wrote in his diary: “M(adam)e de la Lippe trouve la musique savante, peu propre au chant”; four days afterwards, he reports that the Emperor himself, Joseph II, said, “La musique de Mozart [sic] est bien trop difficile pour le chant.” All this comment took place in connection with the Viennese performance of the opera in 1788 (the court would not have gone to Prague in 1787 just to hear a Mozart opera . . . ). Zinzendorf attended two more performances of the opera in June, after the second of which he wrote: “Le soir je m’ennuyois beaucoup a l’opéra Don Giovanni.”

The Count, as Professor Deutsch observes, had unstinted words of praise for Mozart once in his life (or rather diary), and once only: when he went to the première of Così fan tutte, he noted, “La musique de Mozart est charmante, et le sujet assez amusant . . . .” For the rest, Zinzendorf was anti-Mozart. At the Prague Coronation festivities for Leopold II, the diarist wrote on September 6, 1791 that they went at five o’clock to the theatre in the old city, that the court didn’t arrive till 7:30 (we shall return later to this direct act of sabotage), and that “on nous regala du plus enneyeux Spectacle La Clemenza di Tito.” As for Zauberflöte, he expressed himself thus: “La musique et les Décorations sont jolies, le reste une farce incroyable.”

It was the German—as distinct from the Austrian—press that first devoted any large-scale criticism to Mozart’s operas. As I have pointed out, Viennese daily newspapers did not usually contain criticism, first because their papers scarcely had room for it and secondly because the court censor’s eye was far too all-seeing. Such critical comment as
did appear was generally confined to rather oblique references, such as the following note in the Vienna Realzeitung after the first performance of Figaro: "That which isn't allowed to be said, may be sung," one might say, as Figaro (in the Barber of Seville) does. This play, which was forbidden in Paris, was also forbidden here . . . and now one can see it as an opera [italics original]. As one sees, we're better off than the French . . ." The anonymous writer goes on to describe the cabals of the first evening and adds: "There are some newspaper critics who choose to say that Herr Mozart's operas have not had any success whatever. One can imagine what kind of correspondents they must be to write such obvious lies . . .

Entführung, the first of Mozart's Viennese operas, made a widespread impact on German audiences: for one thing, it was written in German and did not have to be translated (a fact which always creates an extra, nonmusical problem in opera). When it was performed in Hanover in 1788, a long review appeared in Baron Knigge's Dramaturgische Blätter; it illustrates the attitude of an unprejudiced and intelligent writer who, while not a professional musician, was seriously trying to understand Mozart.

I often asked myself the question [says the review] how it could happen that the wonderful compositions of Mozart, which one reads and plays from the score with such delight, and whose individual beauties overwhelm one in performance, nevertheless fail to make the satisfactory over-all effect that one would expect. This work of art [Entführung] did surprise and was well liked when it appeared. The brilliant Overture: the originality of the Turkish music, even used to accompany arias; all this did not fail in its impact; and yet: I could not rightly understand why this wonderful music, with its so many individual beauties, left the heart of some people cold, particularly those who are not so much experts as they are admirers of melody with a sound instinct for what is beautiful. . . . The music of the Entführung is, first, too serious in some places for the subject of a comic opera; it approaches on occasion—and these are, by the way, sections of masterly writing—too closely the serious operatic style; and since the other, really comic pieces in it are so very different as to protrude uncomfortably, the whole lacks a unity of style. Moreover, the composer is too loquacious with the wind instruments. Instead of using them to underline a special part of a melody, and to support the harmonic whole, they often darkly color the whole orchestral palette and confuse it, they swallow up a beautiful, simple song and disturb the singer in performance. This particularly struck me in an aria Konstanze sings ("Marienlieder Artien")—a mistake never made by the best Italian composers, but one which is getting more and more common with us, despite the fact that we used to underrate the effect of wind instruments. There are, too, contrived passages which obscure the flow of the melody; the expert feels the value of such passages, but for popular consumption they are of no use. Such points are the frequent modulations with the many enharmonic changes which, fine though they sound on the piano, do not work in the orchestra, partly because they are not executed—either by the singers or the players—in true pitch; this is especially true of the wind instruments, where a modulation can easily turn into faulty playing so that only a trained ear can follow the harmonic change. These unfortunate passages occur particularly in the many arias in the minor key, where the complicated chromatic patterns are difficult for the singer to sing and for the hearer to grasp, and which are altogether uneasy. Such foreign harmonies reveal the great master but they don't belong in the theatre. . . . But Oh, would that all composers were capable for making mistakes like these! And what marvelous single pieces there are in this opera! The second act contains most of the riches: the first Duet is splendid, Blondchen's Aria . . . is first-rate, and the Rondeau "Welche Wonne, welche Lust!" my favorite; the Vaudeville at the end of the Third Act is written in a charming style—but who can recount all the individual beauties of this opera? . . .

Next year, Entführung was given in Frankfurt-am-Main, and the local Dramaturgische Blätter had this to say, referring to the review quoted above:

Herr von Knigge has noted that Mozart's music to this opera [Entführung] did not, on the whole, make the effect that one would expect from a real work of art. —This is not true of our theatre, at least, and one goes to see each repeated performance with new delight. It may be that the orchestra (which Knigge heard) was not capable of mastering Mozart's difficult score, or that the required number of instruments was not met, or that the public there had a different attitude about the music than ours. Here and there our public objects to the mixture of serious and comic; but I fail to understand why one will not allow a composer the same kind of advantage a poet has . . .

Figaro excited the same widespread attention in Germany. When it was given in Frankfurt-am-Main, the Dramaturgische Blätter wrote (October 1788):

Beaumarchais' comedy, from which this operetta [1] is drawn, was written only for Paris, and the satire, which is liberally strewn about, made little sense to us Germans. And for that reason there were varying opinions about the piece which, as a dramatic effort, does not in fact have much value. The whole intrigue is much more suited to an opera, where there isn't such a close connection between scenes, or truth of the situation, or such detailed and exact study of character as there must be in plays. Mozart's music has beautiful passages, but also conventional ideas and treatment. . . .

Two years later, the Chronik von Berlin reports on the staging of Figaro there:

. . . The piece is too well known to warrant further discussion; and it has lost very little in the translation. Mozart is one of those exceptional persons whose fame will last for centuries. His great genius embraces the whole gamut of music; it is rich in ideas; his works are like a mighty

Continued on page 183
The Operas of Mozart on Microgrove

by Conrad L. Osborne

INASMUCH as space considerations here preclude any meaningful discussion of all Mozart's recorded operas, I have chosen to give the pages at my disposal to a detailed account of the five "major" stage works on discs. My intention has been to include every complete recording that has been commercially marketed in the United States, exclusive of those offered solely through record clubs, though I am aware of at least two signal omissions: the long discontinued Haydn Society Don Giovanni, with Mariano Stabile, and the postwar Glyndebourne Nozze di Figaro, under Vittorio Gui (copies of which proved impossible to procure at the time of this writing). For assistance in obtaining several albums now out of print I owe special thanks to Roy Koch and to Paul Myers of Columbia Records.

In preparing this discography I have adopted the same approach as that taken in the comparable study of Verdi published in HIGH FIDELITY in October 1963. Rather than comparing the over-all effect of one recorded edition with that of another, I have juxtaposed the individual elements of different versions, singer by singer and conductor by conductor, each of course in relation to the total context of the performance. My assumption is that a listener will decide for himself which set is his own preferred choice, and my main purpose here is to examine the recordings as a means of getting closer to some of the essential meanings of the operas. In this exploration, the light shed by individual artists seems to me of fundamental importance. I might add that the level of Mozart interpretation dealt with below is of a fairly rarefied sort: mere competence can be taken for granted from singers and conductors who are among the best Mozart performers in the world.

Record labels cited are those under which a recording now appears, or under which it was last available. Page references are to standard editions of the vocal/piano scores. Inclusion does not constitute endorsement; these are simply the editions I have in my own library.

November 1965

Die Entführung—1782

OF ALL Mozart's "major" operas, Die Entführung aus dem Serail is the least performed; outside of Germany and Austria, a staging of it is quite a special event. The reason is obvious enough: it's not a very satisfactory opera. This is true despite the presence of several arias as great as any Mozart ever wrote, and a quantity of astonishingly beautiful orchestration, primarily of a chamber variety. (The ensembles, enjoyable as they are, never touch the level of the finales of the later operas.)

The libretto is cast in the form of an unpretentious, not to say simple-minded, Singspiel—the characters are stock types who alternate simple comic confrontations and pratfalls with songs—or would, except for the fact that Mozart pays no attention to this dramatic framework. His music is never of the incidental sort, and his Singspiel turns into a florid Italian opera with unusually extended and elaborate instrumental commentary every time he sees a chance. Mozart's most significant failure as a writer of operas is his recurrent insensitivity to just how much, in musical terms, a theatrical situation can be made to bear. It is a fault he overcame to a large extent later on (and of course the Da Ponte librettos never presented him with such trivial excuses for composition as we find in Entführung), but it is still with him even in Zauberflöte, where the trio of the ladies is far too fully developed and just plain long for the situation on stage, especially at such an anticipatory point in the plot. In Entführung this propensity runs wild. Time and again we find musical forms bumping grimly towards their fulfillment for no reason beyond a purely musical one. In opera, this doesn't work.

The placement of numbers is, at points, unbelievably bad. After Belmonte's opening aria, based on the andante of the overture (or vice versa), we have Osmin's charming song "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden," a lovable little piece which serves to establish Osmin very well. The continuation of this is the Belmonte-Osmin duet, overextended for its purpose, but brisk enough to sustain itself. Then, on a rather slim pretext, there follows another aria for Osmin, "Solche herzgekühlte Laffent." Such a construction is already problematic enough, but Mozart compounds matters by making the aria perfectly endless. We get first an A-B-A-B structure, quite fully developed and varied. Then, just as we have had our fill of Osmin, he starts off on a new piece of material, and, after a short interpolation from Pedrillo, on yet another, his "Erst geköpft, dann gehangen" business that recurs in the final vaudeville. By the end of No. 3, Osmin has overexplained himself, we have grown restless over a fairly shapeless aria of small dramatic moment, and the action has gone nowhere. It is not badly written music, of course, but it is badly written opera.

The classic example of this sort of miscalculation in Entführung is the "Mitternachts-Arie." It is one of Mozart's great inspirations. It is also extremely long (as is nearly everything in the opera), and preceded by a long, extraor-
Mozart on Microgroove

dinarily lovely instrumental introduction. It is, in other words, a grand concert air, except that here it occurs in an impossible stage situation, by terms of which the Singspiel (and, of course, the Konstanze must either stand stupidly through several minutes of prelude or engage in some hopelessly artificial and irrelevant business). The Singspiel nature of the music must strike its tremendous display face to face. A prelude to the Selim Dinarily would be impossible. While the counterpart, soprano aria of starvation. Konstanze need not lose its effectiveness in the formulation of pacing and positioning. There is the matter of the voice, which follows on the heels of another aria for Konstanze, and this happens to be the superb "Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose," whose magical effect is thus half ruined through simple bad production.

The demands made upon the singers by this little Singspiel would not be made upon a besiegued garrison on the verge of starvation. Konstanze is probably Mozart's most difficult soprano role, which is saying a great deal, but Blondie—the soprano with the highest voice—has hardened her against the more easily acquired and in general handle herself as a light sopranino, her voice having the virtue of avoiding two big sopranos in succession.

I am surprised to find that, upon comparison of the two recordings, it is Ferenc Fricsay's (DG 18184/85) that emerges as my favorite. It had always been Beecham's which I had assimilated and memorized. However, the Fricsay was the better, being closer to the score. Its sharpness of the Osmin-Blonde scene (No. 9), and you will see my point. There are, naturally, moments of over-long—has that deep, melancholy over-long, which the semi-increment of the successive solo instruments in the introduction to "Martenari arten Artis" do not quite eliminate, though the wonderful pickup and consistent pacing of No. 4 (the trio, "Marsch, marsch, marsch, trohlt euch fort") is one of the weakest numbers in the Beecham's, though, in baby'sApps.com. Mozart makes the music; it is a scene being played, so that the tension impacts in the words and notes of the music. The playing of the orchestra during the rests in the voice part is really ravishing, as are the five bars of postlude. In addition, Simoncelli's precise observance of the sixteenth rests (in "klopft mein liebevolles Herz," for instance, pp. 40-41) gives the aria a sense of life which it never has at a faster tempo. The reading is full of such values: the change from adagio to allegro in Konstanze's final return (p. 47) is quite right, because both tempos are marked so clearly; the relationship between eighths and sixteenths in the runs in the same arias (p. 49) is quite right, because the musical meaning of these phrases is absolutely lucid. And so on.
But I find it impossible to listen through the Beecham performance without becoming restless. In effect, it tends down to a slow, senseless, and lugubrious tempo. For the Act II finale, which is ever so musical but not very dramatic; it sounds a bit like a madrigal. For all this, there is a flavor of lassitude. Everything remains slow, and these singers, at least, cannot sustain a feeling of dramatic movement at these paces. The sound is dull and bloodless. This whole part of the opera sags, and even the finale does not pick it up; after the warmth and beauty of most of the reading, there are left with a feeling of gimmickiness. The other thing I do not like about the reading is the overture, where there is so much cymbal and triangle smeared over the musical line; it is plain noisy.

Select any few numbers for comparison, and you will probably declare for Beecham the performance is better than in its entirety, and I think you will prefer Fricyas.

About the readings of Josef Krips (London) and Rafaela Diirr (Period), whoever he may be, there is relatively little to say. The former is perfectly intelligent and decently proportioned, and in the more outgoing tone of the Madrigal. The latter is betrayed by the many unfortunate cuts and by sound that is narrow enough in range to make a far, ghostly, artificial quality. It is a little difficult—it sounds like a respectably, brisk performance which is probably quite enjoyable in whatever theatre it is being given host to the ubiquitous Patagonia Festival.

To the singers. Maria Stader (DG) simply mops up the field with her Konstanze. Her voice is so free and focused that the musical values come through without encumbrance. Both "Ach, ich liebe" and "Traurigkeit war mir zum Leben" are lovely, perfectly subtle, perfectly light in interpretation, knowingly phrased. Her low voice is not quite up to (or down to) the present Act El. And B in "Marten aller Arten" (a failing she shares with nearly all Konstanzes), but otherwise her traversal of this soprano obstacle course is as close as one will come to perfect, with the accelerating high runs torn off in high style, and the deft declamation of the middle section ("Doehu bist entschlossen"); etc., thrillingly solid and unequivocal. A great piece of singing.

None of the other Konstanzes can touch her. In fact, all (Angel) are colorless and ineptly by comparison, setting her voice carefully for all the difficult passages and betraying a throat that is not sustaining an outgoing note in sustained sections. She is musical and sensitive, but vocally only intermittently equal to the role. Wilma Lipp (London) has a good, piquant voice, and is prettily musical to spare—the runs are good, the attacks on high B flat in "Traurigkeit" (pp. 75, 77) remain reliable, light, and attractive. But the phrasing is only intermittently equal to the musical ideas rather undistinguished; there does not seem to be the temperament of a dramatic soprano in her. Her reading is very solid, and precisely adequate. Her Stader's interpretation. Period's Konstanze, identified as Magda Waldburn, sounds like an above-average German soprano; she has some spirit, and some good vocal moments, especially in "Traurigkeit;" but there are too many instances of insecurity and unfocused tone, usually on the suddenly rising passage. Erna Berger, who appears in the Odeon highlights, is of course a most distinguished Konstanze; here, however, the only thing left her is a version of "Traurigkeit." She sings it gorgeously, and also is fine in the pages allotted her from the Madrigal and the "Welch ein Geschick" duet.

Among the Blondches, I find myself actually preferring Friederike Benda of the Peking English Opera to her more prestigious colleagues. She has a rapturous lyric soprano and a very likely sense of fun; a shame that her first aria is abbreviated, and that the sound of the set does not capture her voice to best advantage. Lisa Otto, who sings on the Odeon disc, is second choice (a really delicious "Welche Hone"), but of course nothing like the complete role is present (N.B.—well over half of Entführung's music is here, though, since no dialogue is included). Ms. Otto sings brilliantly, but somehow misses the teasing quality of the part; strangely, she captures it perfectly in the dialogue (which she sings it perfectly in the minute she begins to sing). Emmy Loose (London) has the right idea, but not the vocal freedom or beauty, especially on top. The voice of the Odeon "Selbst" is carefull, which is deadly.

None of the recorded Belmontes is less than acceptable. What I miss in all of them is a romantic blandishment and fire, a combination of vocal warmth and temperament, to go along with vocal beauty and musicality, and to lend Belmonte something real urgency. The spirit I am referring to can be heard on Richard Tauber's old recording of "O wie ängstlich," but not in any great number of the complete recordings. The two most beautifully sung Belmontes are Simoneau's (Angel) and Häfner's (DG) (in that order), and they are both technically trapped, musical interpretations, into which the introduction of some manliness and a more outgoing tone would be welcome. To do him justice, in the Odeon of Frick's opening aria, there is a G-A sharp A-SA sharp sequence; it occurs three times, on the words "und bringe mich an Zeit"; and each time, the singer elebrates the sentence to shade off the top note to a piano. I am not really objecting to this specific decision; the effect is a nice one, and in two of the three instances, there are dynamic markings in the accompaniment (though not in the vocal line, and let us not get into this interpretive quibble which justify it. But it would not be unpleasant to hear the top A done, let us say, mf one of the three times—loud enough to make a clear statement. When all similar decisions throughout a role are decided in favor of delicacy and restraint, one is left with a somewhat minor strain, which Belmonte should not give.

Beyond the fact that it is a little namby-pamby, there is certainly nothing wrong with the reading of the role. The music; his warm, full lyric tenor is under perfect control, his musicianship exemplary. Much the same can be said of Häfner's reading of the role. This is simply not as attractive as Simoneau's, and his handling of it is more careful; his voicing of "Du bist mir" is lovely; Lisette Oteo, for instance, while certainly admirable, is rather too gingly.

The Patagonia Festival's Belmonte, identified as Peter Borner, would probably make a fine effect under better conditions. The voice is attractive, if hardly ravishing, and his singing is control lished, and extends to encompass many instances of insecurity and unfocused tone, usually on the suddenly rising passage. Walter Ludwig (London) is a good, traditional Mozart singer with some of that characteristic Viennese refinement and some of that prime, at his prime at the time of the recording. Both he and Rudolf Schock (Odeon highlights) have a bit more bite to their singing, but in no sense can they be apt to turn beefy and unattractive. Both are solid, but certainly not up to Simoneau's level of tonal beauty and musicality.

On the Odeon highlights) walks away from the field. The voice is big and dark and steady, and he goes far towards making Osmin a believable, rather likable, not rascal; one pictures this lardy tub o' guts prancing through "O wie will ich." Vocality, the only thing he lacks is the real, singing bravura which only a true bass cantante can bring to the music—I am thinking, of course, of Ezio Pinza's magnificent reading of the role on the Columbia, under Bruno Walter) of "O wie will ich" (or, as he sings it "Ah, che voglio trionfare"), after which all others, even Frick's, sound like a comicality. Though, Frick's Osmin is a wonderful piece of singing, secure on the bottom and free on top—his light handling of the dactyls of "Sehr Schlichete ertieft," for instance (pp. 72-73), is remarkable for a true bass. Interpretively, I especially like the playfulfulness with which he approaches many passages that can seem simply blustery—"Eure Tick'en, eure Ränke," etc., p. 29, is an example. He almost persuades us that Osmin has a certain delicateness, a creation on a level with Verdi's Falstaff, an opinion I otherwise find outlandish. Josef Greindl (DG) is perfectly competent in the vocal beauty and musical shape, and has some presence, and he is very conscientious musically. In terms of vocal steadiness, flexibility, or of imagination, though, he falls well short of Frick's standard. Caspar Jurgens (Period) has some spirit, but a dry, uninteresting voice of insufficient weight. Erich Korngold (DGG) is out of the running on all counts.

Gerhard Unger (Angel and Odeon) is as outstanding a Pedrillo as Frick is an Osmin. It is too bad that he is not given a chance to understand and project his role dramatically (not a very complex challenge) but to encompass it with some genuine vocal beauty and freshness. In the Beecham recording, he solves the problem of the low-lying phrases in the Act II finale by simply taking them an octave up, thus repeating Belmontes lines exactly. It is probably a good solution, for most lyric tenors can't be heard in a low voice. It is rather surprising, though, that his other singing, though, has a hot potao mouthiness that is unattractive. Martin Vantin (DGG) is adequate, but somewhat serious. His voice of the second tenor, what his maestro should be sung in a hoarse stage whisper, a horrid inspiration which ruins this charming little serenade. Franz Kraft (DG) is as unnoteworthy as no more, with what is left of his role.

There is little to choose among the Scene 2 bassas, though the presentation of the role in this role is apparently so hidebound that all come out sounding the same, word for word, portentous pause for portentous pause, inflection by inflection—
a little scary. In the speaking of the dialogue, however, I might observe that the singers themselves almost invariably do better than actors assigned as stand-ins, but generally seem determined to make little or nothing of what they are given to do with the spirit of the piece. They think too much. Among the individual acting performances, one desire to stick in my mind a positive way is Klein's Pedrillo and Streich's and Loose's Blondchen. The Konstanze and Belmontes all are well cast, but not written for to the usual opening sections to see if Böhm has some special point to make, then are a bit taken aback by the extreme reviving-up at Antonio's entrance, then by a slowdown as soon as Marcellina begins her effort, and then by the failure of the tempos to build to the end of the act. This is not the only reading to raise the question of just what the relative values of the three strands in the finale should be. They are, beginning with "Esci amai, garzon malato," p. 190: allegro; andante con moto; (Sonnino's, emerges, drop to the Subnetto); allegro again, but in 3/8 rather than common time (Figaro's entrance); andante (in 2/4); allegro molto (Antonio's entrance); andante (in 6/8); allegro assai in common time (entrance of the three scheming litigants, Marcellina Basilio, Bartolo); più allegro; and prestissimo.

From the entrance of the schemers on, there is no problem—it starts fast and gets faster. But what, for instance, should be the conductor's approach to the finale such as that just four years separate Abduction from Marriage! While the plot is involved, the motives of the characters are always under our noses, pacing the action as shrewdly controlled as that of a television commercial. (Especially ingenious is Dr. Ponte's construction of the long, magnificent Act II finale—for me, the high point of the whole work—in which all the then traditional musical and theatrical necessities are preserved, and the many character's strands of plot brought together and made to fit a calculated musical ground plan, but all in such a way that each entrance, each fresh attack, each silky twist of postoperus intervention is made to seem as if it springs with utter logic and sense from the actions of the previous scene, and the character. There is no more brilliantly contrived passage in all of opera, quite apart from the music itself."

THE ONE MATURE opera of Mozart that is not a "problem" work is Le Nozze di Figaro. It can of course be staged in any number of ways, but its basic status as a mature elevated contribution to the traditional Italian comic style is not in doubt. There is no question of categorization of the finale with Don Giovanii: no problem with new material in Cosi or Zauberflite, no clash of styles or dramatic slackness as in Entführung (by which one should think that just four years separate Abduction from Marriage!). While the plot is involved, the motives of the characters are always under our noses, pacing the action as shrewdly controlled as that of a television commercial. (Especially ingenious is Dr. Ponte's construction of the long, magnificent Act II finale—for me, the high point of the whole work—in which all the then traditional musical and theatrical necessities are preserved, and the many character's strands of plot brought together and made to fit a calculated musical ground plan, but all in such a way that each entrance, each fresh attack, each silky twist of postoperus intervention is made to seem as if it springs with utter logic and sense from the actions of the previous scene, and the character. There is no more brilliantly contrived passage in all of opera, quite apart from the music itself."

The recordinings have two (London 4407) or 1402 and RCA Victor LM 5408 or LSC 6408, hereafter referred to as Victor II) omit the Marcellina and Basilio arias from Act IV; that the Cetra edition hereafter referred to as "La Cetra." In this—Count's aria and the repeat of the "Giovanii liete" chorus (pp. 110-112) and that RCA Victor LCT 6001, hereafter designated as Victor I (Fritz Busch, the old Glyndebourne version), omits this same chorus (No. 8) in its entirety, as well as No. 4 (Barbarina's "L'ha perduto," along with the opposite recitative), so that Act IV begins with Figaro's "Tutto è disposto" (No. 26, p. 403). Beyond these are in the "perfect opera," most of the editions of this finale is the only one, nearly complete version, unless I've missed a turn somewhere) make some excision.

In the cases of Victor I and Odeon (9029) these excisions are virtually all-inclusive, leaving Figaro simply a string of musical numbers, and the Cetra edition that just fairly heavy, though enough is left to bulk things up and preserve the plot. In the Victor I and Vox (OPBX 165) editions, I find that that just four years separate Abduction from Marriage! While the plot is involved, the motives of the characters are always under our noses, pacing the action as shrewdly controlled as that of a television commercial. (Especially ingenious is Dr. Ponte's construction of the long, magnificent Act II finale—for me, the high point of the whole work—in which all the then traditional musical and theatrical necessities are preserved, and the many character's strands of plot brought together and made to fit a calculated musical ground plan, but all in such a way that each entrance, each fresh attack, each silky twist of postoperus intervention is made to seem as if it springs with utter logic and sense from the actions of the previous scene, and the character. There is no more brilliantly contrived passage in all of opera, quite apart from the music itself."

Two of the conductors seem to me to have found their emotional touch. They are, on balance, negative—Herbert von Karajan (Odeon) and Ferenc Fricsay (Deutsche Grammophon p. 1860, or the SDP 136897/99). It is a case of two fine musicians and experienced Mozartists who seem just to have encountered off-days. I don't think that Kano (Figaro) sounds like nowadays, but if it is anything like this one (circa 1950), with everything (but especially the ensembles—listen to No. 13, the "Sussanna, o via sortile" terzett, or to the allegro on p. 202) rammed along at brutally fast tempo, then I don't care to find out. In the hands of Fricsay there's a half-hearted feeling of the presence of at least some recitative might have softened the unpleasantly aggressive feeling of the reading. Naturally, the" interpretation of the latter part of the Act III sextet, for instance (pp. 311 ff.), has an unusual rhythmically clarity—but at the same time, the effect is not at all beautiful.

Fricsay, who gave us such a tight, live Entführung, simply falls to pieces over Figaro. The reading is a bit slow, which is forgivable, and almost totally uneventful, which is not. One number after another passes by without really happening. In his case, I am convinced that the presence of at least some recitative might have softened the unpleasantly aggressive feeling of the reading. Naturally, the interpretation of the latter part of the Act III sextet, for instance (pp. 311 ff.), has an unusual rhythmically clarity—but at the same time, the effect is not at all beautiful.

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thin edge in the last section of "Dove sono," a new light-voice technique. The expert Willi Domgraf-Fassbänder offering anything in the way of vocal color and freedom. Second, bad Italian isn't good Italian. Busch is at least phonetically correct in English (Henderson) or in a German way (Helletgruber, Domgraf-Fassbänder). Only Mildmay seems to achieve the right lightness of words, and some of the smaller roles are shockingly bad in this respect. There is not even a consistency of error in this manner, and here again the singing is exemplarily bad—Busch is at least partly to blame here, for the conductor is responsible for musical preparation of the orchestra. The only notable fault, constantly cheating on note values. Flagrant examples can be found in the second-act ensembles; e.g., "Chi vien o l'urlo" p. 165, where the quartets come eights, for no reason at all. Mozart knew how to write an eighth note, and would have had he not clearly intended these notes to carry the weight of quarters (there is a difference, for the Count demands with authority, not with snappiness). I do not mean to be picky, but this is far from being the only example, and this is exactly the sort of thing that "good style" consists of. Bad vocalism, bad Italian, mediocrities, and uneven sections by a good conductor—the set is a historical curiosity, not a paragon of Mozart style.

Two performances, Hans Rosbaud's for Vox and Erich Leinsdorf's for Victor II, while they seem to lack in any definite style, are well enough put together to be put down as assets. The Rosbaud performance is at a sonic disadvantage compared to most of the others; I have already referred to the serenade sound of the Aix Festival, 1955, is comparable with good modern studio recording, stereo or mono. It has some of the excitability, or bigness, that is bound to bestow live performances—it is present in the overture, at the opening of the Count's aria, and at a few other moments. The chorus, however, is not poor. On the other hand, it may be partly this live performance factor that gives the whole performance a stronger scrape and blemish than perhaps written or presented by another version: there is never any doubt that Rosbaud not only has control of the orchestra, but has his way on the next one. Regardless of his selection of tempos, things move, and the rhythms nearly always seem to capture the feel of Mozart, which are meant to articulate: the No. 13 terzetti, for instance ("Susanna, o via sortite!"). page 164 has a genuinely savage impulse, and the whole second finale has a dash of spirit that puts its toe over any of the many changes. I also feel that it is to a conductor's credit when the singers under him all give performances that are well within their limits, and use all their capabilities, as is the case here. For anyone who likes the flavor of a live performance it would be difficult to compare it to either the live version, or to that on record of the Nozze. This is in many ways the most enjoyable Figaro of all.

Leinsdorf's Nozze is one of his best opera recordings—his fondness for lightness and clarity of texture and for brisk, no-nonsense rhythms can be turned to good ends here. Somewhere there is a feeling that he is pressing a trifle—the crescendos are apt to become accelerandos, too, without any real reason. But at least his judgment of tempos and balance are excellent; I particularly like the way he keeps Act IV up, and while the Act II finale hasn't all the verve that other versions have, they are thoroughly stirred up and leave that feeling of satisfaction and of, well, finality, which tells us they have been well constructed. Leinsdorf's approach on the parts of the singers that I do not altogether care for, but I will discuss this matter below.

I have been given the privilege of selection for the Erich Kleiber reading (London) for some years, and I still find it my favorite as a concept of the opera, though I must confess I have a definite compunction now from Carlo Maria Giulini (Angel 3608 or S 3608). The thing that is so winning about the Kleiber version is more to do with musicality than with anything else, although being at almost any given point. Things are mostly quick and light, but they are genial and relaxed at the same time. Each instrument seems to play as if it were a chamber ensemble component, with poise and loveliness of sound aimed for in every phrase. Nothing is underplayed, the whole thing is a party sung by a good conductor—the set is a historical curiosity, not a paragon of Mozart style.

Giulini secures a sharpness of execution from his excellent orchestra that is almost Toscanini-like; this counts time and again to his real advantage, especially on the action, as in the violent string figures in bars 2, 3, and 4 on page 334 ("Quel brutto che viene a far!"). The over-all effect is more than a bit darker and fuller than is now the norm, with less of an emphasis on feelings of lightness and crispness. Most of the tempos are just a shade slow, but their utter steadiness and their logical relationships to one another keep them from sagging; almost the only relatively fast tempo is in "Dove sono"—perhaps this was out of consideration for his soprano (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf). The dynamics are carefully graded, with not a trace of the tentative or ravishingly smooth, natural fashion—listen to the alternating piano and forte in the Act I duet, for example. For one reason, I find this not as plausible a reading as the Kleiber, but it is, in its different way, equally well executed, without doubt the product of an absolutely topflight Mozart conductor.

Before leaving this discussion of the conductors, I must ask one small, honest question about the reading of Giulini, Leinsdorf, Rosbaud, and possibly one or two others I heard before becoming aware of the question, the fermata over the word "stelle" in his final "Di figlia." The question ("Da tua cugina," etc., p. 91) ignored? In each case, the Count leaps in as if the opera were "La fida" but no rest—and the pause seems almost imperatively dramatic, with the Count wanting a bit to build suspense and to ponder the implications most effectively tell his story. Theories?

On to the ladies of the casts, beginning with the Countess. Let us not dwell on the minor virtues, and bring in Gabriele Gatti, on the well-conceived but only competently sung work of Rautawaara (Victor II), or on the nicely vocalized Miss Myra Hess as the Countess of Maria Stader (DGG), who is probably a fine Susanna. We have left a field of Schwarzkopf (Odeon and Angel) and Lisa Stell (Angel and Victor II), Teresa Stich-Randall (Vox), and Sana Jurinac (Epic), four major singers of unimpeachable credentials and different and interesting approaches to the part. Without necessarily trying to classify or categorize among them, perhaps we can at least indicate some of the special qualities that brings to this subtle and difficult role.

Schwarzkopf, in the Odeon version, is undercut by Karajan's slam-bang tempo and by the recording. This is a definitive, of course, which of course places limits on any characterization. The voice, though, was in prime estate: "Porgi amor" is exquisite and "Voi che sapete" especially in her outgoing, "temperamental" treatment of the recitative and in the allegro section of the aria, where the fresh, soaring sound of her top A's makes an unforgettable effect. In the Angel edition, she is, for me, just a bit disappointing. The voice itself is marginally heavier and less free, and while I like the way she carries "Dove sono" along in this performance (it cuts the lugubriousness that can invade it), it is just a bit more reticent and less pressed. She has also refined the life out of some spots—why is she so restrained at the beginning of the Act II terzetto, and again in the "Dove sono"? Don't she the Count on equal terms? Musically, at least, it is called for.

Della Casa. Her singing in the London recording is possibly a little too gishgirl-sounding for the Countess; nevertheless, it is in most respects preferable to her later work in the Victor II edition. In the London set, the "Dove sono" is particularly beautiful, and most particularly in the hushed return to the opening melody after the terzetto. In the Victor II album, she is somewhat more to the point in the recitatives, and has added some touches, as in her effective mimicking of Susanna's voice in the last act, but shows signs of hootiness and effort on top. In both performances, I feel that her Countess needs more resolution and spirit in her long pauses, and in the pauses that are introduced by the Countess emotional situation that keeps the character alive every step of the way. She stands up to the Countess declamation in the spirit are by no means crushed—listen to the whole opening section of the second finales, but especially to her resentful line in the "Letter Duet" and in "Dove sono" (for a truly magical moment, listen to her carry over the fil di voce into the second verse) "Dove sono." She is Susanna is not a difficult role to get by with; almost any light soprano can make a creditable attempt at it, and with the best singing can do a lot.
manage the notes and trip around in that sprakly way that audiences for some reason find acceptable in soubrettes. But she has no special role to do it as well. For one thing, it is immensely long—far longer than many of the Wagner roles people shake their heads over, though there is no comparison in terms of intensity or vocal weight. For another, this very light, flexible soprano is expected to take the top line in many concerted numbers (the line which, in many cases, must be heard if the passage is to make musical sense); she is often expected to balance with singing stamina and calibre. (Charles Mackerras, in an interesting piece on Nozze in the April 1965 issue of Opera, pointed out that the line allotted to Susanna in several instances originally assigned to the Countess, which often makes much more sense not only from an expressive viewpoint but with respect to balances, too.) And, precisely because the part has become such a bag of simperingly-ethical clichés, it is interesting to see that but will come up instead with something personal and honest.

Let us clear the decks somewhat by dismissing Figaro (Mildmay, Victor II), who is swamped by anything sustained above the staff, and of Ingrid Seefried's first appearance on Odeon, which is, a disaster—hardly a line in it that is honestly sung.

Rita Streich is the Susanna of two of these recordings, Vox's and Epic's. She is a perfectly sweet singer, for sheer prettiness her Susanna is unequalled. I often feel about her work that it is lacking in any specific character, and something is missing in general. I say "spirit," as it is generally called. I find this to be the case in parts of the Epic recording, which is in the center-scenes. The "Deh vieni" is exquisite, and so are most of the other passages of "pure" singing, but the scenes vis-a-vis other characters do not always say much of anything. The Vox performance is distinctly better in this respect, partly, I imagine, because of the "up" atmosphere of the recording, and partly because her Figaro is Rolando Panerai, who plays with such specificity and imagination that it would be impossible not to respond. But the Lettachi recordings are still beautiful, but all the recitative and, especially, the entire opening scene, has a great deal more life.

Seefried's second Susanna (DGG) is thoroughly enjoyable—I do not believe there is a greater contrast on records involving the same artist than between her first and second attempts at the part, a contrast underlined by the intermittently poor balance of the Odeon recording; versions of a song still tends to use an indiscriminately applied little whisper in the hopes of sounding intimately and charming, and overdoes the high notes in some of the recitatives (there's a difference, after all, between recitativo secco and simple dialogue). But most of this Susanna is alert to what is going on without overheating on the vocalism: "Deh vieni" is on the loud, brash side, but "Venite inginocchiati" and the Letter Duet are fine.

One thing must be said about or two for the Susannas of Alda Noni (Cetra) and Anna Moffo (Angel). I like two things about Noni's work: 1) the soundness and variety of the recitatives, and a comparable pointing of the words in the musical numbers; and 2) the eschewal of ingenue cuteness—she is charming, but not coy or little-girlish, emphatically a young woman, and a fairly sensible, strong-minded one. The vocalism is not as captivating as some of the others, notably Moffo. Moffo's voice is also very good in the recitatives—extraordinarily so for a nonnative—and offers some limpid lyric singing of striking loveliness. She is not one of those sopranos whose special character and flavor we are going to carry about with us, neither it is mannered or clichéed. Roberta Peters (Victor II) has lots of brightness and many good ideas about the role—her imitating of the Count as she hides herself in the gabinetto ("vena pro ciò che è mio," p. 186), for example, is funny and endearing, and so is the nice contrast she makes between her pretentious compliance and acclamations in "Credo, pel bel bel dor finora" (pp. 284-86). The only thing I don't like is a quality that is shared by several of the colleagues in this performance—an exaggeration of intonation and enunciation as if one were explaining the opera to some very slow-witted and ignorant listener. I stopped my Nozze regularly at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. All these performances are good ones, and if many in one area, the Guederпис (London), I must confess to a simple bias—I succumbed when I first saw her Sophie, and I don't think I could dislike a Guederipsis next to even a Susanna. There are two reservations I can bring myself to make: 1) the rather undeveloped, dry character of her low register is certainly not as pretty as Streich's, or as firm and beautiful as Maffo's. 2) "Venite inginocchiati," though very well sung, for some reason does not actually come off—we get no real sense of the line, or of the singer's reason for singing the piece. But let me point to the constant awareness and personality Emiliavecchi brings to the rendering of the recitatives, to the sheer beauty and focus of the singing in "Crudele, perché finora," and above all to the strength and lovely, soaring quality of her upper voice, which gives us a Susanna genuinely capable of taking her rightful place in the many vital ensemble passages. For once, there is not courage enough through with some bite—and not due to an accident of microphone placement.

Cherubino has the soft time of it in this character, and music to sing that must be sung by the other major characters, two sure-fire songs to take the show right out from under all three. He has the trouser role in which one doesn't mind not being fooled into thinking it's a boy (Cherubino is usually the sexiest girl in the opera, and I've never heard any objections). One pitfall to avoid—overweight.

The only other thing that can mess it up is singing that is too big-boned or a bit uncertain as to pitch. For this reason, we must concede that the plummy, sluggish-sounding Cherubino of Hertha Töpfer (a good artist, but below form on the DGG recording) does not fill the bill, nor does the frayed, insecure one of Jolanda (London). The work of Helletgsruher (Victor I) has been characterized above, and demands no further scrutiny. I must say that I also do not recommend the Cherubino of Fiorenza Cossotto (Angel): the second song is all right, but the first shows a little umbilical cord on the top of the voice, and for some reason her tone becomes positively unattractive in recitative. The work of Suzanne Danco (London) has all the right spirit and a good deal of theatrical point, but not much in the way of vocal magnetism, and I don't at all care for the suddenly accelerated forte way she and Kleiber have decided to do "O mio babbino." I am also very distrustful of the phrases at "che il suon de' vani accenti portano via con se" in "Non so piti" (p. 72)—it practically spoils the song.

So far we have been discussing Jolanda's Jurinac, Epic's Christa Ludewig, Vox's Pilar Lorengar, and Victor II's Rosalind Elias—who are satisfying, or more, in an all-round way. Of the lot I like best Jurinac, who is vocally close to perfect, and just about exploding with a dizzy adolescent impulsiveness that is irresistible. She has the role many years back, and it's easy to see why. Lorengar also has much of this feeling, and contributes a "Non so più" that, in the company of the Victor II cast, is also an astonishingly lovely execution of the portentous voic direction that isn't in the score but ought to be at the beginning of the second verse of "Voi che sapete" (p. 143), but this aristeta, while well sung, could use a little more presence—probably it's the theatre, but just didn't quite make it to the microphone. Ludewig and Elias are a shade less distinctive, but they both sing the part with no fuss and good dramatic sense—solid, firm-lined mezzo-soprano in, both cases. Elias has a bit more variety and sparkle in the recitatives, and more about it all than some of the other Victor II cast members (see above).

The Figaros fall into two obvious categories—barytono, and barytone. I don't think any generalization can be made about which sort of voice is best suited to the part—too much depends on the individual singer, the director, the orchestra, and on the cast members. We cannot even lay down a rule about the kind of Figaro and the Count, though it is true that Figaro is generally the bottom line in the ensembles, and must be capable of singing it. Baritone voice can sound right in Figaro's music; I doubt that a bass voice could sound right in the Count's.

With this character, so much depends on an animated and natural delivery, on a way with the words, that a singer's citizenship becomes a matter of importance. The description of Figaro is especially true on records, where we focus entirely on the aural side of the characterization (which was silkier, more Italian Singer's Figaro splendid in the theatre, but I doubt that I would like it much on records). So perhaps it is no coincidence that the Figaros I like least are non-Italian. Erich Kunz (Odeon) is a lively, intelligent artist, and a likable one—he captures our sympathy with the rehabilitative in a way that beats almost every other baritone to me. He is a very fastidious, unpretentious, and very rich or interesting voice, at least not as heard here (his recordings indicate he has had a very big role, and a very busy life, and have caused much of what he does. A good lyric baritone, though, with a "Non più andrai" that has a good deal of "E vani accenti" power. Like a baritone to me, he sounds like the primo baritono
assoluta. There is one Italian Figaro who also misses the boat, though I am sorry to say it of such a good artist—Repetto (Odeon). The role sounds terribly dry and closed, but beyond that, I can’t imagine what came over him that led him to yank and gouge at every outsize gesture, gargling, spluttering, and irrelevant inclusions of all sorts. This is not only not Figaro, it isn’t even Bartolo, but a Wozzeck Doctor far, far from home.

The pins still standing: Cesare Siepi (London), Giuseppe Taddei (Angel), Giorgio Tozzi (Victor II), Italo Tajo (Cetra), with his lovely, even basso cantante, cannot be gainsaid and there is every indication that he is the rarest of his own—I like, for instance, his decision to render “delle belle turbane il riposo” (in “Non piu, non piu”), an insinuating porta—mentoed legato, instead of the usual bouncy aspect; it has a nice hinting quality. The only drawback to his work is his frequently selection for jubbling us in the ribs with emphases and exaggerated inclusions. It ticks only the first few times, and in “Aprite un po’” it detracts suitably from its pathetic tracery, in his impressive prime at the time of the Cetra recording, and I like immensely the rich, fruity sound of his velvet bass, as well as the unobtruding cantillation—lines like “O, che stordito!” (p. 369) or his “Niente, niente!” to Barbarina (p. 379) show real imagination.

Siepi’s is the best vocalized of all the Figaros, and can be heard over and over again simply for the pleasure of his creativity, in all the roles—he makes Figaro a ravishing moment out of “Susanna piana piano, etc., in the “Se a caso misteriosa” we listen to mezza-voce high Fs in “Se vuol ballare”? There is ample coloration and projection in his interpretation too, though many specific small points go by him and he has since learned to play the role with more note and variety.

Taddei and Panerai share a quality which perhaps only helps to give us a rich vary-ate Figaro: a positive relish for the words, a natural, not studied, brilliance in the recitatives. The phrases have that lucidity that only happens on the very good Italian recitation, and perhaps it is the slightly lighter timbre of their baritones (as compared with Siepi’s and Tajo’s) that gives their singing extra quickness and sparkle. Taddei has the fatter, more beautiful voice. He offers a Figaro who is consistently monicking and mock-ing; once in a while it is a bit to excess, but it’s always alive. Panerai is more straightforward, but amply colored, with lots of fullness. His voice is full of life which means a negligible one, as the open, rich sound of his “Aprite un po’” will show. If you want a Figaro’s Figaro, one of these two gentlemen is it. In both cases, the recitatives are object lessons.

The Count is probably the hardest of all the roles to encompass, not so much vocally (though that’s a challenge), but dramatically. It seems difficult to find a balance between the maestro’s repugnance and elegance. At times it is brutal, make no mistake—he does things simply to humiliate the people around him, his treatment of the Countess is positively unkind. But his real brutality and brutality—the Count’s is filtered through the best of manners cultivated in an age when young people of his class had nothing to do but culti-vate manners—a pass at the minuet, and

then an equestrian hour or two. And now that he is lord of the manor, there is the unbelievable boredom to contend with; there is nothing to do but sit up trouble for others and see which of the local girls may be game for a tumble (any or all, it hardly matters), and in the growing insolence of the servant classes.

Of all the major Figaro roles, the Count is the one role we can’t take on the line. Several baritones fall by the wayside in purely vocal terms. These would include Henderson (Victor I); Alfonsina, an intelligent singer with a punched sound and no range at the top: Sesto Bruscantini (Cetra), who practically teeths his tonsils out on the role; and Murray Warfield, a prime baritone, he is in poor shape, sounding nasal and muffled, and making a hash of the allegro of his aria. He makes some good points in recitative, and sounds interestingly like a raspy old dictator of a Count, but it is not enough.

Two more artists, Fischer-Dieskau (DG Odeon) and Taddei (Angel), make a bad thing of the role, though it is clearly in their grasp vocally. The difficulties are similar; they go overboard with it, and their lettering is positively ridiculous, after a rather good start; from the beginning of the Act II finale on (specifically, the recitative just before “Prendi un bel po’”, he sim-ply rants and shrinks the role, ruining whole long sections of ensemble, destroying all semblance of pitch, and chowing up his art. If one can make of an act two. And it has to be heard over and over in the Epic recording. In terms of a characterization (without the aria), he is matched by Hugues Cuonen (Vox). So far as voice goes, Heddle Nash (Victor I) has more than Basilio, but he sabotages himself with an embarrass-ing Gilbert-and-Sullivan giggle. The other Basilio to sing the aria is Gioberto Carreri (Victor II), who is entirely acceptable without being quite as distinctive as Dicken.

Barbarina. Ann Felbermayer, on the London recording is especially nice, though Cetra gives us the very young Grazetta Scuitti, who has a good, teasing quality in the part. Indeed, I suspect Constance Willis (Victor I), Christine Gayaudo (Vox), the only French Marcellina, at least pronounces “l’argent tout correctement.” But unfortunately carries it over into her Italian.

Basilio. Murray Dickie (London) is superb, really slimy-sounding, and with a natural rendition of the role. He is the way, although the aria, which is florid and very high for a mezzo, is sung (well) by Guelen. Sandra Warfield (Victor II) has a good voice, but overdoses the part badly, and sings the aria in a simplified transposed version. Among the others, I like Dora Cotta (Angel) and the rather flat Murray Warfield (Cetra), but well. The prime Constance Willis (Victor I), Christine Gayauda (Vox), the only French Marcellina, at least pronounces “l’argent tout correctement,” but unhappily carries it over into her Italian.

Marcellina. On two recordings, she has some stature due to the aria. Rossel-merino (Odeon) is the exemplary major Figaro, in a way. Although the aria, which is florid and very high for a mezzo, is sung (well) by Guelen. Sandra Warfield (Victor II) has a good voice, but overdoses the part badly, and sings the aria in a simplified transposed version. Among the others, I like Dora Cotta (Angel) and the rather flat Murray Warfield (Cetra), but well. The prime Constance Willis (Victor I), Christine Gayauda (Vox), the only French Marcellina, at least pronounces “l’argent tout correctement,” but unhappily carries it over into her Italian.

Bartolo. Fernando Corena has received three times (Cetra, London, Victor II) and is excellent each time, as one would expect. The voice is fresh-es on Cetra, where the aria is superbly sung. And again he touches in his work for London, such as his fine re-luctance about marrying Marcellina in Act I II. But he can make a Figaro voice and sings extremely well, but is somewhat strait-laced. The others are neither great nor loss, though Marcell-Tis Curtis (Vox) is pleasing and alive in a bartonish way.

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It belongs (as even Notte does not) to that very small selection of operas that must be regarded as marks of the great repertoire, that come to grips with essential legendary material, and have become popular embodiments of that material. At the same time the nineteenth-century Romantics may have been wrong about some of Don Giovanni’s essential qualities; they were right in recognizing that there is nothing less to be said about the work, and about its central figure, that was closer to their own temperament, closer to new principles of aesthetic expression, than the precariously preserved text for the lyric stage—seria or buffa—including even Mozart’s own other operas. No doubt the Faustian (and fusing) overtones of the Donjonzaire, not in the least rewarding, form no ground for pure intertextual evidence—though perhaps Marlowe’s Faust is suggested more strongly than Goethe’s. This is not to say that this text goes out of the origins of the legend (my own favorite Don Miguel de Mañara story is the one that has him following his career through the streets to the cathedral, looking in, and seeing himself—the haunted Romantic, complete with Dopplegänger, right down to the final scene; nor in the complicated history of it as theatrical material (Tirso de Molina to Moliere to Shaw, with Leopoldi’s operas on the way, plus a thinning of the comedy of masques and wonderful titles like The Exploited Athlete), nor into the many musico-dramatic works of the past three hundred years. The seemingly endless argument over the opera’s proper pigeonhole (“comic” or “serious?”) is further testimony to the fact that we have not yet noted emphatically sui generis. In contemporary terms this is one of the silliest imaginaire subjects of debate, partly because even those who make it central are so convinced of its truth that one has still said nothing about it; and partly because the only frame of reference in which the argument proceeds—that the old molds of seria and opera buffa have been broken ten thousand times over. It is obvious that, in form, Don Giovanni is a comic opera. It is also obvious that it partakes of qualities of the old opera seria, especially in some of the arias, and that the tone of it is as far removed from opera buffa as it is from opera seria. Imagine: precisely the same argument must have raged over the first accounts of the Donjonzaire and its more serious comic elements (which of course were divided into “the opera”—seria—and the intermezzi—comic). The idea of running the two together naturally weeks for ever the validity of both categories, except in a historical application, and one can visualize it coming about. But in a text the opposite: three syllables devoted to puzzling the thing out—seria or buffa? The great strength of Don Giovanni is that the great arias can run quite happily currently with the comic commentary without creating a clash, but instead a deepening—vide Leporello’s commentary in the Notte scene and again in the final scene; in both cases, we can recognize a genuine comic element without a moment allowing it to detract from the essential dramatic qualities of the Commedia dell’arte. This is the Don’s confrontation with the statue.

In the matter of cuts, the Don Giovanni situation is much more consistent on record. Of the four or other Mozart operas—even so the recitative is dutifully included in its entirety as a matter of course, except for Ottavio’s pathetic, perhaps more after "Non mi dir," which contrives to make him appear even more passive and post facto than he already seems, and which is omitting passages with recordings exist for the Angel (3605 or S 3605) and RCA Victor (LM 6410 or LSC 6410) editions. One scene is nearly always omitted, the Recitative after the Zerlina/Leporello duet. "Per queste tue manine," which (the way the numbers are usually ordered nowadays) follows "Il mio tesoro," and theoretically takes place in the same "atrium" that has served for the great "Sola, sola in loco loco" scene of Scene XI of Act II, pp. 264-77 of the Ricordi vocal score. In this scene (one of the Vienna additions) Zerlina, who has evidently eluding come to the idea of running off after his escape in the previous scene, drags him on stage and, failing in an attempt to summon aid from the other party to the transaction, opens the open razon and ties him to a chair while she goes in search of Elvira. Leporello manages to loosen his bonds to the point where he can make his escape, dragging the chair behind him, so that Zerlina and Elvira return to an empty room. The scene’s effect is at least as patently as a reason for not being included, but it is not in the least amusing, though I suppose a really unusual buffo might get some funny things out of it. It would be great if I were willing to go to Abbav and Costello length. It has, though, the following points in its favor: 1) It is quite strong musically, not on a level with the best in the score, but not noticeably worse than a number of other sections, with some interesting things in the accompaniment (notably the string写的 trio of 1935). It does lend a certain bite to the character of Zerlina, who can use some seltzer in with the syrup, andAccentuating interesting to the effect that it is Masetto-by-proxy that she is really taking all this out on; and 3) assuming that the usual operating rules were not followed, it constitutes a respite between "Il mio tesoro" and "Mi tradi quel alma ingrata," which otherwise constitute two "curtain" arias in succession, and gives Elvira at least a small excuse for being on stage for the latter arietta, and even some motive for singing it, since she and Zerlina assume that it is the Don who has helped Leporello escape. The scene is included in the Victor recording, where it is extremely well performed and, in my opinion, most welcome.

Otherwise, the recordings reflect the "standard" edition, which is essentially with "Dalla sua pace" placed after "Or sai chi l’onde" and "Mi tradi" after "Il mio tesoro." This means that the second act runs as follows: Elvira, Leporello and Leporello in the darkness of a plot that goes several directions at once and avoid an embarrassment of dramatically extraneous arias. It is, however, a right to the sextet, musically exquisite though it is, because it seems altogether too much trouble to go to over such a relative-ly small a number of arias. Wherever it is too much of an author hastily digging his way out of a plot complication (the Elvira/Leporello deception) and taking a long time to do it. Dent supposes that this other sextet in the final scene in what was originally planned as a four-act opera, with "Ah, pietà, Signori miei" thrown in as an afterthought when they were considering the Prague rehearsals. Certainly the sextet bears all the earmarks of the Mozart ensemble-finale; it’s just that it’s hard to do with the comedio "Dalla sua pace"—Mozart just couldn’t help writing arias that de mal, in the final Don Giovanni for just as it is hard to do without the even more useless "Dalla sua pace"—Mozart just couldn’t help writing arias that de ma. Among the eight complete versions of the opera we are considering here, there are three readings which, despite some good qualities, do not have sufficient distinction to be considered at all length: the Rudolf Moralt (Epic SC 6010), Hans Rosbaud (Vox OPBX 162), and Josef Krips (London LOG 1401) versions. Both the Moralt and Krips readings are on the gradual side; Moralt’s has some authority, but not much consistency (the "Finch’han dal vino," for all that it is a pre-sto, is posternos quicker than anything for miles around, for example), while Krips’s is well to the gentler sections, which unfortunately maintains in the more dramatic passages as well—it needs more spine. Rudolf Moralt’s is the one I would listen to and letdowns in the relative reposeful passages, nothing galvanic. He is confronted by some doleful casting too, so that the whole thing has nowhere near the stature of his Nozze.

The work of Max Rudolf (Cetra 1253) should not be overlooked. Rudolf is a work highly individual in his reading, but it is absolutely sound; the tempos are well judged and logically related to one another, despite the desire to do mos and the London recordings. Rudolf and Costello quietly but understandably helps Cesare Valletti to understate em- phases in "Dalla sua pace." It is the sort of reading where the almost too bright to come across in the theatre.

The Fritz Busch/Glyndebourne version of 1935 of the three editions (plus the trio of dent at the end of most of the Alphonse Fage’s "Corpo- semblie sense (the trio of masks, for example, is beautifully graded) and a lot of dynamism—the strings in the overture, for instance, have real bloom and "ping." Almost without exception, the rhythmic execution is extremely sharp, which goes far towards compensating for the omission of the vocal compassings. Both this set and the Cetra use piano in the recitatives. About Erich Leinsdorf’s interpretation (Victor) I have mixed feelings, or rather alternating feelings. I very much like the clarity of texture he secures, and his treatment of the Overture is overlooked. There is noth-
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Don Giovanni — Wüchter, Schwarzkopf, Sutherland, Scicutti, Taddei, Frick; Philharmonia, Giulini. SDL-3605 (highlights: S-35642)

The Marriage of Figaro — Taddei, Schwarzkopf, Moffo, Wüchter; Philharmonia, Giulini. SDL-3608 (highlights: 35640)

Cosi fan tutte — Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Kraus, Taddei; Philharmonia, Böhm. SDL-3631

The Abduction from the Seraglio — Marshall, Hollweg, Simoneau, Unger, Frick; Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. SBL-3555

Idomeneo — Lewis, Jurinac, Udovick, Simoneau, Milligan; Glyndebourne Festival, Pritchard. CL-3574

Also aria recitals by Schwarzkopf, Moffo and Callas

**ORCHESTRAL**
The Last Six Symphonies (Nos. 35, 36 and 38–41) — Philharmonia, Klemperer. S-36128/9, S-36183

Symphonies No. 31 (Paris) and 34 — Philharmonia, Klemperer. S-36216

Overtures; Adagio and Fugue; Masonic Funeral Music — Klemperer. S-36289

**CHAMBER MUSIC**

**SOLINO INSTRUMENTAL**

Complete Music for Piano Solo — Gieseking. 35068/78

Violin Concertos Complete (7); Concertante — Menuhin, Bath Festival. S-35745, S-36152, S-36231, S-36240

Sinfonia concertante, K.364 — Menuhin, Barshai, Bath Festival. S-36190

Violin Concertos Nos. 4 and 5 — Milstein; Philharmonia. S-36007

Horn Concertos Complete (4) — Dennis Brain; Philharmonia, Karajan. 35092

Horn Concertos Complete (4) — Alan Civil; Philharmonia, Klemperer. S-35689

Also piano concertos by Edwin Fischer, Gieseking, Lipatti, Schnabel and Vasso Deveti

CHAMBER MUSIC AND VOCAL

Songs — Schwarzkopf, Gieseking. 35270

“Great” Mass in C minor — South German Madrigal Choir, Wolfgang Gönnenwein. S-36205

Vesperae Solennes de Confessore; Exsultate, Jubilate — St. Hedwig’s Choir, Karl Forster. 35409

Clarinet Quintet and Trio — Gervase De Peyer, Melos Ensemble. S-36241

Piano Quartet and String Quintet in G minor — Schnabel, Pro Arte Quartet (Great Recordings of the Century). COLH-42

A kleine Nachtmusik; German Dances; Ave, verum corpus — Berlin Philharmonic, Karajan. S-35948

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

KLH SIXTEEN CONTROL AMPLIFIER


COMMENT: The Model Sixteen is a compact, high quality control amplifier offering better than 35 clean watts per channel and a full complement of accurate controls. Its styling is attractive in a neat, functional way—reminiscent of other KLH products, such as the Model 18 FM tuner (High Fidelity, July 1965). Its performance, in tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., is well up to published specifications and should suit the unit for impeccable service as a stereo control and power center.

Front-panel controls, set into a brushed aluminum escutcheon, include five knobs and six slide switches.

The knobs are for: program selector (phono, tuner, aux 1, aux 2); volume; channel balance; bass tone; treble tone. Each tone control operates on both channels simultaneously. The switches are for: loudness contour; stereo or mono mode; source or tape (tape monitor); high-frequency (scratch) filter; power off/on; speakers off/on. A pilot lamp is located below the power switch, and a stereo headphone jack below the speaker switch. Both headphones and speakers may be listened to at the same time, if desired.

In conjunction with the "aux 1" position of the program selector is a three-position switch at the rear of the amplifier. This switch may be used to change the output of a high-level program source that does not have its own level control. In this way, the same relative volume can be maintained when the amplifier is switched from phono to another program source. Another two-position slide switch at the rear adjusts the level of a magnetic cartridge feeding the Model Sixteen, with maximum gain available in the "low" position of this switch. Five stereo pairs of input jacks are provided for phono, tuner, aux 1, aux 2, and tape. The tape input jacks, which can be driven by about one-half volt of signal, are designed to accept signals from a tape deck that has its own preamp. These jacks are selected when the front-panel "source/tape" switch is moved to "tape" position (regardless of what position the main program selector is in). A pair of jacks for feeding signals to a tape recorder also is provided. Speaker connections are made to a barrier terminal strip that has just two connections for each channel. These are not designated at any specific output impedance; the amplifier is rated of course with reference to an 8-ohm load, although it will drive 4- and 16-ohm loads too. Actually, in USTC's tests, the amplifier remained stable under all conditions of loading, including capacitive, which would indicate the Model Sixteen's suitability for use with virtually any speaker system available, including electrostats.

The rear of the set also contains a fuse-holder for the AC line, a switched AC outlet, and a grounding post. Speaker fuses are not provided; instead the output stages incorporate special circuitry that protects the amplifier against possible shorts across the output, as well as against damage when operated under no load at all. The circuitry of the Model Sixteen is built around 24 transistors and 8 diodes. There are no output transformers, although interstage transformers are located between the driver stage and the eight output transistors, which use the fairly substantial chassis as a heat-sink.

As the accompanying graphs and test data show, the Model Sixteen met its specifications with ease, actually providing more power than claimed at its rated distortion. Other performance characteristics were consistently fine, and well within specifications. The

REPORT POLICY

Equipment reports are based on laboratory measurements and listening tests. Data for the reports, on equipment other than loudspeakers, is obtained by the United States Testing Company, Inc., of Hoboken, New Jersey, a completely independent organization not affiliated with the United States Government which, since 1880, has been a leader in product evaluation. Speaker reports are based on controlled listening tests. Occasionally, a supplementary agency may be invited to contribute to the testing program. The choice of equipment to be tested rests with the editors of HIGH FIDELITY. No report, or portion thereof, may be reproduced for any purpose or in any form without written permission of the publisher. No reference to the United States Testing Company, Inc., to its seals or insignia, or to the results of its tests, including material published in HIGH FIDELITY, based on such tests, may be made without written permission of United States Testing Company, Inc.
signal-to-noise ratio, on all inputs, was especially good for a compact, integrated amplifier. The IM characteristic showed only the slightest tendency to the "hump" at low power levels that has been typical of many solid-state amplifiers. The high-frequency square-wave response had a fast rise-time and absolutely no ringing, indicating excellent transient response. The tilt in the low-frequency square-wave response reflects the intentional rolloff in this amplifier of the very low end, designed to prevent high-power, low-frequency disturbances (rumble, switching transients, and so on) from damaging the speakers. At that, the power bandwidth extends down clearly to 19 cps, and the low-level frequency-response curve is down only 3 db at 9 cps.

As we have had occasion to comment, in reviewing other recent high-quality transistor amplifiers, the KLH entry clearly demonstrates that conscientious application of solid-state techniques can produce an amplifier that is more compact, and that runs cooler, than bulkier tube units—while offering no less excellent, and, on some counts, maybe even better, performance. And, as might be expected from its test measurements, the KLH Sixteen handles and "sounds" like one of the best.

### KLH Sixteen Control Amplifier

**Lab Test Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Power output (at 1 kc into 8-ohm load) 1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>44.1 watts at 0.5% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch for 0.5% THD</td>
<td>44.1 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>44.1 watts at 0.59% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch for 0.5% THD</td>
<td>40 watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>both channels simultaneously</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch at clipping</td>
<td>35.1 watts at 0.48% THD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch at clipping</td>
<td>some</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power bandwidth for constant 1% THD</td>
<td>19 cps to 27 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic distortion 43 watts output</td>
<td>under 1%, 23 cps to 11 kc; 1.5% at 16.5 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.5 watts output</td>
<td>under 0.85%, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion 8-ohm load</td>
<td>under 1.3% up to 40 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-ohm load</td>
<td>under 0.9% up to 33 watts output</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response 1-watt level</td>
<td>+0.4, -2 db, 11.5 cps to 22 kc; down 3 db at 9 cps and 27 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIAA equalization</td>
<td>+0.5, -4.5 db, 20 cps to 20 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damping factor</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity, various inputs</td>
<td>aux 1, high, 2.7 v med, 1.1 v low, .6 v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 2</td>
<td>.6 v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mag phono, high 8.8 mv</td>
<td>low 2.9 mv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tape</td>
<td>.6 v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tuner</td>
<td>.6 v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>mag phono inputs, 75 db all others 79 db</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BENJAMIN STEREO 200 MODULAR SYSTEM;
MODEL 208 SPEAKER SYSTEM

THE EQUIPMENT: Benjamin Stereo 200, a stereo playback system or module; Miracord 10 automatic turntable, Elac Model STS 222D cartridge, and Benjamin solid-state stereo control amplifier—all housed in a walnut cabinet with Plexiglas cover. Over-all dimensions: 18 1/2 by 16 1/2 by 9 1/4 inches. Price: $229.50 less speakers. Benjamin 208, a compact speaker system designed for use with the Stereo 200, but available separately for use with other systems and amplifiers. Dimensions: 21 1/4 by 12 by 9 inches. Price (in walnut): $49.50. Manufacturer: Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., 40 Smith St., Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y. 11736.

COMMENT: Benjamin's modular playback system is unique in two ways: the amplifier is installed under, rather than alongside, the turntable; and the buyer has the option of taking the speakers nominally designed for it (for an additional $99, thus bringing the total cost to $328.50), or using a pair of speakers of his own choice. The turntable-amplifier module is an attractive, neatly styled unit, housed in a nicely grained walnut cabinet. The Plexiglas cover is tinted but transparent; it lifts up and recesses into a slot at the rear for access to the turntable, and it may be left in this position, removed entirely, or replaced over the turntable when records are played.

The amplifier, a very low silhouette design, is solid-state and preinstalled in a black escutcheon that is framed beneath the turntable. Controls include five knobs for volume, channel balance, bass, treble (single-play unit, as a completely manual player, or as a repeater turntable, playing the same disc continuously until it is shut off. The platter is a nonferrous, machined casting, which weighed in at United States Testing Company, Inc., at 5 1/2 pounds. Well balanced for flywheel effect, and covered with a fairly thick rubber mat, it is driven by a four-pole induction motor. Speed accuracy was checked as slightly fast at all speed settings: 2% at 33 and 45 rpm; 1.5% at 78 rpm; 2.4% at 16 rpm. These figures were for 117-volt AC operation. At lower and higher line supply voltages, there was no appreciable change.

The arm of the Miracord 10 is a fairly massive, well-balanced metal type, with an adjustable rear counterweight and a plug-in shell. The resonance of this arm, when it was fitted with the Elac cartridge supplied, was satisfactorily low at 15 cps. Rumble, measured through this pickup system, and referred to the NAB standard of 1.4 centimeters per second peak velocity at 100 cps, was -34 db and inaudible. Wow and flutter—checked at 0.08% and 0.04% respectively—were insignificant. The automatic tripping mechanism was found to work very well over a tracking-force variation from 4.5 grams to 1 gram. Friction at the arm's pivot was fairly low, and the arm—when not in use—fits into a latched rest that holds it securely. For manual cueing, the shell has a convenient finger-lift.

The cartridge used in this system is the Elac Model STS 222D, a moving-magnet type fitted with a 0.7-mil diamond stylus and designed to track at...
the 15-degree vertical angle. It may be used for playing stereo and monophonic discs. The recommended tracking force is 2.4 to 4.5 grams; as supplied, the arm was preset for 4.5 grams, and USTC’s measurements were made at this value—although for normal playing of commercial discs, a stylus force of about 3 grams was found to be quite suitable. The signal output of the STS 222D was measured as 8.8 and 8.4 millivolts on left and right channels respectively, which are comfortably high for a magnetic pickup and certainly ample for driving the set’s built-in amplifier. Typical of many cartridges, the STS 222D had a fairly smooth response characteristic which peaked somewhat above 10 kc, a familiar pattern by now that can be ascribed very probably to the severity of signals on the test record. There is no indication of peaking in normal playback of musical recordings. The Michell makes good use of a stylus force of about 3 grams. The cartridge’s harmonic distortion started at 4.5 kc and at 6 kc on left and right channels respectively, and remained very low. IM distortion was higher, but not objectionable in listening terms. Both vertical and lateral groove-tracing were good, and no change was perceptible with the stylus force reduced to 3 grams.

The solid-state control amplifier built into the Benjamin 200 is a relatively modest, but clean, performer in the low-power class, capable of driving the Model 208 speakers or indeed any other fairly efficient speakers of 8- to 16-ohm impedance. By comparison with larger, costlier separate amplifiers, this one expectedly is limited in its ultimate power-handling ability at the low and high ends of the audio spectrum, but it does seem fully adequate for its intended application in this modular system. Signal-to-noise ratio was excellent, harmonic distortion reasonably low, and control characteristics very correct. The damping factor was fairly high at 20. The IM characteristic is typical of low-cost solid-state chassis, but again could not be discerned as objectionable in listening tests.

Offered with, but not supplied as an integral part of, the 200 module are the Model 208 speaker systems. The 208 is a two-way system, incorporating an 8-inch driver for lows and midrange, and a 3-inch cone tweeter for highs. Crossover is via a network housed, with the speakers, in a walnut enclosure that uses an auxiliary opening and a duct to enhance the bass response. Connections are made to the 208 by screw terminals marked for polarity. Impedance is 8 ohms; efficiency is quite high, and the 208 can be driven to loud volumes by the amplifier in the 200 or by any other low- to medium-power amplifier.

A response check of the 208 indicated a useful bass output to just below 50 cps, with doubling audible when the system is driven very hard. Upward from here, the response is fairly smooth, clean, and well dispersed, with the pattern narrowing gradually as you approach 10 kc. An 11-kc test tone is barely audible on axis of the system and not likely to be heard very much off axis. Over-all, the sound of the 208 is well balanced and clean, although at this price one would hardly expect the deepest of lows and the airiest of highs.

Taken as a pre-engineered system, the Benjamin 200 shapes up as a handsome, well-built, and scientifically engineered product. To say that better sound can be obtained from components costing much more would be stating the obvious and is, in a very real sense, begging the question. The 200 does what it is designed to do, which is to say, it plays records and other program sources with a degree of accuracy and clean sound rarely found before in so-called package sets. It may not inspire awe for the audio perfeccionist, but it does provide honest musical sound that can be enjoyed for hours without signs of listener fatigue, and it can serve as the center of a relatively modest, but no apologies-needed, stereo installation. It should interest many listeners who want a healthy measure of genuine high fidelity performance in as convenient a format as is feasible at the present state of the art.

Note: Since this report was initiated, Benjamin has brought out the Stereo 200FM, identical to the Model 200 but with a stereo FM tuner installed to the left of the amplifier beneath the turntable. The Stereo 200FM costs $339.50. A report on the FM section is planned for a forthcoming issue.
MARANTZ 10B
FM STEREO TUNER


COMMENT: Large, heavy, and elaborate, the Marantz 10B is a uniquely designed, top-performing FM tuner that offers, in addition to superb monophonic and stereo reception, the added filip of a built-in oscilloscope. This device serves as a tuning aid and also as a visual display of stereo separation and phase for FM signals and for external program material such as one's own tapes and discs. Although it is the most obviously "different" feature of the Model 10B, the scope is by no means its only outstanding aspect. The set is built around 21 tubes, a transistor, 39 diodes, 7 indicator and voltage regulator neon tubes, and the cathode-ray tube for the scope. Circuitry and construction, in the Marantz tradition, are first-rate; high-grade parts are used; wiring layout is exemplary; workmanship is of the highest order. The tuning dial, measuring 10½ inches across the 88-to-108-megacycle range, is unusually large and clear, and—with visible markings down to each 0.2 megacycle—permits accurate and precise tuning.

The oscilloscope is located above the left-hand portion of the tuning dial; a stereo indicator is at the right. Two small scope adjustments flank the dial, while the main controls are grouped across the panel below the dial. These include the display control for use with the scope; a mode control; the station-tuning knob; a power off/on control combined with a panel lamp dimmer; and an interstation muting control.

In the TUNING position of the display switch, a trace pattern appears on the scope indicating relative signal strength and center-of-channel tuning accuracy. The trace, which varies from a dot to a horizontal line, also shows the degree of modulation employed by the station or the relative loudness of signals. The shape of the line changes to indicate the presence of multipath reflections, identical to TV "ghosts," in the received signal, and thus shows when the antenna needs reorientation. In the OUTPUT position of the display switch, the scope presents a stereo display (an "X-Y" graph plot, or Lissajous pattern) of the tuner's audio output, and may be used to check on stereo phasing and channel separation. The EXTERNAL position of the display switch permits a similar display on the scope for one's own program sources, such as tapes and records; a special set of input jacks for this use is provided on the chassis, behind the front panel. The owner's manual for the 10B contains instructions for using the oscilloscope in its various functions, and one should have little difficulty in matching the sample trace patterns shown with actual patterns obtained during use.

Adjustments for the scope—such as intensity and brightness—are found on the chassis topside. In fact, all other adjustments for the tuner, as well as the audio output jacks, antenna terminals, and the fuseholder are here, rather than on the rear apron. The antenna connections accept ordinary 300-ohm twin-lead, or shielded 300-ohm cable (a separate ground screw is provided). The manufacturer recommends, for best reception, using a Yagi or "log-periodic" type antenna; where these types are not possible, a simple rabbit-ear will suffice for local reception. Indeed, as tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., and subsequent use-tests indicate, if any tuner can respond to a fair number of stations with a minimal antenna, the Model 10B certainly is one.

The novelty of the display scope aside, the Marantz tuner shapes up as top-notch equipment, offering superb FM reception that would qualify it for use as a professional instrument as well as in the most demanding of home installations. Dial calibration is excellent; tuning is simple and smooth, thanks to the heavy flywheel and large tuning knob. The set locks in on a station without any need for fine adjustment. The display indicator is a genuine aid in tuning and in evaluating the "stereoscopic" quality of signals.

USTC's performance measurements of the Model 10B indicate that the set met most of its rated specifications, and on some counts, exceeded them. IHF sensitivity at 98 megacycles was found to be 1.9 microvolts, which of course places the Model 10B well up in the top ranks for this characteristic. Distortion was extremely low, and although there was the normal increase when switching from mono to stereo, the performance remains outstanding. The table below shows the results of the test conducted at USTC's lab.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performance characteristic</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IHF sensitivity</td>
<td>1.9 µv at 98 mc; 2 µv at 106 mc; 2.4 µv at 90 mc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, mono</td>
<td>+0, -2 db, 20 cps to 17.5 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, mono</td>
<td>0.2% at 400 cps; 0.26% at 40 cps; 0.26% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.12%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>77 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frequency response, stereo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 ch</td>
<td>+0, -2 db, 20 cps to 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>+0, -1.5 db, 20 cps to 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD, stereo, 1 ch</td>
<td>0.43% at 400 cps; 0.6% at 40 cps; 0.31% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>0.45% at 400 cps; 0.65% at 40 cps; 0.32% at 1 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Channel separation, 1 ch</td>
<td>29 db, 20 cps to 4 kc; 15 db at 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r ch</td>
<td>28 db, 20 cps to 3.3 kc; 11.5 db at 15 kc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kc pilot suppression</td>
<td>-42 db</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kc subcarrier suppression</td>
<td>-40.5 db</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
stereo operation, the resultant figure still was quite low—in fact, as low as, or lower than, the distortion found in some tuners on mono operation. Other characteristics, shown on the accompanying charts, were all consistently excellent and in sum add up to as fine a tuner as seems possible at the present state of the art. From a listening standpoint, we would agree that the Model 10B is another FM tuner whose sound would be limited only by that of the broadcast itself.

We found the unusual placement of signal jacks and antenna terminals a real convenience as long as we were using the 10B out of its wooden case and "on the bench." For a more built-in or custom installation, the placement of these connections might prove less than convenient; at least one would have to exercise some dexterity in using them. We would prefer that the external input jacks for the scope be located on the front panel, and that the set also have a convenience AC outlet. Of course, these are—in the context of a superb product—relatively minor questions, and we doubt that they will keep anyone who can afford this type of equipment from buying it.

**GARRARD AT60 AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE**

**THE EQUIPMENT**: Garrard AT60, a four-speed automatic, intermix turntable with integral tone arm. Dimensions: chassis, 13⅞ by 11⅞ inches; allow clearances of 4½ inches above, and 2⅞ inches below, motor board. Price: $59.50. Options: walnut base, $4.95 (measures 14½ by 12¼ by 3½ inches); unfinished base, $4.45; mounting board for drop-in installation, $2.25; dust cover, $4.95; 45-rpm spindle, $3.80. Manufactured by Garrard of England; distributed in the U.S.A. by British Industries Corp., Westbury, L.I., N.Y. 11591.

**COMMENT**: The Garrard AT60 is a compact, reliable, and versatile entry in the class of automatic turntables. It may be used, by inserting either of two center spindles supplied, as an automatic changer or as a single-play manual unit. It has the intermix feature which permits including records of different diameters in the same stack, and it operates at 16, 33, 45, and 78 rpm. Record changing is accomplished by a spindle with retracting lever in conjunction with an over-arm that must be placed over the top record in the pile.

The platter used in the AT60 is well balanced and weighs nearly 4 pounds, which—for a low-priced automatic—is fairly heavy. The driving and changing mechanism are both well constructed and the assembly operates flawlessly.

The tone arm is a metal tubular type fitted with a removable cartridge shell and an adjustable rear counterweight. The arm has a built-in stylus force gauge and a bias compensator or "anti-skating" device. Setting up for operation is fairly simple, thanks both to the clear instructions furnished and to the fact that everything works as it should.

In tests conducted at United States Testing Company, Inc., and in subsequent use tests, the AT60 proved its mettle as a performer. The platter spins smoothly and the arm moves freely with very low bearing friction. The automatic tripping mechanism was found to work satisfactorily at tracking forces as low as 3½ gram. Rumble, measured by the NAB standard (1.4 centimeters per second at 100 cps) was −36 db and inaudible. The tone arm had no significant resonances. Wow and flutter, at 0.07% and 0.05% respectively, were of no consequence. These tests, incidentally, were run using a Shure M55E cartridge—a high compliance, elliptical stylus model—and indicate the high degree of sensitivity and improved performance that have been built into a popular-priced automatic player.

The stylus force adjustment scale at the end of the tone arm is not numerically calibrated, but it can serve

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**REPORThS IN PROGRESS**

Fisher TX 200 Amplifier
Concord R-2000 Tape Recorder
Bozak B-4000 Speaker System
as a reasonably accurate guide to correct tracking pressure. According to USTC's measurements, the indicated markings correspond to the following stylus forces: 1, 1.1 grams; 2, 2.2 grams; 3, 3.2 grams; 4, 4.2 grams; 5, 5.3 grams. Speed accuracy of the turntables varied from about the same degree found in the costlier Garrard Lab 80 (for 33 and 45 rpm) to somewhat fast at the 78-rpm setting. Complete speed data is given in the accompanying chart.

One hint, USTC feels, is in order when stacking records on the AT60. Make certain that each disc is positively in place on the upper part of the long spindle so that the center hole of the first record is well aligned with the notch on the spindle, and the records themselves do not overlap one another. In this way, a tendency of the changer to drop more than one record at a time due to a carelessly stacked pile will be avoided. Other than this, the AT60 is quite easy to use, and its stylish compactness and smooth, quiet performance should recommend it for many an installation in which the options of four record speeds, automatic play, and intermix are required.

### DYNACO B&O

### STEREODYNE III CARTRIDGE


**COMMENT:** The latest version of the B&O moving-iron pickup introduced some time ago, the Stereodyne III is designed to track at the vertical angle of 15 degrees, and at lower stylus forces than the older models—thanks to its higher compliance (rated at 14 x 10⁻⁶, as compared with the former 5 x 10⁻⁶ cm/dyne). The cartridge's internal design—using four coils in balanced push-pull pairs—is credited also with providing equal compliance in all directions. The Model III is intended for use in any standard tone arm. Recommended tracking force is 1 to 3 grams; a force of 2 grams was found, in tests run at United States Testing Company, Inc. to provide optimum performance.

The general shape of the response curves obtained from the Model III are similar to those of previous B&O pickups (High Fidelity, October 1961; August 1960), but the improvement in the new unit is quite apparent. The former "lift" at the bass end has been lowered, and the former slope at the high end has been lifted—so that over-all response is much more uniform and level across the audible range. The left channel was measured as ± 3.25 db out to 20 kc; the right channel was uniform within ± 4.5, ± 0.5 db out to 20 kc. The measured output signal levels were 5 millivolts and 4.5 millivolts for left and right channels respectively—a shade less than specified but still more than ample for standard magnetic phono inputs and very closely balanced.

Separation between channels was 28 db at 500 cps, 25 db at 1 kc; it remained better than 20 db up to 10 kc—in sum, a very favorable characteristic for handling stereo discs. Harmonic distortion started at 1 kc, but remained low on both channels; vertical IM was fair, lateral IM better.

The 1-kc square-wave response shows a leading "spike" or overshoot that seems to be a characteristic of variable reluctance cartridge movements and may be caused by the severity of signals on the test record resonating with the cartridge element. However, some "natural" damping takes place and the latter half of the crest of the square wave is fairly smooth and flat. In any case, no ill effects related to this could be discerned in listening tests of normal program material, including transient signals. Indeed, the Stereodyne's excellent tracking ability, both laterally and vertically, and its improved response can be credited with helping to make this pickup one of the cleanest reproducers of disc sound now available. Its general "listening" characteristic is reminiscent of former Stereodyne models: well-defined, very "open," and well balanced across the audible range, with possibly a "little more" than before at the very high end. Altogether, a musical-sounding, very listenable pickup, even the more attractive for its relatively low cost.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speed</th>
<th>117 Volts AC</th>
<th>103 Volts AC</th>
<th>129 Volts AC</th>
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<tr>
<td>16 rpm</td>
<td>1.2% slow</td>
<td>1.5% slow</td>
<td>1% slow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 rpm</td>
<td>1.5% fast</td>
<td>1.2% fast</td>
<td>1.7% fast</td>
</tr>
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<td>1.8% fast</td>
<td>1.5% fast</td>
<td>1.9% fast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78 rpm</td>
<td>3.7% fast</td>
<td>2.3% fast</td>
<td>4.1% fast</td>
</tr>
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**PRICE REDUCTION**

The price of the Scott 344 receiver, reported here last month, has been changed from $429.95 to $374.95 as a result. Scott advises, of excise tax reductions and quantity production.
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by Alfred Frankenstein

Ives’s Fourth Symphony—an “Unplayable” Work Gets Played

No composer in history cries out for recording as powerfully as Charles Ives, but no composer in history presents so baffling a set of problems for recording artists and engineers. His Fourth Symphony, which for years people have said was unplayable, finally got played, last spring in New York, by the American Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski and a squad of assistant conductors. It is a great if somewhat inconsistent work, and apparently everyone involved had a marvelous time doing it. The commanding stature of the music and the zest of the performers come through very well in the just released Columbia recording of that performance, but the fact is that the music is actually quite unrecordable in many places.

In his program notes for the New York performance, Leonard Marcus observed that “throughout this Fourth Symphony you may hear any number of well-known melodies. There will be many more well-known melodies that you will not hear unless you are in a particular spot in the hall and the wind is right.” Ives’s textures, in other words, can be so thick and complex, with separate skeins of sound floating simultaneously in time without perceptible aural relationship between them, that much inevitably goes by without one’s being able to perceive it at all: and this is not merely a matter of recognizing Ives’s constant quotation from everything under the sun. The paradox is that while recording fails to register much of the score’s detail which the ear ought to have a chance to encompass, it enables the ear to cope with the music through repetition. The opportunity thus afforded of hearing the piece again and again is of the utmost value.

Like other works of Ives, the Fourth Symphony is a collection of movements written at various times with no thought of their eventually being associated as parts of a single composition. Unlike many other works of Ives, the somewhat haphazard forcing together of the movements leads to an obvious stylistic disunity. Ives tried to cover this with a philosophic “program.” “The aesthetic program of the Symphony,” he said, “is that of the searching questions of What? and Why? which the spirit of man asks of life. This is particularly the sense of the prelude. The three succeeding movements are the diverse answers in which existence replies.” The second movement, if we are to believe the “program,” “is a comedy in which an exciting, easy, and worldly progress through life is contrasted with the trials of the Pilgrims in their journey through the swamps and rough country,” while the third is “an expression of the reaction of life into formalism and ritualism” and the last is “an apotheosis of the preceding content in terms that have something to do with the reality of existence and its religious experience.”

In my opinion, this, of all the Ives “programs,” makes the least sense, considered either as a literary expression or in relationship to the music. For me, at least, it has no bearing at all on the third and fourth movements, and very little on the second.

The very short first movement seems to be the only one of the four not origi-
nally composed as something else. It contrasts some big explosive gestures in the full orchestra with one of the most marvelous of Ives's inventions—the sound of a distant, ethereal string choir sound-
ing on a totally different level of ex-
perience and existing in a different stream of time from the sounds of the larger
ensemble. This movement ends, naively,
with a chorus singing "Watchman, What of the Night?" in a simple, churchy har-
monization.

The second movement is based upon the "Hawthorne" section of Ives's Con-
cord Sonata, although it is no mere tran-
scription thereof. The longest movement
in many of the Ives symphonies, it is the knottiest to play and to understand. Its
rhythms—or, to put the matter more
accurately, its rhythmic notation—de-
mands the presence of two conductors.
The effect is often one of a wild, sense-
less frenzy of noise, from which emerge,
like flying fragments from an explosion,
snatches of familiar tunes. (I suspect that the Ivesian bits of Yankee Doodle,
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, and
that overenthusiastic band march he uses all the time are the first things
which will seem tiresome and mannered
once the present phase of delighted dis-
coveries of this composer has passed.)

The third movement, taken over from
Ives's First Quartet, is a double fuge
employing two hymn tunes. It is entirely
diatomic and is all the more impressively
euphonious after the noise of the pre-
ceding "comedy." This is the totally
unproblematical, sheerly beautiful, and
wonderfully evocative Ives of the Second
Symphony, although the modest scoring
in many of the movement—strings, trombone, and
organ—reminds one more of the Third.
Here, incidentally, occurs a quotation
that seems to have eluded the commen-
tators. At letter H is a snatch of
Brahms's Rhapsody for Alto, Male Cho-
rus, and Orchestra; in the Brahms work it
is associated with the words "Ist auf
deinem Psalmert, Vater der Liebe. . . ."

The last movement was originally a
Memorial Slow March for organ. Once
again we are in the world of simultane-
ous but only vaguely related streams of
sound—one section for the percussion,
one in the winds and strings, one in the
chorus, now wordless. The entire move-
ment is based upon the hymn Neuter,
My God, to Thee. Its effect is ominous,
strange, intensely disturbing and mys-
terious. The idea of the finale as a
triumphant summation and spiritual af-
firmation, which had dominated sym-
phonic writing since Beethoven, here
meets its most profound and significant
challenge. In many ways, this may well
be the most important movement in any of the symphonies by Amer-
ica's greatest composer.

IVES: Symphony No. 4

Members of the Schola Cantorum (New
York); American Symphony Orchestra,
David Katz and José Serebrier, associate
conductors, Leopold Stokowski, cond.
★ COLUMBIA ML 6775. LP. $4.79.
★ ★ COLUMBIA MS 6775. SD. $5.79.

Cornell MacNeil, Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi

Luisa Miller in New Stereo Dress
by Conrad L. Osborne

In the catalogue of Verdi's operas,
Luisa Miller (first performance, Decem-
ber 8, 1849, at the Teatro San Carlo,
Naples) stands just before Rigoletto—it
is the last of the composer's "early" operas. It is surely not the best of the
pre-Rigoletto operas (Macbeth and
Ernani rank above it, and possibly Na-
 Bucco and Giovanna d'Arco as well), and
it is with more than the usual justice
that Rigoletto, not Luisa, is considered
the first "mature" Verdi opera. Never-
theless, Luisa has been enjoying a bit of
a comeback lately; during the Verdi an-
niversary celebrations two years ago, it
was staged all over Italy, totaling more
performances than any other early Verdi
work. It has had two concert per-
formances in New York in recent years,
and now RCA Victor has given it an up-
to-date, strongly cast recording—something
that none of the other early Verdi
operas, save Macbeth, can boast.

Since Luisa must be reckoned an un-
familiar piece (I know of no American
staging since the War, and the Metrop-
 olitan has not mounted it since 1931),
some inklings of plot might be in order,
just to establish points of reference. It
is taken from Schiller's political drama
(redundant description, as all his dramas
are political), Kabale und Liebe, from
which most of the Kabalen and even
some of the Liebe was excised by Salva-
tore Cammarano, later of Trovatore
fame (or infamy). Cammarano was per-
haps short on poetic subtlety and variety,
but he was a genuine adept at dehydrat-
ing bloated romantic plays in such a way
as to make them serviceable material
for Italian composers, most notably Verdi
and Donizetti. The opera's essential situ-
ation centers about the love of Luisa
and Rodolfo. She is the daughter of a
retired soldier, proud peasant variety; he
is the son of the Count of Walter, who,
as we learn in the course of the action,
has come by his title through some foul
play, in which he has had the assistance
of his black-hearted henchman, Wurm—
a name with a message.

The Count, for political reasons, wants
Rodolfo to marry Federica, the Duchess
of Ostheim; in this he is seconded by
Wurm, who has his own designs on Luisa.
Luisa's father, Miller, is also opposed to
a match with Rodolfo, since his instinc-
tive suspicion of the upper classes leads
him to believe that Rodolfo's interest is
purely carnal and temporary. The upshot
of this is that Walter has Miller im-
prisoned—not without some provocation,
for Miller, like most enlisted men, seems
to have trouble with authority figures.
and is constantly shooting off his mouth
before he knows the facts. In order to
save her father, Luisa signs a letter dic-
tated by Wurm, in which she asserts that
Rodolfo is only a passing affair and that
she wishes to return to her first love,
Wurm.

Rodolfo takes this at face value, and
is counseled by his father to marry the
Duchess in revenge. This promises to
do, and as a result Luisa determines to
commit suicide, from which she is dis-
suaded by her father; they resolve to
leave and spend their lives as mendicants.
Luisa is now confronted by Rodolfo, and
when she confesses that the letter is hers,
he offers her a poison draught, which
they both drink. Now, on the point of
death, he demands to know if her love
for Wurm is genuine. She tells him the
truth, and they both expire to a char-
acteristic Celestial Duet (actually a trio,
for Miller is in on it) but not before
Rodolfo has despatched Wurm and ad-
dressed an accusatory tag line to his
father.

As can immediately be seen, the story
affords Verdi two of his favorite dra-
matic themes—that of an innocent and
noble pair of lovers in the grip of social
and political movements over which they
have no control, and that of a deep re-

High Fidelity Magazine
relationship between a proud father and his daughter. Both situations call forth some affecting music. The scenes between Miller and Luisa (especially the long third-act duet, “La tomba è un letto”; “Andrem, raminghi e poveri”) have that heartfelt cantabile quality that marks the music of the early Verdi operas, including all the repeats, and there is no resort to unwritten interpolations or variants in an effort to jazz up an unfamiliar item. London and Victor have both been setting precedents in this matter of completeness, but the approach is especially welcomed when the customer is faced with a take-it-or-leave-it proposition by reason of a lack of competing versions.

As for the performance itself, it goes without saying that it is preferable to the wretched old Cetra edition, which was unacceptable even as a stopgap. The level of the singing is very high—in fact on the male side there is almost nothing to be said against the vocalism per se. The Rodolfo is Carlo Bergonzi, probably the most imaginative and most tasteful stylist among current Italian tenors. The role suits him perfectly, lying in genuine spinto territory, midway between lyric and robusto, which is precisely where Bergonzi’s vocal timbre, volume, and resilience work best. All the classic checkpoints of good vocalism—smoothness of legato, accuracy of pitch, clarity of enunciation, freedom of production, evenness of scale, control of dynamics—find him well up to the mark, and he has ample dash and ring for the climaxes. This is one of his finest recordings.

In Cornell MacNeil we have a Miller of remarkable vocal beauty and richness. The many passages of long-lined cantabile music are beautifully spun out, and there is a special joy in hearing a large-voiced baritone capable of real shading and flexibility; Leonard Warren had this to a magical degree, and MacNeil has it too. As often is the case with this singer’s work, one would like to hear more thrust and punch, sharper treatment of the words, more evidence of true emotional involvement; there is more color and expressivity in much of the music than we are given, but what we do hear is unerringly lovely, and there are many memorable moments.

Giorgio Tozzi sings well, and with considerable vigor—everything is even and well-phrased. Personally, I would like a darker, more weighty sound for this role; Tozzi’s has always been a bright, rather baritonish basso cantante and, if anything, seems to be tending more in the direction as the year’s pass (an unusual trend). His accomplish in crime, Ezio Flagello, is splendid, with plenty of big, rolling tone and lots of authority. He and Tozzi stand up to each other handsomely in their big scene.

The Luisa is Anna Moffo—a sensible choice, I guess, but one that is partially justified by theresult. The role contains a good deal of passagework of one sort or another, and indicates a voice that must be flexible and lightly handled. But at the same time it demands a soprano who can deliver confrontations and ensembles vis-à-vis other big-voiced singers, and who can launch a cabaletta with real fire and bite. Ponselle must have been just right for the part vocally, and certainly the Callas of a decade ago or the Sutherland of today would come very close to it. Moffo sings prettily and neatly, and with some warmth and dramatic sense, but she simply hasn’t the wherewithal to make an impression in the ensembles, or to take over the proceedings at all the required points—the voice is too small, too limited in color. And accuracy compuls the observation that she does not seem in very healthy state here; the tone is often spread and rather frayed, and one is conscious of a carefulness in the singing that robs it of some needed fire and spontaneity. She is not unattractive or incapable—she is just not quite enough. Shirley Verrett sings firmly and smoothly in the thankless role of Federica. She is not, however, a contralto, and the darker coloration would give the part more stature and better balance with Luisa. Gabriella Car- turan and Piero de Palma are both excellent in their small parts.

This is, unfortunately, one of those recordings whose whole seems somehow less than the sum of its parts. It does not sound like a performance, but like a studio reading by some very accomplished singers. One does not know quite where to put the blame—this is something that seems to be happening to a number of well-executed, well-recorded, and well-priced recordings under different labels and different conductors (the Solti Rigoletto, the Schippers Forza, the Santini Cavalleria all come immediately to mind). Assuming that Maestro Cleva deserves part of the discredit here, as well as part of the credit for this scrupulous completeness and accuracy of the reading, I would further characterize his conducting as vigorous and disciplined but not very beautiful or empathetic. The tempos are fast, and sometimes too fast—the sound is too long and perfunctory—but the main problem is that there is little about the phrasing that really sings or caresses: there is little poetic feeling. It sounds a bit like Toscanini—crisp, quick, steady, well executed, but relentless and monochromatic. It is a nonsensereading, and I, at least, would welcome a little nonsense. The sound is bright and clear, but not especially rich or deep. Whatever one’s reservations about some aspects of the performance, one must be grateful that a complete, up-to-date, well-sung Luisa is present and accounted for.

VERDI: Luisa Miller

Anna Moffo (s), Luisa; Gabriella Car-
 turan (msl), Laura; Shirley Verrett (ms).
Federica: Carlo Bergonzi (t); Rodolfo: Piero de Palma (t). A Buddah Cetra recording, MacNeil (b), Miller; Giorgio Tozzi (bs), Il Conte di Walter; Ezio Flagello (bs), Wurm: RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra, Fausto Cleva, cond.

RCA Victor LM 6168. Three LP.
$14.37.

RCA Victor LSC 6168. Three SD.
$17.37.

November 1965
The Dread Day of Wrath, and the Whisper of Compassion

The adjective "apocalyptic" is rarely applicable to music—but perhaps without extravagance, it may be used of the Berlioz Requiem. For insofar as the Last Trump can be adumbrated by human means at all, is it not by the explosive thunderclap of Berlioz's four tam-tams and ten pairs of cymbals? And if one's imagination can encompass a sonic panorama of the Battle of Armageddon, surely it is through the mighty sound of Berlioz's huge orchestra and chorus, augmented by four brass bands deployed to the four corners of the scene-setting, and by a battery of sixteen timpani manned by eight drummers.

Obviously, the sheer physical demands of so monstrous a score (to say nothing of the work's ceremonial character) limit its concert performances to rare occasions. They would also seem to make it impossible to record and reproduce except in distorted muscule. Yet latter-day technologies—and most particularly the techniques of stereophony—have enormously enhanced the effectiveness of large choral and orchestral works in home reproduction. Even if the tremendous climaxes of this Requiem and a few other Himalayan compositions don't quite bring the full audio justice, tremendous grandeur is now captured with far crisper transients. The pyramiding brass fanfares of the Tuba Mirum still do not completely envelop the listener, but they are more precisely spaced out in front of him in more discreet localizations as well as with more brazen bite. And while the fair amount of reverberation included here, in contrast to the really considerable amount in the Boston version, may be responsible for some slight loss in general atmospheric impressiveness, in compensation it must be credited for markedly enhanced over-all transparency and consequently more sharply focused and differentiated tonal qualities. For that matter, even the effectiveness of the atmospheric evocation is greater in certain details—for instance, the bigger and deeper bass drum, solidly impacting rather than thudding. Many other details are superbly clarified: the snarl of the famous trombone "pedal" tones, both alone and with flutes reinforcing their upper partials (in the Hostias and Agnus Dei); the divided-vidas' pp echo reinforcement of the p woodwind chords in the opening bars of the Agnus Dei; the plangency of the whiplash accents at the beginning of the Lachrymosa; etc.

Yet even Columbia's magistral engineers can't always match the composer's felicities, even in one instance where a "quiet" rather than a monumental effect is involved. The admirable notes by Robert Lawrence refer specifically to the pp possibile writing in the reprise of the Sanctus for the bass drum, with the "nearly imperceptible addition of cymbals, like the whirring of distant wings." But while the soft bass drum is plainly heard, the whirring of the cymbals is imperceptible indeed—just as it has been in all earlier stereo recordings except Westminster's. Other "quiet" details are beautifully preserved, however; and there are far more of these than many music lovers realize. Actually, ear-splitting and floor-shaking thunders constitute a relatively small proportion of the score. To convince myself of this, I got out my stop watch to time the actual periods when Berlioz cuts loose with his full forces. Not counting a couple of minutes of very soft brass and drum passages towards the very end of the work, I clocked a grand total of about ten and a half minutes of "big stuff" out of the just under seventy-seven and a half minutes Ormandy takes for the complete work!

Turning from sonics, as such, to ex-cantant and interpretative considerations, I find less difference—rather to my surprise—between the Philadelphia and Bostonian performances. Both are somewhat handicapped by their obviously well-drilled but not completely expert choruses. And it is perhaps Columbia's
more transparent stereism that italizes the occasional edginess of the Temple University sopranos. Neither tenor soloist (in the Sanctus) is ideal, but of the two I prefer RCA Victor's more devotionally eloquent Léopold Simoneau, despite the obvious vocal strain under which he labors. Columbia’s Cesare Valletti, seemingly more closely miked, sings out with far more assurance and in a much more boldly ringing (fast-vibrato?) voice; but although he has been noted for his artistic restraint in the past, he strikes me as too tentatively robotic to make an indelible Italianate, in this role. For me, first vocal honors, for both choral and solo performances, are held by the Scherchen/Westminster version; but I still hope to hear, sometime, a Requiem performance that follows the composer’s own suggestion of giving the Sanctus solo part to tenor tenors in unison—a sure way of achieving the impersonality Berlioz undoubtedly wanted.

Indeed, except for Valletti’s solo, it is for the deliberate eschewal of theatricalism that this Ormandy version is particularly notable. Munch’s reading is much more individual in character and the more overtly dynamic; but Ormandy’s, if less “Berliozian,” is not so much less colorful as it is more restrained and abstract. Even those who, like myself, have criticized Ormandy for what we deem a lack of personal involvement in the music he is playing must respect him for his objectivity here—an attitude that is by no means negative in the remark- able contextlessness of its attempt to bring out every detail of the score in its proper proportions.

In sum, then, the new Columbia Berlioz Requiem is recommended as the first choice for technophonic-connoisseurs; as a close match in performance to the Boston version; as a second choice inter- pretatively for connoisseurs who want a more personal or a more idiomatically French reading, although it may be preferred by other listeners for its very detachment. For better singing than either of these sets can offer, plus more distinctively French-sounding (narrow-bore) brasses, plus a few moments of greater grandeur than either Munch or Orman- dy ever achieves, a minority at least may wish to tolerate the less refined Westminster sonics and the many con- ductorial idiosyncrasies of Scherchen. In any case, since concert performances of this apocalyptic drama are so few and far between, a stereo recording, no matter what its inadequacies, is essential to every comprehensive home library. This Requiem’s unique combination of terror and compassion is not music for every day, but the ideally specialist, truly hieratic occasion calls out for it.

BERLIOZ: Grande Messe des Morts, Op. 5 (“Requiem”)

Cesare Valletti, tenor; Temple University Choirs; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

- COLUMBIA M2S 730. TWO SD. $11.58.

ALBERT: Tiefland (excerpts)

Inge Borkh (s), Marta; Catalina Alda (s), Nuri; Hans Hopf (t), Pedro; Johannes Elste (t), Nando; Thomas Stewart (b); Sebastiano: Hans-Bruno Ernst (bs), Tommaso: Chorus of the German Opera (Berlin); Bamberg Sym- phony Orchestra, Hans Löwein, cond.

- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPEM 19424. LP. $5.79.
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPEM 136424. SD. $5.79.

One of these days some enterprising historical novelist will come upon the life and times of Eugen d’Albert—and thereby give us a new volume to set beside those on Rodin, Michelangelo, Tchaikovsky, and Chopin. D’Albert is custom-made for the treatment; his life is a compact guided tour around late European romanticism.

An exact contemporary of Richard Strauss, he started life in Glasgow in 1864, with a French father and a German mother. The family moved to London and put young Eugen to study with Sir Arthur Sullivan and John Stainer (he of The Crucifixion). He learned piano playing from Franz Liszt in Weimar and conducting from Hans Richter in Vienna. Still in his twenties, D’Albert set out on a double career, composer and virtuoso pianist. He practiced both roles lavishly, and did a lot of living too: he married six women and was divorced six times. He died in Latvia, in 1932.

Tiefland, which dates from 1903, is the only of Eugen d’Albert’s twenty operas to survive today. It can still be heard in the opera houses of Germany and Aus- tria, though its power seems to be waning. Some critics have likened D’Albert to Puccini, but clearly they do not like Puccini very much. If Tiefland had just a mite of the melody of, say, Madame Les- cuit, or a drachm of that opera’s drama, it might be worth an occasional revival anywhere; as it is, the compass of one long-playing record is enough to embrace all its gold, and not a little of its dross.

Tied on these terms, the present disc gives us several pleasant melodies and, every now and then, a touching linkage of musical action with dramatic. The music has no consistent style. The story is about a simple, clean-living shepherd from the Spanish hills who comes down to the valley (Tiefland equals lowland) and there encounters seamy corruption; he is forced into marriage for the con- venience of a powerful landowner. But in the end love conquers all, and man and wife head back to the hills.

Hans Hopf clearly enjoys this music and his best work on records is here, in the part of the honest shepherd. Inge Borkh makes a moving thing of the hero- ine’s music and sings most beautifully. The villain becomes almost too attractive in Thomas Stewart’s polished baritone. The chorus, orchestra, and con- ductor are all good. So is the recording. For those who want more of Tiefland, it should be noted that a very well-re- corded and performed two-disc version (mono only) of the complete opera was issued on the Epic label in 1958 and copies may still be around. Then, as now, Hans Hopf sang Pedro; Gré Brouwen- stijn was splendid as Marta. Less desir- able, artistically and technically, is a three-disc SPA version dating from 1954 and still in the catalogue.

GEORGE MOVSHON

BACH: Concertos for Harpsichord(s) and Orchestra (complete)

Ruggiero Gerlin, Huguette Dreyfus, Nicole Hémon, Michèle Tedeschi, Blan- dine Verlet. harpsichord(s) with the Musicum of Paris, Roland Douatte, cond.

- NONESUCH HE 1001. Five LP. $10.00.
- NONESUCH HE 73001. Five SD. $10.00.

It was an excellent idea on the part of Nonesuch to gather into one relatively inexpensive package all of Bach’s works for one or more harpsichords and orches- tra. The package comprises the seven concertos for one harpsichord (S. 1052- 1058), the three for two harpsichords (S. 1060-1062), the pair for three (S. 1063- 1064), and the one for four (S. 1065), as well as the Concerto in A minor for Flute, Violin, Harpsichord, and Strings (S. 1044). These are probably the first keyboard concertos ever written, but in addition to their historical interest they contain fascinating examples of Bach as a transcriber of his own and other composers’ works. Above all, of course, they include some first-rate music: the D minor and F minor solo concertos, the C minor double concerto, and the A minor triple concerto have long been favorites of those who knew them. It would have been an even better idea if Nonesuch had implemented it with consistently fine performances. Some of the movements, and even a few entire compositions, are nicely played. Slow sections, particularly, come out well—the lovely Siciliana of S. 1053, for example, or the expressive Largo of S. 1056. The opening movement of S. 1063 is anything but very fast but it seems to have the right spirit, as does the gay fugue that con- stitutes the finale of this work. Another successful performance, it seems to me, is that of S. 1066: in general, the multiple concertos come off better than the solo ones. In the latter there is a tend- ency towards squareness in the rhythm (S. 1054, 1055, 1057); and in the first movement of S. 1063 there is stodginess of the type that used to be associated with German performing habits, never with French. Gerlin, who does all the solo work, has no technical problems, but his playing could do with more imagination. His partners are all up to
their tasks, and Douatte, except for a ragged spot in S. 1055 and another in S. 1058, keeps everybody together.

The sound is variable in quality. Loud tutti are sometimes rather coarse (S. 1052, 1056, 1060); in the first movement of 1060 they are explosive too. In the first movements of S. 1052 and 1056 the harpsichord is covered when playing with other instruments; and for this reason the opening Allegro of S. 1057 sounds like a concertino for two flutes. Otherwise the sound is well balanced and lifelike, with effective directionality in the multiple concertos.

N.B.

BARBER: Reincarnation — See Copland: In the Beginning.

BEETHOVEN: Five Pieces for Mechanical Organ
†Haydn: Fourteen Pieces for Mechanical Organ

Soni Ventorum Wind Quintet,
• LYRICHORD I.1, 143. LP. $4.98.
• LYRICHORD I.LST. 7143. SD. $5.95.

The mechanical organ (or musical clock), with a set of small pipes and a rotating pinned cylinder activated by a clockwork mechanism, was a popular novelty late in the eighteenth century. A vast repertory was turned out for these gadgets, some examples of which survive. Transcriptions of the music for regular organ or wind ensemble miss some of the wheeze and bristle of the original instruments, but are otherwise close.

The Haydn pieces are brief, and some of them are transcriptions from movements of quartets and symphonies: they come late in his career, and are full of wit. The Beethoven pieces, probably written for a larger instrument, are more extensive, although there is little in them to indicate the future course the 22-year-old composer was to take. One slow movement, however, is very clearly prophetic of the andante of the Septet.

The Soni Ventorum ensemble, which grew out of the disbanded Seventh Army Symphony, is now permanently attached to the Puerto Rico Conservatory in San Juan. It is an excellent group and plays these modest pieces with charm and imagination.

A.R.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Works


Alfred Brendel, piano.
• Vox VBX 421. Three LP. $9.98.
• Vox SV8X 5421. Three SD. $9.98.

This is, presumably, the last volume of the proposed “Complete” Beethoven Piano Music which Vox announced for four volumes, but Mr. Brendel has some unfinished business to attend to: one looks in vain for the Sonatas, Sonatinas, Preludes, and Rondos of the early Bonn period, and, in fact, for most of the Werke ohne Opus contained in the Kinsky-Halm index. Also missing from the six multidisc albums is the impressive Fantasia, Op. 77, though Brendel recorded that composition as a filler with his Emperor Concerto on Vox STPL 512050.

Brendel’s playing here is consistent with what we know from him already. In other words, he is consistently inconstatant! For the most part, he is always the complete pianist, with fabulously controlled fingers and cream-smooth facility; he is something less than the complete musician (which is of course inevitable for an artist still in his thirties), being far more at home in the early works and in those of the middle and late periods which call for Schubertian lyricism rather than for glowing Beethovenesque humanity. Some of the Op. 126 Bagatelles, therefore, find Brendel out of his depth. The stormy, unkempt passion one looks for in No. 4, in B minor, for example, will not be found in Brendel’s rather too genteel playing, and one has only to hear the very dissimilar readings of Kempff (DGG) and Schnabel (forthcoming, one hopes, on an Angel COLH reissue) to see how much more the music contains. But Brendel is very fine indeed whenever the need is for lyric elegance and digital facility. (He is unbeatable, for instance, in the curious little late B flat Klavierstück, Wo0 60.)

Surprisingly, Für Elise, which one would have thought particularly congenial to this pianist, is treated perfunctorily, and the Rondo a capriccio, Op.

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High Fidelity Magazine
As NOVEMBER Richter's deliberation the bia sets these readings able. His only eccentricity of excessive plasticity Thoven Sonata performances. The monumental phrasing when heavy-bound delivery of No. X can be taken as typical of his forthright but often literal and undisciplined interpretation.

The sound is good, although it becomes unpleasantly metallic in the Diabelli Variations.

H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano


Sviatoslav Richter, piano.
* PHILIPS PHM 500076/77. Two LP. $4.79 each.
* PHILIPS PHS 900076/77. Two SD. $5.79 each.

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano

No. 16, in G, Op. 31, No. 1; No. 18, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3; No. 22, in F, Op. 54.

Wilhelm Kempff, piano.
* DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LP 18940. LP. $5.79.
* DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLPM 138940. SD. $5.79.

As Beethovenians, Kempff and Richter, for all their divergent musical backgrounds, often have much in common when it comes to tone and sonority. Both favor a light, sharp attack, and their emphasis is on transparency. Sforzandos are given cutting emphasis, and an airy classicism prevails in place of the monumental drama encountered in other Beethoven Sonata performances.

Richter has sometimes been guilty of excessive plasticity of tempo but here he is for the most part unimpeachable. His only eccentricity throughout these readings is the very slow tempo he sets for the second movement of Op. 14, No. 1. (To the, this flaw sounds tender and less startling than when I first encountered it during the Soviet pianist's visit here five years ago—a case of my being prepared, I expect, since a comparison of the new disc with the Columbia recording of the 1960 concert shows the two performances to be virtually identical.) Still and all, Beethoven wrote "Allegretto" over this movement, and Richter's deliberation seems rather theatrical, not to say downright perverse.

Everything else, though, is ideally straightforward. He doesn't animate the little G minor Sonata as Schnabel did in his incomparably subtle reading, but its slowish first movement and spirited rondo do convey a directness which, in itself, is beautiful. The facile B flat Sonata has a chaste flueency under Richter's rippling fingers, and while some may find his playing on the blandly objective side, these renditions, with all the essential details receiving scrupulous attention, could serve as ideal models for students studying the pieces. Incidentally, Soviet artists are such sticklers about observing every last repeat in classical music that I sometimes wonder whether they are motivated by conviction or by fear of the music!

No such thoughts spring to mind about Kempff, for he is equally apt to make or skip a repeat. Sometimes, as in his older reading of the Waldstein, which came with double exposition on Decca and without on the DGG reissue, the tape editors apparently make the decision for him. I suspect that the older recording of Op. 31, No. 1 was another case in point: I have just the nonrepeating reissue, but am surprised to find Kempff beginning the Sonata forte as Beethoven marked the second time only. Any rate, both the repeat and the proper dynamics are restored in the new issue.

Now in his seventieth year, Kempff somehow manages always to have a surprise for us. He seems to be getting progressively younger, to judge from the new reading of the Sixteenth Sonata. Not only are the tempos and rhythms more crisply energetic throughout, but the pianist's reflexes sound much quicker and more responsive than in the past. Just compare the synchronization of the two hands in the arpeggio work soon after the Sonata's beginning, and you will see what I mean. In every instance, the older performance is the more mellow of the two, while the recent one has the characteristically brash impatience of youth. Both are superb, but very different.

In the other works on this disc, Kempff plays pretty much as he did in his older recordings—which puts them near the very top of the many recorded versions. How refreshing the E flat's scherzo sounds when tossed off with Kempff's seasoned elegance, and how effective are the last movements of this work and of the F major when played without flashy precipitateness.

The piano sound on all of these records is exemplary, but isn't Philips short-changing the music lover by spreading the short Op. 14 Sonatas over a whole disc?

H.G.

BERLIOZ: Grande Messe des Morts, Op. 5 ("Requiem")

Cesarale Valletti, tenor; Temple University Choirs; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.

For a feature review of this recording, see page 86.

BRAHMS: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in B minor

Reger: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in A: Scherzo

Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; members of the Melos Ensemble.
* ANGEL 36280. LP. $4.79.
* ANGEL S 36280. SD. $5.79.

One of the endless aesthetic debates in the preparation of all music for performance is the point at which further refinement may serve to diminish rather than enhance the effect. The disc at hand is polished to a superfine surface, but, to use an old Toscanini phrase, how much blood has been left in it? For an obvious comparison I turned to the recent version by David Oppenheim and the Budapest Quartet, a recording that, if often quite rough in contrast with the silken tones of this Angel reading, has a rugged vitality that the new release lacks.

To De Peyer and the Melos players, this is a highly romantic work to be achieved with all the emotional stops full out. Oppenheim and the Budapest see the more conventional image of Brahms, where sentiment is combined with forthright self-assertion and there are few actual tears in the beer.

If it's elegant sound quality you're after, take the Angel. It wins too on the ground of novelty (the Reger is slight but attractive) and value for the dollar. (The B side of the Columbia plays less than fifteen minutes.) But the Angel mono is quite a bit less effective than its two-channel counterpart. R.C.M.

BRAHMS: Sonata for Cello and Piano, No. 1, in E minor, Op. 38

Hindemith: Sonata for Cello, Op. 25, No. 3

Edgar Lustgarten, cello; Anthony Newman, piano (in the Brahms).
* LA JOLLA MUSEUM OF ART AC 101. LP. $4.95 (available from P. O. Box 1311, La Jolla, Calif.).

The noble cello playing of Edgar Lustgarten, which made such a vivid impression in a previous disc of short encore pieces, really comes into full blossom...
with this release. Both of these works are filled with interpretative and technical problems, and they truly profit from the musicality and executant mastery in evidence here. An erstwhile Feuermann pupil and later his assistant, Lurztaden brings a wealth of subtle detail and limpid color to these compositions, in many ways recalling the patrician style of his mentor. The resilient bowing, the creamy smoothness of sound even in the lowest register, and the spacious flexibility of his phrasing represent artistry of the first order. In the Brahms, Anthony Newman is a worthy partner to the cellist.

Hindemith's Sonata, a terse five-move ment bittersweet affair, returns to the record catalogue with Lurztaden's superb rendering. Collectors with long memories may recall Feuermann's recording of many pages of this work; in this reading, both he and the violin are given an entirely different perspective, with the violin taking on a more prominent role. The violinist's playing is alert and analytical, yet at the same time warmly lyrical. The instrument is well recorded, with a clarity and openness that allow the listener to appreciate the nuances of the performance. The result is a welcome successor to the earlier recordings of this work.

The chief dissimilarity between Frankl and Ashkenazy is that while the former was obviously eschewing coloristic effects and pianistic performance in the interests of brilliant and archetypal articulation, Ashkenazy stresses his most romantic musical ideas precisely through his extraordinary prowess as a keyboard artist. He is much more the romanticist than his rival in these works—a romanticist, that is, in the traditional sense, by virtue of his exquisite sensitivity, far removed from the general run of "Chopin stylist." 

Ashkenazy seems strongest in precisely the pieces where Frankl was a shade disappointing... and conversely, falls from grace (ever so slightly) just where Frankl reaches interpretative heights. In the G minor Ballade, Ashkenazy em ploys the rather novel, and extremely effective, idea of using as little rhythmic rhetoric as possible. He builds straightly and steadily, like a rising cloud of steam, and his technical equipment being the extraordinary thing it is, he is completely successful with this approach. Rarely, if ever, have I heard a performance of this piece so mercurial, so utterly fresh and unpretentious, and so thoroughly un trammed by digital considerations. Josef Hofmann had this type of transcendent control, but he misused it in his account of the pieces (recorded live at the “Golden Jubilee Recital” in 1937), defacing the dynamics and toying around with the internal balances. Ashkenazy simply lets the work float on its own poetic impulse, so to speak, and yet manages to build a thoroughly involving degree of dramatic momentum.

The reading of the F major Ballade is less artful than that of the G minor and, indeed, less spontaneous-sounding than the Ashkenazy performance of the same piece on his first domestic LP (despite the fact the pianist was seventeen and one of the prize winners in the Warsaw Competition). I feel that in the new reading he is just that bit too self-conscious about shaping the lifting opening theme, and consequently the deceptive simple phrases take on a droopy quality. Frankl was better at this point, although Ashkenazy is absolutely magnificent in the sweeping, climactic pages that come later in this work.

The A flat Ballade starts very simply and graciously, but evolves into a full-fledged, expansive epic. I wouldn't want to change a note of this reading. In the F minor, Ashkenazy uses a great deal of personal rubato at the first enunciation of the reiterated theme, but keeps its flow intact at all times. Technically, he is miraculous. The ending, as in Frankl's interpretation too, goes at a tremendous speed and is astonishingly effective. I wish, however, that Ashkenazy, unlike Frankl, had not disregarded Chopin's instructions not to hold the pedal down at the huge C major cadence near the end; this particular detail has seemingly become a traditional mannerism.

Throughout these performances, in the magnificently piquant Etudes as well as in the Ballades, I had the pleasurable feeling of finding new poetry and eloquence in music often marred by tawdry excesses. (I am not, of course, forgetting the fine Frankl disc, which included a splendid traversal of the great F minor Fantasy—not duplicated on Lurztaden's release.) Rarely, if ever, have I heard piano reproduction so full and yet so clear, and the surfaces are superbly quiet.

H.G.

CHOPIN: Piano Works


Artur Rubinstein, piano.
- RCA Victor LSC 7037. Two SD. $11.58.

It has become almost second nature for Artur Rubinstein to produce miraculous recordings. Recently, in the Indian summer of his career, he has set a pace that is almost dizzying. With each subsequent release, at least one incredulous critic has said to himself, this one can't be as good as the last one... —only to find himself eating crow in print. This time, however, there is a disappointment —only slight, but real. In part, it comes from the recorded sound, both mono and stereo, which shows (despite its realism) traces of that old brittleness hampering much of this great pianist's American work. I confess too to having hoped that Rubinstein would expand his collection of the "complete" Polonaises to include more than just the standard eight. And a little disappointment. I am afraid, comes from the playing itself.

The present performances of the first two Polonaises do not quite recapture the forward momentum and mobile sense of line to be heard in this artist's earlier Victor edition. (The Odeon L.P. listed in the import catalogue is a microgroove reissue of a still earlier, 78-rpm effort.) A new sense of subtle repose is present, however, and in Nos. 3 through 6 it compensates for whatever is lost in the way of sheer fire and bravura. The spacious grandeur is especially apt in the vast, emotionally moving No. 5, in F sharp minor, and the present playing of No. 4, in C minor—a reserved, meditative work—reveals an elegance that makes it the high point of the entire set. Furthermore, in this piece Rubinstein, now using a more reliable text, has changed that low octave C to G at the start of the main theme's final restatement. I feel that this C minor surpasses both of the earlier Rubinstein editions, and I expect it will be fine a playing of the

Continued on page 99
USEFUL FOR "A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT"

"A friend of mine tells me that a Beethoven symphony can solve for him a problem of conduct. I've no doubt that it does so simply by giving him a sense of the tragedy and the greatness of human destiny, which makes his personal anxieties seem small, which throws them into a new proportion."

Joyce Cary

What Joyce Cary (one of my favorite modern writers) says about a Beethoven symphony is applicable to almost all music. And such music, music which may be useful for "a problem of conduct," music great or merely entertaining, is offered to you on these pages. We are proud of these recordings; we think they are beautiful, artistically and technically. We hope you will enjoy them.

George R. Marek
Vice President and
General Manager
RCA Victor Record Division
"AN AMAZING MAN, RUBINSTEIN"
The American Record Guide

Rubinstein, in my view, is the nearest thing to a Renaissance man. He could have been a Medici. The breadth of his culture, the kaleidoscopic quality of his interest, the depth of his musical knowledge—and perhaps most important, his love of life—all express themselves in his playing.

Two of his new recordings: Beethoven’s Fourth Piano Concerto with Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a Chopin album containing eight Polonaises and four Impromptus.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC-ZUBIN MEHTA — RECORDED AT THE NEW MUSIC PAVILION

This is the first recording made in the acoustically marvelous Los Angeles Music Pavilion (and in Dynagroove), Zubin Mehta does exciting things with Strauss’ Don Juan and Respighi’s Roman Festivals. The album itself is quite a festival!
HEIFETZ-GERSHWIN—AN OLD AFFECTION

Heifetz has long been fond of Gershwin's music. He made his own transcriptions of famous Gershwin melodies and recorded them once before. The new version is better than the old because Heifetz is as fine an artist as he was—and we are better technicians. We believe that this record stands as the most important reminder of Gershwin's art since the composer's death.

HEIFETZ plays GERSHWIN
"Porgy and Bess" Selections and 3 Preludes

MUSIC OF FRANCE
Debussy • Ravel • Poulenc
Saint-Saëns • Berlioz
with Brooks Smith at the Piano

STRAVINSKY: Symphony of Psalms
POULENC: Gloria/Saramae Endich, Soprano
THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE
RCA Victor Symphony Orch.
Robert Shaw, Cond.

NOT FOR THOSE WHO THINK MUSIC STOPPED WITH BRAHMS

The Robert Shaw Chorale presents two modern expressions of the religious spirit, Poulenc's Gloria and Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms, sometimes harsh, sometimes humble, sometimes proud and sometimes meek, but always music that is worth hearing and pondering. We are especially proud of the way we have recorded the choral sound.
FUN WITH ARTHUR, PETER AND GEORGE

Quite a combination—Fiedler, Peter Nero, the Boston Pops and George Gershwin. That includes the Rhapsody In Blue. Too many recordings available of that rhapsody? No doubt, but wait till you hear Peter play it. He has also made his own arrangements of Gershwin tunes. "Some punkins," as they say in Texas!

MORTON GOULD VISITS THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY

Fritz Reiner built the Chicago Symphony into one of the world's greatest orchestras. The magic is not gone. Morton Gould proves it, conducting the orchestra in two fascinating works: Copland's Dance Symphony and his own deeply moving Spirituals for Orchestra.
"SALOME—I'LL NEVER SING IT ON THE STAGE"
Leontyne Price

"Never" is a long word, particularly when uttered by a prima donna. In the meantime, you can hear this marvelous final scene as I think Strauss wanted it heard. He wanted Salome sung, not shrieked. Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony also play Salome's Dance and the seldom-heard Monologue from The Egyptian Helen. It is a feeble opera, but this Monologue appears "to have been written in one breathless sentence, a single act of inspiration."

(William Mann's "Richard Strauss; A Critical Study of the Operas.")

I LOVE LUISA

An unusual opportunity to hear the opera by Verdi which preceded Rigoletto by two years. I quite agree with Francis Toye, one of Verdi's biographers, that Luisa Miller is "one of the most lovable of Verdi's operas," and that Verdi here gives us "a first taste of that perfect blend of supple vocal writing and orchestral virtuosity which is to be found in Falstaff." We have assembled a very fine cast: Anna Moffo as Luisa, Carlo Bergonzi, Shirley Verrett, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello and Giorgio Tozzi. Conducted by Fausto Cleva. Recorded in our Rome studios.
DEBUT OF PETER SERKIN

Artur Rubinstein said that he is "astounded and flabbergasted" by Peter Serkin. Eugene Ormandy writes, "I have never seen an all-embracing musical curiosity such as Peter's." The son of Rudolf Serkin (a great artist who unfortunately does not record for us), Peter makes his debut in an exciting performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

J. S. BACH | GOLDBERG VARIATIONS
PETER SERKIN

His First Solo Recording
FOR THOSE WHO LIKE A LITTLE OPERA A LOT
(OR A LOT OF OPERAS A LITTLE)
NEW HIGHLIGHTS ALBUMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Highlight</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Cast</th>
<th>Conductor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VERDI RIGOLETTO</td>
<td>Verdi</td>
<td>Moffo, Merrill, Kraus</td>
<td>Solti</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUTHERLAND in Verdi's NORMA</td>
<td>Verdi</td>
<td>Sutherland, Horne, Alexander — Bonynge</td>
<td>Richard Bonynge, cond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEONTYNE PRICE in Verdi's La Forza del Destino</td>
<td>Verdi</td>
<td>Tucker, Merrill, Verrett, Tozzi, Flagello, Schippers, cond.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CARMEN</td>
<td>Bizet</td>
<td>Price, Merrill, Karajan</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOSCA</td>
<td>Puccini</td>
<td>Price, Di Stefano, Taddei, Karajan</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MADAMA BUTTERFLY</td>
<td>Puccini</td>
<td>Price, Tucker, Elias, Maero, Leinsdorf</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OTELLO</td>
<td>Verdi</td>
<td>Rysanek, Vickers, Gobbi, Serafin</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MADAMA BUTTERFLY</td>
<td>Puccini</td>
<td>Price, Tucker, Elias — Leinsdorf</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO</td>
<td>Mozart</td>
<td>Peters, Della Casa, London, Corena — Leinsdorf</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DON GIOVANNI</td>
<td>Mozart</td>
<td>Price, Nilsson, Valletti, Corena, Siepi — Leinsdorf</td>
<td>Leinsdorf</td>
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MUCH, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

If you enjoyed the recording of Shakespeare's Othello with Olivier, you will enjoy this production of Much Ado About Nothing by the same company. Zeffirelli directed it, Maggie Smith—a charmer if ever there was one—plays Beatrice; Robert Stephens, Benedick; and Albert Finney, Don Pedro. Shakespeare's verbal wit sounds like music.

You have just read descriptions of a select few recordings. They are representative of all the many superb albums which bear RCA Victor's Red Seal. The fame of this label is chiefly due to "the world's greatest artists."
COPLAND: In the Beginning
\*Schuman: Carols of Death
\*Barber: Reincarnation

Gregg Smith Singers.
- Fairfield 6129. I.P. $4.98.
- *Everest 3129. SD. $4.98.

The three finest of the pieces in this set entitled "An American Triptych" may well be William Schuman's Carols of Death: it is certainly a masterpiece by a composer whose immensely distinguished contribution to choral literature has never been properly acknowledged, especially on records. But Schuman's magnificent setting of Whitman texts is admirably balanced by the other two wings of the triptych. Copland's In the Beginning, which fills one side of the disc, is a setting of the creation of the universe as told in the Book of Genesis, it builds wonderfully and mysteriously towards ever increasing richness of effect, deploying a mezzo-soprano soloist—in this case Marjorie McKay—against the full choral body. The new one might expect, the most entertaining and obviously delightful of the three pieces, but this work, with texts by James Stephens, also rewards repeated hearings. The performances are of the finest, and so is the recording. The spacious effect of stereo is especially remarkable. This chorus really exists in three dimensions, and one can hear around it.

Claude Le Jeune: Chansons (6); Psalm 45—See Josquin des Prez: Missa Paix pia etigna.

Vanguard Everyman Classics

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Andrè Lardrot, oboe and English horn; I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janjorg conductor.

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David Brubeck and the Esterhazy Orchestra

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ERICH KUNZ, with the Mozart Boys Choir of Vienna, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra;
STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT and other Christmas songs.

Vanguard Everman

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Circle 93 on Reader-Service Card
CORRETTE, GASPARD: Mass on the Eighth Tone

Gerard Farrell, O.S.B., organ.
- MASTERTONE M 1205. LP. $4.00.
- MASTERTONE MS 1205. SD. $5.00

Although the Frenchman Michel Corrette (1709-95) has appeared on records before now, this disc is the first representation of his father, Gaspard—of whom all I can learn in even the latest and largest German reference work is that he was born in Delft (date unknown), published the present Organ Mass at Paris in 1703, was for some years an organist at Rouen where his son Michel was born, and died in a place and year now unknown.

The music itself, impressive a new addition to the discography of baroque-era church music as it certainly is, fails to give us any notion of its composer's personality. Like much of the church music of still earlier times, this Mass is best described in the memorable phrase of Thomas Mann as "anonymous and communal." Yet it is particularly interesting to present-day ears both for its moments of sheer grandeur, relieved by those of ineffable tenderness, and for its precisely controlled sonic-variety scheme. As Father Farrell explains in his jacket notes, this Organ Mass is typical of its kind and time in that each subsection (there are five Versets to the Kyrie, nine to the Gloria . . . and twenty-two to the entire Mass) exploits a distinctive registration: Cromhorne in the Tenor. Dialogue for the Mixtures, Recititative for the Nazard, etc. And, most helpfully, the jacket notes identify all these various registrations.

They also give the basic specification of the organ used here: the last to be built under the personal supervision of the late Walter Holtkamp, and located in the St. John's Abbey and University Church, Collegeville, Minnesota (completed 1961). From the present evidence of Father Farrell's soberly impersonal yet eloquent playing and engineer Ronald C. Ubel's unimpeached, yet full-blooded stereo recording, this is obviously a magnificent, and magnificently versatile, instrument. Few releases from either major or minor record producers as successfully combine novel interest with as many merits, musical and technical, as this one does. Everyone involved warrants warmest congratulations.

R.D.D.


Pierre Fournier, cello; Ernest Lush, piano (in the Stravinsky); Festival Strings Lucerne, Rudolf Baumgartner, cond. (in the Vivaldi and Couperin).
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18986. LP. $5.79.
- DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLP 138986. SD. $5.79.

All this music is played in versions other than as written; the Couperin and Vivaldi are arrangements (a little hand-handy) of works originally for other instruments; the two Stravinsky pieces are cello transcriptions of, respectively, five movements from Pulcinella and an early song. Fournier recorded the Couperin and Vivaldi previously, with Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, on a discontinued London disc.

This information to the side, this is a fine, noble recording, because Fournier is that kind of musician. His tone is light and refined, his registration as seamless as any cellist's can be. He plays with taste and wit, if with no special stylistic insights into what remains of the baroque style in the Vivaldi and Couperin. Baumgartner's orchestra is of one mind with its soloist, and Ernest Lush is a most obedient accompanist.

A.R.

DEBUSSY: La Mer + Ravel: Daphnis et Chloé: Suite No. 2; La Valse

Halle Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli, cond.
- VANGUARD EVERYMAN SRV 177. LP. $1.98.
- VANGUARD EVERYMAN SRV 177SD. SD. $1.98.

An invigorating salty breeze blows over Barbirolli's Seu. There is little atmospheric mystery here and the players make no attempt to display French accents, but the romantic dash and fervor of the performance make it refreshingly enjoyable. The familiar Ravel suite is also spiritedly, if perhaps too literally, done, winning a special word of praise for its inclusion of the often omitted wordless choral parts. But the conductor lets his exuberance get somewhat out of hand in what must surely be the most flamboyant of all recorded versions of La Valse. The recording itself is clean and bright, if just a bit dry, in monophony—still lacking some sonic warmth in the more expansive stereo edition; and in both, the engineers have miscalculated with a couple of extremely low level passages (one of them the opening bar of La Mer), which are lost in the background noise. But all the faults here are relatively minor ones. Undoubtedly, on the utmost in refinement and stylistic authority, this disc has many attractions besides that of a bargain price.

R.D.D.

DITTERSdorf: Concertos

For Double Bass and Orchestra, in E: for Harp and Orchestra, in A: Sinfonia Concertante for Double Bass, Viola, and Orchestra, in D.

Georg Hörtngal, double bass; Günter Lemmen, viola; Helga Storck, harp; Württemberg Chamber Orchestra (Heilbronn), Jörg Faerber, cond.
- TURNABOUT TV 4005. LP. $2.50.
- TURNABOUT TV 34005. SD. $2.50.

The hospitable Dittersdorf, who seldom shut the compositional door in the face of a prospective solo instrument, is but here to one of the most difficult of guests—the double bass—and with typical good humor and facility manages to show it off in a reasonably complimentary light. One can't overlook a certain elephantine clumsiness in the instrument's behavior at times, but Georg Hörtngal puts it through its paces with a minimum of perspiration and laboriousness. Still, the pairing with viola in the Sinfonia Concertante makes attractive music, to my ears, for the two instruments get along amiably, and the viola moves up into a singing register with the conviction of belonging there. (Bass player Hörtngal, incidentally, also appeared as one of the soloists on the Westminster recording of this same work; the two versions are quite on a par.) The Harp Concerto, transcribed by the composer from a concerto for piano, is well turned and satisfying in every respect, and concludes with a neat and charmingly folkish rondo which seems to epitomize Dittersdorf's urbanity and cheerfulness.

Performances are highly competent. The chief shortcoming of the disc is the reverberance of sound in the Harp Concerto, where a drier ambience would have given greater articulation to the solo instrument.

S.F.


Wolfgang Herzer, cello (in the Sextet); Richard Strabli, viola; European String Quartet.
- WESTMINSTER XWN 19099. LP. $4.79.
- WESTMINSTER WST 17099. SD. $4.79.

Both of these scores are perpetual delights, deserving to be heard far more frequently than they actually are. The Sextet abounds with vigorous energy and the kind of impulsive Bohemian rhythms so well known from the Op. 46 Slavonic Dances. Probably more familiar of the two works, the Quintet dates from Dvořák's visit to the United States in 1893 and, like the American String Quartet and New World Symphony, is influenced by what the composer took to be indigenous American musical materials. This Quintet is, indeed, one of Dvořák's true masterpieces. A recording of the Sextet on Remington, by the Julka ensemble, disappeared ages ago, thus leaving the composition totally unrepresented.
The dramatic saga of the Mormons' exodus west to the Salt Lake Valley is captured in songs, articles and pictures in a special Columbia Records Legacy Collection set. The record and the deluxe 52-page bound book present folk songs performed by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Ed McCurdy, Clayton Khrebieh, Oscar Brand and Jack Elliott; articles by poet Carl Carmer, historian LeRoy R. Hafen and Brigham Young University professor Thomas E. Cheney; excerpts from actual documents; complete song texts, and over 40 illustrations. It is a tribute to the spirit, imagination, courage and heritage of those zealous, hearty people—The Mormon Pioneers.

America's changing moods, its people, its mountains, rivers, cities, and a colorful swath of its history, are reflected in this new collection of songs by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. "This Land Is Your Land," "Down in the Valley," "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Sweet Betsy From Pike," "Gospel Train; Old Time Religion," "When I First Came to This Land," "Shenan-" "Home on the Range," "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands," "I Wonder as I Wander," "Oh, Susanna," "Deep River"—all in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's newest Columbia Masterworks album.

THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR ON COLUMBIA RECORDS
in the catalogue. The Quartet too, once available in a superlative Budapest Quar
tet/Katins edition, has been deleted. All of which makes this Westminster
coupling absolutely indispensable. The European String Quartet (Thomas Ka
kud, finé Hungarian-Fulbrighter, violin; Fritz Händsche, viola; Richard Harand,
cello) is patently an ensemble to be
reckoned with. These players give a pair of finely wrought interpretations—
full of sturdy rhythm, pianistic expressivity, and fine harmonic planning. Perhaps
they do not have quite the consummate polish of the Budapesters in the early
Fifties when that group recorded the
Quartet, but by any other standards their
work is wonderfully accomplished.
Westminster’s sonics deserve a special
bow. In this recording there is a trans-
lucency and intimacy, sound that is
pellucid without being dry, warm with-
out being slushy. Stereo gives a subtle
separation and its residuals, gentle;
mono presentation features equal clarity
but with greater astringency.
H.G.

**DVORAK: Slavonic Dances, Op. 46,
Op. 72; Carnival Overture, Op. 92**

Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.
* COLUMBIA M2L 326. Two LP. $9.58.
* COLUMBIA M2S 726. Two SD. $11.58.

A major disadvantage of being a high-
brow is that one is often required. *pro
forma* as it were, to reject many of the
genuine, if simple, pleasures in which
others find delight. The Slavonic Dances
are an example. They contain some of the
most beautiful and effective tunes ever
to emerge from the music of the Cen-
tral European. They are not, in the usual
sense, great music (any Beethoven sym-
phony has a greater intellectual content); they are, rather, great melodies—and if
their bravura palls somewhat on repeti-
tion, the slower themes with their falling
strains in the minor evoke the nostalgic
and bittersweet with rare artistry.

Symphonic music requires develop-
ment. Technically, you cannot develop a
tune; you can only provide variations
against changing contexts of orchestral
color and texture. But how superbly Dvořák achieves this! Anyone who has
ever tried his hand as an arranger cannot
fail to respect this workmanship. The in-
strumental setting always fits the melody
to perfection, and the grandest and most
beautiful effects are achieved with a
sense of spontaneity and variety. You
can listen to either the Op. 46 or the
Op. 72 straight through and find a
constant sense of flow and contrast that
prevents the idiom from going stale.

Szell has recorded the Dances before in
a lovely old mono set that many of us
kept around, even when stereo editions
appeared, because of the excellence of the
performances. The present sequence
began in 1964 when Nos. 1 and 3 from
Op. 46 and Nos. 2 and 7 from Op. 72
appeared with the *Carnival Overture* on
Epic BC 1268. The sample raised one’s hopes
that ‘there was a new complete edition on the way, and, fortunately,
it is here. The obvious assets of the set
are easily enumerated. The recording is
exceptionally transparent, vivid, and
faithful to the likeness of an extraordi-
nary orchestra. What is more important is
the respect Szell obviously has for
this music. No Mozart symphony could
evoke from him greater refinement in
balance and color, greater sensitivity to
phrasing and nuance, or—one feels—
greater admiration for the fine stylistic
points which the composer has left for
his more perceptive interpreters. With
this skill guiding the baton, many of
these dances become miniature tone
poems, written and played as works of
love.

R.C.M.

**ESTEBAN: Nava: Intermezzo
†Mompou: Suite Compostelana
†Tansman: Suite in Modo Polonico**

Andrés Segovia, guitar.
* DECCA DL 10112. LP. $4.79.
* DECCA DL 710112. SD. $4.79.

All of the works recorded here are plea-
ant, conservative, thoroughly craftsman-
like, and of no great import. The two
miniatures by Maria Esteban de Valera
are dedicated to the artist who plays
them here—a close personal friend of
the composer. *Nava* is a gentle, swaying
berceuse-type melody, while Intermezzo
is cast in the most rigorous mold de-

erived from a typical Bach bourrée.

Alexander Tansman’s *Suite in Modo
Polonico*, as one can guess from its title,
is inspired by the traditional dance
forms of Poland. It is an attractive example of
romanticism-cum-baroque, pungent, char-
acterized by rich cantabile and spacious
eclecticism. By contrast, the more
abstractly impressionistic work by Fede-
rico Mompou is terse, a bit on the austere
side and more purely abstract. Its
drum greatly recalls the late Debus-
sey Trio Sonata for Flute, Viola, and
Harp. It is probably the most ‘serious’
work in the present collection and, in
truth, the least immediately palatable.

But what counts above all in this
program is Segovia’s playing. The master
brings to the music a scintillant control;
elastic rhythm, and wealth of poetic
color, and he is gorgeously recorded. No
one, indeed, can make a guitar “speak”
as does Segovia.

H.G.

**GEHOT: Quartet for Strings, in D—
See Peter: Quintets for Strings.**

**HANDEL: Concertos for Wind and
Strings, Op. 3**

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields,
Nevelle Marriner, cond.
* ARGO RG 400. LP. $5.79.
* ARGO ZRG 5400. SD. $5.79.

As a group, these concerti grossi are not
perhaps on the same plane as Opus 6,
but a number of individual movements
have striking ideas as well as that special
character which can only be described as
Handelian. As in the latter set, there is
variety from one work to the next be-
cause no two concertos have the same
formal pattern or, in the present case,
precisely the same disposition of instru-
ments. Unlike Opus 6, which is for
strings only, each of these concertos
employs woodwinds also, especially
effectively in the lovely song for oboe in
the Largo of No. 2 and the fleet, light-
footed flute passages in the first Allegro
of No. 3. This English ensemble, con-
ducted by one of its violinists, plays
with spirit and good style. There is some
decisive dotting occasionally, and some
eloquent but tasteful embellishing, as
in the short introduction to No. 3. The
sound is lifelike. It seems to me that
this set is on a par with the Archive and
slightly superior to the Vox, N.B.

**HAYDN: Concerto for Violin and
Strings, in C, H. VIIa:1—See Bach:
Concerto for Violin and Strings:
in A minor, S. 1041; in E, S. 1042.**

**HAYDN: Fourteen Pieces for
Mechanical Organ—See Beethoven:
Five Pieces for Mechanical Organ.**

**HAYDN: Quartets for Strings,
Op. 77: No. 1, in G; No. 2, in F**

Amadeus Quartet.
* DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON LPM 18980.
LP. $5.79.
* DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON SLP 138980.
SD. $5.79.

Haydn’s last completed string quartets,
the crowning jewels of his efforts in that
medium, were composed in 1795, while
Beethoven was busily engaged in work
on his Op. 18 set (at least Op. 18, No. 3,
had already been completed.) The Op. 77
stands as a monument to the degree of
elaborate development to which Haydn
had almost singlehandedly brought the
sonata-allegro form. It is at least
worth speculation as to how much the
older master had been influenced by
a hearing of some of Beethoven’s work
and by the incomparable ten last quartets
of Mozart. Certainly the complex detail
of the instrumental writing, the sheer
bigness of these two magnificent scores,
makes it reasonable enough to assume
that they were conceived with the added
stimulus that his younger colleagues’ con-

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—Alban Berg

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Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft
was not published until nearly twenty years after his death. Its widespread circulation in manuscript proved something of the high regard in which it was held by its contemporaries. The hymn is quoted in paraphrase, recognizably at the outset of the various sections, but in more and more recondite fashion as the contrapuntal web is spun back and forth. The plainsong thus becomes a sort of personal experience, dominating the feeling and form of the work, yet rarely intruding. Josquin's mastery is fully revealed in this luminous, tender, and highly sensitive performance by a small but talented group of singers, and the recording allows us to savor the sonority of his texture without in any way obscuring the clarity of words or lines.

The foundation in Paris, in 1570, of an Académie (or private concert society) by Baif and Thibaut de Courville was one of those historical events fortunate enough to attract the notice of the right man at the right time. Claude Le Jeune, who had then been a resident of Paris for six years, was ready to embrace the theories of Baif and try to adapt music to the quantitative meters read into the chosen poetical texts. Often the result was charming and fluid, even though homophony inevitably held sway over the general texture. The six songs recorded here illustrate the degree of success achieved, and to this is added the unusual piquancy of chromatic experiments in Qu'est devenu ce bel oeil? At least one of the titles (Fayons tous d'aimer le jeu) will be familiar from settings by Lassus and Certon, but Le Jeune's version is worthy of respect. Notable too are the expressive Voici du gay printemps and the slightly malicious Notre Vieure, un jour de fête. All are expertly sung, as are the excerpts from Psalm 45 in the Third Mode.

KODALY: Háry János: Suite
Stravinsky: Petrouchka: Suite

Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, cond.
- Columbia ML 6146. LP. $4.79.
- Columbia MS 6746. SD. $5.79.

Inasmuch as Ormandy made the first recording of the Háry János music (in his Minneapolis Symphony days), this 30-years-later version may be presumed informed and competent. So it is—and yet it fuses far more thrust and brilliance in the Czerny at the end, than in London. The Philadelphia plays with all its accustomed sheen, but the all-purpose plushiness of sound leaves unsaid some of the individual details in Kodaly's scoring.

The Petrouchka music contains somewhat more than is heard in the usual concert suite (the Ballerina's Dance, for example, wonderfully played by the orchestra's solo trumpet), but since the "suite" now contains only about five minutes' less music than the whole ballet, one wonders why the excerpting was done at all. Again, the performance is solid and unremarkable.

LISZT: Sonata for Piano, in B minor; Hungarian Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra; Rhapsodie espagnole for Piano and Orchestra

- Odeon ALP 2051. LP. $5.98
- Odeon ASD 600. SD. $6.98.

Here is yet another fine version of the B minor Sonata. On close scrutiny, though, it does not quite challenge the supremacy of that magnificent triumvirate of performances by Horowitz (Angel COL 114), Fleisher (Epic), and Curzon (London). Ogdon's way with the music is to dramatize the changes in mood with wide tempo contrasts. Thus, while the opening is fairly leisurely, Ogdon is off to a rapid sprint at the first big outburst. Similarly, in the middle section (which the pianist refers to as the "Gretchen" episode in his notes) there is an unprecedented gravity about the present approach—a true Adagio feeling if ever there was one—but then comes the fugue, taken legero, presto, and with a great deal of metrical rhetoric. The tonic hue is rather sober, but within its imposed limits, Ogdon manages to convey a greatly amount of variety and nuance. Nevertheless, both Fleisher and Curzon interpret the Sonata with equal spiritual penetration while making it sound less abrupt and more cohesive. As for Horowitz's historic reissue, it sizzles with an unparalleled intensity.

Ogdon's teacher Egon Petri once recorded this same Busoni orchestral expansion of the Rhapsodie espagnole during the 78-rpm era and that version was briefly available on LP when Columbia had its low-price Entrée series on the market. The present performance, as well as that of the Hungarian Fantasia, is extroverted rather than poetic. Ogdon is a solid technician, and his sturdy forthright style is companionable indeed for this slapdash type of pyrotechnical essay. Petri's vibrant support and the brassy, descriptive recorded sound well abet the pianist.

H.G.

LOPATNIKOFF: Variations concettanti
PANUFNIK: Nocturne

Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, cond.
- Louisville LOU 654. LP. $7.95.
- Louisville LOU S654. SD. $8.95.

The hopelessly academic variations of Nicolai Lopatnikoff need not detain us long, but the Nocturne by the Polish composer Andrzej Panufnik has something to offer. It is a long piece built in arch form, arising from silence, achieving a big climax, and returning to silence.

Its handling of the orchestra is magnificent, and its harmonic palette, although conservative, is rich and varied. Performances are presumably authoritative, and the recordings are good.

LUMBYE: "Copenhagen Pops"

Dream Pictures. Galopps: Copenhagen Steam Railway; Salute for August Bournonville; Champagne. Polkas: Britta, Columbine (Polka-Mazurka). Waltzes: Queen Louise's; Anelic.

Copenhagen Symphony Orchestra, Laaardri Friisholm, cond.
- Capitol 2753. LP. $3.79.
- Capitol SG 7253. SD. $4.79.

Everything comes up roses here except the copywriter's jacket claim that this is "the first album devoted to the music of the Scandinavian Johann Strauss." What nonsense! As many an American admirer of Hans Christian Lumbye (1810-74) knows, it was just a decade ago that many of the Danish master's delightful dances became widely known in this country on two fine Mercury LPs conducted by the composer's grandson, Tippe Lumbye. And even the credit for the first stereo appearance has been stolen by a recently announced Lumbye miscellany conducted by S. C. Feltsn for Vox.

No matter: the present release is more than welcome. Happily, Friisholm and his fellow Danes obviously respect as well as relish these little masterpieces of often surprisingly substantial light music, while their vivacious, idiomatic performances are gleamingly recorded in warm, yet unexaggerated, stereoism (I haven't yet heard the mono edition). And the music itself really needs no comparisons with that of Johann Strauss to be admired for its own sake. What makes such comparisons almost inevitable is not so much anything in the musical idioms themselves, as in the composer's inexhaustible inventiveness, rhythmic lilt, and a sure ear and hand for just the right, glitteringly bright, instrumental coloring. Except to long-time Lumbye fans and regular visitors to Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens, only a few of the pieces here (the bravura Champagne galop and the fanciful Dream Pictures, in particular) are likely to be familiar. And good as these are, they are surpassed by the melodic Anelic Waltz, the almost Gil bert & Sullivanish blithe Britta Polka, and a vividly evocative Copenhagen Steam Railway galop. If you're looking for universally appreciable musical entertainment, guaranteed to delight listeners of all tastes, you need look no further.

R.D.D.

CIRCLE 11 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
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**FM and Tuners.** What’s happening in FM stereo broadcasting, both in terms of programming and of technical development. Equipment available for listening and for taping off the air. Guides to purchasing an FM tuner. Antenna and related accessories. Sources of FM program information.

**Speakers.** Large, small and in-between. What’s available; hints on how to select a pair for stereo; advice on placement, including a discussion of the intriguing center channel.

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MENDELSSOHN: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in E minor, Op. 64


Henryk Szeryng, violin: London Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond.
• Mercury MG 50406. LP. $4.79.
• Mercury SR 90406. SD. $5.79.

MENDELSSOHN: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in E minor, Op. 64
Bruch: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in G minor, Op. 26

Ivon Voicou, violin: London Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, cond.
• London CM 9450. LP. $4.79.
• London CS 6450. SD. $5.79.

Ordinarily, there is little noteworthy about another recorded version of the Mendelssohn E minor Violin Concerto, but the present discs have special points of interest. London's presents a new performing artist, apparently of some reputation on the Continent, and Mercury offers the first adequate modern version of the neglected Schumann D minor Concerto (the deleted Concert Hall issue by Peter Rÿbar was hardly that).

The Schumann came from the very last years of the composer's life. It languished in obscurity until 1937 when jelly d'Aranyi, the granddaughter of Joachim, attracted a sensational bit of publicity by claiming a visitation by Schumann's ghost(!), who informed her of the work and bestowed upon her the task of reviving it. Actually, the existence of the music had been known; but since it was recognized as uneven Schumann, nobody had bothered to bring it to light. The Ms was now retrieved from a German archive and sent to Miss d'Aranyi. The lady, however, was deprived of the honor of giving the initial performance (that fell to the German violinist George Kulekampff, who later recorded it for the Telefunken label), and on these occasions Mendelssohn must be associated with Yehudi Menuhin, who made a set of RCA Victor shellac discs. The flurry now over, the D minor Concerto resumed its dust-gathering career.

Despite its disjunct, even feeble, over-all character, the work bears many hallmark of the beautiful Schumann style. Its architecture is surprisingly orthodox for its composer and even goes so far as to include an orchestral ritornello prior to the soloist's entrance (almost unheard of for Schumann). The scoring tends to be scrappy and string-heavy, but also features many felicitous, piquant touches. The short slow movement has a piercing, haunting strain which gives way to a buoyant, if faultless, third movement in mazurka cast. Inasmuch as Henryk Szeryng plays the opus with cool restraint, superb polish, and flawless musicianship, his disc is an important addition to the catalogue.

Szeryng's Mendelssohn too is a dream of a performance. He cleanses the tarnished pages with a fresh lyricism and mercurial sensitivity which I, for one, had despaired of ever again encountering. It is not speed that gives his interpretation such "airy" airiness, but rather the purity and intelligence of his line and phrasing. (Indeed, the finale is surprisingly comfortable in its unharried pacing.) He is too near the microphone, perhaps, but his violinism has such grace and sheer "spring" that the performance never boggs down in beefy lugubriousness (as does the equally ill-balanced Oistrakh-Ormandy edition for Columbia). Szeryng's performance of the Mendelssohn is right up there at the top of the heap, with the Szigeti/Bechmann of hallowed memory. Who could pay a higher compliment to any violinist? Dorati supports both concertos with fleet delicacy and aside from the aforementioned back (problem I have heard only the stereo), the recorded sound is faultless.

Ivon Voicou is a forty-year-old Rumanian, pupil of Georges Enesco and David Oistrakh. He will be making his American debut in a Carnegie Hall program (in evidence, he had a good deal of experience abroad. This record, alas, is not a particularly impressive testimonial to his art. Voicou displays an edgy, quavery vibrato reminiscent of one of Menuhin's less fortunate days, and like his compatriot, the conductor Constantin Silvestri, he seems to be a sloppy, undisciplined musician. His technique, while facile, has a disconcerting habit of racing ahead every time the music gets active, and it is frankly alarming to find so much careless intonation these days. There is, admittedly, a certain ardor to his style, which many will undoubtedly relish, but I dislike intensely the type of coarse, hefty phrasing here imposed on both of these scores. The Bruch work, requiring much less sensitivity from its performer, of course comes out better than the Mendelssohn.

Frühbeck stays admirably together with his soloist (a laudable feat in his case), and evokes a feeling of inflexibility which even Milhaud's deep sincerity, his gift for musical color, and a sense of humor to overcome. The performance is a good one, with Maurice Abravanel—thoroughly in command of his choral and orchestral forces—turning in an eloquent account of the score. Both of the soloists, Florence Kopleff and Louis Quilico, sing well.

MOLLER: Quartet for Strings, in E flat—See Peter: Quintets for Strings.

MOMPOU: Suite Compostelana—See Esteve: Nana; Intereuzco.

MOZART: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 15, in B flat, K. 450; No. 16, in D, K. 451

Ingrid Haebler, piano; London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, cond.
• Mercury MG 50428. LP. $4.79.
• Mercury SR 90428. SD. $5.79.

Ingrid Haebler continues to grow as an artist. Her new performance of K. 450 is much better than the old one, still available in a Vox Box. Here she plays with poetry and excellent control, singing when she is in the center of the stage, weaving smoothly flowing arabesques when she is supplying background. The only flyspeck is a little too much pedal in the Andante, slightly blurring a few solo passages. My favorite recording of this lovely work remains the Bernstein (now deleted), but Miss Haebler's will do nicely too.

K. 451 is a less personal composition but still of great interest. The finale has much of the carefree spiritedness of the Seraglio. Miss Haebler plays a few short appoggiaturas long here, but otherwise her performance is lively and skillful throughout the work. It seems to me that this is a better representation of the Concerto, all things considered.
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There's a lot of B flat here, but so amiable is Mozart in these divertimentos—and so superbly musical are the three instrumentaliststhat the listener scarcely bothers about having sat in one tonality, more or less, throughout fifty-five minutes of music. The scoring for oboe, clarinet, and bassoon is a deviation from the composer's original choices (two bass horns or two clarinets, plus bassoon), but it works beautifully, and the three timbres are highly complementary. Sound is excellent, stereo characteristics negligible.


Gervase de Peyer, clarinet: members of the Melos Ensemble. • ANGEL 36241. L.P. $4.79. • ANGEL S 36241. SD. $5.79.

These are beautiful performances, particularly of the Quiet. The tempo of the first movement in that work may seem a little more easygoing than it needs to be, but there is no call for haste in this mellow, autumnal masterpiece. In the Larghetto the pace seems perfect: it is a reading that does full justice to the exquisite music. The same is true of the last two movements. De Peyer plays with sensitivity and grace. His fine tone seems warmer in the Quintet than in the Trio, but in both works the clarinet playing is smooth and musical. From the standpoint of nuance in phrasing and dynamics I would place the reading of the Quintet about halfway between the relatively uninfectected one of Benny Goodman and the overinfected one of Reginald Kell—which I consider just about the right place for a performance of this work. The Trio receives equally good treatment, and the sound in both versions is first-class.

MOZART: Symphonies

No. 20, in D, K. 133: No. 23, in D, K. 181: No. 25, in G minor, K. 183.

Mainz Chamber Orchestra, Günther Kehr, cond. • TURNABOUT TV 4002. L.P. $2.50. • TURNABOUT TV 34002. SD. $2.50.


Cologne Soloists Ensemble, Helmut Müller-Brühl. cond. • NONESUCH H 1055. L.P. $2.50. • NONESUCH H 71055. SD. $2.50.


Gürzenich Symphony Orchestra of Cologne, Günter Wand, cond. • NONESUCH H 1047. L.P. $2.50. • NONESUCH H 71047. SD. $2.50.

The recent trend on the part of several companies to the production of low-priced discs, both reissues and new releases, should make available to a new and large public a good deal of worthwhile music in generally decent performances. Nor do the companies stick timidly to the standard repertory, as the three Mozart records now under consideration show. Only the G minor Symphonies, "big" and "little," and the A major Symphony may be said to be familiar: the other early works are seldom encountered, and K. 320, in its present form, is a first in the domestic catalogues. The Mainz orchestra on the Turnabout disc is stylishly small. It is not first-rate, but it tries very hard. Once or twice the players are not exactly together, or one of the basses is slightly off pitch, and at times the ensemble does not play softly enough. But the roccoco flavor of the Andante of K. 133 is nicely caught, as is the dramatic spirit of the first movement of K. 181 and of most of K. 183. There is not much separation in the stereo, and the bass bumbles in the finale of K. 133, but otherwise the sound is fairly lifelike.

The Cologne orchestras (are they perhaps one and the same?) on the None-such discs sound a little more highly polished than the one from Mainz. Helmut Müller-Brühl's strings phrase carelessly, and except for the first movement of K. 201, which is a bit too comfortable for my taste, his tempos are entirely plausible. K. 201 is perhaps the least satisfying performance here: in the slow movement the first violins and, in spots, the oboes should come forward more: in the Minuet the fortissimo is flattened out to a forte. But these defects may be due to the engineer. K. 202 receives a reading that is neat and crisp throughout. The sound on this disc is slightly muffled compared to that of the Turnabout, and here too there is little directonality in the stereo. Günter Wand's reading of the first movement of K. 550 is one of the best I have heard on records. It has the necessary passion and sweep, and an attention to detail and balance on the part of conductor and engineer that makes clear every strand in the complicated texture of the development section. But in the other three movements Wand moves on a lower plane. The Andante has less vitality, though it is hard to say why; the Minuet seems too fast, the finale too slow. In the last movement the basses were sometimes muted. K. 320 is the well-known Posthorn Serenade. Mozart seems to have selected three movements from the original seven when he needed a symphony in a hurry (he did this with several other serenades too). In these three—the first, fifth, and seventh—that are played here in a clean, lively, and entirely convincing performance.

It is true that Kehr's version of K. 183 is not on the same level as, say, Klemperer's (Angel), that Müller-Brühl's K. 201 is considerably below Walter's (Columbia), and that Wand's "big" G minor is not as consistently fine as Colin Davis' (Philips). But the differences, on the whole, are not as great as might be expected from the difference in price.

PALESTRINA: Works for Double Choir

Stabat Mater: Hodie beata Virgo: Senez puertum portabat: Magnefiecul primiti toni a 8: Litanae de Beata Virgine Maria.

Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willicocks, dir. • ARG0 RG 398. L.P. $5.79. • ARG0 ZRG 5398. SD. $5.79.

The writing of music for divided or dispersed choirs (cori spezzati) had been in existence for just over a century when Palestrina published his double-choir compositions in the 1590s. Those early and anonymous antiphonal masses done at the time of Borso d'Este are as far removed from the suavity of Palestrina's style as they are in point of time; yet the basic features of each are scarcely different. Composers knew that a phrase or a sentence could be enhanced through repetition, and when the repetition took place in such a manner as to give the listener an added dimension and a subtle change of timbre, the magic of polychoralism began to take firm hold.

Stabat Mater was traditionally sung during the Offertory of High Mass on Palm Sunday by the Papal Choir, though its liturgical place is now as the Sequence in the Mass of the Seven Dolours of the B.V.M. Since the structure of a Sequence calls for paired verses, antiphonat performance seems most natural and desirable, and in Palestrina's sensitive deployment of his two choirs there is a feeling of age-old tradition linked with the technical zenith of Renaissance polyphony. This fine performance realizes to the full not only the directional impact of the choirs by means of well-engineered stereo, but also the inherent tenderness and anguish of the words and music sublimely welded together.
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CIRCLE 105 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
The eight-part Magnificat and the Litany are also impressive works for double choir, and they too benefit from performances of a calm and flowing nature, distinguished by perfection of intonation and diction. The two five-part motets for Candlemas date from 1569, and show that Palestrina was by that time an unsurpassed master of choral textures, again faithfully reproduced in this recording.

D.S.

PANUFNIK: Nocturne—See Lopatnikoff: Variazioni concertanti.

PETER: Quintets for Strings: No. 1: Moravian; No. 2: Moller; Quartet for Strings, in E flat; Gehot: Quartet for Strings, in D

Moravian Quintet (in the Peter): New Music Quartet (in the Moller and Gehot).

FOLKWAYS FH 5109. L.P. $5.79.

This disc is entirely devoted to American instrumental music of the Colonial period, and well worth hearing it proves. Although John Fenner, Peter is entirely identified with the pioneering religious communities established by the Moravian Brotherhood in Pennsylvania and North Carolina in the eighteenth century, he was born in Germany and got his training there. His six quintets were written at Salem, North Carolina, in 1789 and may well be the earliest pieces of instrumental chamber music composed in this country. Peter preached the word of God, built roads in the wilderness, and relaxed by playing and composing concerted music for strings.

His quintets are altogether charming, although they lack the final stamp of elegance that marks the trios of his Moravians (move in New York). The first two are Viennese models, but the last four follow procedures established by the Moravian community upon that well-worn figuration-formula which goes “deedle-deedle-deedle-deedle” until the tonic key returns, to the composer’s great relief, and a recapitulation can be instituted.

John Christopher Moller and Joseph Baudoin Gehot are cats of a different breed. They are typical of the European professional musicians who flocked to this country after the Revolution. Both were active in New York in the 1790s. Their music is more sophisticated than Peter’s and is full of charming tunes and touches: it is characteristic of the work of the lesser composers who swarmed about Haydn and Mozart and is herapolis; it is light and free, yielding a slightly darker timbre. Also included are the Fantasia on One Note (middle C is sustained throughout the work by one of the violas) and a Pavan for three violins, gamba, and chamber organ. Although the fantasies are almost certainly for violas, they sound good as performed by this expert group, and the recording offers an ample fullness of sound without obscuring the movement of inner parts.

RAMEAU: Six Concerts en sextuor

Chamber Orchestra of Toulouse. Louis Auriacombe, cond.

MUSIC GUILD MG 103. L.P. $2.49.

It seems only fair to Rameau, when listening to these early instrumental works, to fight the insidious habit of totaling up similarities. True, there is an inescapable degree of Vivaldi in the rushing scales of the first movement of the Fourth Concert, and there is much that is Handelian in the bright effectiveness of the occasional arpeggio figuration and in the unassertiveness of the counterpoint—largely self-effacing. But Rameau was anything but a composite of contemporary trends. And these works combine a French elegance with the common touch characteristic of the composer. There is, for example, considerable fun to be had in the extramusal suggestions (most of the movements are titled): La Ronde was a woman of spirit and decisive power who probably won her point more often than not; La Triumph is modest in the most appealing way; La Polonc recounts fowl play in what must be considered a fairly aristocratic barnyard.

Numbers 1-5 of these Concerts were originally published as pièces de clavecin en concert, for harpsichord with violin or flute, and viola da gamba or second violin, an arrangement for six strings is well performed during the composer’s lifetime, and published after his death. Concert No. 6 (which includes La Polonc) was originally a harpsischord solo. The present arrangement for string orchestra I take to be a modern elaboration and it comes off very well in these performances. Even Rameau’s swift, light-textured movements, with their blown-glass ornamentation, do not suffer from the thickened instrumentation—a high compliment to the Chamber Orchestra of Toulouse. Music Guild’s sound, while it might have been drier and brighter for this music, is nevertheless satisfactory, and the stereo sound is quite marked, in a pleasant and appropriate sort of way.

RAVEL: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: in D, for the left hand alone; in G

Monique Haas, piano; Orchestre National de Paris. Paul Paray, cond.

Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18988. L.P. $5.79.

Monique Haas has been heard far too infrequently on records of late, and it is a real pleasure to welcome this superbly authoritative disc. The pianist has already remembered for a fine previous essay on the G major Concerto (with Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt and the N.W.D.R. Orchestra for Decca), but although this is her initial recording of “the other” Ravel Concerto, she is obviously an old hand at it too. Both of these flawlessly integrated readings stress the reserved classicism of the writing rather than its jazz or melodramatic facets. Tempos are

Monique Haas: Ravel with reserve.
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In this unretouched photograph, the long, black hair of the brush built into the new Stanton 581 is shown in action on a rather dusty record. Note that all the loose lint, fuzz, and dust are kept out of the groove and away from the stylus. That’s why the Longhair is the ideal stereo cartridge for your Gesualdo madrigals and Frescobaldi toccatas. Its protective action is completely automatic, every time you play the record, without extra gadgets or accessories.

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on the fast side, phrasing is definitely “straggles to a finish, but a minimum and, when used at all, is of the greatest subtlety. Indeed, the sure and sharp light-handedness of these fleet-fingered statements almost defy description. Credit for the sophisticated undertake-ment of this whole presentation must of course go also to M. Paray. DGG’s engineers have placed their microphones at a respectful distance. All the detail comes through with fabulous clarity, but there is noteworthy depth in the acoustics.

H.G.

RAVEL: Daphnis et Chloé: Suite No. 2; La Valse—See Debussy: La Mer.

REGER: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in A: Scherzo—See Brahms: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in B minor.

ROSSINI: Stabat Mater

Martina Arroyo, soprano; Beverly Wolf, mezzo; Tito di Bianco, tenor; Jesús Diaz, bass; Camerata Singers: New York Philharmonic. Thomas Schippers, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6142. 1 P. $4.79.
• COLUMBIA MS 6742. SD. $5.79.

For those acquainted with the gathering of the Cantons which brings Act II of the Guillaume Tell to a tumultuous close, or the superb choral finale of that same opera, or the mightier pages in Mendel, the grandeur of Rossini’s Stabat Mater, infrequently heard in its entirety, should come as no surprise. Some of the work, it is true, sounds incongruously merry even when the most sacred of texts are being evoked (Rossini was no iconoclast; just an inconsiderable but vivant): but these moments cannot upset the over-all majesty of this inspired score. Begun three years after the completion of Tell and finished—in characteristically human heirs—march two seasons after that, the music, though uneven, represents at its best the aspirations and achievements of Rossini as a composer in the grand style.

He has a fine interpreter in Thomas Schippers. This young conductor here comes near to a full penetration of the Rossini manner. His direction has elegance, dramatic excitement when needed, that tingling, needlelike quality so close to the heart of Rossini, as a group of architectonics. In the Stabat Mater, performed under his direction last season as part of the New York Philharmonic’s regular concert series and presumably recorded at that time, he drives his forces to a show, but not shallowness. Victory. Orchestra and chorus perform splendidly. Of the soloists, Martina Arroyo contributes a stirring “Inflammatus” (not only the firmly poised high Cs but the total mood of the piece); Beverly Wolf sings beautifully throughout; Justino Diaz, projects a mellow awareness of Rossini’s vocal style; and Tito di Bianco belts his top tones with the old-fashioned Poliuticena war whoop . . . the one jarring element in an otherwise perfect cast.

R.L.

SCHUMAN: Carols of Death—See Copland: In the Beginning.

SCHUMAN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in A minor, Op. 54; Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Op. 38 (“Spring”)

Anton Kamper, piano (in the Concerto); Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Hans Swarowsky, cond.
• AUDIO FIDELITY FCS 30015. LP. $2.50.
• AUDIO FIDELITY FCS 50015. SD. $2.50.

These are thoroughly vigorous, and thoroughly likeable, accounts of the familiar works. Other versions of the Spring Symphony are undoubtedly more polished than Swarowsky’s. but in this composition the kind of logic and unaffected looked be imparted are far more relevant than polish per se. Szell’s incomparably more finished presentation. To consider but one example, sounds weary and contrived by comparison. In matters of pacing. Swarowsky is not to be faulted: his grip on the over-all structure remains absolute through even the most difficult transitional passages. The conductor, it should be mentioned, has the opening fanfare played as written—that is to say, starting on the flat D.

The overide Piano Concerto gets the same sort of performance—and it sounds like a performance rather than a worked-over studio pastiche. Kamper is a fine soloist. and a few impressive details, as in the Symphony, are permissible here in view of the general momentum and vigor of the music making. This is the sort of Schumann playing that I particularly like: bold, masculine. but composed. It is orthodox in the best sense of that word.

Audio Fidelity’s sound has impressive height, along with a slight tendency towards raspiness. Everything considered (including a trifle in the Symphony which burns like an overdue alarm clock), it is acceptable but not particularly subtle.

H.G.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra: No. 2, in G, Op. 44; No. 3. in E flat, Op. 75

Gary Graffman, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy, cond.
• COLUMBIA ML 6155. 1 P. $4.79.
• COLUMBIA MS 6755. SD. $5.79.

It is always pleasant to find major artists showing true initiative. The present Concerto No. 2 comes as a needed and most welcome replacement for the fine Chervinsky/Krauss DGG recording recently deleted. While the work not much in demand. The Third Concerto’s music has been only sporadically available via the Tchaikovsky “Seventh” Symphony and the City Center’s ballet version. (The ecd recorded edition by Mvewton-Wood on Concert Hall disappeared ages ago.)

Why the Second Concerto should be so slighted in relation to the popular No. 1, in B flat minor, has always been an unfathomable mystery to me. It is patently just as its predecessor, and it is certainly written with equal ingenuity and far greater finesse. Its slow movement, a veritable love trio among solo piano. violin, and cello, is of a lush expressivity, while the rousing finale bears much kinship to the ever popular finale of the Fourth Symphony. Most soloists opt for the liberally revised Siloti edition over the composer’s original text. Indeed, both Moiselsiwitz and Farnadi. in their recorded renditions. even subjected Siloti to further excisions. playing roughly half the music. Tatiana Nikolajeva, on the other hand, stuck doggedly to the original. Graffman combines the two approaches. playing Tchaikovsky with musicophas one and three, and reverting to Tchaikovsky/Sil- loti for the intermezzo. A formidable technician. this artist is a completely hon- est pianist. He uses the pedal sparingly. pretending to let less butock be work, and he pays scrupulous attention to note values and dynamic markings. Less warm and mercurial in his playing than Cherkesky, Graffman is primarily interested in conveying a reserved, arching line, and does so none too well.

Textures are beautifully transparent (and some of this intellectualized attitude has apparently spread to Ormandy, who subdues the usual “Philadelphia sound”).

The Third Concerto, a one-movement Konzertstück in effect, begins in the remote tonality of E flat, and from the start one can readily see what Sibelius undoubtedly had running through his mind when he conceived his own Fifth Symphony in the same key. But while Sibelius sustains the chilly remoteness throughout his score. the sun does eventually rise in the Third Concerto. Even so. however, its emotional temperature never quite reaches the tempest intensity of the B flat minor, or the Italianate sophistication of the G major: it re- mains “Northern Tchaikovsky.” Graff- man hurries through the bristling passage-work with exceptional aplomb and, as in the Second Concerto. Ormandy is with them all the way. So are the recording engineers, who have produced a stunningly well-defined sonic canvas. H.G.
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Johannes Tinctoris, far better known (in his own time as now) for his theoretical writings than for his compositions, lived from about 1436 until 1511, moving from Cambrai to Naples and ending his career in Rome. This disc presents a three-part Mass scored for an unusually small group of male voices and wind instruments, a lengthy Latin subtitle making it clear that this was a deliberate effect, not just accidental.

Stylistically, Tinctoris cleaves to his contemporary Ockeghem, though that does not satisfy his intuitive sense of design. A 45-minute Mass for three voices obviously places a strain on any creative talent, and on his performers, who emerge here only partly triumphant. Some of the singing is good, but occasionally the pitch falls in an unaccompanied section, breaking havoc when the instruments burst in again, as at the end of the Credo. Clear recording. D.S.

VERDI: Aria
Il Trovatore: Stride la vampa; Condotta e' fero in cesti. Aida: Ritorna vincitor, Don Carlos: Tu che le vanità. Macbeth: Nel di della vittoria... Vieni l'aftefetta; La luce lontana; Una macchia è qui tutt'ora.

Grace Bumbry, soprano; Orchestra of the German Opera (Berlin). Hans Löwelein, cond.
• Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18987. L.P. $5.79.
• Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138987. SD. $5.79.

Bearing garlands and trophies from all over Western Europe and much of America, Grace Bumbry has this season arrived at the Metropolitan Opera. Her voice is rich, fine, powerful, and splendid. She has music in her bones and fire in her soul. Yet, on the evidence of this record, she still has a matter of identity to settle—for herself, and for her listeners.

It is as a mezzo soprano that her career has so far been made. Here she gives us only two mezzo arias, the Azucena excerpts from Trovatore, and she sings them rather perfunctorily. Then she goes on to stake out a claim in the dramatic soprano repertory, with pieces from Aída, Don Carlos, and Macbeth. The results are variable. Best of all is Elisabeth’s last-act aria from Don Carlos (though Grace Bumbry’s debut role at the Met was as Princess Eboli), which she sings here with total involvement and haunting beauty—the agonizing cry of an innocent woman caught in an inescapable trap. The Aída scene is well sung but somewhat cool and detached; and it is this very detachment that grievously mars the principal feature of the record, the three scenes from Macbeth.
There is nothing wrong with the singing, as singing. Everything is neat and straight. But, for this generation, Maria Callas has burned a new intensity into every note and word of this material, she has made it all scratch and kick, and things can never be the same again. Grace Bumbry just sounds good, like no Lady Macbeth should. There is no venom. The sleep-walking scene ("Una macchia") is not only pre-Callas in feeling, it is positively pre-Freud. Nice sounds, splendid singing, no guilt.

Hans Löwein's conducting is routine. The recording is good. GEORGE MOVSHON

VERDI: Luisa Miller

For a feature review of this recording, see page 84.


VIVALDI: Concertos
For Piccolo, String Orchestra, and Cembalo in C; in A minor; for Viola d'amore and String Orchestra, in D minor; for Viola d'amore, Lute, and String Orchestra, in D minor.

Hans Martin Linde, piccolo; Günter Lennem, viola d'amore; Anton Stingl, lute; Württemberg Chamber Orchestra (Heilbronn). Jörg Faerber, cond.

• Turnabout TV 4009. L.P. $2.50.
• • Turnabout TV 34009. SD. $2.50.

The lute/viola d'amore concerto perhaps makes this disc worthwhile, though to me scarcely anything justifies an entire record-side of delightful and incessant piccolo tattling. My guess is that Vivaldi must have found the flautino (the high recorder intended here) something of a trial too, for he gives only sparingly of his imagination in these two works.

The viola d'amore, on the other hand, is a beautiful instrument. Though I do not think it records well: on personal encounter its tone can be quite sweet; via recording it tends to sound querulous. But the two D minor Concertos have their moments, and the lute serves equally well as an accompanying instrument or as a bona fide soloist. The solo performances are all good; the orchestral contributions, unflaggingly stolid. S.F.

Recitals & Miscellany

LEONARD BERNSTEIN: "Music of Our Time"


Don Ellis, trumpet, Barre Phillips, bass, Joe Cocuzzo, drums (in the Austin); New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond.

• • Columbia MI. 6133. L.P. $4.79.
• • Columbia MS 6733. SD. $5.79.

The New York Philharmonic's 1964 series of "avant-garde concerts" left a somewhat sour taste in nearly everyone's mouth. The majority of the Philharmonic's subscribers, perfectly content with a steady diet of classical and romantic masterpieces, were either indignant, amused, or bewildered, while those sincerely concerned with the fortunes of contemporary music were upset by the carnival atmosphere surrounding the concerts. Isolating these contemporary pieces from the mainstream of music in a special series of their own hardly made them more palatable to the ordinary concertgoer. Surely the works should have been inserted into regular concert programs without any fuss and fanfare, allowing them the chance to succeed or fail according to their merits. Moreover, in a sincere but misguided attempt to sugarcoat the pill, Leonard Bernstein gave some preconcert lectures designed to prepare the audience for a freak show. By commenting that he had put the orchestra on the honor system to play the right notes, and by slyly referring to "that prehistoric, Schoenberg" and to sonatas for herms and toba, he conditioned the audience for anything but a sober evaluation of new and difficult music. Mistakes were made and, one hopes, we learned (although the Philharmonic programs have been notably free of avant-garde music since these concerts).

Thanks to Columbia Records, we now have three compositions played during the course of the series, Atmosphères by György Ligeti (born in Hungary in 1923), now living in Vienna) proved to be the most generally admired piece of the lot. It is a fascinating study in sound in which ordinary formal and thematic developments are thrown to the winds. The composer has simply aimed at "the revivification of the sonorous aspect of musical form." As a structure in sound, the piece is an enormous success; tonal colors undulate and interweave kaleidoscopically. Ultimately one may decide that this is not enough to sustain the composition through repeated hearings, but the music's immediate effect is undeniably provocative.

I am sorry that Morton Feldman's Out of "Last Pieces" was recorded in preference to Earle Brown's Available Forms II as an example of the so-called "music of chance." Feldman's quiet and gentle muse has always struck me as singularly dull. The Brown piece showed how dramatic and spontaneous aleatoric devices can be when handled with imagination and subtle control. Out of "Last Pieces," noted on graph paper with indications for registers, time values, and dynamics but not the actual pitches (these are improvised by the orchestra), finally bores me by its insistence on quiet anonymity.

Site 2 of the disc begins with four improvisations by the orchestra, apparently devised on the spot in the recording session. Hearing the orchestra improvise at the concert was fun, but I see little point in preserving this sport on records—except perhaps as bait for playing "Guess the Composer." With these improvisations you can easily make enemies of friends who fancy themselves modern music experts.

Larry Austin's Improvisations for Orchestra and Jazz Soloists, commonly called a "third-stream" composition, utilizes both jazz and serial devices. Sometimes the three jazz soloists improvise, sometimes the orchestra, or more often both at once. The idea, in the composer's words, is to "involve the performer and the listener in active music making." The powerful hypnotic drive of this music is undeniable, even if Austin has not persuaded us that jazz and symphonic techniques will ever be really compatible. Too often they seem to be pulling each other in different directions.

At the time of this review, the composer was in town for a concert at Hamline University, and in the course of a conversation with him there, this is an exciting record. I don't see how anyone can listen to it and remain impasive. Austin's caloric power and Ligeti's fragrant impressionism are in themselves effective antidotes to the more stale and academic concoctions of the avant-garde. Even if you are only slightly curious, my advice is to try it. The sound is absolutely spectacular.

PETER G. DAVIS

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DIRK FISCHER-DIESKAU: Recital


Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Festival Strings Lucerne, Rudolf Baumgartner, cond.

- Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18969, LP. $5.79.
- Deutsche Grammophon SLP 138969. SD. $5.79.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau recorded the Bach cantata; it was issued here first under the Decca label and later as Archive 3058. Anyone interested in the growth of this fine artist will find a comparison of the two versions instructive. The quiet of the voice was of course already outstanding in 1951, but there has been a striking increment in skill and penetration. The line is now as multifariously colored as nuanced, as though each aria were a Lied, each accompanied recitative out of an opera. Attention to detail is not permitted to fragment the line, and where the music requires it Fischer-Dieskau spins long legato phrases. There seem to be no weak spots in this performance of one of Bach's most appealing solo cantatas.

Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel was a contemporary of Bach's who turned out hundreds of cantatas as well as many operas, Passions, and instrumental works. If the present cantata is a fair sample, one would like very much to hear more from that prolific pen. For here we have a work whose chief portion, the aria that begins and ends the cantata, is an expressive ostinato-like construction that has considerable emotional impact in Fischer-Dieskau's dramatic and eloquent performance. The two English fantasies for strings are well done also, and the sound throughout is excellent.

SYLVIA MARLOWE: Harpsichord Recital


Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord.

- Decca DL 10113. LP. $4.79.
- Decca DL 710113. SD. $5.79.

Sylvia Marlowe is a tasteful performer, and for this recital she has chosen the kind of music that best suits the sound she prefers: tinily, sparkly, and not very profound. This is a good record, therefore, for the layman who doesn't think he likes the harpsichord. If these very pretty sounds don't convert him, nothing will.

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CIRCLE 92 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

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in G. Hasse: Concerto for Flute and Strings, in D. Graun: Concerto for Flute and Strings, in F. Frederick the Great: Concerto for Flute and Strings, in C.


If you try hard, you may be able to distinguish some individual traits among the faithfully gray-panned residents (and master) of the little community at Sans Souci. Among the decorously poignant slow movements, there is the King's more militant and rhetorical one; among the fountaining arpeggios, there are occasional side-steps into a more daring harmony; among the jaunty finales, there is the notably elaborate ornamentation of the solo part in Graun's. Even so, a whole evening of music at the court would have made me long for a walk about the grounds; but the punchat, brisk, non-noise character of the present ensemble (which occasionally goes at a tempos which I'd be willing to bet that Frederick's instrumentals—and Frederick's breath—could never have matched) does set this music in an attractive frame. Rampal navigates it all with fine skill (note the quick descending line in Quantz's third movement—staccato but never fragmented), and the sound is clear and bright. S.F.

LUIGI FERDINANDO TAGLIAVINI: Recital of Italian Organ Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries


Rare nowadays are recitals as enjoyable as this one, played by a virtuoso who is also a scholar and a worthy guardian of early Italian organs. Luigi Tagliavini chose an organ at Pescoge (Brescia) by one of the numerous and industrious Serassi (the organ is worlds apart from Northern Europe's mixture stops, and this comes over loud and clear, especially in the stereo.

What we hear must, however, be a two-manual organ, for Tagliavini includes a pair of sonatas by Scarlatti written especially for an organ with two keyboards. Effects of strong contrast and plaintive echo have been admirably recorded, and the program ranges over many styles and epochs, better recalling the characteristic musical features of several important Italian towns.

Trabaci, a Neapolitan, is famed for his Consonanze stravaganti—a daring harmonic essay for its time—but the work is hardly ever played. Tagliavini's performance shows us what a fascinating piece this is: no mere historical curiosity, but a vital and memorable composition penned by a true artist. A Toccatina and a Canto fermo del 2 tono confirm this initial impression.

Merula, who worked mostly in Cremona and Bologna, also appears in chromatic garb (a Capriccio and an In tonazione) besides a more conformist Canto fermo. The Great Frescobaldi give the organist an opportunity to display his familiarity with the essentially rhapsodic style of a Toccatina, and a complex Cantzone embodying strict and free sections. Michelangelo Rossi's two toccatas and Frescobaldi's influence is embedded in a personal and inventive style, while the better-known Pasquini contributes a homely Christmas Pastorale. But even he was part of the old tradition: his autograph signature is on the Brussels copy of Frescobaldi's First Book of Toccatas. With Scarlatti and Zipoli the recital comes to an end, and it is clear that classical Italian organ music has also reached a point after which only decline is possible. D.S.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: "International Piano Festival"


This album, sold as a benefit for the United Nations' aid to the World's Refugees, is a spotty affair, noble in intent, uneven in realization. The best performances are Arrau's marvellously detailed interpretations of the two Schumann pieces. These are really technically marvelous, so clear in detail, so valid in conception. Listen to the clarity with which all of those strettos emerge in the "Aufschwung!" Backhaus' familiar account of the Moonlight is a bit rhetorical and romanticized, but it too is richly satisfying and tonally magnificent. Kempff, on the other hand, turns poetry to prose with his angular, ultra-Teutonic treatment of the Schubert Impromptu. Furthermore, he commits the glaring sin of performing the piece in the transposed key of G major, and with a corrupt text to boot! (The music does not require the brash tonality of G major; G flat has, in contrast, a serene repose.) Nor will Casadesus win any plaudits for scholarship by his rendition of Mozart's K. 333 Sonata. Indeed, the French pianist almost goes out of his way to begin trills the wrong--shouldn't misread other ornamentation. Otherwise, his playing of the work is facile and dependable, but rather short on eloquence.

Brailowsky's square, granite-like account of the Polonaise has a certain finesse, despite its pianistic and tonal deficiencies, while Janis' playing of the Liszt is pianistically complete and stylistically rather ordinary. All have been given good recorded sound. The recital comes over loud.

The piano concerto is being distributed by Everest, who have donated a second record of their own to accompany it. Ristenpart's performance of the Vivaldi Concerto for Guitar, Viola d'amore, and Orchestra is done with great finesse, and makes a welcome change on the disc. The Sorkin-led arrangement of the Prelude from Bach's E major Violin Partita is pleasantly ingenious and of no great consequence. The remaining items range from a stolid Pau gartner-led account of Mozart's K. 417 Horn Concerto to the theatrical Stokowski transcription of Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor, Op. 64, No. 2. The U.N. fund, in my opinion, merited decidedly better material. Variable reproduction here. H.G.
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I have three tiny reservations regarding this fine disc: one is that the "Scene aux champs" is divided between sides—a fault it shares with most other Fantastiques, Monteux’s included; secondly, the "Marche au supplice" (after a sensationally clear exposition of the opening percussion scoring) is ratherjaunty for suggesting the gait of a deranged lover about to be executed for murder; finally, after making an altogether splendid start in the demonic finale, Golschmann doesn't quite get across the last ounce of venom in the frenetic final pages. (Monteux, currently the maestro incognito in the winds here and even permits himself a generous accelerando, which Golschmann, surprisingly, eschews.)

If possible, get the stereo edition of this disc: but in whatever format, this is a formidable reissue indeed! H.G.

DVOřák: Trio for Piano and Strings, in F minor, Op. 65
†Haydn: Trio for Piano and Strings, No. 3, in C

David Oistrakh, violin; Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, cello; Lev Oborin, piano [from Westminster XWN 18176, 1956].

A further reissue in a series of chamber music performances by celebrated Soviet artists (three such discs were reviewed in these pages in September), the present installment brings with it the sad announcement on its cover that this fine ensemble exists no more: Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, the cellist, died last year.

The present album is especially worth attention, since both compositions are strong examples of their creators' finest work. The C major Trio, though numbered as above in most standard catalogues, is actually the twenty-seventh in order of composition. By that time (c. 1792), Haydn knew well what he was about! Similarly, the Dvořák—the strong, brooding masterpiece, much more dramatic in tone than the far more popular Dumpy. Performances are full of passionate sweep, and beautifully coordinated. Unobtrusively reprocessed for stereophony, the recorded sound is completely adequate. H.G.

MOZART: Quartets for Strings: No. 20, in D, K. 499; No. 21, in D, K. 575

Stuyvesant String Quartet [from Philharmonia PH 105, 1952].

While the "stereo" of this recording made a dozen years ago is clearly simulated—there seems to be distinct separation between high and low strings—the sound in general is cavernous, over-reverberant, and distorted. This is a pity, because the ensemble was strong in every member, blended well together, and played these works with sensitivity, vitality, and precision. N.B.
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One quality was common to both singers, however. With all the beauty of his phrasing and enunciation in the repertory congenial to him, Erb never seems to have had a particularly warm, or ingratiating voice, and his attitude towards pitch is at times rather cavalier. This is particularly noticeable in the arias, although they date from early in his career (several are acoustically recorded) and the impression of carelessness increases on the later recordings. Erb's special gifts must be heard, therefore, with a special degree of tolerance. The operatic selections are sung in German, and Mar's participation in the Don Pasquale duet suggests that she is recorded considerably off-mike (or, to be exact, off-horn). A.R.

HELMANN JADLOWER: Recital


Hermann Jadlowker, tenor; orchestras from various originals.

- Rococo 5227. L.P. $4.95.

Hermann Jadlowker, the first Baccus of Strauss's Ariadne (original version) and briefly (1907-13) but very successfully a Metropolitan tenor, affords an example of rare vocal type: the "hearty," tenor, dark and dramatic in timbre and large in size, which is capable of all the fluidity and ease in fioritura of a fine tenore leggero. The color of his voice, as shown in his recordings, is rich, almost baritonal, not unlike Caruso's, but the outstanding feature of his technical equipment is perfection in embellishment. Runs and passagework of all sorts are handled with exciting ease and dash; breath is seemingly endless; the trill, for which he was famous, is astonishingly clean and even.

In both his accomplishments and his limitations, he calls to mind a really first-rate cellist he was. It seems to be a peculiarity of many canto- torially trained voices that they are at once astoundingly adept with any sort of melisma or coloratura, yet rather constricted and squeezed in sound, like a flexible coil that can be bent or swung, but which remains in tension. Another peculiarity common to many good cantors is a placement which lands them somewhere between baritone and tenor, so that if they were called upon to sing an operatic repertoire, one would be hard put to classify them as spinto tenor (with a somewhat labored top and a baritonal thickness of tone) or high baritone (with a weak low range and most of the handling characteristics of the higher voice). That, in fact, pretty well describes the Jadlowker we hear on records. According to Leo Riemans, who has written the biographical liner for this disc, Jadlowker lost his command of the upper range rather early, due to his unusual exertions in the dramatic repertory; from these records (acoustically, recorded in his prime years) we might conclude that the territory above A was never terribly comfortable for him; certainly the high climaxes of "Ah! lève-toi, soleil" are not exactly free and easy.

But the agility was extraordinarily for so weighty a voice. His "Ecco ridenter" is a lustily coveted collector's item, with its dazzling runs, finely controlled dynamics, and perfect trills. No less impressive are the Mozart arias, especially the killing exercise in dramatic coloratura from Idomeneo; even though the quality is not really beautiful, the wonderfully controlled return to the A section of "Dalla sua pace" ("Bande der Freundschaft")—I have listed the selections in the languages used—persuades us that the singing is beautiful. The St. Sulphice air from Manon is also among the finest of all recorded versions, though—in common with several others—it omits the center section and thereby vitiates the power of the climax. His very fine "Comfort ye" stops short just before "Ev'ry valley"—a pity, since he must have sung it brilliantly. Quite decent sound, as historical transfers go.

C.L.O.

GEORG SOLTI: "Overtures and Intermezzos from Famous Operas"


Faced by a covey of familiar excerpts from well-known operas widely available in stereo, one is tempted to ask: "Was this trip really necessary?" Georg Solti and the orchestra of Covent Garden give generally able performances of the works in question, although the prelude to Act II of La Traviata is marred by unduly phrase endings, and the Dance of the Hours brings an important cello passage surprisingly sloppily in ensemble. Otherwise all goes well, with good accounts of the two Rossini overtures and a pre-vailingly "English" flavor of the Gioconda ballet. None of it bright enough, however, to justify presenting in tandem this beat-up repertoire.

R.L.

MIGUEL VILLABELLA: Operatic Recital

Mascagni: Cavalleria rusticana: Sicilienne; C'est toi, Santuzza (with Jany Villabella, tenor; orchestra from various originals, 1931-35). • Pathé DTX 5003. L.P. $5.98.

Miguel Villabella was a Spaniard who made his career in Paris between the two world wars; he was a mainstay of both the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, and must certainly be ranked along with Thill, Vezzani, and Micheletti among the outstanding "French" tenors of that time. He turned up on LP a few years ago in the Oddén "Bel Canto" series, among which the extended selections from his Faust and Almaviva are especially worth searching out.

He was an excellent, almost irreplaceable singer; his tenor has the Spanish point and ring without the Spanish nasality or thinness, and it has the French elegance and clarity without the French whiteness. His singing is pronouncedly lyrical, yet full-bodied and ringing, always musical and well phrased, always distinguished by splendid enunciation, never cold or untemperamental. There is not a single selection here that will not compare favorably with the finest recorded versions. The record's attractiveness is further enhanced by the high quality of his partners, by the excellent sound (these are all electric records of course), and by the fact that the one unfamiliar item, the Leoncavallo serenade, is a charming and individual song which shows the voice to splendid effect. Everything is in French, but when it is so well and convincingly sung, this merely becomes an added point of interest. Recommended, in sum, without reservation.

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THE MOZART OPERAS

Continued from page 72

tments, and the climaxes call forth a very consistent and whole-hemispheric brass, particularly the trumpet—the superb one of the Overture (bottom of p. 3) is one instance, the introduction to Anna's 'Don Giovanni (mortalitá)'' is another, the final section of the Act I finale yet another. When one bears in mind the fact that the orchestra in this recital is 128 years old, the relative thin, blary coloring is all the more surprising. Still, while this final finale never seems to accumulate much definition or focus, the orchestral power is there, and there are too many good things in the reading to put it in the generally negative class.

The two remaining readings are my own favorites—Ferenc Fricsay's (Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18580/82 or SLP 138580/82) and Carlo Maria Giulini's (Angel). Their level of excellence is too high to say something about my prejudices, since they are both dramatic, heavily accented readings. Fricsay makes one bad miscue in possibly regretting doing away with p. 141 (the little "Si, sì, facciamo core" trio during the final finale), which is inexplicably driven at half again the speed of Giulini's shockingly good reading, for us, fortunately it is an isolated instance, even if he does drive his soloists a bit in two or three of the Arias. But I am completely won by the incisive, underlined way in which he launches one section after another and points up the accompaniment for the moment. Fricsay steps on stage for "Ah! chi mi dice mai," we know that this is an angry lady, and for once Anna and Ottavio sing in a way that is not in such a way, and are orchestrally supported in such a way, that we know they are really going to do something about it (this is important—throughout the first act, we should have the sense that the opposition is gradually gathering force against the Don). The marking at Tutto (as per Elvira's "Tutto, tutto gi su" in the first finale). This kind of tension and dramatic involvement is maintained throughout the Fricsay reading, and all the recitatives and arias, with the exception of the young Manon's duets, are full of expressive meaning (I am speaking of the musical direction, not the production as a whole), this is the one that sounds most like high drama.

Giulini gives us some of this same darkness and sharply contrasted accent, and he provides the thing I miss in Leinsdorf's reading—some attention to the dramatic possibilities of orchestral coloration. He secures a full, rich over-all sound, but beyond this he secures specific textures for specific situations—the dry, rattling quality to the string tremolo as Anna first sees her father's body (first bars of p. 24) is an excellent example. In general Giulini seems to me more alert than the other conductors to how a section must sound, as distinct from what it means. Three is a suggestion (as there sometimes is in the Leinsdorf version) of a number being played through to the end because the form must be kept throughout, often with even more than four voices in place. The Giulini performance (again, I am speaking of the orchestra) is not so melodramatic as that of Fricsay— I am sure the reason for this is to us to whether this puts it one up or one down.

I am going to consider the sopranos first, as a matter of form, though it is often the case with matters of form, this one doesn't make much sense. And of the soprano roles, we must consider Elvira first, since she is level. I know that Anna is nominally taken for lead on many cast lists, but she has nowhere near the dramatic importance of Elvira, nor is she as deeply moving in expressing and fully defined a person. One could, I suppose, assume that Elvira is simply a gullible and overromantic lady, the sort who can't have a relationship with Don in a very moon-struck, almost Holly- woodish way. She is not very happy over his abandonment of her, of course, but other than that when she displays, we realize that she is largely concerned with getting him back, and when he at last does make advances to her (palpably phony to us but not, of course, to her) she melts completely in a single terzett's time—p. 197, she is cursing him out (in her soft, star-gazing way); p. 200, she does not trust him or believe him: p. 206, she is meeting him (as she believes) in the street: p. 207, she is saying, "Son per voi tutta foco." She is asking for a thing in an ambiguous and behavioral sense—she cannot tell, for instance, when he is dissembling—but she has an instinctual sympathy for him; she never gets rid of the doubts, but also her feelings, and senses the fate in store for him. I know that she is supposed to be a bit of a mock-heroine, but I cannot see her through where she is supposed to be sout- ing the poor Don, the sort of person, she is naturally given to exaggeration, to sudden changes of mood, to hysterics. She does not again with a number of critics who probably know better that the comments of the Don and Leporello during "Ah! chi mi dice mai" mean a thing, and Giulini has been supposed to take towards her: Mozart had the originality and sense to make her entrée aria into a scene à trois and use it to maintain and advance a dramatic situation—that's all.

There are three Elviras (Angel's Elisabeth Schwarkkopf, Victor's Leonytne Price and Giulini's Maria Stader). Schwarkkopf, in the early July 1956 reading, entirely stands out from the field, and two more (London's Lisa Della Casa, Vox's Suzanne Mentz) is one of the size of the battles, if not the war, Jeanine, with her lovely, feminine voice (of exactly the right weight for the music), her un-failing sense of dramatic project- ion in recitative, and her lovely musi- cality, would be a hands-down winner were it not for some below-par vocalism near the beginning of her role—especially in the opening aria, which is rather tremulous and weak in the low register. Once she gets under way, she is magnificent, capturing everything with a splendid, round, relaxed "Mi tradi." The low-register problems are shared to some extent by Schwarkkopf and Price's is simply absent, while Schwarzkopf's turns into a dry chest sound that is sometimes apropos but not very healthy, half-sounding, however, have plenty to recommend them. Price sings with unfailing freedom and beauty of tone, and with light, easy execution; her projection is rather vivid and urgent and very much alive if not memorably personal. Schwarkkopf is personal—very much the outraged, wounded lady of Burgos, by way of the mildly Latin, Central Euro- pean personality. The singing does not equal Price's for sheer ease, but it is solid and commanding, forcefully pro- jected. Schwarkkopf's is a splendid breath control, good tone, lots of feeling, and some very odd vowels.

I enjoy the lovely quality of Della Casa's soprano, and I have seen it combined with an unendingly endearing Elvira in the theatre, but here I feel that it is simply too listless and passive-sounding. Elvira is a very ener- getic girl, but in this particular reading, but where is the thrust of spit, or even of badly wounded feminity? The "Mi tradi" is also very well sung, but rather like an exercise, as if every Don is fully placed. She is fine in the Mask Trio and at other inward, quiet points. Della Casa's such good spirit, such obvious understanding of the music, such failingly good musical execution, that it seems nasty to suggest that the voice isn't as effective as it should be, but I'm afraid that her lean, rather cold sound, at any bit of her Elvira should sound. One respects her work without really warming to it.

From here the quality falls off radically. This is one of Maria Stader's least happy recordings (DG); she sounds sharp and unrelaxed much of the time, does the recitative poorly, rates only a C-minus for her Italian, and slurs "Ah! chi mi dice mai" with such exaggerated glides that it would make a donkey laugh, if I could see any point in it at all. Louise Helletzgruber (ODE) shows some life and musical sensitivity—her "Fuggi, trionfo!" has an odd way of being a bit insufficiently full, rich over-all. But the voice is quite light and colorless. Carla Gavazzi (Cetra) has temperament and an outgoing spirit that I can understand, and her voice is then all—over it is wild, inconsistent singing.

None, I guess, has doped out Anna with any satisfying consistency. One popu- lar theory (supported by text in some of the older Don Juan plays) is that it is the men's favored musical role, and that Don has repressed the feeling, leaving herself with no out but to seek his destruction, since his continued presence would be intolerable. This has a certain psychological validity, and makes some sense for a woman of that station in that social situation. Ottavio, who is sort of left in the cold, is not in the same versions her betrothed, but be- trolled by state decision—an "arranged" marriage, as most marriages among peo- ple who could not have enough of the s- turies; they have no personal use for each other at all. The opera does not really indicate all this. The immediate motive for her actions lies in the happenings of the opening scene—the Don's attempted sed-uction of her and the death of her father at his hands. We must keep in mind that she does not know who the intruder is until much later—she is simply resist- ing invisible entry and a rape attempt (pretty good grounds for complaint, after all). What we do know is this: she pursues the attacker out of doors, climaxing to his escape, with him, which is perhaps a bit peculiar; even under the circumstances, it is possibly a bit sentimental. All considerations beyond those of swift and certain vengeance; she seems not at all interested in Ottavio, or more than dis- tantly; acquiescing to her father's demands because her music is lovely but cold. She is, it would appear, an emotionally closed-off person, fairly selfish, who stifles any feelings that might be present for the son of her rank and persuasion. Conse- quently, she is angry a good deal of the time, and surely unpleasant to know. But so far as her effect here in the opera is concerned, there seems little reason to suppose that she has any. One would be

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fairly careful to avoid using her demi-tasse sacques as ash trays.

It's a difficult role, yet there are only two recorded interpretations we put down as undistinguished—those of Maria Callas (Cetra), who is sung and hardly hinted at interpretatively, and Hilde Zadek (Epic), which must be regarded as a good try by a routine artist in a vocal part that really needs gifts to put her Anna on an international level.

One may also have some strong reservations about Dunois (London), whose voice is too thin and small for the part but whose clean musical articulation, dignified, and honest disaffinity, and lack of a recitative vocal part, make her Anna to a height it would not otherwise attain; and about Teresa Stich-Randall (Vox), who sounds hooty and hoarse in more movement or urgency, and who shakes out the runs in a surprisingly choppy, pecky manner that bears no relation to a legato. She does, though, have some temperamental life and authority, so that all is not lost.

Birgit Nilsson (Victor) has the vocal equipment for an imposing, dominating Anna; but her voice is genuinely beautiful texture. Moreover, she obviously feels and understands the shape of a Mozart phrase—there is no question of its temperamental disaffinity, as I often feel to be the case with her Verdi singing. Yet it doesn't add up to a really gratifying Anna. She is something to admire (il fono), with that tremendous sense of reserve power lying behind every phrase, but her runs in the Act II sextet (p. 244, 245—they are important) have no dash or definition, and "Non mi dir" just does not work—the largetto emerges as lugubrious and in that part it is always so while the runs are acceptable only so long as she attacks them lightly, from the top: when the direction is reversed, they become ungainly and blurry. This recording also contains the only examples of her singing that I know of where flatness of pitch is involved.

Joan Sutherland's work (Angel) has a few moments of uncharacteristic vocal thinness, but by and large I think her Anna is the best. There is much more clarity and thrust in her enunciation, and more brightness in her tone, than there has recently been—this is straight from here, but it is a high order. The "Non mi dir" is a bit more like some of her later work—a beautiful, suspended tone but perhaps not quite the right one for Anna. Her contribution to the Mask Trio is hauntingly beautiful, and indeed this entire ravishing number is exquisitely rendered.

It is as supremely difficult as it is supremely beautiful, and this is the only recording I can think of that seems to me near enough to perfection to past the glove-inspection. Juricac (DGG) is just a shade overrated, a pianissimo by Elvira, and there is no ignoring the fact that "Or sai chi fonore" requires just about all the resources she has at her disposal. And she is apparently unhappy and complaint, her voice is too beautiful for the role; it has a melting, womanly quality that seems simply wrong (that is, for Anna). Nevertheless, her Anna (like all of this superb artist's Mozart roles) is an utterly involved, live creature every step of the way—she is perfectly wonderful in the discovery of her father's corpse (pp. 24-25), throughout the rest of the first scene, and in all the recitative throughout the opera. I wish she wouldn't pull out all the strings of her "vedrai, carino": the lovely, gentle running lines on the other hand, it is impossible not to like a singer who "gives," and who will make the maximum effect where it might be better to push to do otherwise. The "Non mi dir" is well shaped and sung with round, full tone. It is a performance improbable in almost every respect. The voice is firm and compact, always centered, with a bright edge on it which does not seem to result from any reaction. Like the other members of this cast, she is very much with it rhythmically—listen, for instance, to the attack at "Fuggi, fuggi" in "vedrai, carino." She is, inasmuch as a "giving" singer, it is very much with it rhythmically—listen, for instance, to the attack at "Fuggi, fuggi" in "vedrai, carino." She is, inasmuch as a "giving" singer, "Non mi dir" could hardly be better, and it embraces a gorgeous portando la voice effect at the fermata where the first theme returns (p. 297). Best of all, possibly, is the fact that her Anna sounds Latin—a Spanish soprano trained in the best Italian traditions of vocalism (I have no idea who the teacher was: I am speaking of a way of singing). She's the team to beat, as they say.

Zerveni can drive one to distraction in the theme with the words "Vesti a Time Out for Ginger knowing-ingenué innocence. This is another character I wish people would take seriously. To begin with, she is really a good deal dearer a cookie than she is ever played. She has a strong maternal impulse ("vedrai, carino") and an unerring instinct for handling Masetto, who can be a problem. She also seems genuinely for care him—there is no hint of any other motive in her. She is caught, though, in a really tough predicament. While Masetto is not the twerp he usually seems (see below), he is, after all, just a hard-working, rather slender farmer—a village swain, I believe, is the accepted term. Into their bucolic little celebration descends the Don, who is enigmatic and power-ful, who immediately disposes of the competition and proposes marriage. She doesn't believe it is going to work. It is suddenly in another world, it is My True Romance. She, much more than Anna, is truly caught between duty and impulse: and under these circumstances she seems to have everything to gain by heeding the impulse. Once she has had some time to think it over, she recognizes that she must say yes, for that is what she really cares for him: yet the Don repre-sents everything she might wishfully want—and of course she is afraid of her own Mad recitative of the vulnerable girl when the Don comes looking for her in the arbor, and her "Tra quest'arbori celtata si può dar che non mi vedo" should have been cut out of the unhappiest lines in the opera.

Precisely because her two arias are almost identical in rhythm to the one the Don is not satisfied with a Zerveni who will make an attractive effect with them—it is almost impossible not to. There are only two Zerveni to choose from—Anastasia Antonov's Hilde Gueden and Angel's Grazziella Scutti. Gueden not only sings it better than anyone else—both the arias and the "Lu ciel est fini," in the last act— but soprano singing—she infuses the recitatives with an entirely irresistible charm (listen to the warm, pleading quality of the recitative "Quando vi porto, batti," p. 126, or again on p. 223, just before "vedrai, carino": we can fully under-stand Masetto's "Guarda un po' come senpe strenu returna,? ") Scutti offers, really, a less comparable account, teasing quality in her personality, almost pouty, but not coy. On the Angel recording, she is charming, far outdistancing her Callas, hard as that is to believe.

Eugenia Ratti (Victor) has plenty of vitality and good tone in the upper-middle part of her voice, as in the principles. Go on to compare. She also inclines towards a brittle, gargly sound that detracts from some of her singing. She is at her best in the restored duet with Verdi (Cetra), and the record board (DGG) is passable in a rather brash, pressed-sounding fashion; the singing is, however, not really relaxed, and "vedrai, carino" is much too white to be attractive: her projection of some of the recitative and her clever phrasing saves the Anna. (Corcovado) for its warmth and pretty, with a lovely "vedrai, carino," but she croons too much of her music, and in general does not attain the level of her Susanna.

Elda Ribetti (Cetra) is a routine Italian soubrette, on the shrill side: Audrey Mild-my (Odeon) is a good deal closer to the traditional demimondaine image of Susanna, and those of Susanna, but still is just "man-aging" the music, which we should never feel about a singer in this really not very difficult (words are hardly necessary) role. It has been noted that the Don himself is not characterized much in the music; he has no big self-revelatory aria, and much of the music is simply the reactions of other characters to him. But of course, that is the point—he is entirely the man of action, much too busy living by terms of the pleasure-principle to bother over introspection. He makes the best of each situation as it comes along, and has every acting technique to deal with the any occasion, almost any personality. This is what makes him amoral: he acts as if he were in a vacuum, as if each action were sufficient unto itself, with no logical consequences and no connection to any other action. That is his downfall; he is oblivious to the obvious fact that all of the pigeons are eventually coming home to roost. On the other hand, it is his great strength—one has to fit in and give the right, reasoned way he meets each of these situations along. He is a man who cannot bear a moment's thought or reflection, who may not act ingenuity ("vedrai, carino") for a waking second (his only moments of pause are for the purpose of experiencing a feeling—he lingers momentarily over the Anna (Corcovado) for its instance). It is not that he does not accept responsibility for what he does; he simply does not see that it exists. He does not even feel the status he denies it, for if it turns out that his actions do have consequences, then his entire life has been missed, and is forfeit. And that is, of course, exactly the way we like it.

We have eight recordings and seven Donis— Cesare Siepi has recorded it twice. There are two Donis—Fischer-Dieskau (Cetra) and his Don is as completely misconceived as any interpretation on records. Every line of recitative must be laden with what we suppose is the imagined meaning, with the most extra-ordinarily exaggerated inflections. His Don's snarls constantly—no girl would go near

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him—and at the forte at the end of “La ci darem” he sounds furious. Presumably he is trying to seem ingenious and insinuating, but it comes over as angry and vicious, and almost para-noiac. Only in the final scene, where he forgets all this, pulls out the stops, and just sings, is he satisfactory.

(Angeles) His natural, to tremendous advantage has to do with ley military commands, and this Don is evidently so unultraist that he must rant and throw tantrums for fear of not getting his way. It is a shame, for his baritone is an attractive voice, and when he is declaiming, singing, as in “La ci darem,” the effect is amply seductive. In company with the other baritones who have recorded the part, Campo excelled, his tone, like the others, makes it an authentic singing tone. There is a good Don here somewhere, provided he decides to sing the notes.

Giuseppe Taddei (Cetra) would have to be described as solid and satisfying without being memorable. He has one tremendous asset: his baritone is a truly beautiful instrument; he sounds sexy without trying. Consequently, he is able to achieve through tone color what others try to achieve through “ interpretation.” His natural, clear Italian is a joy to hear in the recitatives. He is not, though, in his very best voice—the “Finchhan dal vino” is a bit rough and overopen, and while I enjoy the baritone timbre in the role, I am not sure I care for the capo quality that Taddei’s voice often takes—so official in passages like his plea to Elvira in the Act II trio (pp. 199-201), and the insertion of aspirate his adds to the uncomfortableness of the voice line, a fine voice, a good, outgoing temperament.

John Brownlee (Odeon) has the reverse problem—he brings to the part almost everything except the real beauty of tone and the real Italian flow that one would like to hear. He cannot be faulted on musical grounds—his “Finchhan dal vino” is exactly in rhythm and exactly on pitch, which happens about once in five hundred tries—and his understanding of the part every line, e.g., at “Lasciar le donne? Pozzo?” etc. in the opening scene of Act II (p. 194), with a wonderful little pause and an inflection of genuine surprise, is an outstanding suggestion. But his rather harsh, gutural tone simply does not sound like the Don, a glib picture of a somewhat crotchety middle-aged fellow, and his hearty laughter conjures up someone in a pith helmet and Bermuda shorts, rather than a cape and tights. Like Donato’s Anna, it is an interpretation to be respected for its musicality and dramatic intent, while the voice’s actual sound provides a great deal of enjoyment.

George London (Epic) is another serious, intelligent artist: moreover, his voice makes a good, big sound. It is, though, a thin, somewhat overblown sound. Even when he scales it to a pianissimo, it remains a bit sluggish and phlegmatic. The role is obviously not his. Among the many, much used mezzo voice inclines to mushiness. He is excellent in the big, declamatory moments, and his final scene has decided lean and is not what one would call a mercurial Don.

Siepi (London and Victor) is without doubt the foremost Don of our day—and it is a distinction as wondrous as cantante, its easy handling in the important area of C and D, his unforced exuberance and conversational way with the recitatives, his live presence and physical suitability all combine to make him the most worthy successor to Pinza; he lacks only that singer’s final larger-than-life vocal authority and to-hold-with-you-all-stage personality to be the Don. I have seen him do the role many times, and have always been a little disappointed by the final scene, which he resolves in a somewhat stately, external way. But on records, this is of small concern. By and large, I prefer him on the London set; the voice seems a bit rounder and more unequivocally on pitch, and the recording is more flattering to his voice than the later Victor one. He is particularly impressive in his moments of sheer legato singing, such as the Act II trio and serenade, where for pure flow and tonal beauty he is unsurpassed even by Ezio Pinza. This is the Don on records that is undeniably major-league in every respect.

Leporello can be played convincingly in a variety of ways, which fall into two general categories—the fat funny man and the almost Figaro-like shrewd who is also a sort of alter ego for the Don. In every case, the audience’s confidence, the bridge between the Don’s world and ours. It is a very long role, and a challenging one vocally, with a tessitura that demands too much weight for a baritone but that makes difficult demands in the way of sustained high phrases. While it is a buffo role, it is much too important, musically and dramatically, to be given to anything but a first-rate voice.

Two of these Leporellos do not fill the bill in basic vocal terms. They are Marcello Cortis (Vox), whose characterless baritone cannot maintain our interest over the same span of vocal time; and Walter Berry (Epic), whose own baritone voice is peculiarly out of focus much of the time—the Catalogue Aria contains a good deal of plain bad singing, technically speaking. Neither am I much won over by Karl Kohn (DG), who has a solid, if somewhat heavy, bass voice but some difficulties on top, and probably the worst Italian of any singer on any of these Mozart opera recordings. That is saying a great deal, and it disfigures his interpretation seriously.

Italo Tajo (Cetra) has his attractive, even beautiful, light bass to offer, but it is not at all in the best condition. It seems overconcerned with keeping the timbre light and the top notes uncovered, with the result that some of his singing is insecure. The basic sound is excellent, though, and he is an imaginative interpreter of the recitatives, sometimes overdoing it, but never sinking into dullness. Tajo, the erstwhile Giovanni on the Cetra set, becomes Leporello on the Angel edition. Yes and no: the voice is as fine as ever, but it sounds muddy on anything but the best recording. Leporello has a good deal to do down there—a baritone just hasn’t the necessary thrust in that area. The Madamina is excellent (he has no top difficulties), with a wonderfully solicitous beginning, and “Al! pietta, Stenori mio!” is also first-rate. Sometimes he goes in too much for buffo inflections, but he makes it all up with splendid work in the cemetery scene and in the final scene. Especially his description of the approaching stage (p. 318)—this Leporello is genuinely, believably frightened out of his wits.

We are left with Salvatore Baccaloni (London) and his successor as the Mezzosoprano buffo, Fernando Corena (London and Victor). I was brought up on the Baccaloni Leporello, not only on records.
but in the theatre, and though his work has been more often and less well sung than it is here by the time I saw it, there are still so many inimitable things brought back to mind by the recollection of the voice that one is sure which was really imaginative and funny, and which merely the way I first grew accustomed to. The singing is quite fine, not faked or vocalized; it is cantabile way. He is very much the fat rascal, and a shameless one at times, as in his slipshick-blueberry cemetery scene. But that is funny, not as his last-sung line with a full mouth ("Non mi lascia una fisione,") etc., p. 30.

Corena is more straightforward; indeed, on the London recording he is almost grave. But that is all right, and the recitation is all right, not lack for variety or color. He compares very well with the other Lopetorels in terms of voice; one is aware immediately of the heft and bite of his bass, and of the admirable clarity of the words. For anyone who regards Baccaloni as a bit excessive, Corena would be the obvious choice. The CLO Medal will go to the first bass to sing the three ascending "fas" at the end of the Catalogue Aria without a hum, nasalization, or seal dentition. I am quite unimpressed by this exhausted habit written into the standard buffo contract?

What can one say of Ottavio? He must sing this role as a part of an ensemble, and he had better sing them awfully well, because he has no other excuse for existence. Both arias are terribly hard; "Dalla mia pace" was written as a replacement for "Il mio tesoro" because the first Vienna tenor found that piece too hard. This part did him favor by giving him a song of such simplicity, with such demands on perfect dynamic control in a difficult tessitura.

Since we judge almost entirely on the basis of vocalism in the arias, a number of Ottavios fall by the wayside straight off. These include the callow, lifeless Koloman von Pataky (Odeon); the nasal, husky Anton Dermota (London); the heavy, dry and sometimes flat Ernst Hästö (Finnish Vox), which Nicolas Gedda (Vox, very possibly his worst recording), and even, as a marginal case, the rather extended Vallotti of the Saito Kinen. There is no point in discussing an Ottavio that does not sing with ease, beauty of tone, certain pitch, and a sense of reserve—he stands or falls on these matters.

The Vallotti of the Victor set is a different singer. One is aware, in this company, that the voice is on the thin, small side even for this very lyrical role; but he has such an aristocratic way with the phrasing, such a charming warmth of character, and such an unusual combination of the long runs in "Il mio tesoro" as to make one ignore any other shortcomings. This is lovely singing.

Vocalism is a hard task; the only drawback I can see is that his lean, painted tenor is not a ravishing instrument; it has a touch of nasality. But this is relatively minor, and nothing much weighs against the voice.

Corena on records—free, consistent, easy-sounding, with no slacking off into falsetto or breaking the runs for breath. He has strength and vigor of his recitatives, so that his Ottavio at least makes a pretense at taking the lead in the opera. Giuseppe Sinoncino (Epic) has more beautiful, fat tone to give than any of the others; he can finish off a phrase and fool us by continuing and increasing the volume. His low tones are a bit weak, and he has a habit of "hooking" into some of the upper phrases from below; otherwise, this Ottavio is as good as anyone will ever hear.

Massetto in a minor role, in the sense that he has comparatively little to sing, and only one short aria. But it is commonly misinterpreted; he is often represented as a whimsical, less than admired character, and sometimes as a fag, rather childish male soubrette. Why? His one aria shows him to be a believable, commendable person with an enjoyable sense of irony and some courage. Nowhere is there any indication that he is stupid; he is gullib- le, of course, and turns over his weapons to the man he supposes to be Leporello. But there are no grounds for playing him as a dolt, and his place in the drama is much more secure if he is given some strength and good sense. The part can be sung by a bass or a baritone; at the Prague premiere, it was double-cast as both the Commedatore, which would indicate a dark bass. Nowadays, with the Don so often sung by a bass, Massetto is often cast with a baritone. Some relief from the prevailing marklessness of timbre. There is no Massetto on records that gives the character the stature I would be looking for. Lenz Blankenburg (Victor), a light baritone, has the most pleasant voice of this selection, but gives a rather unsatisfactory Massetto is. Piero Cappuccilli (Angel) also has a fine baritone of somewhat heftier, more Italianate color, and has a good deal of general life, which sometimes carries to a bouncy extreme. I like the treatment that Odeon's Roy Henderson gives to the aria; he captures the irony of it and takes serious and the little chuckle he uses over the staccato string figures: later on, though, he exaggerates the complaining after the beating; so that it becomes too obvious a plea for pity.

Among the others, there is none that really captures much; perhaps Vito Sosio (Cetra) and Piero G Leopardi (Rayok) comes with André Véresi (Vox) buffoes it, which is surely wrong. Berry (London) and Wächter (Epic) both sing it white.

Good Commedatore are also hard to come by. The role calls for a major voice, for someone who can dominate the large stage, and bass is not going to dominate a Pinza or Siepi or London or Nicolai Ghiaurov. One would think that recordings would find the loquacious character place to heed it, and there have been several attempts to meet the problems with a major singer. But we can hardly accept the muffled Antonio Zen- nia (Cetra), or the spread, light-toned Arnold Van Mill (Victor), or the wobbly Kurt Böhme (London). Odeon's David Franko, however, is handy. And so is Raphael Arié (Vox), with his basically excellent instrument, sounds ponderous and strained on top. Walter Kreppel (DG) and the steadier, light bass voice and pinched-sounding Italian—obviously not the answer. Gröll Ferik (Angel) ought to be the answer, but what the general timbre and weight of his voice are welcome. But his Italian is not a bargain, either. Perhaps the number of the voice is on the tough side. I am afraid that this leaves us with the veteran Ludwig Weber (Epic), who has not only the big throat but the business re- quired, but some beauty of tone and genuine legato as well. He runs into pecu- liar patches of vocal dryness or weak- ness, but rises to all the climaxes very impressively—the top E natural on "Dir" (P), not a crushing weight. This is as close as we come to a Commedatore who can face down his opposition.

Costa Fan Tutte—1790

There are signs that Costa has over- come the attitudes of indifference and downright hostility which it seems to have aroused around the time of its birth until well into the twentieth century. It is not hard to see why audi- ences perverted of the presence of some imper- fect operas in art might find it a tough morsel, for the joke is a hard one— harder, I think, than is usually apparent in the playing of the piece.

The opera's highly stylized structure and the general good humor of the libretto lend themselves easily to a treat- ment that results in falsification. I am not thinking of the farcical externals with which Costa is often laden, but of the basic assumption made by many directors and directors— that it is a farcical opera. This assumption wrecks the point of the piece; it destroys Alfonso's moral, which is that women are constantly pretending to feel things they don't really feel but that, although they really feel them, they will feel some- thing else any second now, with equal sincerity. The applause and music, "Sta si, sta veramente" one of the truly magical moments in all opera; but the mood passes, its spell is replaced by the humor of the scene. Few audiences, a feeling of abandonment, some fresh opportuni- ties, some handy rationalizations—to channel all these things in another direc- tion, amid a good deal of emotional confusion and some stubbornness about admitting the truth. After all, Da Ponte and Mozart were talented enough crafts- men to have written fake-sounding verse and music they had intended that. These characters are sincere—that is the point. We are moved musically, in a way that does not mock people's feelings. It simply says that not even the deepest of them are of final importance in the scheme of things. No, it is as it is today, but tomorrow the world will still be here, and so will you, making a damned fool of yourself again.

I know that many distinguished com- mentators regard much of this music as parody music; as take-off on opera seria grandiloquence ("Come scoglio") is an off-color example; but the only internal evidence to support this view. No one proposes "I morti alla Artea" parody; yet between that aria and "Com'è scoglio," I would have to say to which is mock and which for real. Alfonso alone continually dis- sembles, and he is so accomplished at it that it is not necessary to write parody-music for him, though he lays it on fairly thick with "Voieli dir" and one or two other pas- sage.
this there is a hint of a decadent social milieu: these people have nothing better to do than propose and reaffirm their love by speaking untold stories of energy and money on pointless masquerades and practical jokes, simply to have something to get worked up about. In contrast, the old fading Old South—gallantry, elegance, nothing much to do, the girls constantly giggling and exclaiming over nothing about the two sisters of Così (it is not even the point of Figaro, as all those wonderfully irrelevant "social comedy" stagings demonstrate), but it is the same.

I don’t think "the message" is the real reason for Così’s popularity troubles, because I suspect that very few people take Così seriously—simply because it has never resulted in bad box office for Don Giovanni. A more solid reason for Così’s difficulties lies in the fact that the libretto of Così is not as immediately memorable, on the whole, as that of Figaro, or Don Giovanni, or Zauberflöte. Indeed, it is not even certain that the level of sheer melodic inspiration in Così is not quite up to the level of the other "big" Mozart operas. Strike one.

Second, the glory of Così lies (much more than with the other operas) in its ensembles, not in its arias. The appreciation of an ensemble depends upon a certain musical knowledge and a willingness to listen analytically a part of the time. Strike two.

But there is almost an embarrassment of riches in Così, for anyone willing to seek it out. Even in the great ensemble finales of Nozze di Figaro, there is nothing to surpass the Act I finale of Così, or, for that matter, the wonderful sextet beginning with Alfonso’s "Alla bela Despina" (No. 13), which looks so much like the arioso duet in the ensembles in Alfonso. We have perhaps Mozart’s most sharply defined character—and he is drawn without aid of any kind, as if he really could be said to be an aria. The sisters are beautifully differentiated, though the customary cuts tend to simplify the difference somewhat—if any. "Smania implacabili" is allowed Dorabella, and the teasing, playful "E amor un ladroncello" is omitted, then there is a tendency for her to become simply a sort of small-scale Figaro.

Only Despina seems to me a relative failure. She serves her dramatic purpose admirably, but some of her sonorous aria with nicer arias than most of them get. Her chief use is to throw into better relief the two sisters, both of whom are much richer people than is generally supposed.

Così is another opera referred to by musicians as "perfect" but treated by them as a borderline musical, heading into Broadway after some bad reviews in New Haven. The Così that has been recorded to date all reflect this—none is completely valid. This is due to the fact that there are much too numerous and confused to disentangle here, except to note that Alfonso’s Los due Pene di Dampno (LPM 18861/63 or SLPM 138861/63) includes substantially more of it than any other. Two of the musical numbers are omitted from all the recordings: No. 7 (the duet "Ah into den lagge quegli occhi," with which Ferrando and Guglielmo conclude the farewell to their fiancées [the "Sento, O Dio" quintet]), and No. 24, Ferrando’s "Ah lo veggio quell’ anima bella," in which he presses his suit with Fiordiligi. Two more are missed in the "Prima aver provato, sebben gia mi fido" (No. 27) and Dorabella’s "E amor un ladroncello" (No. 28), are omitted from the Odeon (80681/3), Columbia (SL 1229), RCA (1284), or Columbia (1342) versions. These two arias, apart from the only significant differences in the cuts made in musical numbers occur in the London recordings of Così. If there is no way to disfigure the entire performance and to remove it from competitive consideration—a terrible pity, because the performance has many fine points. To simply list the excisions would require disproportionate space, but I will cite a few as a key to their seriousness—read 'em and weep (page numbers refer to the Schirmer edition of the vocal score): the repeat of the heart of the "Sento, O Dio" quintet, beginning with Dorabella’s "Ah, no, non mi fido," approximately half of Dorabella’s "Smania implacabili"; about one-third of Guglielmo’s "Donne mie, la fata tanti"; and hark, as all, Alfonso’s recitative after "Sovve sia il vento" and his "Nel mare soleto" (pp. 71-72), two of the best and most important numbers of Così. Given London’s recent passion for absolutely complete opera recordings, it is not inconceivable that the company will make all this up to us with the first all-inclusive Così.

Così has a mangling musical participle!” was the opinion of "Così, all in si fu sguardo," which Guglielmo was originally supposed to sing as No. 15, in the slot now occupied by his much shorter and drabber "Tu non mi fido". "Ci soffro, fantastico state ritrosi." "Rivolgete" is now officially a concert aria, listed as K. 584. It is a perfectly wonderful piece of music, not simply unduly neglected, but one of Mozart’s very finest arias, full of delicious bragadocio and splendid music to his heart, more idiomatic pointed Italian, and soft, luscious sound—sheer, luscious, vocal ease. But the most striking thing about Così is that it is the most extensively scaled and chamberlike of the performances, the Bōhm the grandest and "biggest" (though not the loudest, for that distinction belongs to the London performance). Karajan is velvety, extremely cultivated, a little indulgent-sounding, fairly quick-paced in general; Bōhm is somewhat more precise and incisive, more extroverted.

In the Karajan reading, things are held down and smoothed out. An example is the opening scene. An argument is in progress—an argument which the two soldiers feel called upon to take to heart, and which can with perfect sense be set in a rather deceptively bland way. Here, no voice is raised. Three gentlemen converse over breakfast. They dispute, they grow upset, but they never rise to their politeness, to the point of shouting. Sesto Bruscantini, the Alfonso, does not sing above a mezzo forte more than two or three times throughout the opera, and a good seventy-five per cent of his music is held to an oily, hypercultivated mezza voce. This is surely a valid point, for Alfonso is much too sure of himself, much too at peace with his cynicism to find it necessary to say anything loudly or ill-mannered.

Other symptoms, simply as examples: the strings in the accompaniment to "Smania implacabili," where the gap between forte and piano can be used for very strong contrast, is narrowed to a much subtler alteration of emphasis; the building of nearly all the ensembles which are somewhat farther on than is usually the case (compare, for instance, pp. 181-83, in the midst of the first-act finale, with almost any of thechoirs in the Angel); the drug-like decided chamber quality of the sound; or the very final ensemble, where one has a definite sense of a small group sound (as one can see clearly; this is a transposed or otherwise adjusted, accord-
to "Un aura amorosa," or to any of the several woodwind-and-string introductions to numbers.

Böhm is, in general, slower than Karajan. In some instances, such as the overture, the opening scene, "Nei mare soliti," or "In un'ora," the contrabass is startling. Böhm also holds the dynamics down in the early pages, but he does it to lend extra point to the climaxes, and when we come to the big coda moments—"Smattie implacabilis" and the conclusion of the "Sento, O Dio" quintet, we realize that the treatment is to be grander and sound less than mine. Cosi. It comes off brilliantly. The slow tempos add up to an impression of weight, and while the ensembles are exceedingly exact and balanced, each performer brings an outgoing, "operatic" excitement to his individual numbers. It is instructive in this respect to compare the performances of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Christa Ludwig with their previous recordings of their roles—as we will do below.

Böhm's own first recording of Cosi is the mutilated London edition. It is notably faster at a number of points—perhaps both cuts and tempos were dictated by a decision to hold the recording to three records. It is another balanced, lovely performance, but not so distinctive as the later one. The Busch reading (Glyndebourne, 1935) is a famous one, and it holds up well despite the recording's age. In truth, though, its famed qualities of ensemble singing and polished phrasing have been matched, and perhaps more, by Böhm, Karajan, and Jochem (partly, no doubt, because of the standards set by Busch and Glyndebourne). The chief distinction of the reading nowadays is the naturalness of its phrasing—everything moves together in a way that suggests the difference between the conductor who "knows" style and the one who feels it as part of his nature—there are no eccentricities. An example is the launching of the prelude in the overture (p. 1)—it seems to grow right out of the opening andante, and another is the "Sento, O Dio" quintet, where all the elements are kept in abundance without anyone sounding extended or careless about it. One becomes aware of the fact that the production has been thoroughly sung more times before the recording, so that the perfection seems perfectly natural, whereas in even the excellent Karajan and Böhm readings, it sometimes sounds meticulous. Both the Busch and Steidry recordings, incidentally, use piano in the secco recitatives. The sound clanks strangely on the ear nowadays.

The Jochem reading has qualities of lightness and quickness which are most welcome. The allegros really move, the music has its intensity, but the singing is almost staccato quality, and there is some real, enforced hilarity in the wonderful "laughing trio" (No. 16). In the recitative, though, there is often a feeling of literalness, with every note value and rest value punctiliously observed; it is like a very good reading, which in fact it is, but which contains much of this recitative is often omitted in performance. A word about the quality of the vocal ensemble back, since it is of such importance in Cosi. The most impressive achievement of all is in the Karajan performance (Angel 1), where the soloists' voices not only blend extremely well but conform perfectly to the sort of atmosphere the conductor is trying to produce. All the men (Leopold Simoneau, Rolando Panerai, Bruno Paini) have voices of round, warm quality, which they produce with smoothness and a voice for the conductor's dynamic framework. Also, the rich, beautiful ensemble sound achieved in the London performance, where the principals have a Germanic tone coloring and approach to music. The second Böhm performance (Angel II) is an example of doing well with voices that are somewhat individual to be perfectly matched; the liner notes speak of the fine blend of voices between tenor Alfredo Kraus and baritone Taddei, but curiously enough, it is one pairing where this is by no means the case. Kraus's voice being lean and pointed. Taddei's fat and rich—they do not blend at all. Nevertheless, with these principals letting go in the arias, the ensembles are still brought together into a lovely general sound.

Among the Fiordiligi, it is Schwarzkopf (Angel I and Angel II) who commands our attention most thoroughly, not least because of the considerable difference between her two renditions. The recordings are separated by about eight years—eight crucial years in the life of a soprano. Schwarzkopf has come through them well. There is no doubt that her vocalism on the earlier recording is measurably freer and easier than on the later one. The sound is lighter and brighter, the execution more fluent, the extreme top notes in a more relaxed placement. This is not to say that the first Schwarzkopf Fiordiligi is unequivocally better than the second; she is nothing if not shrewd, and in the bigger-boned Böhm performance she turns her darker, heavier tone to advantage in a more dramatic, larger-scaled approach to the music—in a way it is a more exciting traversal of the role. But in terms of vocal freedom and purity, her performance for Karajan is altogether remarkable. No other sopranos approaches her in the big runs, such as the not too difficult in "Chi mai." (p. 118), with its almost unvoval intervals, its triplets, its turn over high C, and finishing trill—she alone makes it sound like music. (The triplets are markedly better on the earlier recording.) It is interesting to note that the two Angel/Schwarzkopf performances are the only ones to make any consistent use of the appoggiatura (a conviction of Walter Legge's, perhaps?). The recitative before "Come scoglio," for instance, is thoroughly appoggiatura-ed, and in the Karajan performance the "Per pieta" even includes connected notes (almost cadenzas), first to connect the octave between B natural and B flat, last two before the return of the first theme (p. 254, line 2), and again to connect the held notes. A similar realization of the allegro moderato ("Ah chi mai manco di fede," p. 256, line 3). The first example I do not care for, as it seems to reduce somehow the magical effect of the horn entry; the second I think is very effective, and in general the observance of the appoggiaturas seems to fit well with the sort of style the whole performance. Surely this is nothing to legislate on, but to leave to the convictions of conductors and singers, and allow them over-flavor they decide a production should have. I am not even sure that consistency isnecessary. Sometimes the written note seems to carry a strength and directness that should be preserved, and at others the
The quick tremolo singer as if character's overblown, and the lower half of man's DGG performance, the wounds the bella un
On the whole, none of them has bacteria that infect some a gruber (Odeon) and Nan Merriman (Angel twice-
relatively dramatic salvaged only an receives, hearing really to galvanize purity of tone
Ina Souez's Fiordiligi (Odeon) held one of Della Casa's best recordings to the only especially thing, to galvanize the words than her competitors, and manages to make the fake-doctor-and-notary business sound as if it were an idea of hers rather than a slavishly adopted "tradition." Emmy Loose (London) also gets a nice flavor into the part, but does not sing it as well as Otto, while Erika Köth (DGG) is attractive without being memorable, either vocally or interpretatively. The others are neither here nor there, though a kind word should be said about the very competent job Roberta Peters (Columbia) does within the limits of that production.
As with all other roles in the opera, Ferrando depends a great deal on good ensemble sense and musical sensitivity. But it also demands good tone—he is sentimental and idealistic, and passages like "Un aura amorosa" or "Secondate, auretta amica!" are much too lovely to be spoiled by unattractive vocalism. Consequently, the interpretations of Heddle Nash (Odeon) and Anton Dermota (London) disqualify themselves; both tenors are justly respected artists, but Nash brings a constricted, pressed tone to his best solo moments (the aria is quite ugly), and Dermota employs a nasal tone that becomes attractive only at the very top of his range. The singing of Ernst Häfliger (DGG) and the pointed, focused vocalism of Kraus (Angel II) are both easy to listen to; but it is Simoneau (Angel I) who really does the music full justice, and the work of Richard Tucker (Columbia), while in a quite different frame, deserves some comment. Simoneau's is the most beautiful of these voices, and because it is so freely and easily handled, it is capable of a dynamic range that the others only approach. His singing of the aria is full and warm, with a lovely release of tone on the crescendos (as at the dotted quavers D-D-D-D-D-D-D's, "p. 134, bottom line) and excellent control on the turns over high A. He uses, incidentally, a pianissimo double appoggiatura as a lead-in to the second verse, and it is altogether beautiful. He also sings the "Trattito, scherzito," where his only competition is Kraus, who also does it well, with the real neatness and beauty of tone that is Simoneau's.
Tucker's approach would have to build-in the-china-shop effect in another production, but in the Met/Columbia version, he is simply a bull in the barn-yard, and there is no gaining the security and firmness of his singing. It is far from unmusical or unstylish—there is a wealth of true legato, some fine accurate runs, crystal-clear enunciation, and of course some honest tenor ring, which brings values to the aria and the more dramatic moments (i.e., the ending B flat on "indil il suave scor- retta," p. 349) that are normally missing. It's a remarkably good piece of Mozart singing for a tenor of Tucker's sort, and he keeps his recordings from being as satisfying as Ludwig in purely vocal terms, but both her Dorabellas have everything in place, and her DGG performance, in addition to being more complete than the Karajan, is marginally better sung too—more even and secure.

With a role that almost any light soprano could handle with ease, but it can easily be just another tiresome soubrette part, and has not really been handled with much imagination in most of the recorded performances. Lisa Otto (Angel I) is, for me, easily the best of the lot: she sings with a bright, full tone, does more to point the words than her competitors, and manages to make the fake-doctor-and-notary business sound as if it were an idea of hers rather than a slavishly adopted "tradition." Emmy Loose (London) also gets a nice flavor into the part, but does not sing it as well as Otto, while Erika Köth (DGG) is attractive without being memorable, either vocally or interpretatively. The others are neither here nor there, though a kind word should be said about the very competent job Roberta Peters (Columbia) does within the limits of that production.
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good lyric baritone. I find myself liking the two Italians best (Panerai and Taddei, Angel I and II), because so much depends on the voice, with some relish and an italianid flavor, and only an Italian can do this and make it sound natural. Taddei is especially fine—he keeps his big, rolling baritone under firm control most of the time, fitting into the ensembles well, but then has the reserves of tone to turn on in "Donne mi vuol," which is really splendid. Panerai presents the same virtues on a slightly smaller scale; with both baritones, things sound easy and natural, never callous. Prey (DG) and Kunz (London) both give us pleasant, enjoyable Guglielmos. Prey's somewhat more smoothly and richly vocalized, Kunz's a little too alive theatrically. Frank Guerrara (Columbia) is acceptable in a blustery sort of way, but I have never cared for the Guglielmo of Willi Domgraf-Fassbänder (Odeon). He was a fine singer and a good Mozartean, but he apparently had his troubles singing in Italian, for the vowel formation is exceedingly "British," but now he seems far nearer as focused or lovely as in his German-language recordings.

Alfonso is the key role dramatically, and while I would not extend his arias, he is constantly leading off the ensembles, and his three significant solo moments ("Forreit dir," "Nel mare solcato," and "Malinconie"") are extremely important ones. Everything he does is restrained, yet he must dominate the situations when he is on stage. Only an Englishman, it seems to me, actually on the negative side, and these are interesting failures. One is Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's (DGG). Here is a great artist fall to all only himself to "interpret," without ever finding the calmness and simplicity that are required. There is much too much display—playing with tone colors and dynamics, and so on—and Alfonso winds up sounding like a young snot, rather than a mature, likable cynic. I recall enjoying the Alfonso of Lorenzo Alvary (Columbia) in the theatre about ten years ago, but the recording is handicapped by the artist's accent (nothing that can do nothing about, but there it is) and by a good deal of mushy, characterless tone above the staff—he is a bass, not a baritone, and the tessitura is not easy. Among the others, I like best Bruscaninti (Angel I) and Schoeffler (London), both of whom seem to me exemplary in their ways. Bruscaninti, as I have already noted, is muted, oily, highly cultivated, and very Italian. Schoeffler is more extroverted and overly domineering, rather boy-spy (get the picture of an occasionally curmudgeonly, irascible old fellow). He is not very Italian, with his "quello" and "quella" which is the hallmark of the entire London production. He is in excellent vocal condition, making a beautiful contribution to "Soave sia il vento" (an extremely attractive aria of music, especially for Alfonso), and having plenty of strength for "Ripetete con me, cosi fan tutte." Also very fine is the dark-voiced, curly-haired Taddei (Angel II), though at times he seems to me to be "putting on," not entirely in side the role as yet. John Brownlee (Odeon) is musically and interpretatively excellent, but I do not like the throaty, closed quality of his singing, even if he turns it to advantage for a rather nasty-sounding Alfonso.

A final word about the Columbia production as a whole, since it is impossible to judge its participants out of context. It is based on the Met's 1951 revival of Cosi, the American translation and staged by Alfred Lunt, and was highly successful, making Cosi a repertory opera at the Met for the future. Instead of Alfonso (instead of Brownlee) and Peters instead of Patrice Munsel, the Columbia cast is the original Met cast. Two factors could be considered a fair judgment on the recording: 1) the use of the translation, which was undoubtedly sensible in trying to "sell" what was then an unfamiliar work to the American audience; and 2) the size of the Met, which rules out anything chamberlike or intimate, or which rather demands huge vocal power to sound at all plush. The translation is, I think, the best of all the Martins' librettos. It is good-natured, it "plays," it has moments of wit, and it has found good singers' solutions (matching of original vocal sounds, in particular) a surprising share of the time. But it lends itself easily to childishness, and it is very hard to believe that this house would be hired out of any decent burlesque house. It is simply awful to hear the light mocking tone of the two singers' Sir Toby and Sir John, who are placed by the loud, infantile leer- ing with which Tucker and Guerrara sing "You connoueuse of women!," and it is discouraging to think that in the context of the translation these qualities in the translation could be played down, but that the Met's are not, and the conclusion is inescapable: the sisters live in a two-family house in Queens, Ferrando and Guglielmo are PCs stationed at Governor's Island, and Despina comes in once a week to scrub the floors and do the laundry. The translation has merit, and so do the performances, but the result is still not recognizable as Cosi.

Most memorable special effect: the clinking of glasses in the last scene of the Odeon Glyndebourne recording, obviously accomplished with anvils left over from Trovatore or Rheingold.

Die Zauberflöte—1791

I wonder if there is a more difficult opera to do well than Zauberflöte? From the standpoint of director and designer, it poses the problems of the Handel operas combined with those of Wagner's—the presentation of childlike "magical" effects and scenes of fantasy, which must be done delightfully, but yet meaningfully symbolic—but adds the element of a coarse grade of colloquial humor, and that of direct dialogue for both comic and serious parts. The principal parts demand singers on the highest vocal and musical level; yet they are expected to be natural, convincing actors, as well. I recall how the Papageno does not simper and leer embarrassingly, the Tamino is sure to render the scene of the portals as if it were a solemn religious school declamation contest; if we escape both these traps, we are still left with the milieu created by a dozen small roles which, if done badly, can reduce the whole thing to the level of a Halloween masquerade.
Another difficulty is that the important happenings are left on a ritualistic level—the most obvious example is the trial by fire and water. This means that for those who hold to any impact, the basic intent of the symbolism must be clear, as in a religious service. An example: there is a great deal of what looks like sentimentalism in the libretto. “A woman,” says The Speaker to Tamino, “does little and babbies much, and you, young man, put faith and all that as driven engines.” Sarastro, the exemplar of human wisdom, is regarded as justified in abducting Pamina from her mother’s care because the Queen’s tutelage does not know how to train her. She must, among other things, remove himself entirely from the influence of women and sex to stand as emblem of the initiate. But there is really no different from one of the basic tenets of modern psychology—a daughter (or son, for the Queen of the Night stands clearly in a mother/son relationship to Tamino at the beginning of the opera) cannot make mature decisions while still under the mother’s care. Tamino falls in love, not with Pamina, but with her portrait—with an idealized woman, in other words. But his mentors tell him that this love must be rejected. The setting need not be that of blackness, or darkness, but must make the trials of the Moor Monostatos (as is he and she, the Queen’s ladies, whose secret Pamina now reveals to Tamino) prove its use, for it is through the power of its music that Tamino and Pamina pass through the “final tests.”

Nothing in the opera can be taken on a literal level, including the business of the Moor Monostatos and the other black slaves, which seems to embarrass everyone so thoroughly nowadays, translators not excepted. Sarastro is here (Schlägt hieß ich and phrases with similar references are circumlocuted entirely in the oft-used Martin translation). Guilty conscience and the evil power of blackness, or darkness, or night, as symbolic representations of evil and mystery need not be incurred or exaggerated.

But the ritual quality of the work does not mean that it must be performed as if it were an impossibly long funeral. Ritualism is immensely theatrical, provided it is really played. The presence of specific locales and recognizable people on the stage will not vitiate the quality of the opera, even if the whole thing will kill it dear than the This-Is-a-Sublime-Work-of-Western-Civilization assumption. It’s a theatre piece, and in the theatre supreme is sublime plays.

This particular conviction of mine should, I suppose, be borne in mind that the original approaches to Zauberflöte. It means, first of all, that if I were to pick just one recording of the opera for my library, my choice would have to be between two recordings—Deutsche Grammophon LPEM 18267, cited below as DGG I, and Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18981/83 or DGG II. DGG IV, a recording on DGG only, is a version that omits the very obvious introduction to the opera. I do not think this version includes any substantial amount of dialogue. Leaving the dialogue out of Zauberflöte is as sensible as leaving the songs out of South Pacific (no wisecracks, please). It also means that I do not like pretentious readings of the score, and that, I think, is why I resist Otto Klemperer’s highly regarded version (Columbia 3651). Both his Fidelio and his Zauberflöte left me dissatisfied from the start, for all their distinct musical qualities, their technical finish, and above all, their clarity of structure. I think I have finally pinned down the quality I do not like. It is a sort of self-conscious nobility, combined with didacticism: he is not so much playing Zauberflöte as he is explaining it, and the burden of his explanation is that this is a noble and terribly important piece, towards which we should feel reverence. It is not dramatic at all—quite apart from the omission of the dissonances, and, according sections sound like scenes. These are not characters, but singers: this is not an opera, but a perfectly designed piece of musical architecture (it is, that is not what should be in the listener’s mind as the work goes forward). There is not much, of course, that one can point to to explain such a feeling—it’s a reaction that one gets to the over-all flavor of the reading, and in this instance it is precisely the conductor’s greatest strengths that make me undesirable. I don’t want to hear a Grand Design, I want to hear an opera, to feel some genuine engagement with the situations and the people, to sense that drama is being played.

That is why I have such high regard for DGG II, under Karl Böhm. Here the opera sounds not like a progressive series of musical movements (as in the Klemperer) but like a progressive series of scenes. The dialogue, of course, is part of the opera, and its chief functions is to set the frame for the succeeding musical numbers. Credit is due the producers too, for their dramatically alive "staging." But largely it is Böhm, for he shows in his attention to graphic details and in his fresh attack on each new section that he is out to give us as much of the picture as he can. A testing place for me is the rise of the curtain—Tamino’s entrance, with the "lustige Schlange" in pursuit. If it is "pretty" or "nervously" sung, we are generally in for a dull time; if we sense the plight of the breathless Prince and the presence of the monster in the rushing string figures, there is hope. Not that Dr. Böhm’s reading is in any way technically or architectonically inferior; but it is not the perfection we are aware of, it’s the unfolding of the drama. This is the only recording of Zauberflöte that can, on repeated hearings, exert a real dramatic grip and keep the imagination working.

The famous old Sir Thomas Beecham recording (Odeon 80473/35, referred to below as Odeon I), despite the narrow sound world of the day, manages to capture a good deal of the same spirit. His singers mean what they say, they are not simply making nice sounds. And wherever there is a legitimate sense, Beecham underlines the orchestra commentary to build dramatic tension—the scene between The Speaker and Tamino is an instance: notice the bite in the sudden tremolando at "dich täuschet ein Betrug" and "Saratoga hussel dut" (p. 59, Schirmer vocal score), or the way the wonderfully descriptive bar at the tempo change to adagio (p. 57) opens out, like the temple door itself, at once giving the effect of size and setting a new mood for the crucial cloquetry to follow. Where the set fails, it is precisely because this approach is not sustained. The beginning of the second finale,
through Pamina's suicide scene, it is the worst example; the three spirits sing along in a pecky, pallid cheep, and if while Pamina (Tiana Lemnitz) is committing suicide, it must be via barbiturates (a frequent failing among Paminas, by the way). The scene falls on its face, but that is an exception in a reading which is alive and dramatic without ever sounding forced or overdone.

Herbert von Karajan’s Odeon 90296/8, designated hereafter as Odeon II) has some great moments but does not sustain a consistent level. The adagio introduction of the overture, for instance, is excellently done, and the movement into the allegro is natural-sounding and unfocussed; but the allegro development after the return of the horn blasts (top of p. 6) is restless, not quite settled-sounding. Things are fine again in the opening scene, until we arrive at the allegretto on page 16 ("Ich solle fort"), where the tension suddenly says—this is always a hard scene, because there is not any valid dramatic excuse for this trio, yet the situation must hold up. There are also other instances of this sort of restlessness—are, e.g., No. 11, the duet of the two priests—alternating with sections that have fine life and interest, with the allegro that marks the last section of the Act I finale (p. 76, entrance of Monostatos and Tamino), or the wonderfully sustained "On stie und öffnet" chorus (No. 18), which has true sublimity (listen to the wonderful contrast at "Die dunkle Nacht versenkte"—a swelling not merely of volume, but of intensity).

The other two readings—Böhm’s earlier one (London 4319) and Ferrier and Fricsay’s (DG 1) are on a more ordinary level. The Fricsay is quite clean, balanced, and a little on the dry side, though this impression can easily be laid to part to DG’s mono engineering of the ‘50s, which was close-up and not very resonant. Böhm’s first version is, unsurprisingly, similar to his later one, but noticeably inferior at some points—the overture, for instance, sounds picky and a bit stiff alongside the later reading, and there are areas where they rather come to go slack, as in the andante passage embracing Tamino’s calling for Pamina with the flute (p. 63), or the quintet for Pagenago, Tamino, and the three ladies (No. 5, p. 33), which lacks energy.

Pamina is an extremely difficult role. The vocal requirements are those of one who has ever taken a look at the fiendish intervals and suspended high tones that are supposed to be turned into the sustained, even, winding melody of "Ach, ich fühl’s." But beyond that is the problem of making us care something for Pamina, and here the difficulty is even greater, for the character is a virtual monochrome—she simply hangs around in a pining, mournful way, waiting for the plot to happen. Even the beauty of the music cannot hide her, but that becomes "O zitter nicht" on London A 4157 or OSA 1257. Among the complete Queens, we have seen who is singing exceedingly well without fooling us for a minute. Erna Berger, for instance, is her fresh, young self on Odeon I, sailing through everything with a sort of uncertain beauty.

It is musically delightful, but she is no more Queen of the Night than, say, Leslie Caron. Rita Streich (DG II) offers singing that is clear and bright, but absolutely accurate: the coloratura and the staccatos in "Holle Rache" are simply wonderful, but the beginning of the aria fails for dramatic reasons. Lucia Popp (Angel) has some of the bite and ring called for, and is musically very accurate; I have the feeling that Kitsitege is holding her back a little, for one suspects that she could bring more dash and fire to the runs than she shows here. Wilma Lipp (Odeon II and London) sounds like a good operetta soubrette with an unusual high extension; her work under Karajan is generally considered better. Her Böhm (Karajan gives "Holle Rache" a fine boost with his ferocious accompaniment), but she still slurs the words, rushes the runs in "O zitter nicht," and lacks real musical or vocal incisiveness. Roberta Peters (DG II) at least throws herself into the music, for which we can be grateful—she sounds genuinely active and spiky. She makes a brave assault on

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on the arias, but unfortunately her tone loses character and body as it climbs, the thinness of her high register and the unvoiced natural sound is not well disguised in very high passages. She is perfectly at home from high C up, and she gives us some dazzling passages in that neighborhood. Everything down in normal soprano territory sounds limp and colorless, and she does not seem to grasp the reason for all the pyrotechnics. Certain one can set the illusion of lightness, Schreit, or Popp, or for the spirit of Peters. But none of them adds up to the authentic article.

Great admirer as I am of Helge Roswaenge's (Odeon 1), it is Fritz Wunderlich (DGG II) who seems to me the finest among a good lot of Taminos. Not only does he have a good measure of that warm, schmaltz tone that marks the best German lyric tenors—he approaches everything with a true lyric feeling. The vocalism is easy and flexible without ever sounding innocuous or slack—as Léopold Simoneau's (London), for instance sometimes does: the connection is crystal clear. Roswaenge, of course, makes quite a sound, but in truth a good deal of his Tamino sounds a little heavy and labored. His was not a pure lyric tenor, of Wunderlich's variety, but a spinò, with quite enough heft and ring for the more lyrical Wagner roles or for Florestan. He certainly had the capacity for coloring and for dynamic shading, but a straight, pure lyric line did not come easily to him, especially when it hovered (as Tamino's does) in the vicinity of the upper-middle break, where Roswaenge used a fairly creaky form of cover.

Among the others, there are no outright failures—Nicola Gedda (Angel), Simoneau, Ernst Häfliger (DGG I), and Anton Dermota (Odeon 1) (in my own order of preference) are all musically capable tenors. Tamino is one of Gedda's finest recorded roles; his lean, pointed vocalism and clean style are much to the point. Only in the scene of the portals, though, does he seem to me to bring things dramatically alive. I like the round, cushioned quality of Simoneau's singing, and his admirable control of dynamics, especially in his use of mezzo voice to top tones. He does not, however, sound very German, and there isn't much heroic ring to his prince's prouder moments. Häfliger is a bit careful, a bit lacking in dramatic urgency where it is most needed, as in "Wie stark ist deine Zauber," etc. (p. 63). He is best in the quiet, reflective moments. Dermota has some welcome ring on top, and in general sounds very pleasant, but there is enough vocal insecurity to make one a bit uncomfortable, particularly at intervals in the upper-middle range (the first section of the Bildnis aria, for example, has a walking onions feeling about it). If anyone is unacquainted with Richard Tauber's classic version of the aria, let him remedy the condition quickly by listening to Odeon 1031. I would also recommend the beautifully sung and surprisingly "correct" Bildnis aria of Josef Schmidt, available on Telefunken CGT 007.

There are two Papagenos who pretty much divide the virtues between them: Gerhard Hüsch (Odeon I) and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (DGG II). Hüsch is simple and hearty, velvety-smooth in the handling of his dark lyric baritone. There is a touch of beguiling romanticism in his inflections—listen to the third verse of his entrance aria (p. 22) for a Papageno who is really longing after his simple dream of domestic warmth. Fischer-Dieskau's is a more aware, rascally sort of bird-catcher, rather nimble-witted so long as he is on the safe ground of everyday things and events, undisturbed by any abstractions. The singing could not be better—his voice simply dances through this music, and is in its most beautiful estate from start to finish, being extended not at all. He has a real start on his competitors in that dialogue is present (the dialogue is of more importance to Papageno than to any other character), and Fischer-Dieskau responds with a genuinely brilliant piece of acting that makes the fes, infantile approach of most Papagenos all the more distasteful by comparison. Walter Berry, like Fischer-Dieskau, has recorded the role twice (London and Angel). Again like Fischer-Dieskau, this gifted baritone has recently turned to more dramatic challenges than the light Mozart roles, but unlike him, he has not kept all the lightness and ease of his salad years. His Papageno for London is a very good one—solidly sung, unpretentious, straightforward, with ample spirit of a generalized kind. His Angel remake is comparatively gummy and heavy in tone, and rather dull interpretively, as if he were singing an oratorio. But then, that is symptomatic of the Klemperer edition.

Erich Kunz (Odeon II) is inimitable
(a delicious suicide scene) but wispy-toned, as if singing were beside the point. It isn't. Fischer-Dieskau's earlier attempt (DGG I) is of the well-sung, but no match for his later one, being fuzzy and overcharacterized. If Papageno is not kept uncomplicated, he just gets in the way; evidently he came home to Fischer-Dieskau sometime between the making of DGG I and the making of DGG II—a rare example of a genuine maturing of concept.

Sarastro is a terrible problem. The only genuine bassos around these days are Wagnerian-style singers, and the bel-canting that often passes for his singing is even more excruciating in Mozart than on home ground. Such is the case with Kurt Böhm (London), with Josef Greinl (DGG I), and even with Gottlob Frick (Angel), though he is shown to better advantage on the Odeon highlights disc (80830). None of these is an insensitive performer, but neither has any of them learned to sing with a simple, steady legato, so that one is quite prepared to side with the Queen. Get him! With (Odeon) I knew the secret of "line" singing, and has a distinguished concept of the role: the trouble is, he is no bass, so that every time Sarastro传授, (when an aria is often), we get a guttural Strohhahn in place of a singing tone. Ludwig Weber (Odeon II) must once have been a truly great Sarastro, Helmut Lützelschneider (notably in "O Isis und Oistros" and in the "farewell" trio, No. 19) when he rises to the occasion—his sense of the music is always distinguished, the basic sound of the voice quite beautiful. "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," however, is a tentative, tired piece of singing, afflicted by hoarseness that has been there in a single take. The winner and new champion—Franz Crass (DGG II), the only bass to combine the proper weight and ease in the low range with some real singing tone and genuine line. I do not find anything memorable in his treatment of the music—it is good, intelligent phrasing—but the vocalism is so far superior to that of his competitors as to make it no contest. Sarastro simply must sound impressive, he's a good guy, after all. The best thing about Pathé's French-language highlights disc, incidentally, is the Sarastro of Xavier Depraz, the final aria and the trio are present. His singing is steady, smooth, and rich, with splendid low notes—except for Crass, he is the only authentic Sarastro on current recordings. Someone, I am sure, will take pen in hand to tell me about Alexander Kipnis's 78-rpm recording of "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," but I will pass on any thing in stately, stationary music of this sort is an on-going vibrato that will keep a sense of flow going, and it is the thing missing. Ralston ads to Crass's recording. A younger Kipnis, no doubt, was an ideal solution.

To run down the supporting roles: The Three Spirits (Angel), George London (Odeon I), and Kim Borg (DGG I) are on the plus side, with Borg's interpretation perhaps best of all from the ways the comprehensive of this figure's function—every line carries authority and meaning. London offers considerable vocal potential of round, pleasant sound, he seems to have lost since, and Crass too sings very well, if not with all of Borg's projection of the text. Neither Hallett (Angel I) nor Paul Schoeffler (London) is in good voice. Walter Grossman, the Speaker of the Beecham set (Odeon I), has presence and is not afraid to sing his lines, but the voice itself is an ordinary one. Can anyone tell me why most of these recordings feature the Speaker's voice in the waltz "Amamo z" ("Zurück!") etc., p. 57? A difference in editions?

Montalvo, Gerhard Unger (Angel) is easily the best, with genuinely fine light lyric tenorizing and a great deal of character. Heinrich Tessenner (Odeon I) and Friedrich Lenz (DGG II) are also to the point, having sufficient instrument to make the Moork a proper threat. I find the approach of Martin Vanit (DGG I) interesting. He has tenderly aria for pity, thus enlisting our sympathies. A good point, with a logical foundation in the text.

Papageno's absolutely foolproof part on records, though not in the theatre. I have a particular liking, though, for Lisa Otto in both DGG versions, and more specifically for her work on DGG I. She is fresh and engaging and spirited both times, but in the earlier version we see a bit of a family squabble already in progress over the children—marriage is going to be a mixed blessing.

The Three Ladies. As trios go, it is hard to face down Angel's line-up of Elisabeth Schwaiger, Anna Reynolds, and Christa Ludwig, and indeed it is a well-balanced grouping, as well as a glamorous one. London's casting of Judit Pavlovits, Helene Höffgen, and Majdan is also very strong, though Helwig is a little light for ideal balance. Outstanding individual contributions: The First Ladies of Mozart's operas again (DGG I) and Senta Jurinac (Odeon II), and the Third Lady of Rut Berglund (Odeon I).

The Monom Men. Extremely impressive is the coupling of James King and Martti Talvela on DGG II—two major voices, with a thoroughhold needed but seldom gets. The DGG I pairing of Howard Vandenberg and Kim Borg is also strong, with Vandenberg, an American Heldentenor who died just as his career was really getting under way, especially good. Erich Majuk and Harald Prögßl (Odeon II) sound fine, though I think myself that they might have a good deal to do with it. The similarity of timbre between Majuk and the Tamino (Dermota) is an advantage for the exasperation. The Three Spirits (or Three Boys). Disaster overtakes us. The use of boy sopranos is ridiculous—they cannot possibly carry their share of the load among adult opera singers. On the other hand, it is no improvement to use female singers who are so feeble that they sound like men. The main problem is with the waver between these self-destructive solutions, the only exceptions being DGG II (with Antonia Fahrig, Rosal Schwaiger, and Anne-Marie Hauke) and Majdan's version (Angel I) with Janes Giebel, Anna Reynolds, and Josephine Vasey). The former group is adequate, the latter outstanding.

Special rendering of dialogue—DGG II, by far.

Best use of "staging" and magical effects—Ditto.

Worst—The thunderhead on DGG I. Most musical bels—Odeon I. Zauberkopf is, incidentally, the only Mozart opera to give complete treatment on each of its recordings, the only omission being the horn blasts following the March of the Priests at the end of II. The Beecham set (Angel I) is from the London recording. The deplorable situation with respect to the dialogue has already been outlined.
Garland enthusiasts, who comprise one of the most vehement cliques in the international world of show business, turned out in full cry for the concert at London’s Palladium in November 1964, recorded live in this album. Greeting Miss Garland and her daughter Liza Minnelli with affectionate barrages of cheers and applause, the audience adds communicable dimensions of excitement and emotional involvement to the recording, and quite obviously affects the performances by Miss Garland and Miss Minnelli.

But quite aside from the setting and the interaction of audience and performers, these discs have a unique fascination. On one hand, we have one of the great popular singers of our day, past her prime perhaps, but with a wily knowledge of all the tricks of her trade; on the other, a daughter bred in her mother’s singing image, standing on the edge of a very promising career of her own (at the time, Miss Minnelli had not yet made her successful Broadway debut in Flora, the Red Menace, but she had made her impact off-Broadway). Their concert is made up of duets, solos, medleys (in which glimpses of various songs are adapted to comment on the mother-daughter relationship), and, as encores, four of Miss Garland’s blockbusters—Swanee, Chicago, San Francisco, and the inevitable Over the Rainbow.

Hearing them sing together, one will quickly detect the strong family relationship in the basic timbre of their voices. Miss Garland’s voice, however, has grown husky and slightly worn, and what was once a vibrato has become a wobbling quaver that often threatens to go out of control. Miss Minnelli, eighteen years old, sings with clear, youthful vivacity and with the confidence and assurance of one who knows she can reach any note or produce any extravagant quantity of volume. In this, she is often guilty of overconfidence (or possibly overenthusiasm), for her belting finales are sometimes reduced to strident shrieks. But if she is pushing, it is understandable because she is in a particularly challenging situation.

Miss Garland knows better than to be caught in this trap. Although she too sings with great gusto and expends tremendous amounts of energy in the course of the concert, she also husbands her resources, working craftily around the potential danger spots. After her daughter has exhausted both herself and her audience by tearing a song to tatters, Miss Garland moves in, displaying all the sure and subtle skill of her calm, cool, easygoing delivery (the style in which she functions with the most certainty these days). The result is that, even though Miss Minnelli has the better voice and the broader range, Miss Garland has the experience that allows her to walk off with the finest moments in the set, particularly in her old pro delivery of Smile, Make Someone Happy, and The Music That Makes Me Dance. Despite her overplaying, Miss Minnelli projects a warm and winning personality and, in the early portions of most of the songs heard here, shows the control and individuality that have since blossomed in Flora, the Red Menace.

J.S.W.
Mel Tormé: "That's All." Columbia CL 2318, $3.79 (LP); CS 9118, $4.79 (SD).

For the last twenty years Mel Tormé has been threatening to become a brilliant popular singer. But, on records, one element or another has always undercut the fullness of his voice (hence his nickname "The Velvet Fog") simply turned into hoarseness; sometimes he sabotaged himself by using supposedly hip attitudes; sometimes the way he was recorded or what he recorded seemed incompatible with his talents. Now, at last, here is the disc that Tormé always seemed on the verge of making—the record that shows his musicianship, taste, vocal control, and the true range of his singing. The Velvet Fog still swirls in, but now it is backed by depth and range and control. Lyrics are beautifully articulated, melodies beautifully phrased and shaded. This is superbly controlled singing, yet one is never conscious of control being exerted. And what a fine group of songs Tormé has chosen—That's All, Vernon Duke's gorgeous What Is There To Say, the Gershwin's Isn't It A Pity. He even breathes fresh life into leading roles. Sky sometimes has it, but this has the air of a group and top-form Horne. She sweeps along from the exuberant joy of A Wonderful Day Like Today and The Roar of the Greasepaint to the almost tactile sensations of Feelin' Good (from the same Anthony Newley show), the Beatles' And I Love Him, and an ideal Horne bossa nova, The Girl (in this case, Boy) from Ipanema. Here's one of the great individualistic interpreters of popular music at his peak.

Lena Horne: "Feelin' Good." United Artists 3433, $3.79 (LP); 6433, $4.79 (SD).

The brashly sensual projection that is Lena Horne's special trademark shines out of this disc with neon brilliance. All the healthy joy and animal vitality that is part of Miss Horne's professional presence has rarely been caught consistently on a recording. Here, it is in this set, a happy conjunction of songs, arrangements (by Ray Ellis), and top-form Horne. She sweeps along from the exuberant joy of A Wonderful Day Like Today and The Roar of the Greasepaint to the almost tactile sensations of Feelin' Good (from the same Anthony Newley show), the Beatles' And I Love Him, and an ideal Horne bossa nova, The Girl (in this case, Boy) from Ipanema. Here's one of the great individualistic interpreters of popular music at her peak.

Charlie Walker: "Born To Lose." Epic LN 24153, $3.79 (LP); BN 26153, $4.79 (SD).

Singing the lyrics of Fast Way of Livin', Charlie Walker describes himself as a honky-tonk man in a honky-tonk town. And that, on this disc, is what he is—a particularly blithe honky-tonk man who seems to be having a hell of a time in his honky-tonk town. His songs are essentially sad, built on sentimental lines—Walking the Floor Over You, Drivin' Nails in My Coffin Born To Lose, and I'll Go Down Swingin', in which, having outlined his emotional woes, he declares: "I'm here at the tavern gettin' stoned/Because if I've got to go, I'll go down swingin'." Backed by guitars, drums, and bass, Walker sings with a joyful, lively rhythm that, on the surface, seems to contradict the often lachrymose lyrics. But, as he says, he's "goin' down swingin'" and, on the evidence of this set, there could hardly be a better way to go.

"Carousel." John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson. RCA Victor LOC 1114, $4.79 (LP); LSO 1114, $5.79 (SD).

For all the sentimentality of its book and lyrics, Carousel, after twenty years, still retains its high place in the Rodgers and Hammerstein canon. I can think of no other score in our musical theatre that boasts such a succession of brilliant and varied melodies. Only the stodgy HigHEST Judge of All falls below Rodgers' otherwise almost perfect score. Last summer's Lincoln Center production of Carousel has been given a strong and vigorous recording that has, unfortunately, one crucial weak point: John Raitt's singing of the leading role, Billy Bigelow. Raitt is no longer the singer he was twenty years ago when he created this role on Broadway. He manages to cover himself fairly well until he comes to the challenge of Soliloquy, which leaves him cruelly exposed. A recording of Carousel with a weak Soliloquy cannot really be counted as an effective recording of the score. This is doubly unfortunate because the rest of the cast is extremely good—notably Susan Watson, whose brightness and sparkle light up You're a Queer One, Julie Jordan; Eileen Christy, who has the properly vocalized starry-eyedness for If I Loved You and What's the Use of Wonderin'; and Katherine Helgenberg, who brings joy to June Is Bustin' Out All Over and an imposing authority to You'll Never Walk Alone.

Esther Ofarim: "Is It Really Me?" Philips 200-185, $3.79 (LP); 600-185, $4.79 (SD).

Miss Ofarim, previously known solely as a folk singer, moves into the world of the musical theatre on this disc. She has a big vibrant voice capable of the most delicate shadings, and she succeeds brilliantly when dealing with lyrics that are meaningful to her (i.e., lyrics reflecting her folk-song background). But she misses by a mile with those glib and glossy songs Lena Horne does so effectively: Night and Day, Speak Low, Old Devil Moon. Obviously there is nothing wrong with these songs; their slick sophistication is just not for Miss Ofarim. But give her Somewhere from West Side Story, Is It Really Me from 110 in the Shade, A Taste of Honey or Here I'll Stay from Love Life and her voice turns from brittle glassiness to warm reality. She has a fine interpretative sense, a voice of great flexibility, and, when she is paired with the right songs, an imposing personality.

Joan Toliver: "The Most Unusual." Philips 200-186, $3.79 (LP); 600-186, $4.79 (SD).

Joan Toliver has a dark, warm, control voice that, properly guided, can be very effective. With a sustained melodic line and a comfortable beat to ride on, she is an appealing and enlivening singer (for instance, in the slow, expressive treatment of Feelin' Good, the easy amble of One-Room Paradise, or an unusual merry gallop of Careless Love). When skipping the dangerous fine line between saucy vigor and overplaying, she sometimes falls directly into the trap. Faced with the dark and gloomy A Sunday Kind of Love, she becomes so outrageously hammy that Sophie Tucker seems staid in comparison. For the most part, however, Jimmy Jones's fine arrangements keep Miss Toliver on the right track.

Andre Benichou and His Well-Tempered Three: "Jazz Guitar Bach." Nonesuch 1069, $2.50 (LP); 71069, $2.50 (SD).

The title "Jazz Guitar Bach" is a bit misleading, for Benichou's playing (on an electric guitar) does not even remotely reflect a jazz idiom. Rather, he performs transcriptions of Bach in a relatively straight fashion. The suggestion of jazz is provided by the presence of a bassist and drummer who play rhythms associated with jazz and popular dance music. Their accomplishments, however, force Benichou into situations where he must skimp on shading and expression. Much of the time his electric guitar sounds like an amplified harp, particularly in the upper register, and it is evident that there are some apt and interesting possibilities in transcribing Bach for this instrument. But the addition of a rhythm section merely interferes with and dilutes Benichou's otherwise stylish performances.

Bernie Leighton and Moe Wechsler: "Puccini, Rossini, Verdi, Bellini, and Blitzstein." Westminster XWN 19108, $4.79 (LP); WST 17108, $4.79 (SD).

According to Bernie Leighton, an object of these two-piano arrangements of operatic themes is "to find new meaning in the thematic material," to accom-
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plish what annotator David Garrett Berger refers to as "a modern reinterpretation of works of the brilliant operatic composers." With Milt Hinton on bass and Osie Johnson on drums to complete the group, the album falls superficially into much the same category as the recent rash of jazz interpretations of Beethoven and Mozart it~

In this case, however, the styling is closer to cocktail piano than to jazz (and I do not use "cocktail piano" in a pejorative sense—there are some highly skilled and imaginative pianists of this special art, and Leighton and Wechsler do the credit). The difficulty in this case is that Puccini, Rossini, Verdi, and Bellini do not lend themselves readily to this particular style. There are moments here and there—individual choruses that come alive, usually when the two pianists get as far away from the theme as they can and swing along on their own. Not too surprisingly, the one selection that fits most readily with the Rossini-type of music, with its Fidelio-Nicolai Under the Foot, the raw and nagging torch song he wrote for The Cradle Will Rock. Here the music and the musicians can meet on common ground and the results are far more valid than "let's call this 'donna è mobile' into a light swing idiom.

The Ink Spots: "The Best of the Ink Spots." Decca DXB 182. $7.58 (Two LP); DXSB 7182, $9.58 (Two SD). When one considers how many singing groups have achieved some degree of popularity by milking a formula that eventually went dry, the undiminished appeal of the Ink Spots is nothing short of startling. Most vocal groups have a general style that can be adapted to the demands of any song. The Ink Spots, on the other hand, work in an ironbound strait jacket that never changes: the inevitable guitar vamp introduction, a first chorus by Bill Kenny singing high tenor with exaggerated diction and full quavers, then the offhand, talking bass ("honey-chile") for half a chorus, and back to Kenny for the windup. How often can you repeat that one? This set is made up of twenty-four selections, only two or three of which vary from this formula. Yet here they are, fifteen to twenty-five years after most of the performances were recorded, holding up better than most of Decca's recapitulations in its "The Best of . . ." series. This is even more amazing in the fact that Kenny is the only Ink Spot who stays all through the series. Reason tells me that song after song done in this very restricted fashion should eventually result in total boredom. Yet, although I am at a loss to explain why, the set has a haunting appeal. It includes most of the Ink Spot classics—If I Didn't Care, We Three, To Each His Own, Do I Worry, Address Unknown, The Gypsy, and Java Live.

The Bitter End Singers: "Through Our Eyes." Mercury 21018. $3.79 (LP); 60108, $4.79 (SD). The Bitter End Singers take a little bit of everything that is currently popular, mix it all together, and hope it will blend into something viable. Thus, they use folk materials, old and new, rhythm, and blues in treatments that involve folk-Dixie (à la the Village Stompers), twangy guitar, twist, community sing, organ-guitar, and harmonica-piano. Often these elements are teamed in an unexpected fashion, sometimes very successfully (twangy guitar with smooth, polished vocal ensemble on The Joker), sometimes less so (joining two old pop tunes, Red Sails in the Sunset and Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, into a routine twist back-beat). The group occasionally falls into the trap of being different simply for the sake of being different, but they balance these misadventures with several enlivening efforts, including a zestful Ain't Gonna Take It Sittin' Down and a burlesque soft-shoe dance on Who Calls You Darling Now.

Stu Phillips: "Feels Like Lovin'." Capitol 2356, $3.79 (LP); 52536, $4.79 (SD). Arranger and conductor Stu Phillips and his Hollywood String Orchestra took several recordings containing calmer versions of current teen-oriented hit songs. Phillips has now carried his brand of mood music a step or two further by bringing together three of the elements most frequently united in a mood package—etherial voices, the lonely trumpet or trombone à la Jackie Gleason, and the ever-present strings (he also favors an occasional flash of the guitar). Superficially, this might seem to be overdoing something that is already being done to death. But Phillips has used the various devices judiciously—the voices, for instance, appear as accents, singing only key lines rather than an entire chorus. This, plus a similar use of the solo horns, creates a variety of sounds and textures that is very welcome in a field that tends towards monotony. The tunes, as with the Hollywood Strings and current pop favorites, and here Phillips has brought out such prolific merit in settings of consistent interest and variety.

Yvonne Printemps: "Les Trois Valses." Pathé 50320, $5.98 (LP). The warmly lyrical voice of Miss Printemps glows through these recordings, which show their age in some of the orchestrations and in general recording quality but, surprisingly, never in the vibrant power of her singing. One side is devoted to six of the five classic Strauss's summation of three periods of the waltz, The Three Waltzes—two songs in the style of Johann Strauss père, two in the manner of Strauss fils, and two recorded by the group. There are also songs from a pair of songs of Sacha Guitry musicals, Mozart and L'Amour masqué (one with Guitry speaking some counterpoint, just as Pierre Fresnay does in The Three Waltzes), and two of Miss Printemps's most successful discs, Le Pot poweri d'Alain Gerbault, a beautifully nostalgic medley, and Plaisir d'amour, gorgeous in its simplicity. In any language, in any era, Miss Printemps can make her points through these recordings.

JOHN S. WILSON

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

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November 1965

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147
Is the Sound of a Cymbal The True Test of a Speaker?

You've probably had the experience of witnessing a "high fidelity" demonstration which is climaxed by the "expert" saying something like, "Did you notice how these speakers handled the cymbal?"

Or maybe a friend, seeking your approval of his new system, has said, "How do you like the way those Brand X speakers reproduce the tympani?"

Being a music knowledgeable, you've probably side-stepped a direct answer to the question. You know there's more to judging a loudspeaker than listening for a single instrument.

The Real Test

Mind you, what has been said about Brand X or Brand Y speakers is true. They really can reproduce a cymbal or a kettle drum. The real question is, "How well can they reproduce an orchestra?" After all, there are precious few recordings of cymbal or tympani solos.

As a music lover, you know what the real purpose of a loudspeaker is -- to enable you to share an emotional experience with the composer and the conductor. That is the purpose the composer had in writing the music. That is the purpose the conductor has in playing the music. That is the purpose you have when you buy your concert tickets.

If the words "emotional experience" seem a little intangible to you, they describe the effect you feel when you automatically stand and applaud loud and long after a thunderous orchestral finale.

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Deep emotional experiences are seldom produced by a single instrument. It takes a full orchestra and all the skill and knowledge available to the composer and conductor.

The same thing is true of loudspeakers. The design engineers must have as their primary standard the creation of emotions. They must strive to create the entire range of orchestral effects. Only then should they apply their measuring instruments.

Fortunately, there is one loudspeaker line which has always been built to this standard. As you might expect, its sales have constantly increased since the day high fidelity began. Today it is enjoying the greatest popularity in its 15-year history.

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P. S. If you're not familiar with recordings that do run the full gamut of orchestral effects, we've selected a pair of records which, we believe, really test the ability of loudspeakers to stir the listener's emotions. They are commercially available almost anywhere. We'll gladly send you the names of these recordings, if you request them, along with a catalog and the name of your dealer. Bozak, Box 1166, Darien, Connecticut.
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Ask anyone who knows
New tape recorders continue to appear on the market at a fantastic rate. Each year brings its design changes, innovations, and trends. This year might well be called the year of the transistor. More and more manufacturers are adding solid-state electronics to their lines. And as transistors are used more by manufacturers the term “portable” begins to have real meaning. It’s not impossible to find a stereo record and playback machine that weighs in the neighborhood of 20 lb.

But, tape recorder terminology remains a morass of confusion. Inputs are a case in point. While this year’s Tape Recorder Guide gives inputs for all machines listed in terms of use (microphone or radio-phono) there’s more to it than that. Check with your dealer as to whether the inputs are low impedance or high impedance—for microphones. In addition, ask him whether the radio-phono input requires an amplified and equalized signal or will you be able to record directly from your magnetic cartridge-equipped turntable, for example, without going through an amplifier system first.

The frequency response figures were supplied to us by the manufacturers and importers. However, occasionally response is quoted for a laboratory model—with considerable variation to be expected in actual production machines. We’ve quoted the frequency response for the highest speed—and all other specifications just as they were supplied by manufacturers.

But—just how does one go about buying a tape recorder? First rule of the game is not to be misled by the enthusiasm of friends. A machine that may have all the features and sound quality your neighbor requires may be an unfortunate mistake for you. Let your own ear tell you if the machine suits your needs. Once you’ve settled on a number of machines whose sound you really like, decide which features you need.

If you already own a high fidelity system you may be interested in a deck—a machine lacking playback amplifiers. You’ll save money because you won’t be duplicating equipment you already have. In addition, the amplifiers and speakers in many tape recorders are less satisfying than regular high fidelity units.

Do you need a machine that’s designed for maximum portability? Then you’re in the market for a battery-operated unit. Here again, you’ll find variations in features and performance. But as a rule the more you pay the better machine you’ll have in any class. But if all you plan are casual recordings on vacation or at the beach or for note-taking, a moderately priced machine might just do the trick.

—MYRON A. MATZKIN

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**AMPEX 890**

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**AMPEX 1160**

Tape speeds — 1 1/4, 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2 and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 38 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 speaker, accessory slide projector sync, headphone outputs; auto-

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Tape speeds — 1⅞, 3⅞ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2- and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30-20,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 40 lb. Other features — deck, with recording preamps only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamp and 2 stereo headphone monitoring outputs; sound-on-sound; and built-in tape splicer. Price — $399.50.

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CIPHER VII

Tape speeds — 1⅞, 3⅞ and 7½ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 2 and 4-track mono and 2- and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 35-15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 45 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phone and 2 auxiliary inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker and headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shutoff; speakers in wing carrying case covers. Price — $274.95. Transistorized version, Model 77, $259.95. Also available as deck, $199.95.

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Nov. 6; "Sports Illustrated," Nov. 29; "Hi-Fi/Stereo Review," "High Fidelity," Dec.; 1965 issues. (65-1701)
15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 36.7 lbs. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phonos, 2 auxiliary inputs; 2 preamp, 2 speaker, headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; speakers in wing carrying case covers.
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CONCORD 120

CONCORD 220

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CONCORD 555
Tape speeds — 1 1/2, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 34 1/2 lb. Other features — self-contained mahogany carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; 2 speakers in split carrying case lid. Price — $249.95.

CONCORD 884
Tape speeds — 1 1/8 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30-20,000 cps. Indicators — 2 neon lights. Weight — 43 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shut-off; one speaker built into machine and second into carrying case cover.
Price — $450.

CONCORD 994
Tape speeds — 1 1/4, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — four. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 44 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker and stereo headphone outputs; automatic reverse record and play; sound-on-sound; automatic stop; automatic threading; 2 speakers in split carrying case lid. Price — $499.95.

CONCORD R-1100
Tape speeds — 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — four. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 46 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp and 2 speaker and headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; A/B monitoring; remote control; automatic reverse play; echo effects; 2 speakers in split carrying case cover. Price — $495. Also available as deck. Model R-1000, with preamps only, $450.

CONCORD R-2000
Tape speeds — 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — four. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30-16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 46 lb. Other features — deck, with record and playback preamplifiers; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamplifier stereo headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic reverse play; remote control; A/B monitoring. Price — $795.

CROWN SS702

CROWN SS722
Tape speeds — 1 1/4, 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — three. Record — 2-track mono and 2-track stereo. Playback — 2-track mono and 2-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-25,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 50 lb. Other features — deck, with preamps only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp, and mono and stereo headphone outputs; automatic stop. 4-track model also available. Price — $995.

CROWN SS824
Tape speeds — 1 1/4, 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-30,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 60 lb. Other features — deck with preamps; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; preamplifier and headphone output. Price — $1,295; 2-track stereo version available.

DELMONICO PTR-55
Tape speeds — 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track record. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-12,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 55 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying cases; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonos inputs; 2 preamp and 2 extension speaker outputs; 2 built-in speakers. Price — $169.95.

DYNACO BECORD 2000
Tape speeds — 1 1/4, 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 41 lb. Other features — wood cabinet console or self-contained carrying case; 2 microphones; 2 radio stereo; 2 radio, 2 phone inputs; 2 preamp, headphone outputs; slide projector sync; 3 sliding potentiometer mixing controls; automatic shut-off; sound-on-sound; provision for remote operation; echo effects. Price — console model, $498. Portable, with speakers in split carrying case cover, $525.
EICO RP100

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - three. Motors - three. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 2 and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 25-18,000 cps. Indicators - 10 meters. Weight - 48 lb. Other features - deck with preamps, 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound. Price - in semi kit form, $299.95.

EMERSON MM516


EMERSON 517


EMERSON SS533

Tape speeds - 15/16, 1 1/2, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 50-18,000 cps. Indicator - meter. Weight - 26 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; automatic shutoff; 2 built-in speakers. Price - $179.95.

EMERSON SS544

Tape speeds - 15/16, 1 1/2, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 50-18,000 cps. Indicators - 2 meters. Weight - 30 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; 2 built-in speakers. Price - $229.95.

FANON-MASCO FTR-409

Tape speeds - 1 1/2, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2. Heads - two. Motor - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 40-14,000 cps. Indicators - 2 meters. Weight - 39 lb. Other features - 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-with-sound; built-in speakers. Price - $229.95.

GEOLO 4-10


GEMSONIC 801

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo (with external amp and speaker). Frequency response - 50-12,000 cps. Indicator - meter. Weight - 13 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-phono inputs; extension speaker; preamp and sound head outputs; automatic shutoff. Price - $99.95.

GEMSONIC 802

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 2 and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 50-15,000 cps. Indicators - 2 meters. Weight - 14 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 extension speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shutoff; 2 built-in speakers; all-transistor. Price - $189.95. Model, 803 deck, with preamps only, $109.95.

GEMSONIC 804

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 40-17,000 cps. Indicators - 2 meters. Weight - 13 1/2 lb. Other features - deck with preamps only; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phono, 2 auxiliary inputs and 4 low level inputs; 2 preamp and monitoring headphone outputs; source and tape monitoring. Price - not available.

GRAETZ M50K

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo (with accessory speaker). Frequency response - 40-20,000 cps. Indicator - electric eye. Weight - 23 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; 1 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 1 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; built-in speaker with ability to play two stereo channels when adapter cord is used; 1 extension speaker. Price - $400.

GRUNDIG TK 46

Tape speeds - 1 1/2, 3 1/4 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - three. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response - 40-18,000 cps Meter - electric eye. Weight - 33 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; echo; built-in speakers. Model TM 45V, deck with preamps only.

GRUNDIG TK 400

Tape speeds - 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads - two. Motors - one. Record - 4-track mono and 4-track stereo (with external amp and speaker). Frequency response - 40-16,000 cps. Meter - none. Weight - 18 lb. Other features - self-contained carrying case; automatic level control on record; 1 microphone and 1 radio-phono inputs; preamp and external speaker outputs; sound-with-sound (with external amplifier); built-in speaker.

GRUNDIG TK 200


KNIGHT-KIT KG-415

www.americanradiohistory.com
Tape speeds — 3⅛ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — two. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 35-20,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 30 lb. Other features — deck kit with preamps only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, headphone outputs; mixing; sound-on-sound; echo; monitoring; all transistor. Price — $249.95.

KORTING 4000
Tape speeds — 1⅛, 3⅛ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2 and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30-20,000 cps. Indicators — 2 electric eyes. Weight — 33 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phono, and 2 auxiliary inputs; 2 tape head, 2 external speaker, 2 preamp, 2 European radio and headphone outputs; monitor; sound-on-sound; echo; provision for slide projector sync; sound-with-sound; tape duplication; built-in speakers. Price — $399.95.

LABELLE MAESTRO III

LAFAYETTE RK-600A

LAFAYETTE RK-675
Tape speeds — 3⅛ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40,000 cps. Indicator — Weight — 35 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and headphone outputs; 2 built-in speakers. Price — $159.95; Model RK-650, deck with preamps only, $109.95.

LAFAYETTE 1000B
Tape speeds — 3⅛ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2 and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 VU. Weight — 43 lb. Other features — teakwood cabinet; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-with-sound; automatic shut-off; 2 built-in speakers. Price — $189.95.

LUCOR 800

MAGNECORD 1020
Tape speeds — 00,00,00 ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 40 lb. Other features — optional wood base, deck with preamps only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp; 2 headphone outputs; monitoring. Price — $570.

MAGNECORD 1021

MAGNECORD 1022

MAGNECORD 1024
and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50-
18,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 47 lb. Other features — deck, with preamps
only; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phono and 2 auxiliary inputs; 4 preamp and headphone outputs.
Price — $648.

MAGNECORDER 1028

Tape speeds — 7½ and 15 ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 2-track mono
and 2-track stereo. Playback — 2-track mono and 2-track stereo. Frequency response
— 35-18,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 47 lb. Other features — deck, with
preamps and 2 monitoring amplifiers; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phono and 2 auxiliary inputs;

MASTERWORK M-800

Playback — 2-track mono. Frequency response — 100-10,000 cps. Meter — Indicator — meter.
Weight — 25 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-
phone inputs; external speaker and headphone outputs; monitoring; built-in speaker. Price —
$99.95.

MASTERWORK M-810

Tape speeds — 1½, 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — four. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono
and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response
— 40-15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 30 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying
case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker, headphone outputs;
2 speakers built into split carrying case cover. Price — $275.

NEWCOMB TX10

Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 2 and 4-track
mono and 2 and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2 and 4-track mono and 2 and 4-track stereo.
Frequency response — 30-18,000 cps. Indicator — 2 meters. Weight — 36½ lb. Other features
— deck, with preamps only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, monitoring
headphone outputs; mixing controls; sound-on-sound; monitoring; automatic shutoff. Price —
$750 (unmounted); Model TX 10-215, 2-track stereo record and playback with 7½ and 15 ips,
$825.

NORELCO 201

Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track stereo
(with external preamp and amplifier). Frequency response — 60-16,000 cps. Indicator — electric
eye. Weight — 18 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-
phone inputs; preamp, sound head, speaker, and headphone outputs; built-in speaker.

NORELCO 401

Tape speeds — 15/16, 1½, 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-
track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response
— 50-18,000 cps. Indicator — neon light. Weight — 39 lb. Other features — self-
contained carrying case; microphone, 2 radio-phono inputs; 1 preamplifier, 2 external speaker
outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shutoff; monitoring; 1 speaker in recorder and 1 in
carrying case cover.

OKI 111

Playback — 2-track mono. Frequency response — 60-13,000 cps Indicator — meter. Weight —
13.2 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-phono inputs;
preamplifier output; built-in speaker. Price — $129.95.

OKI 222

Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo (with external preamplifier and amplifier). Fre-
quency response — 50-15,000 cps. Indicator — meter. Weight — 15¼ lb. Other features
— self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-phono inputs; phone and radio-phono in-
puts; preamplifier and tape head outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; built-in speaker.
Price — $179.95.

2 and 4-track mono and 2 and 4-track stereo.
Frequency response — 30-18,000 cps. Indicator
— 2 meters. Weight — 36½ lb. Other features
— deck, with preamps only; 2 microphone and
2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, monitoring
headphone outputs; mixing controls; sound-on-
sound; monitoring; automatic shutoff. Price —
$750 (unmounted); Model TX 10-215, 2-track
stereo record and playback with 7½ and 15 ips,
$825.

NORELCO 201

Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track stereo
(with external preamp and amplifier). Frequency response — 60-16,000 cps. Indicator — electric
eye. Weight — 18 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; microphone and radio-
phone inputs; preamp, sound head, speaker, and
headphone outputs; built-in speaker.

NORELCO 401

Tape speeds — 15/16, 1½, 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-
track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response
— 50-18,000 cps. Indicator — neon light. Weight — 39 lb. Other features — self-
contained carrying case; microphone, 2 radio-phono inputs; 1 preamplifier, 2 external speaker
outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shutoff;
monitoring; 1 speaker in recorder and 1 in
carrying case cover.

OKI 111

Playback — 2-track mono. Frequency response
— 60-13,000 cps Indicator — meter. Weight —
13.2 lb. Other features — self-contained car-
ying case; microphone and radio-phono inputs;
preamplifier output; built-in speaker. Price —
$129.95.

OKI 222

Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo (with external preamplifier and amplifier). Fre-
quency response — 50-15,000 cps. Indicator
— meter. Weight — 15¼ lb. Other features
— self-contained carrying case; microphone and
radio-phono inputs; phone and radio-phono in-
puts; preamplifier and tape head outputs; sound-
on-sound; sound-with-sound; built-in speaker.
Price — $179.95.

Now there's a high-performance all-purpose sound recording tape that brings to your recorder the quality materials and precise techniques used in making computer and instrumen
tation tape. It's called Formula 10 Audiotape. Here's why:
1. Fully compatible with all recorders.
2. No bias adjustments necessary.
3. All standard widths, lengths, base materials and thickness—all electrically interchangeable.
4. Oxide will not rub off or smear.
5. Polished surfaces for reduced friction and head wear.
6. Strict uniformity from reel to reel.
7. Exceeds gov't specs for minimum dropouts, even in slow speed, edge track recording.
8. Greater sensitivity at all frequencies.
9. Higher signal to noise ratios.
10. Smoother overload at all frequencies. Test it today.

AUDIO DEVICES, INC., 235 East 42 Street, New York
OKI 300
Tape speeds — 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 16 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamplifier and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; 2 speakers built into split carrying case cover. Price — $219.95; Model 3000, deck with preamps only, $159.95.

OKI 333
Tape speeds — 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 22 lb. Other features — 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; speakers built into split carrying case covers. Price — Less than $289.95.

OKI 555
Tape speeds — 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 24 1/2 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamplifier and 2 speaker outputs; automatic shutoff; sound-on-sound; speakers built into split carrying case. Price — $349.95.

REVOX 636
Tape speeds — 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — not available. Other features — cartridge machine; self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker, headphone outputs; automatic shutoff; sound-with-sound; 2 speakers in split carrying case covers. Price — $329.95. Model MGG71, deck with preamps only, $159.95.

RCA YGB 29
Tape speeds — 1 1/2 and 3 1/2 ips. Heads — four. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono. Playback — 4-track mono. Frequency response — 50,000 cps. Indicator — meter. Weight — not available. Other features — self-contained carrying case; cartridge machine; microphone and radio-phone inputs; preamp outputs; and earphone; remote control mike; built-in speaker. Price — $129.95.

RCA YGB 11

RCA YGH 31
Tape speeds — 1 1/2, 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 30 lb. Other features — 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; deck with preamplifiers and monitoring amplifiers only; 2 preamp, 2 speaker and 2 headphone outputs. Price — $189.95.

RHEEM CALIFONE 3100

RHEEM CALIFONE 3170
Tape speeds — 3 1/2 and 7 1/2 (15 optional) ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 54 lb. Other features — deck, with preamps only. 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamp, headphone outputs. Automatic shutoff; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound.
ROBERTS 400X

Tape speeds — 3¼ and 7½ (15 optional) ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2- and 4-track mono and 2- and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-22,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 33 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker and headphone outputs; sound-with-sound; and automatic reverse play and repeat; built-in speakers; all sound head and headphone outputs; sound-with-sound; and 2 built-in speakers. Price — $269.95.

ROBERTS 1600


ROBERTS 720

Tape speeds — 1⅛, 3⅝ and 7½ (15 optional) ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-19,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 46½ lb. Other features — 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 tape head, 2 preamp, headphone, and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-with-sound; automatic reverse play; built-in speakers. Price — $399.95.

ROBERTS 1630


ROBERTS 1650

Tape speeds — 3¼ and 7½ (15 optional) ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2- and 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30-18,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 33 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phone inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker outputs; monitoring; sound-with-sound; automatic stop; 2 built-in speakers. Price — $299.95. Also available with wing speakers (Model 1670), $359.95.

ROBERTS 5000


ROSCORDER 1000


SHARP RD-701


SHARP 702

SONY 102

SONY 200
Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50–14,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 27 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and 2 external speaker outputs; sound-on-sound; 2 speakers in split carrying case cover. Price — less than $199.50.

SONY 250 A
Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50–15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — not available. Other features — walnut base; deck, with preamp only; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp outputs; automatic shutoff. Price — less than $139.50.

SONY 260

SONY 263 E

SONY 500 A
Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50–14,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 44 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; deck, with preamps only; 2 microphone (or magnetic cartridge) and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; automatic shutoff; and monitoring. Price — less than $450.

SONY 777 S-4
Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 2-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 30–18,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 43 lb. Other features — deck with preamps only; designed for use with SSA-777 amplifier/speaker combinations; self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp and headphone outputs; monitoring; sound-on-sound; remote control. Price — less than $895.

SYMPHONIC R-200

SYMPHONIC R-800
Tape speeds — 1½, 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — two. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 50–15,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 35 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker, headphone outputs; automatic shutoff; electric braking; all transistor. Price — $249.95.

SYMPHONIC 1000
Tape speeds — 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — three. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track record. Frequency response — 35–22,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 58 lb. Other features — self-contained carrying case; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phono inputs; 2 preamp, 2 external speaker, and stereo headphone outputs; sound-on-sound; sound-with-sound; mixing; monitoring; illuminated control panel; 2 speakers in split carrying case cover; all transistor. Price — $449.95.

TANDBERG 64
Tape speeds — 1½, 3½ and 7½ ips. Heads — three. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40–16,000 cps. Indicators — 2 electric eyes. Weight — 25 lb. Other features — wooden base; deck with preamps only; 2 microphone, 2 radio-phono and 2 auxiliary inputs; 2 preamp outputs; sound-on-sound echo, sound-with-sound. Price — $498.
This is a recorded advertisement.

When you come to the large dot on the page begin reading.

There are three new tape recorders by Uher

The new Uher 9000
"The most revolutionary tape deck"
Its secret is the exclusive solid state computer-designed modules (five separate plug-in panels: record, playback, equalizer, power supply and push-pull RF bias oscillator circuit). This assures extremely simple servicing...if it ever needs it. In addition, each tape deck comes with its own testing certificate and original frequency response curve sheet. Other exclusive features are: powerful hysteresis synchronous motor for greater stability, separate erase, record and playback heads, and tape tension control (guaranteeing lowest wow and flutter while automatically removing any foreign particles of dust). The new Uher 9000 tape deck is one of the most precisely engineered sound products ever to be designed.

The new Uher Royal Stereo 8000
The one tape recorder that can do everything. Completely redesigned from its case to the instrument panel to its circuitry. Utilizing all solid state, the new Uher Royal 8000, outperforms all other tape recorders. It features: a "swing-away" chassis for instant inspection, two built-in loudspeakers for perfect channel separation, console sound better than fill an auditorium, 4 track stereo and mono recording and playback, 4 speeds, 4 heads, synchronous sound with sound, multiplay sound on sound, echo effects, pause control, automatic end of tape stop. AB monitoring and the exclusive "Dia-pilot" (built-in automatic slide projector synchronizer). Audio Magazine summed it up perfectly..."...practically any use that can be imagined is possible." The new Uher 8000-L
It does everything the 4000-L does—only better. Some of its new features are: new brushed aluminum front panel, digit counter and the quietest, most efficient brushless motors ever to be placed in a fully transistorized battery or AC-operated tape recorder. Its frequency response goes beyond 22,000 CPS. Like its predecessor, it too, will probably travel to the highest points of the Earth (Mt. Everest), Universe (Gemini Program), and to the bottomless pits of Africa (130'). It, too, will be used by more scientists, ornithologists, archaeologists, doctors, radio and T.V. commentators, and tape recorder enthusiasts than any other portable tape recorder. Its performance is incomparable, yet it weighs less than 9 pounds.

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WOLLENSAK 5150


WOLLENSAK 5300

Tape speeds — 15/16, 1⅛, 3¼ and 7½ ips. Heads — one. Motors — one. Record — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Playback — 4-track mono and 4-track stereo. Frequency response — 40-17,000 cps. Indicators — 2 meters. Weight — 45 lb. Other features — walnut cabinet; 2 microphone and 2 radio-phonc inputs; 2 preamp, 2 speaker and head-phonc outputs; automatic shutoff; tuner provision; 2 bookshelf speakers; enclosures all transistor. Price — $279.95. Model 5200, smaller speaker cabinets, $219.95; Model 5250, built-in speakers, no tuner provision, $189.95; Model 5280, without preamps, no price listed. Model 5270, with preamps, $179.95.

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UHER 4000S

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Over six feet of beautiful furniture, most advanced tape features: New Wollensak 5300 Stereo Recorder
“City of a Million Dreams.” GHB 10, $4.98 (LP).

Six bands—three native New Orleans groups and three English bands in the New Orleans tradition—are gathered in this sampler which, for all its New Orleans orientation, is quite diversified in tone. The genuine New Orleans articles are the Kid Thomas—George Lewis Ragtime Stompers and Sayle’s Silver Leaf Ragtimers (exclusively the same groups), plus the Lakefront Loungers (the Johnny Wiggs—Raymond Burke—Doc Souchon ensemble). Kid Thomas’ pungent trumpet drives the Ragtime Stompers through In the Sweet Bye and Bye, but the Silver Leaf Ragtimers founder on Emanuel Sayles’s routine singing, which is the focal point of the group’s one selection. Additional unfortunate singing by bassist Sherwood Mangiapane, compounded by dreadful lyrics, underlines two pieces by the Loungers—although when the instrumentalists take over (and particularly when Raymond Burke plays a beautifully velvet-toned clarinet solo), the pieces flow along with grace and elegance. Surprisingly, two of the English groups, which draw their very lifeblood from the New Orleans musicians, play rings around their presumed mentors. The Kid Martyr New Orleans Ragtime Band plays Careless Love and Dinah with brash enthusiasm, while the Zenith Six, spurred by Martin Rodger’s clarinet and Alan Pendlebury’s trombone, lights into three pieces with crispness and vigor. The only weak English entries are two hymns by Rodger, both of which repeat the too familiar George Lewis approach to blues and hymns.

Wild Bill Davis and Johnny Hodges: “Con-Soul and Sax.” RCA Victor LPM 3393, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3393, $4.79 (SD).

Although Davis is given top billing over Hodges, this disc really belongs to Hodges, and it is a beauty. Band after band is filled with his powdery, sinuous, and utterly irresistible playing: standards from the Ellington repertory (I’m Beginning To See the Light, Sophisticated Lady, Drop Me Off in Harlem, Johnny Come Lately); a Hodges favorite of many years standing, On the Sunny Side of the Street; a pair of tunes one would not normally associate with him, On Green Dolphin Street and L’id Darlin’; and completing an excellent program, two originals. Davis’ contributions are not to be slighted, however: his tasteful and swinging use of the organ not only provides an admirable background for Hodges, but his stabbing fills and surging solo spots add to the momentum of the pieces. Dickie Thompson on guitar adds another complementary color to the performances. But Hodges is so overpowering that, good as Davis and Thompson are, their roles are really only contributory.


There is always room for argument about which of the various phases in Duke Ellington’s career was the most brilliant. The period that seems most favored by Ellington specialists is the early Forties, when he was writing and recording a dazzling series of pieces for Victor. This set is drawn from Ellington’s recordings of 1940 and 1941 and, although these two years have already provided reissues for In a Mellotone (RCA Victor LPM 1364), At His Very Best (RCA Victor 1715), and The Indispensable Duke Ellington (RCA Victor LPM 6009), the fact that there is still enough top-grade Ellington left to make up this excellent disc is indicative of the unusual fruitfulness of these years. Most of the pieces on this disc are less familiar but no less meritorious than those already issued. There is, for instance, a superb bit of Ellingtonian misterioso, Dusk; a romping piece called Me and You with a crisp and cool Ivie Anderson vocal and a passage at arms between Lawrence Brown and Johnny Hodges; the roaring Congo Break, which fell into obscurity because, on the original issue, it was on the opposite side of the much celebrated Koko; Blue Goose, on which Hodges makes one of his rare appearances on soprano saxophone; Billy Strayhorn’s Clementine, the thoroughly familiar Jump for Joy (but this version is sung by Ivie Anderson instead of Herb Jeffries, who was heard in the earlier issued take); and, finally, the Ellington classic, Sidewalks of New York. All the fabled Ellingtonians of that day are present—Rex Stewart, Barney Bigard, Joe Nanton, Ben Webster, Cootie Williams, Jimmy Blanton, Juan Tizol, among others. All this and Stanley Dance’s learned notes add up to quite an impressive package.

Friedrich Gulda: “Ineffable.” Columbia CL 2346, $3.79 (LP); CS 9146, $4.79 (SD).

Following his return to jazz as a pianist (and composer) with a large band on From Vienna with Jazz (Columbia CL 2251/CS 9051), Gulda turns on this disc to the more demanding requirements of performing as a piano soloist, both unaccompanied and with Bob Cranshaw (bass) and Albert Heath (drums). He comes through with flying colors. When he wants to, Gulda can produce a valid jazz performance. I make this qualification because on two of his unaccompanied selections, Lament and Quartet, his approach seems to be somewhat outside of jazz. But even on two slow ballads, I’ll Remember April and I Only Have Eyes for You—and this is the kind of music that stifles many jazz pianists—Gulda builds some expressive jazz qualities. And when the material is in a real jazz vein, he digs in with enthusiasm, bringing his technique (an exceptional one for jazz) to bear on performances that flow and swing delightfully. Aside from the two pop tunes mentioned above, the material has been written either by Gulda (three selections) or by other jazz musicians—J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Heath, Joe Zawinul, and the Viennese trombonist, Erich Kleinschuster, whose Plant Some Flowers proves to be a very enlivening vehicle for Gulda.

Art Hodes and Truck Parham: "Plain Old Blues." Emarcy 26005, $3.98 (LP); 66005, $4.98 (SD).

Among the very few LP discs made by Art Hodes, this present set stands out as the pick of the lot. Never before has he been given the completely open exposure that he has here and for this, according to Hodes, we can thank Jack Tracy, the set’s producer. “Art, I know you,” Hodes reports Tracy told him. “If I give you a hand, you’ll get everybody to play and you’ll loaf. I want you to work.” So the only associate Hodes

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has as bassist Truck Parham—and Hodes works. He plays a dozen blues that not only show how much variety is possible in this seemingly elementary idiom, but showcases the impressive range of Hodes' playing—from a smoky, after-hours sound that he used up the blue skies again that he finds in, of all things, Pine Top's Blues. Hodes has included several blues classics—How Long How Long, Chimes, Snowy Morning, Royal Garden, Buddy Bolden—as well as his own Randolph Street, and a tribute to Jimmy Yancey, Mister Blues. This is pure, idiomatic Hodes from start to finish.

Yank Lawson: "Big Yank Is Here!"

ABC-Paramount 518, $3.79 (LP); S-518, $4.79 (SD).

Lawson's trumpet was a powerful force in the Bob Crosby band of the late Thirties and in the recording landmarks by the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band in the early Fifties. He has been heard on records relatively infrequently since then and so it is disappointing to report that on this album the playing is very much diminished and flat, fire, and he is involved in an extremely uneven mishmash. He has several good colleagues with him—Bob Haggart (bass), Cutty Cutshall (trombone), Bill Stegmeyer (clarinet), Dave McKenna (piano), Ozie Johnson (drums)—and they slide into a fine formation on Lawson's Five Point Blues, Jelly Roll Morton's Sidewalk Blues, and a new piece by Haggart, Beverly Hills, L. A. However, Clancy Hayes is also new, and a great deal of it is from San Francisco to New York just to make this LP—and his plodding plunk-plunk stiffs several potentially possible pieces: Come Back Sweet Papa, Breezin' Along with the Breeze, and Hot Lips. Hayes sings twice (creditably on Bury Me on Basin Street), but he is unable to make anything of a long, uninspired musical biography of Louis Armstrong called Boy from New Orleans. Lawson runs through the music often enough to make the disc worth bearing, though.

Newport Jazz Festival: "Great Moments in Jazz Re-Created." RCA Victor LPM 3369, $3.79 (LP); LSP 3369, $4.79 (SD).

The performances on this disc (recorded live at the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival) sound even better than I had remembered from the concert itself. The idea was to get together some of the stars of prewar jazz to play their more famous numbers. Muggsy Spanier and Relaxin' at the Touro, Wingy Manone and Isle of Capri, Bud Freeman and I've Found a New Baby, George Brunis and Sister Kate, Bob Haggart and Big Noise from Winnetka. Despite the inexcusable intrusions of the aging process and the fact that these musicians have run through these pieces innumerable times, they responded to the presence of the vast Newport audience by playing with great joie de vivre (and, predictably, the horns in Manone and Brunis responded by becoming just a bit hammy). Aside from the specialities, the varying ensembles (including Edmound Hall, Peanuts Hucko, Lou McGarity, Joe Thomas, and Max Kaminsky), cut a rousing Royal Garden Blues. Here George Wein, filling in at piano for the ailing Joe Sullivan, even sounds a bit like Sullivan, and At the Jazz Band Ball remains a classic. Hucko builds Stealin' Apples into a brilliant one-man, flag-waving finale, but Wein, who, in addition to his piano playing, produced both the record and the festival, must have had the wrong hat on when, in his liner notes, he refers to this piece as "the old Benny Goodman standard." Like so many other "Goodman standards," Stealin' Apples was given its big-band format by the Fletcher Henderson ensemble.

Oz Smith: "The Wizardry of Oz Smith.

Capitol 2288, $3.79 (LP); S 2288, $4.79 (SD).

Smith is a singer with a big, rich voice who sings blues, spirituals, and other relatively unsophisticated material in a highly sophisticated manner without destroying the style. This is quite an achievement. I don't think I have ever heard anyone quite like him before. His imposing masculine voice is extremely supple, allowing him to use nuances that produce the type of phrasing appropriate to his songs. Such simple, direct blues as Key to Highway and Midnight Special are not designed to sustain Smith's particular brand of powerful vocal potential, yet far from ruining the songs, he gives them an exciting new dimension. A great deal of credit must go to the provocative arrangements by Robert Smith, who makes imaginative use of a muted trumpet, a banjo, and an African drum, all adding to the unique accents of Smith's singing. Aside from the two songs mentioned above and Careless Love (and how he revitalizes this well-worn blues), his songs are unfamiliar although brilliantly suited to the purposes of this disc.

Dave Zeppelin: "In Carnival.

Capitol 2340, $3.79 (LP); CS 9140, $4.79 (SD).

Zeppelin's second disc, on which he is accompanied by Charlie Haden (bass) and Jerry Granelli (drums), provides a good cross section of his pianistic skills. His playing is founded on an excellent technique and a positive, firmly stated attack that makes itself felt even in his most reflective, subdued moments. He reveals a variety of approaches in this set—a slow and dreamy treatment of a ballad, Once Upon a Summersorte; a sunlit, flowing development of another popular tune, The Boy Next Door; a delightful, sprightly riff-based creation called Carolle's Garden; and a complex investigation of All the Things You Are that manages to be expansive without ever losing track of itself. There are also two sit-up-and-listen-to-these showpieces—Carnival and Minority—in which Zeppelin and Haden ebb and flow in surging waves of furious sound and gently provocative interplay. Zeppelin has a fine sense of the flamboyant, but this resource begins to pall when the button is pushed too many times.

JOHN S. WILSON

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Unless specifically noted otherwise, the following reviews are of standard open-reel 4-track 7.5 ips stereo tapes.

**BEETHOVEN: Symphonies: No. 2, in D, Op. 36; No. 6, in F, Op. 68 ("Pastoral")**

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond.

- *Deutsche Grammophon DGA 8805. 66 min. $8.95.*

The third installment of Von Karajan's complete Beethoven symphony series brings its first real surprise—a Pastoral quite unlike what one might expect from his bold, "big-sound," often decidedly vehement treatments of Nos. 4 and 5 (September), Nos. 8 and 9 (October), and the present No. 2. This sturdy D major work is mighty exhilarating, to be sure, in Von Karajan's high-powered reading, but between this approach and the use of what sounds like a full-sized "modern" orchestra, the breezy symphony is to my ears quite unlike what I'm afraid Maazel's Sibelius is not exactly to the same effect. Indeed, I'm afraid Mr. Goldsmith's criticisms of the interpretations themselves: the Liszt reading too often seems stolid and lacking in vital dramatic tension; that of the lovely Schubert Sonata is much too methodical. Technically, however, the pianism throughout is magnificently authoritative.


Philharmonia Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond.

- *Angel ZS 36215. 36 min. $7.98.*

Since many collectors primarily of orchestral reels are not likely to have the complete Peter Grimes from London (December 1964), there is a genuine need for these first tape editions of the vividly evocative Sea Interludes. But they would have been better accompanied by the same opera's companion instrumental-only excerpts, the Passacaglia, Op. 33b, than by another version of the popular Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra—especially since the latter work is given so mannered and slapdash a performance by Giulini. For that matter, he tends to exaggerate the tone painting of the Interludes and the usually restrained Angel engineering tolerates here some frankly spotting of the percussion instruments. Brilliant as the resulting sonics may be, and immaculate as the tape processing certainly is, I can recommend the Interludes side only as a faute de mieux choice and advise anyone who wants a Young Person's Guide without narration to get Britten's own (London LCL 80148, February 1965).

**GLINKA: Ruslan and Ludmilla: Overture; Valse fantastique; Jota Aragonesa**

• Mussorgsky: Night on Bald Mountain; Khovanschina: Prelude; Dance of the Persian Slaves

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond.

- *London LCL 80153. 47 min. $7.95.*

Like Ansermet's 1962 Russian program (LCL 80087), which included Glinsky's Kamarinskaya and Life for the Tsar Overture, this sequel reel too suggests that the music at hand fails to command from the conductor any sense of personal involvement. The selections here are all played well enough, I hasten to add, and the varicolored scores are gloriously recorded in an immaculately processed taping. But everything is rather remote—in psychological rather than physical distance—and lacking in dramatic immediacy. This is of course a fatal lack where the diabolical Night on Bald Mountain is concerned; though the other pieces aren't as severely handicapped, they aren't very stimulating either.

**LISZT: Sonata for Piano, in B minor**

• Schubert: Sonata for Piano, No. 14, in A minor, Op. 143, D. 784

Emil Gilels, piano.

- *RCA Victor FTC 2200. 52 min. $7.95.*

Not surprisingly, the "beautiful but rather thin" piano sound (noted by Harris Goldsmith in his July review of this program's disc edition) assumes more tonal body in the present tape transfer. Indeed in the climactic moments here, when Gilels is playing in his grandest manner, the sonics are very impressive. I'm afraid I share Mr. Goldsmith's criticisms of the interpretations themselves: the Liszt reading too often seems stolid and lacking in vital dramatic tension; that of the lovely Schubert Sonata is much too methodical. Technically, however, the pianism throughout is magnificently authoritative.


Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, cond.

- *London LCK 80162 (double-play). 94 min. $11.95.*

By mischance Maazel's Sibelius First

Continued on page 178

*by R. D. DARRELL*
As usual, the opening of the opera season coincides with a bumper harvest of new complete opera recordings on tape. This year there is a fascinatingly wide range of repertoire.

The first taped Parsifal (Phillips 930, three reels: 93, 82, and 73 min., $33.95) is the latest and greatest of a long series of Bayreuth Festival recordings begun in 1928 with Karl Muck's excerpts from this same last work by Wagner. Although it's only too evident that the audience on this 1962 occasion was one of those Philip Hale used to describe as "appreciative and bronchial," the technology is impressively evocative of the Bayreuth atmosphere. The engineering self-efficaciously enhances the eloquence of the performance itself, one conducted by Knappertsbusch even more thrillingly than in his famous version of 1951, and one notable above all for its magnificent Gurnemanz by Hans Hotter. Jess Thomas is a fresh-voiced Parsifal, George London an ever reliable Amfortas, Irene Dalis a moving if not especially sensual Kundry; but even such fine soloists are overshadowed by the grandeur and fervency of the chorus and orchestra. Not every listener may be willing to submit himself—suspending disbelief—completely to the ritual magic here, but for those who do this Parsifal can be one of the most poignant and profound experiences of one's whole musical life.

Another opera recorded live in the theatre is Richard Strauss's 1938 "pastoral tragedy" Der Rosenkavalier. Despite the double advantages of slightly more recent (1959-60) and standard-speed technology, the DGG version (R 2040. two reels: 94 and 93 min., $21.95), conducted by Karl Böhm and starring Mariella Freni, Karl Schöch, Irmgard Seefried, and Rita Streich, is no real match for Angel's Wächter (Y3S 3636. 3xips quadruple-play, 192 min., $23.98). The latter actually excels for its women's singing (Schwarzkopf, Sutherland, and Sciutti), but except for Frick's Commendatore, the vital male roles are better done by London's Siepi and Corena than by Angel's Wächter and Taddei. Luckily there is no tape—or stereo—competition for Bizet's early Pêcheurs de perles (Angel Y2S 3603, 3xips double-play, 104 min., $11.98) since it is neither very well sung (by Miechau, Gedda, Blanc, et al.) nor conducted (by Dervaux). The main virtues here are the fascinations of a somewhat pallidly exotic score and tape processing notably superior to that of the generally criticized disc edition.

Good operatic comedies are rare enough anywhere to ensure a lively welcome for two other tape firsts among the more conventional studio recordings: Donizetti's Don Pasquale (London 1 0S 90100. two reels, 43 and 76 min., $16.95) and Britten's Albert Herring (London 1 0R 90900. two reels, 90 and 47 min., $21.95). The gayest of all Italian buffo operas should be widely popular, since the many minor weaknesses of the Kerles performance are more than compensated by such major attractions as Fernando Corena's inexhaustibly amusing realization of Pasquale himself and the fine, robustly recorded orchestral playing. Britten's diversissement of 1947, on the other hand, while scarcely less funny in its very British way, is of more specialized interest—but notable for Peter Pears's superb Albert and the composer-conductor's imaginative handling of a very small orchestra.

Also of more limited appeal are two other Earlier releases which have, for one reason or another, escaped prompter "Tape Deck" attention. One is Renata Tebaldi's return—in recovered health and voice—to recording activities in a recital of Verdi and other arias, only one of which she has ever recorded previously (London LOL 90093, 51 min., $7.95). The other, one of Angel's last standard-speed releases, is a high-tensioned Böhm-starring Mirella Freni and Nicolai Gedda with the Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra under Thomas Schippers (ZB 3643, double-play, 103 min., $15.98). For many home listeners this well may be the most exciting tape version of the Puccini favorite, but personally I still prefer the Moffo-Tucker-Leinsdorf RCA Victor reel of November 1962 as both a more poetic performance and a less coarse recording.

There is surely less opportunity for controversy over the comparative merits of the two first tapings of Der Rosenkavalier. Despite the double advantages of slightly more recent (1959-60) and standard-speed technology, the DGG version (R 2040. two reels: 94 and 93 min., $21.95), conducted by Karl Böhm and starring Mariella Freni, Karl Schöch, Irmgard Seefried, and Rita Streich, is no real match for Angel's Wächter (Y3S 3636. 3xips quadruple-play, 192 min., $23.98) with Von Karajan (conducting), Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, and Teresa Stich-Randall. The latter recording dates all the way back to 1957, yet its stereoism still seems admirably vital, if perhaps less richly luminous than DGG's, while the orchestral playing is distinctively superior, the women's voices more magical, and the romantic drama itself more sweeping. There are many fine things in the several older Angel alpha and beta (Angel Y3S 3651. 3xips-ips triple-play, 62 min., $17.98): Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor (Y2S 3601. 3xips double-play, $11.98): and a coupling of her first stereo recital programs, "Verdi Heroines" and "Mad Scenes" (Angel Y2S 3603. 3xips double-play, $11.98). There are more beautifully sung Sutherland tapings available of the two operas (for RCA Victor and London respectively), but all three Callas reels are sui generis.

R. D. Darrell
High Fidelity Magazine
Some plain talk from Kodak about tape:

The meat of the matter... and some boxing news

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177
THE TAPE DECK
Continued from page. 175

escaped review when it first appeared around a year ago in a double-play coupling with his Tchaikovsky Fifth. On hearing it again, I'm much more conscious of its interpretative uncertainties and self-conscious mannerisms. Maazel attempts a conventional enough reading which may seem quite effective atmospherically, but which on close examination discloses a lack of consistent dramatic integration. The performance is, however, richly recorded; it is the first tape edition; and in this release it is accompanied (as in the disc edition) by the Karelia Suite (also a tape first).

The main coupling, of course, is the even more popular Second Symphony, a work in which Maazel's intentions again are better than his actual accomplishments; too many details are overdramatized and the over-all continuity lacks true smoothness. Yet although the bestselling Ormandy/Columbia taping is by no means superseded (despite its considerable age), it should be said to the present version's credit that the London/Ampex tape processing is free from some of the faults that Harris Goldsmith noted in the disc edition: there certainly is no equal here, nor do I hear any noticeable sonic thinning-out at low playback levels. Nevertheless, the stereo recording never is as pure and luminous as that of Ansermet's Sibelius reel of last April, and too often in the fortissimo tutti the brasses dominate unduly the rest of the orchestra.

VIVALDI: Concertos for Violin and Strings, Op. 8; Nos. 1-4 ("Le Quattro Stagioni")

Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, cond. • • Angel ZS 35877. 41 min. $7.98.

Angel missed a real opportunity here by transferring to tape only the popular Four Seasons from its complete Virtuosi di Roma recording of Vivaldi's Op. 8. Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione, originally released on discs in 1960. Concertos Nos. 5 through 12 of this series would be new—and most welcome—to tape. As it is, the present versions of the better-known Nos. 1-4 must compete with three existing Seasons reels: those by the Solisti di Zagreb for Vanguard, Società Corelli for RCA Victor, and I Musici for Epic. It must be noted, though, that the present performances are attractive ones and their extremely transparent recording gives little hint of its age. This edition well may be the first choice of any tape collector still lacking The Seasons, but for myself I'll continue to give a slight edge of preference to the Solisti di Zagreb version for its more exhilarating—if perhaps overtense—vivacity.

Marginalia: New Formats. Three of the D'Oyle Carte company Gilbert & Sulli-
landmarks (of 1945, 1951, and 1943 respectively), more appealing than ever in scrubbied-up "enhancements for stereo tape! Collectors of all tastes will surely share my delight in welcoming Decca back to active tape production and especially the present examples of this company's pioneering triumphs of original cast recordings. All of these Rodgers & Hammerstein masterpieces have been recorded many times, but no later interpreters have ever effaced the memory of such creators of the original roles as John Raitt, Gertrude Lawrence, Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, et al. Happily, the technical upatings have been discretely confined to some mild frequency division and sonic panorama expansion, while at the same time the considerable noise and distortion of the first 78-rpm and LP processings have been largely eliminated. What a joy it is to be enabled at last to replace one's worn-out disc copies of these standards with wear-resistant tapes!

"Carol Channing Entertains." Carol Channing; orchestra. Command C 880, 32 min., $7.95.


"Manners are the sins for which I've criticized earlier Streisand programs. Of the present two releases it is Channing's that is by far the more mannered—and yet it delights me better than "My Name Is Barbra." To give Barbra her due, even a nonidolator like myself must concede that she is at her best here, even though she devotes the entire first side of her reel to kid songs—sung as if by a kid, too: a real tour de force. But I have no hankering to listen over again to anything she does, whereas I can go on repeating with undiminished relish such astonishing personality projections as Elegance, Widow's Weeds, Homesteck Blues, and practically everything else the imitable Carol does on this reel. Just to hear her imitating Louis Armstrong's imitation of her (in When You're Smiling) is alone worth the price of admission; the variety of vocalization—and near voicelessness—in I'll Die Happy must be surpassed anywhere in the recorded repertory. Miss Channing surely would have been hanged as a witch if she had been born a few centuries ago! But, despite my personal bias (which perhaps also favors the Command stereonat's transparency over Columbia's rather oppressively close vividness), both of these programs are rich in witchery.


Capitol's burgeoning slow-speed pop series gives us still another Cole memorial release of two programs dating (in disc editions) from 1963. "Dear Lonely Hearts" is a frank tear jerker, recorded rather heavily with obvious echo chann-

Continued on next page
THE TAPE DECK
Continued from preceding page

boring, which might have been best forgotten. But the coupling is a sheer delight throughout, both musically and (in far brighter and more natural recording) technically. Except for the specially composed title song (a lusty swingering one itself), the selections are all old-time back-porch flyannals (On a Bicycle Built for Two, On the Sidewalks of New York, In the Good Old Summertime, etc.) and they are sung with irresistible jauntiness.

"Early Morning Rain," Ian and Sylvia.
Vanguard VTC 1703, 36 min., $7.95.
In their third tape release, the fresh-voiced, highly individualistic Canadian husband-and-wife duo continue stubbornly to resist all temptations to commercialize on their unaccompanied (a lusty swingering one itself) arrangements. Their present program is topped by two lovely new airs composed by Gordon Lightfoot, the title song and For Lovin' Me; but Sylvia achieves two genuine tours de force in her partially unaccompanied Awake Ye Drowsy Sloopers and a wholly unaccompanied I'll Bid My Heart Be Still. For that matter, Ian too has a pair of engaging solos: Marlow.

"Ferrante and Teicher with Percussion." ABC-Paramount ABCT 1001, 33 min., $7.95.
It's been a long time since I've heard the poor man's Henry Cowell and John Cage, who have long since graduated from their early prepared-piano novelties to become regular pop-hit purveyors. Their brash originals, Va Va Voom and Parade of the Bobbies, as well as many of their arrangements may be syntheticly con-

"Memories of America." Billy Edd Wheeler, with ensemble. Kapp KTL 40993, 33 min., $7.95.
I remained a bit dubious through the opening Chic-Sale-derived monologue, Ode to the Little Brown Shuck Out Back, recorded before an enthusiastic live audience at the Mountain State Art & Craft Fair, in Ripley, West Virginia. And some of the later studio (and technically much better) recordings of "talking" blues and country ballads struck me as hovering on the dangerous verge between genuine sentiment and corny sentimentality. But at his best Wheeler sounds like the Real McCoy in authentic homespun Americana, a real discovery (on tape; anyway; he has made a couple of Monitor disc releases previously) in the realm of folk music.

"My Kinda Groove." Herbie Mann, flute; various ensembles. Atlantic ALC 1932, 33 min., $7.95.
These generally Latin-colored selections range from jaunty, mildly jazzy dervi-

While there is no lack of schmaltz in Mantovani's latest batch of stage and screen hit tunes, what saves the program are the deftly scored arrangements (particularly the notably fine ones of Fiddler on the Roof and Carouse), the consistently enchanting playing (with special kudos to the occasional accordian soloist), and perhaps above all the luscious stereo sound itself. What's the best single adjective to suggest the balminess of the aural appeals here—enollent, perhaps?

"Licorice Stick." Pete Fountain. clarinet; Charles Bud Dant and His Orchestra; the Jordanaires. Coral ST 74 57460, 32 min., $7.95.
Fellow admirers of Fountain's distinctive-ly unnannered clarinet playing can only regret that he has been saddled here with "Nashville sound" accompaniments which include wordless choral obbligatos and some often hard-to-tolerate recording from an electronic guitar. But they also can rejoice with me that the soloist takes such handicaps in his stride and that he sounds as engaging as ever both in such tear-jerking selections as Young Maiden's Prayer, Fountain Blues, and I Love You So Much It Hurts, and in the brisker Gravy Waltz and Hello, Doll! The last piece indeed, given an arrange-

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flute for his most haunting solos) which gives this reel its very special distinction. And even apart from strictly musical attractions, the sonics alone—thanks both to the players' concern for tonal nuance and to the engineers' provision of immaculately pure stereism—are a consistent aural delight.

“Our Shining Hour.” Sammy Davis; Count Basie and His Orchestra. Verve VSTC 324, 36 min., $7.95. Entertainers as superskilled as the extroverted Davis and introverted (at least in comparison) Basie couldn't be uninteresting if they tried, but their collaborative program unfortunately promises more than it produces. Except for the Work Song and the She's a Woman talking blues, the performances here are seldom much more than routine until suddenly everybody comes to genuine life in the very last selection, a casually improvised Bill Basie, Won't You Please Come Home, in which Davis' soft-shoe dancing is a sheer delight.

“Pops' Concert Extravaganza.” Buddy Cole, organ; Monte Kelly Orchestra. Audio Spectrum SAS 601, 36 min., $4.98. There's a pleasant enough listening in this dance orchestra cum pipe organ program of classical transcriptions (Carmen medleys, Galloping Comedians), pops standards (Carousel Waltz, Holiday for Strings, etc.), and a Monte Kelly original (Tibia). But it would be primarily of interest to devotees of the late Buddy Cole.

if it weren't for some special technical attractions. Audiophiles should be fascinated by the skill with which the organ passages have been dubbed in with the prerecorded (in a different location too) orchestral playing. Another rather unusual feature is the alteration in frequency-spectrum balance from the stereo disc edition, which has considerably sharper highs but far less substantial lows.

“A Portrait of Johnny Mathis.” Robert Farnon and His Orchestra. Philips PTC 600167, 36 min., $7.95. While there have been at least thirteen Columbia tape releases (plus one from Mercury) by Mathis in person, I have deliberately passed up most, if not all of them, for review—simply because I've never been able to find anything in particular to say about them. Magical as the star's musical attractions apparently are for innumerable listeners, they seem to have no power for me. Yet the story would have been very different, I'm sure, if the original vocal performances of the Mathis hit songs transcribed here had been sung with as much skill and tastefulness as they are given by Farnon. His outstanding arranging talents are displayed again in these luscious scorings of Misty, It's Not for Me To Say, Small World, etc., all of which are warmly and spaciously, if perhaps somewhat thickly, recorded. Few mood music tapes can match this one either for successful background usefulness or in genuine aural interest for anyone who takes the trouble to listen intently.

“The Yellow Rolls-Royce.” Katyna Ranieri, vocalist; Band and Orchestra, Riz Ortolani, cond. M-G-M 4292, 36 min., $7.95. One might expect that the score for a successful film comedy would include a mellifluous potential hit song, some pop-flavored tunes, and a few novelty numbers—as indeed this one does. What one would hardly expect (unless, of course, the composer were Henry Mancini) is as much imaginative inventiveness, lifting vivacity, and sonic varicoloring as Riz Ortolani (of Mondo Cane fame) gives us here. There are good grounds for naming Ortolani as Europe's answer to Mancini, but he is highly individual in his own right and to my ears particularly effective in the pieces he has sonorously scored for band: part of the opening Theme music, Military Band (Ascot), Military Band (Elise), and part of the Finale. The suave hit song, Forget Donnini, is one of the better examples of its kind, well sung by the composer's wife and repeated (perhaps a bit too often) in various tempos and instrumentations. Ingenious use is made of mandolins in most of the strictly orchestral selections, best of all perhaps in the high-stepping Going to Soriano, and Kenny Baker contributes an appropriately vulgar trumpet solo to Mae. This may not be, strictly speaking, a sound track recording (a claim not made on the reel and box labeling), but it is all the better for that—in its bright and open recording qualities as well as in its flexible variety of performing forces.

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“THAT TRUE PHOENIX”
Continued from page 61

for opera, there is an end and a beginning.

But neither end, beginning, nor serene coherence could have been found by Mozart alone. Less than justice is done to a man like Mozart—so human, hard-working, reasonable, and perceptive—when we try to make him into a god. The wonder of art on earth is that it is made by men, and in the theatre made by men together. Where we err in the case of opera is in our definitions, the sweeping way in which we pertain as standards for drama. Were the librettist’s task only a matter of word spinning, then, indeed, music could make the miracle alone. But it is never so simple.

The poet’s importance lies less in the actual words he provides than in what goes in the world lying behind them. Words, as such, are only the outward signs of text, the necessary filligree before drama can be developed: the most obvious indications to the audience that the singers are, in fact, saying something. Without them, only abstraction would exist, and we would have neither opera nor drama. Yet used as competently, often imaginatively, as Da Ponte used them, they become what they must be: bricks placed upon a firm, considered structure.

Art often plays strange tricks with artists’ ambitions. Some, like Wagner and Hofmannsthal, began by climbing mountains; touching peaks, yet often as not just missing summits. Others, like Da Ponte, are content to nestle in valley and city, wine on the table, a woman in one arm, and a wild intrigue growing in the mind. In the end, each type—the profound planner and the modest schemer—may well produce as effectively as the other. Talent finally represents an unreasonable confluence of instincts, the true artist making discoveries only as he works.

Mozart’s able poet may not have had a deeply philosophical mind. But, as he worked and developed, he became the right man at the right time for Mozart and opera. No one else was doing what he could do, and indeed few after him did half so well. His is not a moving or inspiring story. He did not tear passions. He did not screech ritual rage to the world. What he did do, however, in serving Mozart, was quite enough. The phoenix, as Mozart feared before he met Da Ponte, is the emblem of immortality that rises all too seldom from the ashes. To the composer’s credit, he found, in Da Ponte, material for his emblem. And to give a minor poet and major librettist his equal due, Da Ponte brought the splendor of craft to the emblem, and helped measure to make it sing.
river which sweeps with it any streams that flow into it. No one previously has surpassed him, and he will never lack profound respect and admiration from posterity. But one has to be an expert to appreciate him. What a masterpiece, this opera! How enchanting the wind instruments! Also for the broad public? That's another question.

In reading the remarks of German critics one is again and again struck by their preoccupation with Mozart's use of the wind instruments. When Don Giovanni was first produced in Berlin, in December 1789, the Journal desLuxus und der Moden wrote: "The composition is beautiful, but not and then too official, difficult and overlaid in its orchestration." It seems obvious that Mozart's wind parts were simply too difficult for the average provincial German theatre orchestra.

It is a particularly sad finale to Mozart's operatic career that his next-to-last work, La Clemenza di Tito, was literally sabotaged by the Viennese court. It was customary for the out-of-town coronation ceremonies (e.g., Prague) to include an official opera, and in Prague it was the city fathers who commissioned the work to be given. Since Mozart's music was wildly popular in the Bohemian capital, they naturally turned to him for the opera to celebrate Leopold II's accession to the throne. The court authorities in Vienna were very slow in giving final permission, and consequently Mozart had to compose the work in a rush. Recently, Czech scholars have uncovered new evidence about the whole affair. When, after the performances were over, the opera company applied to the Prague officials for additional money, the petition noted that "because of the opera at court to Mozart's attend- ance had been thin. This phrase, "because of hard opposition," recurs several times in the documents. As we have seen, the court authorities refused to attend the opera; instead, they chose the one sure-fire weapon to ruin the performance: they arrived some two hours late. Afterwards, the Empress remarked: "Questa è una porcheria telesca" (that was a German swinishness)—certainly a classic description of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's operas.

There is no doubt in my mind that most of the opposition to Mozart's operas in Austria stemmed from court circles. But the whole story of Mozart's relations to the Austrian court is a book which has never been written, and which, when all the evidence has been assembled, will undoubtedly make for far more fascinating and horrifying reading than any of the accounts of the mystery surrounding his death. Mozart was no doubt poisoned, but the poison was administered not by Salieri or some other unfortunate but in slow doses from the Hofburg and Schönbrunn.
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