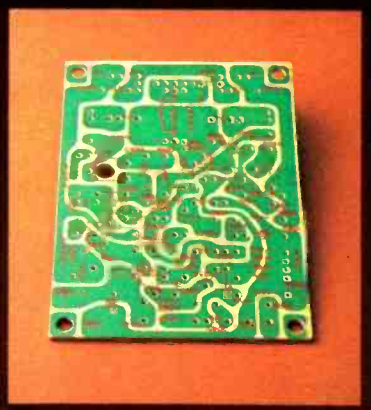
Stereo Review

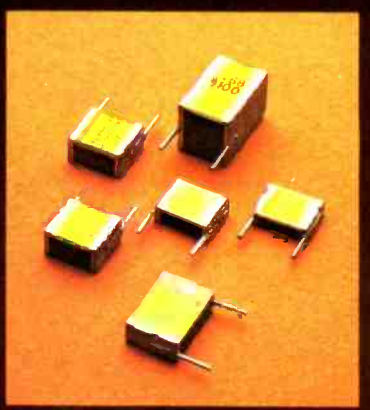
JUNE 1974 • 75 CENTS

DOES YOUR EQUIPMENT NEED UPGRADING?

The Power Supply. The S7900A/S8900A uses an extremely well regulated power supply. The heart of it is a massive power transformer employing very high purity iron core material and heavy gauge copper wire for increased operating efficiency and improved voltage regulation. Two large 7000 mfd electrolytic capacitors insure the maximum in clean, well-regulated, low frequency audio output.



Epoxy Printed Circuit Boards. Superior to conventional phenolic boards, these boards have improved moisture-resistance, higher "Q", less internal losses.

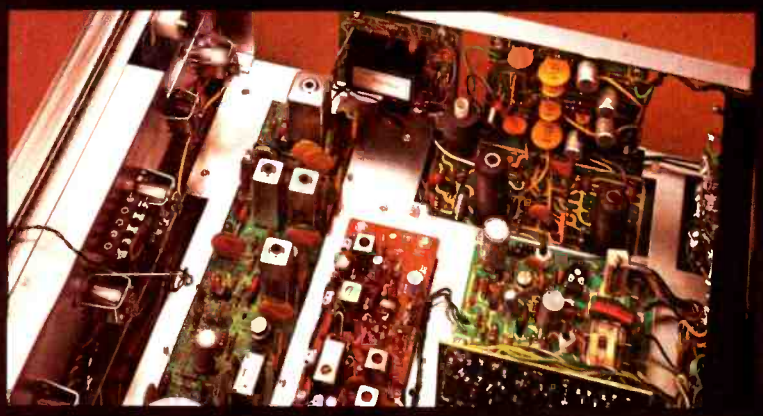


Poly-Carbonate Capacitors. Fourteen of these new devices are used throughout the circuit. A "pure" capacitor, the poly-carbonate capacitor is superior to conventional mylar or paper capacitors—has less internal losses [higher "Q"], much less capacity variation due to temperature fluctuations, capacity tolerance of 5% instead of the usual 10 to 20%.

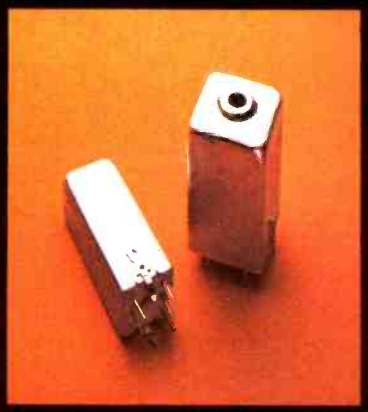
Exclusive Impedance-Sensing Overload Protection Circuit. [Patent applied for] New "ISOP" circuit senses the exact impedan condition of speaker load as well voltage to it; offers double protection to output devices and speakers.

YNAQUAD RECEIVER


SELECTOR
SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
TONE
BALANCE
TUNING
LOUDNESS
SHERWOOD
S-7900A STEREO/DYNAQUAD RECEIVER
STEREO
MODE



Construction and Layout. Construction of the S890A and S7900A can best be described as rugged. The thick steel chassis is strengthened by two side brackets to prevent warping or bending in shipment. Layout of the chassis is designed so that *both* sides of each printed circuit board are accessible for servicing.



Sherwood-Produced FM Coils. We manufacture our *own* coils. These coils—heart of any tuner section—are part of the secret of Sherwood's consistently superior FM performance.

Darlington Fully Complementary Monolithic Output Transistors. These components actually house two devices—the driver transistor as well as the output transistor—assuring optimum match, a simplified circuit design and better reliability. It's expensive, but the result is better power bandwidth and improved high frequency performance.

The beauty is more than skin deep.

In this era of ingenious cosmetic design, it's easy to be fooled by a pretty face. And misleading specifications.

Which is why we've decided to turn ourselves inside-out to show you we're something more.

Take the Sherwood S-8900A (FM) and S-7900A (AM/FM) as a case in point.

The measurements compete favorably against the top selling brands in the $400 to $500 price range.

The power output (IHF) is 280 watts total. RMS (both channels driven): 60 watts X 2 @ 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz. @ 0.3 T.H.D.

The FM sensitivity (IHF) is 1.7 uv (—30 dB noise and dist.). The capture ratio: 1.9 dB, alternate-channel selectivity: 65 dB. And stereo separation is 40 dB @ 1KHz.

But the specifications don't tell the whole story.

The key to Sherwood success is the quality of the components. The simplicity of design. And the uncompromising demand for performance.

This is the real beauty of Sherwood receivers.

To quote a review in *High Fidelity Magazine* (July 1973, issue):

"How does it perform? Excellently. Sensitivity figures are superb; and though raw sensitivity numbers have little meaning in themselves, they are matched by excellent quieting curves.

"Distortion is very low, as are noise factors. The consistent excellence of these figures is a joy to behold—and the sound is a joy to hear even with signals that would provide only borderline reception with most good receivers.

"The word for the S-8900A is 'silky.' The feel of the controls and the performance—on FM in particular—all contribute to this impression. But there is a subtler elegance to the design: that of achieving significant purpose by simple means.

"In these days of almost baroque elaboration, often to very little purpose, this is a welcome approach indeed."

Or to quote *Stereo Review's* evaluation (February, 1973):

"The performance of the Sherwood S-8900A left nothing to be desired. Both its FM and audio sections delivered what we would consider 'state of the art' performance for a receiver.

"The 60-watt power rating of the S-8900A was quite conservative: in our tests, signal-waveform clipping occurred at 75 watts per channel, with both channels driven into 8-ohm loads."

"At 60 watts per channel, and at 30 and 6 watts as well, the distortion stayed within the 0.06 to 0.07 percent range over the full 20- to 20,000-Hz band."

This kind of quality standard is what you should expect from any Sherwood receiver.

The S-7100A has become perhaps the most popular stereo receiver in the $200-$250 price range.

The S-7200 moved *Audio Magazine* to say, "This is one powerful set."

But perhaps most significant is the fact that a leading independent consumer testing magazine gave all three receivers (the S-7100A, S-7200 and S-8900A) BEST BUY ratings in their price categories.

If you'd like complete copies of the independent reviews on these receivers, write Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, 4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618.

Or check us out at your local high-fidelity dealer.

Sherwood
The word is getting around.

CIRCLE NO. 41 ON READER SERVICE CARD

"IT'S A B·I·C"

A new phrase is entering the language. Because a new name has appeared on the audio horizon. British Industries Co., the company that has brought you Garrard changers, BIC VENTURI™ speakers, and other top-of-the-line components, has changed its name to B·I·C INTERNATIONAL™ (Pronounce it "bee·eye·see" please, not "bic").

It's a name that stands for change. Innovation. More sound for your audio dollar. More satisfaction for your audio soul. "It's a B·I·C" is going to stand for some fundamentally new concepts in component technology. We'll be telling you about one of them very, very soon.

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FORMERLY HI FI/STEREO REVIEW

Stereo Review

JUNE 1974 • VOLUME 32 • NUMBER 6

THE MUSIC

THE EQUIPMENT

THE REVIEWS

THE REGULARS

COVER: Design by Borys Patchowsky; photo by Bruce Pendleton

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Fisher

No other receiver will keep you so busy or make you so happy.

The new Fisher 514.

Every Fisher receiver is designed for people who love to play music; but the new Fisher Studio-Standard 514 goes a step further. It's designed for the active audiophiles who get their kicks out of playing *with* the music, the people who can't even wait to get a new component out of the box and up on the shelf before trying it out. These are people who listen with their hands as much as their ears, and while others are snapping their fingers and stamping their feet, they're flicking switches, pushing plugs, and twirling knobs.

If *you* are as concerned with what goes on inside the box as you are concerned with what comes out, if you're still shifting speakers and splicing wires long after the party's over, chances are you just won't be satisfied by anything less than the Fisher 514.

We left out nothing.

Both to keep up our reputation of having the latest and the most, and to make sure that you can listen to as much 4-channel as possible, the 514 has a new CD-4 discrete disc demodulator as well as an SQ matrix decoder.

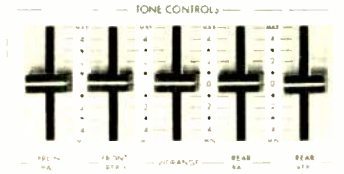
CD-4 has the potential for greater channel separation than SQ. This means that the musicians and studio people can do trickier stuff, and that listeners can wander around the room and still hear everything in its proper position.

SQ is a cinch to broadcast on FM while CD-4 is just about impossible right now; SQ is used on many more records than CD-4, and the decoding circuit doubles as a 4-channel synthesizer for stereo recordings. With the Fisher 514 you do not have to make the difficult choice between CD-4 and SQ; we give you both.

In addition to all the knobs and buttons you'd expect to find on any receiver of this caliber, the 514 has a sophisticated and highly useful "joystick" balance control similar to the *pan pot* used in professional recording studios. The joystick is much simpler to use than the two or four knobs found on most other 4-channel receivers, yet it permits extremely precise adjustments of the acoustical field to suit music, personal preference, room acoustics, or seating arrangements.

MASTER BALANCE

An elaborate tone control and filter system, centering on studio-style slide potentiometers, provides further fine tuning of the audio environment.



As you might expect, there are separate bass and treble controls for front and rear, but Fisher has added a midrange presence control, with maximum effect at about 1.5k Hz. It's just about the most useful and potent control you could add to a component, and can dramatically highlight a vocal performance against an instrumental background.

Although primarily designed as the control center for an elaborate 4-channel sound system, the 514 uses an exotic Fisher-invented "strapping" technique to combine front and rear amplifiers for stereo use, with a significant increase in power over what you would expect by just adding up the per-channel wattages.

What's inside.

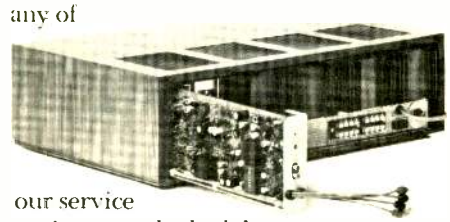
Fisher has spared no effort to utilize the latest high-technology devices and manufacturing techniques in the 514. The FM tuner section incorporates dual-gate MOS/FETs, lumped selectivity circuitry, and a ladder-type ceramic filter to provide the highest possible signal-to-noise ratio, interference rejection, sensitivity, selectivity, and immunity to overload. A Phase Locked Loop multiplex decoder insures high separation and low distortion through temperature changes and extensive use.

The numbers.
RMS power into 8 ohms, 20-20k Hz:
Stereo—180 W.; 4-channel—128 W.
THD 0.5%. Price: $749.95

It comes from a fine family.

In addition to the 514, we're very proud of our new Studio-Standard models 414 ($649.95) and 314 ($549.95). They have a bit less power and not as many controls, but the music is every bit as good.

If, however, you're not ready for, or not sure about, the new CD-4 system, we strongly recommend you consider our 504X, 404X, and 304X receivers. They're identical to the "14" series models, except that instead of having a built-in CD-4 demodulator, they have space for it, and sell for $100 less. Should you wish to add CD-4 later on, any of our service stations can do the job, and the total cost of the "04X" series receiver plus decoder will not exceed the cost of the complete "14." Anybody's 4-channel receiver can be converted to CD-4 with an external add-on demodulator, but Fisher accepts an *internal* circuit board—for simplicity, convenience, and reliability.



For more information, write to Fisher Radio, Dept. SR-6, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Fisher Studio-Standard Stereo/4-Channel

Studio-Standard receivers are available only at Fisher Studio-Standard Dealers. Fair trade prices where applicable

CIRCLE NO. 53 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Stereo Review

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By WILLIAM ANDERSON

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO NOISELESSNESS

JULIAN HIRSCH's article on the obsolescence of audio equipment this month is a reminder, if I needed one, that the phono disc is also a piece of "equipment" that can wear out. I say "*if* I needed" because each morning's mail is almost bound to include several "snap, crackle, pop" letters, ranging in tone from the plaintive to the paranoid and describing in detail just how the writer has been had, noisewise, by another passel of highwaymen got up to look like a record company. The world of discs is far from a paradise, and there is indeed many a slip between stamper and turntable for which the buyer is in no way responsible, but a good number of these letters must nevertheless be taken with a grain of salt, sad experience having taught me that record wear all too often begins with the slitting of the shrink wrap, quite some time before stylus meets vinyl. What it mostly comes down to is a matter of *dust* being attracted by *static electricity*; you must keep both away from your discs and turntable as much as you can and get rid of them when you can't.

Storage environment: Low humidity is an enemy of discs because it leads to the generation of static electricity; keep a humidifier in the room you use to store and play your records in—and a dust precipitator is a useful plus. Store your records vertically on shelves that are little higher than the records themselves (13 inches or so) to foil dust-bearing air currents. Vacuum your shelves *and* record jackets from time to time. One of the principal kinds of record dust is paper "crumbs"; they look (and act) like shaggy logs to the stylus, and they come from the exposed cut edges of record jackets and sleeves as well as from the die-cut circles that expose the record label. The plastic-lined type of inner sleeve is therefore preferable—but do not discard the unlined kind; half a sleeve is better than none. Insert the sleeved record in the jacket so that the inner-sleeve opening is at the top and not facing out. Avoid fingerprints on the disc surface (finger oils attract and *hold* dust) in handling, and return discs to their sleeves and jackets immediately after play.

Playing environment: Keep your turntable and its surroundings dust-free with regular vacuuming (I've seen dust bunnies big enough to saddle galloping around some installations). If your turntable doesn't have an anti-static mat, find out whether one is available that will fit. Have your stylus checked, like your teeth, *at least* once a year; a worn stylus can ruin a record quickly, and the sound will often be miserable even before it has done so. A stylus cannot perform properly with a ball of navel lint wrapped around it, so keep a soft brush handy to remove dust accumulations (do not use the finger—oils again, plus the danger of bending the stylus shank). If you use one (you should), check your Dust Bug's lint level habitually whenever you switch on your player—it may be dirtier than the record you are trying to keep clean. If you use a changer, *don't* let a pile of records lie around cheek-to-dusty-cheek after playing; separate them and return to their respective jackets. And though it is a nuisance, use a turntable dust cover even while playing.

When, despite all this preposterous care, your records get dirty, as they will, clean them. What you are after is not surface lint and dust, but the ground-in, deep-down dirt the stylus has crammed into the grooves during play. Use a fine-bristle, firmish (not stiff) brush, lukewarm water, and a little Discwasher fluid (many detergents are just too harsh for this purpose). Brush clockwise (it's a small thing, but the dirt was ground in *counter*-clockwise) with the grooves and rinse at least twice with (preferably) *distilled* water (if a disc is precious, it's precious). Pat dry with a lintless cloth, and then pursue the remaining moisture with a piece of satin or plush (white, if possible, so you'll know when it gets dirty). You will recall that I didn't promise all this would be easy, but if you try it I think you will discover a sudden upsurge in the record industry's quality-control effectiveness. And have you checked your stylus pressure with a *separate* gauge lately?

If Beethoven were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

Beethoven was a genius. But he was even more than that.

He was a pro.

He was tough and demanding and insisted on perfection in everything he did. Just like the pros in today's music business. The people who may be putting a hundred thousand dollars on the line when they walk into a studio to put down a record.

And nearly 80% of all master recording studios use "Scotch" brand recording tape.

What else would Beethoven record on?

So, next time you record something take a hint from the master.

Use "Scotch" brand—the Master Tape.

3M COMPANY

"Scotch" is a Registered Trademark of 3M Co.

The Master Tape

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jongen Boo-boo

● I'm afraid that Paul Kresh's review of the Jongen *Symphonie Concertante* (April) is an embarrassing example of sloppy spadework, Mr. Kresh states that "it was only just now that he (Virgil Fox) won the exclusive rights from the publishers to make this first recording." That would have been true if this review had appeared eight or ten years ago. This "new" Angel recording is nothing but a re-release of Capitol SP 8573, which I have enjoyed for years. Billed as a "sound spectacular" in the original release, it still deserves Kresh's description of the sound quality as "breathtaking," but its age explains why "Angel did not take advantage of the opportunity to release this one in quadraphonic sound."

WILLIAM B. HUMBLE, JR.
Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. Kresh blushingly replies: Reader Humble puts his finger neatly and unerringly on the problem: the sound was simply so impressive that it never dawned on me that it might be an old recording—but there it is, squirreled away in fine print on the liner. Perhaps even more impressive than the sound, however, were the dozens of letters of correction sent in by sharp-eyed readers. My red-faced thanks and congratulations, then, to Messrs. Humble, Turner, Sassaman, Dunkley, Kaempf, Geoghegan, Barney, Hahn, Hastings, Peck, Rutledge, Weber, Hawthorne, Finke, Durshoff, Singer, Johnson, Stickney, Wilson, Gordon, Hudson, DuPont, Allen, Levitzky, Miller, Jones, Bell, Bonar, etc. etc.

The Classical House

● Your attempt to produce a list of classical selections that can seduce the younger generation away from rock is a valiant try but is doomed to failure. Your neophyte will no sooner learn to like Stockhausen and John Cage than you will let it slip out that Vivaldi and William Byrd are classical too, and he'll have to start all over again. Just because a listener happens to like Beethoven we should not insist that he like Baroque and twelve-tone. You are trapped because the one word "classical" covers a wide variety of music.

WILLIAM B. JORDAN
Scotia, N. Y.

The Editor replies: In the classical house are many mansions; if it were not so, how else could it accommodate such a wide variety of people? Look upon it as a strength, not a weakness. And the idea is not *to "seduce away," but to broaden horizons.*

Distaff Opera

● As to records of operas by woman composers (Letters, April), there is more than just an overture by Dame Ethel Smyth. On American discs there are two operas by Peggy Glanville-Hicks, *The Transposed Heads* and *Nausicaa*, on Louisville (545/6) and CRI (175), respectively. And another Australian, Margaret Sutherland, is the composer of *The Young Kabbarli*, which has just been issued by the Australian label of HMV. This record can be obtained from August Rojas Imports, 836 South Detroit St., Los Angeles. I am sure there are other examples, and I look forward to finding them listed in your correspondence columns.

JOSEPH COOPER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Heralding Bax

● It was a pleasure to read Richard Freed's review of Arnold Bax's First Symphony (April). For many years the British musical scene was impoverished by the availability of very few recordings of works by Bax, and the American scene was indescribably worse. I hope Mr. Freed's review will have a two-fold result: first, that the other available recordings of Bax's works will be mentioned from time to time, and second, that the availability of recordings of these works will encourage some of our leading symphony orchestras to present the works of Bax to the musical public and hence to the recording studio.

DENIS W. H. MACDOWELL
Morgantown, W. Va.

The Definitive Bix

● In his review of Dill Jones' recent album "Davenport Blues" (March), Joel Vance errs in claiming that Bix Beiderbecke's four piano compositions have never "been recorded together." All four have been recorded at least twice, first by the Metropolitan Jazz Octet in 1959 ("The Legend of Bix," Argo—now Cadet LP 659) and second by Bunny Berigan in 1938 (recently reissued on RCA Vintage Series LPV 581) on two consecutive days. Of course, Jess Stacy recorded a coupling of *In the Dark* and *Flashes* in 1935 (latest reissue on Prestige 7646). He finally recorded *In a Mist* in 1950 for a Columbia 10-inch LP. This latter tune has been recorded by many other jazz musicians, ranging from Jimmy McPartland to a group led by Michel Legrand for a special Columbia recording.

While a reviewer is perfectly justified in criticizing a performance, it is presumptuous to write that an artist should not interpret the music in any manner he deems appropriate. The very essence of jazz is in the interpretation of the material. Each new performance becomes capable of giving further insights into the original composition. The listener, then, may define for himself the definitive version of it.

THOMAS P. HUSTAD
Toronto, Ontario

Mr. Vance replies: When I wrote that the Dill Jones album was the first time the four piano pieces had been recorded together I meant as piano performances. *I know that there are several orchestral versions, and I believe all those Mr. Hustad cites are band efforts.*

I agree that jazz is (partly) the interpretation of material, provided you have some idea of what the material is so that you can appreciate the variations. We may accept the Beiderbecke performance of In a Mist *as definitive (although he altered it slightly for publication). So too with the Stacy coupling of* Flashes *and* In the Dark *because he plays what Bix wrote—which Jones does not do. All that Scott Joplin wanted was for pianists to play his rags as notated and at the tempo the composer specified. Bix deserves the same treatment, for his piano pieces are not "jazz" of the kind Mr. Hustad is talking about. True, there is jazz* in *them, but they are a mixture of many styles, and I doubt that even Bix knew exactly what they were. Therefore I think they are less open to interpretation. They should either be played as compositions—as notated—or be subject to variation at the hands of more qualified pianists. I am not, by the way, gunning for Dill Jones; he is a good musician. His intentions were noble in doing the Bix piano pieces, but I fear he was miscast.*

Opiracy

● I think that Fred Posner is having us on (Letters, April). Every opera he complained was not available on records is, in fact, readily available on "private" labels. I can't conceive of an opera *aficionado* not knowing how to get them. For instance, Caballé in *La Donna del Lago* is MRF-58; Caballé in *Caterina Cornaro* is MRF-99-S; Caballé in *La Straniera* is MRF-35-S.

He wants to know, "Who owns a copy of *Le Prophète*?" I do, with Horne and Gedda; it is MRF-65. He asks, "Why doesn't someone record Domingo and Verrett in *L'Africaine*?" That opera, with Domingo and Verrett superbly recorded at the San Francisco Opera performance of a season or so ago, is BJRS-131-4. It is the equal of any commercial recording. *Robert le Diable* is not available in the version he wants, but there is an Italian recording with Scotto, Malagú, and Christoff on EJA-436. It isn't very good.

Also available are Verdi's *Alzira* (ugh!), *Aroldo*, *Gerusaleme*, *Il Corsaro*, and *Stiffelio*. For those who didn't like Martina Arroyo in *Sicilian Vespers*, there is a superb one with Callas and Christoff. There is another *Caterina Cornaro* with Leyla Gencer, and a superb *Maria Stuarda* (really unbelievable) with

(Continued on page 14)

The Only Working Relationship

The du fluid and brush are designed to have a precise working relationship as a fully integrated record cleaning system. And while du is chemically tailored to solubilize common dirt and debris on your records' surface, the du formula was also developed to handle the newest problems of the record user—crystalized manufacturing lubricants.

Both components of the Discwasher system can stand on their own merit: an improved directional pile brush which lifts off rather than pushes around. And the du fluid which is a chemically sophisticated product resulting from years of research.

But together, the relationship exceeds the expectations of the most critical audiophile. The du relationship should be working for you.

Send 25¢ and a self-addressed stamped envelope for our Technical Bulletin Clean Records and Chemistry, to find out what's happening to your records today. Discwasher, Inc., 909 University, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

OTHER FINE DISCWASHER, INC. PRODUCTS

Discorganizer holds the Discwasher system, extra stylus, screwdriver, reserve spindles, etcetera.

Turntable Foundation alleviates audible distortion and provides a solid base against floor vibration.

MARANTZ 4400

THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL RECEIVER

Caballé and Verrett. There's even a not-very-good *Rienzi*. And there are literally dozens more.

RALPH NATHANSON
Oakland, Calif.

Beautiful Losers

● I really enjoyed J Marks' two tours through the "Hall of Obscurity" (February 1974, December 1972). I, too, have often peeked through the keyhole into obscurity's hall. For instance, one of my all-time favorite groups is Crowbar, whose albums have shown that rock music need not follow any formula nor be slick and polished. Their first album, "Official Music" (Paramount PAS 5030), features the one and only King Biscuit Boy, Richard Newell, a man you would think is too young to know the blues the way he does. Crowbar went on to make a second album, "Bad Manors" (Paramount PAS 6007). It certainly was bad manners to forget Crowbar and Biscuit.

ALAN P. ALLEGRA
Boston, Mass.

Sinatra Sound

● Congratulations to Rex Reed on a direct hit with his review of Frank Sinatra's comeback album (February). Sinatra should have definitely waited until he had better material, for the stuff he used was way below his usual previous standards. When considering all the great arrangers Frank might have used, Mr. Reed should have included ex-Dorsey arranger Nelson Riddle. It was Riddle who became the major sound architect for the buoyant Sinatra, thus ending Frank's miserable slump on April 30, 1953. Nelson Riddle did more for Frank Sinatra than any other arranger the singer ever had; Riddle's swinging brass-and-string sound pushed Sinatra's delivery into a greater rhythmic thrust, and Frank's feeling for contrasting material became more pronounced.

E. J. MURPHY
Pensacola, Fla.

Completeness: *Années* and Diabellis

● In a March review of Alfred Brendel's new recording of the *Deuxième Année—Italie* of Liszt's *Années de Pèlerinage*, Richard Freed states that "there has been no complete domestically available recording of the *Années de Pèlerinage* since the retirement of Edith Farnadi's Westminster set several years ago." Mr. Freed is mistaken. Gunnar Johansen has recorded all of the *Années* on Artists Direct, and they are available from him. The *Années* are Liszt Albums 5, 6, and 7 in Johansen's catalog, and they may be ordered, for $6.00 each, by writing to Gunnar Johansen, Blue Mounds, Wisconsin 53517. The records have great surfaces and fabulous tone.

Mr. Johansen is the only pianist who has *ever* recorded the complete Liszt works, including even the Fourth *Mephisto* Waltz, for which he was given the unfinished manuscript in 1924 by Liszt's valet at the monastery where the valet was spending his last years.

G. E. PERRY
Reedsburg, Wis.

● Richard Freed's review of the Telefunken album of Diabelli Variations (March), asserts that "What is perhaps most remarkable about this Telefunken release is that no one has done it before. . . . Collectors may wish Telefunken had followed Diabelli's example and released the Beethoven work and Part II separately." There are many fine recordings of the Beethoven Diabelli, and Mr. Freed failed to mention the superb recording by Julius Katchen, which has been reissued on London STS-15036. Also, there was a previous release of Part II by the Musical Heritage Society (1396), with Hans Kann at the piano.

TOMMY JOE ANDERSON
Morgantown, W. Va.

Mr. Freed replies: I feel pretty foolish about forgetting Johansen's Liszt, particularly since my familiarity with the catalog is a point on which I've always felt especially assured. In this case I did indeed know about the Johansen Années, *and had intended to refer to those discs, if only to mention that they are mono and available only by mail. (I knew also that a Vox Box of the complete* Années *would probably be out by the time my review was in print, but did not refer to that, either, since I was not certain of the release date.)*

As far as the Diabelli Variations coverage is concerned, I was correct in stating that "no one has done it before"—that is, no one had issued the Beethoven and *the "Part II" assortment as a single unit, as Telefunken has done—but Mr. Anderson is certainly right in pointing out that MHS had anticipated my suggestion (and most economically, too, by getting all that material on a single low-priced disc). I have since obtained the disc and can report that, while the playing is arguably less stylish than Buchbinder's and the documentation unarguably less lavish than Telefunken's, it is more than adequate. No slight to Katchen was intended; the recordings of Beethoven's Op. 120 I did name were cited only by way of illustrating the point that there are several versions of that mighty work superior to Buchbinder's good one.*

Yellow Bricks

● Noel Coppage's review of "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" by Elton John (March) is an inexplicable mass of vulgar stupidity. With the reputable authority of an ostler he insults Nigel Olsson, Bernie Taupin, and Elton John, not to mention the recording engineers. *Who* does he think *he* is? Does he consider himself to be so knowledgeable in the field of music as to mock the work of such a great musician? A thorough apology is in order; is he man enough to admit he made a mistake?

ROBERT STEWART
Kinmundy, Ill.

Man enough, Mr. Coppage admits to mistakes only when he makes them.

Jupiter's Cough

● David Hall's review of Bernstein's rendering of Holst's *Planets* (January) intrigued me enough to buy the recording even though I already had the Mehta version. Indeed, it *is* a beautiful and sensitive performance. However, I wonder if Mr. Hall noted the cough and the following mistake in the trumpet section near the end of "Jupiter" that managed to find their way onto the record. Is it not enough to have to put up with ticks, pops, and hiss without having to listen to someone's mistakes as well? Granted, musicians are not perfect, but that is what tape editing is all about.

RICHARD D. TAUBOLD
Urbana, Ill.

Mr. Hall replies: My review was based primarily on the quadraphonic issue, which I played back at peak room volume throughout. The cough and trumpet flub toward the end of "Jupiter" is audible on the four-channel only with a great deal of ear-straining, but a post-review check of the two-channel pressing does *reveal that the cough and trumpet flub are quite audible there. I cannot decide whether the two-channel mastering was done from a different master tape, or whether the "mix down" simply eliminated the reverberation and cancellation effects, thereby fully exposing the flaw in point. If I had been the tape editor, I would certainly have made an effort to smooth out the trumpet attack, but I probably would have let the cough stay as a bit of the "human element."*

Tapes and Tape Equipment

● Ralph Hodges' "Your First Tape Recorder" (March) omitted one fact and included one misleading statement. (1) One of your advertisers produces a good-quality tape recorder that offers all three tape formats in one machine. That is the Akai X-2000SD. I have been very satisfied with my unit. (2) The Schwann catalog does *not* list any reel-to-reel prerecordings. To get a listing of all currently available prerecorded tapes in *all* formats you would need to use the Harrison Tape Catalog, similar to Schwann but limited to the tape formats.

WILLIAM R. BAUCUM
Independence, Calif.

Mr. Hodges replies: Mr. Baucum and I each take a point. He's right about the absence of reel-to-reel listings in the Schwann catalog, and I should have mentioned the Harrison Tape Catalog. However, the X-2000SD, along with all Akai's other interesting combination machines, has recently been dropped from the line. The various eight-track portable recorders readers have brought to my attention have likewise been discontinued, and, as far as I can tell, this category of equipment has become extinct.

Refreshing Reilly

● Lest your Mr. Peter Reilly feel that he has no fans remaining, let me hasten to reiterate that I remain one. How well I remember my introduction to his fine style. On a dreary day at the doctor's office I chanced upon a battered old copy of STEREO REVIEW in the reception room, and by good fortune the first thing that came to my attention was Mr. Reilly's review of "Golden Oldies" by the 101 Strings—I believe that I can still quote him verbatim: "I feel that this is one of the most significant pieces of popular music to come along for quite a while, and I urge my readers to obtain a copy as soon as possible since this will doubtless become a collector's item."

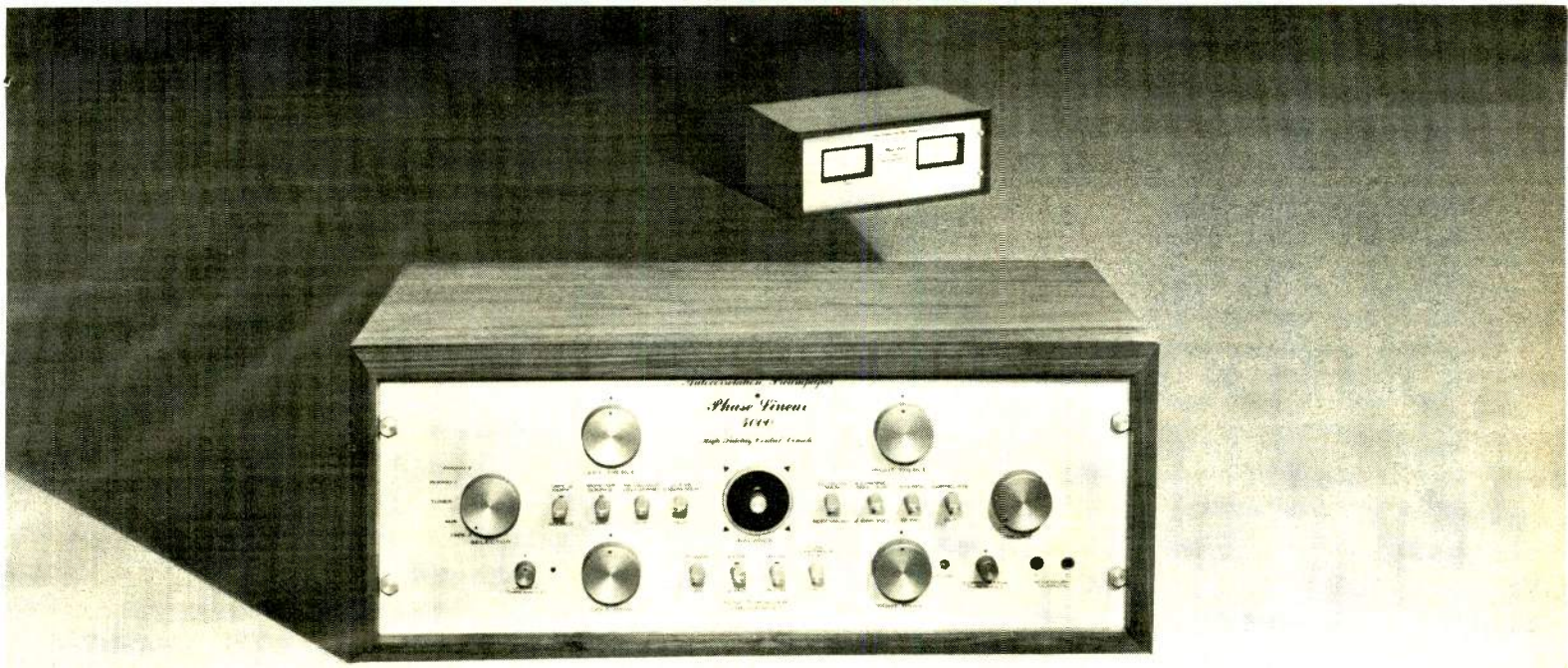
EARL GRIFFITH
Ironton, Ohio

A little Reilly every day makes the doctor go away.

Victoriana

● I was interested in the April letter from Steven Ledbetter discussing Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *The Tempest*. I own a copy of the EMI-Odeon recording referred to, and must agree with Mr. Ledbetter that the performance by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, superb though it is, suffers from the absence of the vocal passages. One of the treasures of my collection is

(Continued on page 16)



Incredible.

Sorry, but when it comes to our new Phase Linear 4000, modesty fails us. How else would you describe a preamplifier that actually:

- *Puts back in* what recording studios take out.
- *Restores dynamics* lost in recording to closely approximate the original.
- *Vanishes into virtual inaudibility all* hum, noise and hiss inherent in most tapes, records, and FM broadcasts.
- Lets your music (at last) reach a *life-like level* where cymbals sound like *cymbals,* kettle drums like *kettle drums.*
- Lets you . . . for the first time . . . hear your music from a *silent background.*

Since its introduction follows the Phase Linear 700 and 400 power amps, the 4000 pre-amp *had* to be good. Consider these features:

The Peak Unlimiter
To prevent overload in recording equipment, studios today "peak limit" high-level explosive transients of the source material. Incorporated in the Phase Linear 4000 is a highly-advanced circuit that reads peak limiting, immediately routes the signal through a lead network, and restores dynamics lost in recording to closely approximate the original.

The Downward Expander
Gain riding, a recording technique used to improve low level signal to noise on phonograph discs, unfortunately comprises the dynamic range that would otherwise be available. The 4000 senses when gain riding has been used and immediately expands the dynamics reciprocally downward to precisely the intended level.

The AutoCorrelator
The advanced *Autocorrelation Noise Reduction System* in the 4000 makes record/tape hiss and FM broadcast noise virtually vanish . . . without effecting musical content of the source material. Over-all noise reduction is –10 dB from 20 Hz to 20 kHz. Your music comes from a background that is silent.

Plus . . .
. . . the 4000 is an advanced stereo preamp with SQ* and Phase Linear differential logic . . . its *Active Equalizer* gives you a truly flat energy distribution over the full audio spectrum . . . completely passive, independent *Step-Tone Controls* allow precise tailoring of the music to your listening environment.
It is, in a word, incredible. Ask your dealer for an audition.

PHASE LINEAR 4000 SPECIFICATIONS
Total Distortion: Less than .25%. Typically .02%.

Total Noise: High level: 95 dB below full output. Phono: 82 dB below full output.

Tone Controls: Bass: Monotonically increasing and decreasing, dual hinge points, ± 8 dB @ 20 Hz. Hinge points switch selectable beginning at 40 Hz or 150 Hz. Treble: Monotonically increasing and decreasing, dual hinge points, ± 8 dB @ 20 kHz. Hinge points switch selectable beginning at 2 kHz and 8 kHz.

Active Equalizer: 6 dB/octave boost below 50 Hz.

Peak Unlimiter: (Nominal peak unlimit rate attack threshold, front panel variable) .5 dB/micro second for + 6 dB peak unlimited operation.

Downward Expander: Downward expansion commences at –35 dB. Ultimate limit is –41 dB. Unlimiter window is 35 dB wide, upper and lower thresholds are simultaneously variable.

Auto Correlator (Noise Reduction Systems): High frequency noise reduction commences at 2 kHz and is 3 dB, reaching 10 dB from 4 kHz to 20 kHz. Weighted overall noise reduction is –10 dB from 20 Hz to 20 kHz.

Size: 19" x 7" x 10"—**Weight:** 18 lbs.

Price: $599 — **Cabinet:** $37

Warranty: Three years, parts and labor.

Phase Linear 4000
THE POWERFUL DIFFERENCE

PHASE LINEAR CORPORATION, P.O. BOX 549, EDMONDS, WASHINGTON 98020

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CIRCLE NO. 37 ON READER SERVICE CARD

an old mono disc under the Unicorn label (UN LP 1014) which I purchased about twenty years ago. It is, I believe, the very first recording of Sullivan's *Tempest* score, and is virtually complete, including all the vocal parts. The performance—a good one—is by Patricia Brinton, soprano, with the Vienna Orchestral Society under F. Charles Adler. The disc is filled out on the second side with three excerpts from Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII* (1878). It is a shame that these fine, atmospheric pieces have not been perpetuated on an up-to-date recording.

And while we are on the subject of Victorian English music, why has no record company, even in these times of resurrection for the most obscure composers, paid attention to the surprisingly attractive music of Sir William Sterndale Bennett?

RICHARD K. PATTERSON
Hyde Park, N. Y.

Victorian ballad fans are directed to page 85.

Mozart's Biographer

● Martin Bookspan's "Basic Repertoire" column (March) was as interesting and informative as it usually is. However, I would like to point out an error. Physicist Albert Einstein, although a music lover and amateur violinist, did not write a biography of Mozart. The name should have read *Alfred* Einstein. This Einstein (b. 1880) was a German music critic and scholar who settled in the United States in 1939.

JOHN E. LOVELESS
Warwick, R. I.

For Folk's Sake

● In reviewing Mother Maybelle Carter's album (March), Noel Coppage seems to feel that if a recording isn't as close to divine perfection as is humanly (or is it humanely?) possible, it cannot be worth paying *real money* for. He remarks in passing that there must be some value in M.M.C.'s being a "legendary figure," though it doesn't surprise me that he won't say how or where.

Heaven forbid that we should ever disregard and discard that lovely state of imperfection that many excuse by labeling it a "folk tradition." I get so tired of the disc reviews you guys shell out sometimes—this "holier than thou" attitude that if it doesn't rock it can't possibly roll. Who in the world chose N. C. to review folk music? His closed ears don't like the autoharp and that's fine, but hasn't anyone told him about different folks for different folk? That bit of imperfection and unsteadiness only shows me that folk music in *some* places is still just that: folk music. And I'll wager there's more profundity in Ma Maybelle's simple missed notes than one will ever squeeze out of David Bowie. For folk's sake, live and let, lest you forget!

KAT BRADLEY
Longmont, Colo.

The Editor replies: The idea that clumsy ineptitude, "that lovely state of imperfection," is some kind of proof of the real thing in folk art is for soppy sentimentalists; real folk artists won't buy it. Mother Maybelle Carter is a seminal figure of some age and great importance in American folk music, but she has her bad days, and she will perform on them nonetheless because she is a professional. And she would very likely call anybody a damn fool for praising the "profundity" of her missed notes.

What grips Ms. Bradley is a destructively misapplied charity that is, at bottom, anti-art: it calls for the abolition of all standards and the criticism that expresses them. That way lies chaos: if bad is good, is not worse better? Hardly; not only is it fair to criticize, it is necessary. *One antidote for these condescending abstractions about "the folk" might be to remember that stubborn and hard-eyed young farm boy in the old film who practiced throwing a baseball through a hole in the barn door for a whole year so that he might take his revenge on a "three balls for a quarter" concessionaire at the State Fair. So much for "imperfection and unsteadiness."*

The mention of David Bowie is a gratuitous wild shot, but this is not: Noel Coppage was born in Dundee, Kentucky, and his father was, among other things, an accomplished "folk" fiddler, so perhaps the world itself chose him to review its folk music.

Cleo, Large and Small

● There was a glaring inaccuracy in Paul Kresh's review of Cleo Laine's "I Am a Song" (Best of the Month, January). The album contains vocals by Miss Laine with small-group accompaniment on one side and a full orchestra on the other.

Mr. Kresh, however, has got them totally mixed up. He speaks of "a nicely gauged small-group approach to Dimitri Tiomkin's *Friendly Persuasion*" and others. Then he writes "Enter, on side two, a large studio orchestra, heavy in the strings, for full-dress interpretations of songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein" and others. Large orchestra? Heavy in the strings? Full-dress? Rodgers and Hammerstein's *It Might as Well Be Spring*, to cite one example, is sung almost entirely *a cappella*! Admittedly, the liner notes make the same mistake, but that doesn't excuse recklessly copying them for a review.

HARRY FORBES
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Kresh replies: Another example of the power of suggestion! My listening notes did seem to contradict the liner, so I simply assumed I had listened to the sides in the wrong order when writing my review. It all comes of being conditioned to respect the printed word over the evidence of your own senses. My apologies. How'd you like the record?

Quadability

● On several occasions lately I have purchased stereo versions of record albums, only to discover later that they had also been released in quadraphonic. As a result, I have taken to waiting for the quad versions of many albums, even though I'd be very happy with the stereo versions if I knew for sure that they were *not* going to be released in quadraphonic. I could wait to see if a four-channel version showed up in Schwann, but some manufacturers haven't been too prompt or consistent in reporting their quad releases to that publication. What I would like to see is a note on the jackets of stereo albums also released in four-channel that they are available.

LAURANCE A. CLIFTON
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Until that great day when everything *is released in quad, there are bound to be a few late decisions made after the stereo release. The gap is narrowing, however, and the industry seems to be making a slouchingly reluctant progress millenniumward.*

The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 Stereo Phono Cartridge:

It will make any well recorded LP sound exactly like its master tape.

Recently at a trade show in Chicago, we invited audiophiles to compare a master tape with a stereo disc cut from the tape. The tape and the disc were played through the same electronics and the same loudspeakers. The only difference was that a tape deck was used to play the 15 IPS master and a turntable with our QDC-1 Stereo Cartridge was used to play the commercial pressing. Without fail, listeners *could not* hear a difference between the disc and the master.

Actually it's not as incredible as it sounds.

People in the record business have known for a long time that a well recorded stereo disc is potentially every bit as good as its master tape. We make the Series 300 Micro-Point Recording Stylus—an ultra precision cutting tool used in record mastering. (Over two-hundred million records a year are manufactured from masters cut with our Micro-Point Styli.) And it has been our experience that there's no problem in getting the music onto the record; the problem is in retrieving it.

The cartridge is the culprit

Until the advent of the QDC-1, there really wasn't a cartridge on the market that could make a stereo record sound as good as its master tape. So cartridge manufacturers didn't have to deal with an absolute standard of measurement for their product. They sold their cartridges very much like loudspeakers, using subjective criteria. In the end, the customer had to choose between the "sound" of one cartridge or another. The fact is that a cartridge shouldn't have any *sound* of its own. Ideally it should just be a direct link between the record groove and the preamp input. And that's precisely what the new QDC-1 is—an ultra precision component that will radically change the way all cartridges are judged. Now a cartridge's performance can be measured against a completely reliable *objective* standard.

Stated simply: Does a cartridge make a well recorded disc sound identical to its master tape? Or doesn't it?

Ours does.

Hearing is believing

The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 (Pat. Pend.) is available in spherical, elliptical and Quadra-Point™/CD-4 configurations. Prices range from $100 to $120. Frankly, we're not selling to every dealer and not every dealer we sell is doing our master tape/disc demonstration. But if it's been a long time since you were really excited by something new in stereo, we urge you to look for local ads announcing demonstrations in your area. In the meantime, why not take a stereo LP of your own to your Micro-Acoustics dealer and let him show you what our cartridge can do for *your* records. We think you'll be startled by the difference.

For technical information and a dealer list, write to Micro-Acoustics Corp., 8 Westchester Plaza, Elmsford, New York, 10523.

ma MICRO-ACOUSTICS CORPORATION, ELMSFORD, NEW YORK 10523

CIRCLE NO. 30 ON READER SERVICE CARD

NEW PRODUCTS

THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

Transcriptors "Vestigal" Tone Arm

● TRANSCRIPTORS (Ireland) Limited is importing the "Vestigal" Tone Arm, a new design employing a vertical pivot assembly located very close to the phono cartridge to reduce effective tone-arm mass in the vertical direction as much as possible. Balancing the arm and applying stylus force is accomplished through a string-and-weight system, with the string running the length of the arm from the hinged cartridge shell to the tone-arm upright. There it is attached to a pivoted drum that keeps a constant tension on the string. The amount of tension is determined by an adjustable counterweight that moves along a threaded shaft attached to the drum's circumference.

Other adjustments provided for include means to bring the horizontal rotation of the arm parallel to the disc surface, height adjustment, stylus overhang, anti-skating compensation, and a stop to keep the arm from swinging into the label area of the disc. The low effective mass of the arm is claimed to result in negligible susceptibility to acoustic feedback or record-warp effects, and it is further claimed that tracking forces as low as 1/10 of a gram may be attained. The arm is of all-metal construction, and uses jewel-bearing pivots throughout. Price: approximately $100.

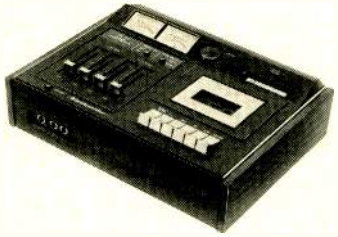
Circle 115 on reader service card

ADC Model WDDS-12 Speaker System

● AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. has a new speaker system, the Pritchard WDDS-12 (the initials stand for "wide dispersion/discrete source"). The system is a multidirectional radiator, with the woofer (a 12-inch air-suspension type) facing directly forward and the tweeters, of which there are four, angled slightly to either side on subsections of the enclosure's three-part front panel. Two types of tweeters are used, both having Mylar-dome diaphragms, but with diameters of 1½ and ¾ inches. One of each type is mounted on either side of the enclosure. Frequency response is 30 to 25,000 Hz ±2 dB, and varies no more than 3 dB from on-axis response over a lateral angle of 120 degrees. Crossover between the woofer and tweeters takes place gradually over the range of 600 to 5,000 Hz. The nominal impedance of the system is 6 ohms. A four-position contour switch offers a choice of flat response, high or mid frequencies reduced by approximately 2½ dB, or both reduced by that amount. The Pritchard system has a sealed enclosure of oiled walnut with a foam grille. Dimensions: 26 x 14½ x 12 inches. Price: $350. An optional pedestal base (shown) finished in matte-black aluminum is $25.

Circle 116 on reader service card

Dokorder MK-50 Dolby Cassette Deck



● A NEW stereo cassette deck has been introduced by Dokorder. The Model MK-50 has Dolby B-Type noise reduction, a tape selector with positions for "normal" and chromium dioxide, and a "Cue & Review" function that permits direct switching from play to fast forward and rewind (to assist in locating specific points on the tape). Slider-type adjustments are used for setting recording and playback levels; these are separate for each channel. Push-key transport controls are provided, including pause and eject functions. The microphone inputs and a stereo headphone jack are recessed into the trim strip on the deck's front edge. Frequency response is given as 30 to 15,000 Hz with standard tape and 30 to 18,000 Hz with chromium dioxide. Signal-to-noise ratio is better than 60 dB with Dolby, 50 dB without; wow and flutter are under 0.1 per cent. A C-60 cassette can be fast wound in less than 100 seconds. Dimensions of the deck are 16 x 11¾ x 4 inches. Price: $249.95. A wood base is included.

Circle 117 on reader service card

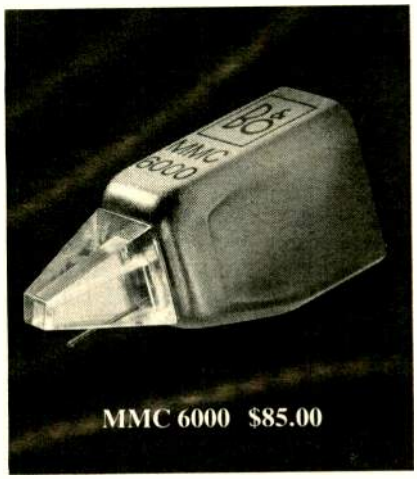
Heathkit AD-1013 Four-Channel Audio Scope

● HEATH'S new four-channel audio scope consists of a 3-inch cathode-ray oscilloscope with inputs for up to four audio channels and for an FM multipath display, plus a self-contained audio-frequency generator to provide test and calibration signals. The multifunction instrument is housed in a cabinet that matches the size and general styling of the Heath AR-1500 receiver. The scope's display modes, which are chosen by an eight-position selector switch, include signal-strength vectors for each of the four channels (which can be selected separately) and the familiar "scrambled-egg" pattern for stereo. For displaying all four channels simultaneously, an internal circuit assigns each of the inputs its own quadrant on the scope screen. The FM multipath display, which is also useful for determining signal strength and channel center, receives its input from tuners and receivers that have the appropriate oscilloscope outputs. (An adaptor kit that adds these jacks to the Heath AR-15 receiver or AJ-15 tuner is available from Heath for $24.95.)

The AD-1013 will also function as a normal a.c. scope (with triggered sweep) for inputs connected to the five-way binding posts on the front panel. Sweep range is selected by a four-position decade switch and an associated continuously variable control. The audio-generator section is continuously variable and roughly calibrated at eight important frequencies from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Output is held constant within 0.25 dB over the range covered, and the level control affects the signal available from the

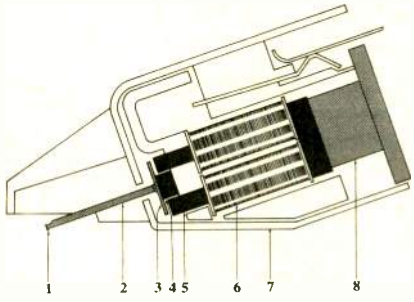
(Continued on page 20)

Bang & Olufsen™ has developed an extraordinary new CD-4 cartridge.



Before you listen to it there are a few things we think you should know.

It is an integrated system. The MMC 6000 cartridge leaves the factory as a sealed unit, a nonreplaceable stylus assembly integrated with the coils, magnet, and output terminals. This significant departure from traditional "two piece" cartridge construction allowed Bang & Olufsen engineers to meet performance standards previously unattainable, but definitely required for optimum CD-4 high frequency reproduction. Most important, this integration of the stylus assembly let Bang & Olufsen engineers greatly reduce the effective tip mass (ETM), the size and mass of the cantilever, Moving Micro Cross (Bang & Olufsen's patented device for superb stereo separation), and transducing elements of the MMC 6000. In other words then, the manufacture of the MMC 6000 as an integrated unit represents an absolute, no-compromise approach to cartridge design.

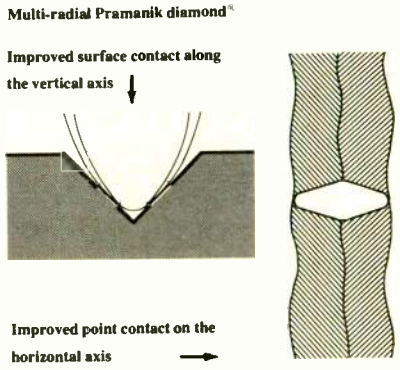


1. Nude Pramanik diamond®
2. Low mass beryllium cantilever
3. Moving Micro Cross
4. Block suspension
5. Pole pieces (4)
6. Induction coils
7. Mu-metal screen
8. Hycomax magnet

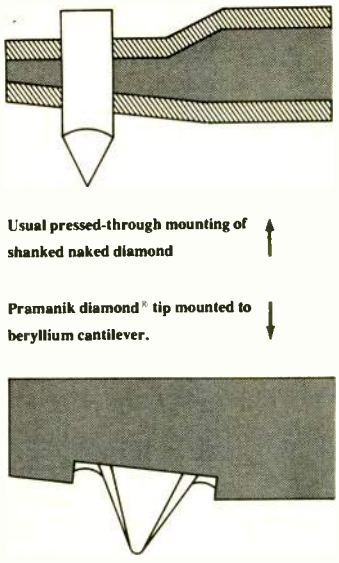
The effective tip mass is .22mg. Extensive testing has shown that the effective tip mass (ETM) of a cartridge is the factor most directly related to record and stylus wear. It has also been demonstrated that record wear due to high ETM is most severe in the high frequencies; obviously then, a high ETM is a substantial problem with CD-4 high frequency modulations. The integrated manufacturing method used to produce the MMC 6000 contributes to the extremely low ETM of .22mg. and a tip resonance point of over 50,000 Hz.

It tracks at 1 gram. The MMC 6000's low vertical tracking force (VTF), greatly reduced ETM, and compliance rating of 30×10^{-6}, create an optimum relationship between those factors of a cartridge which have the greatest effect on performance. VTF, effective tip mass, and compliance should never be evaluated singly; the most critical task within cartridge design is establishing their ideal interrelationship. Therefore you should consider the 1 gram tracking force of the MMC 6000 as just one result of a superior cartridge design. While VTF is often a reliable parameter of overall quality, its relationship to record wear is secondary when compared to the ETM. It should be understood that at high frequency modulation the forces applied to the groove walls are several hundred times as great as the VTF. And to a large extent then, these forces determine record wear and are directly related to effective tip mass.

It features a Pramanik stylus.® The MMC 6000 utilizes a multi-radial diamond developed by cartridge engineer, S. K. Pramanik of Bang & Olufsen. The unique shape of the diamond was developed to obtain maximum contact with the groove walls along its vertical axis and minimum contact along its horizontal axis. The increased contact along the vertical axis reduces record and stylus wear by significantly lowering the amount of force applied

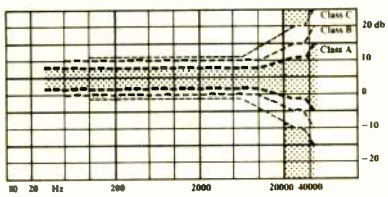


per unit of surface. The minimum contact along the horizontal axis guarantees the extremely accurate tracing of the CD-4 high frequency modulations between 20,000 and 45,000 Hz. As opposed to normal diamond styli, only the very tip of the Pramanik diamond is mounted on the cantilever. This procedure and the beryllium cantilever, stiffer and lighter than commonly used aluminum, further reduces the ETM of the MMC 6000.



It meets the Class A criteria.

The RCA/JVC rating system for CD-4 cartridges
Every MMC 6000 has a Class A rating.



Discrete 4-channel sound became a reality through the work of the RCA/JVC joint development team. Accordingly, RCA/JVC engineers established criteria by which the performance and 4-channel capabilities of cartridges could be evaluated. Their rating system includes four classes: A, B, C, and D, class A being the highest and class D considered as unacceptable. The class A rating is given to only those cartridges with a frequency response varying no more than ±10dB between 20,000 and 40,000 Hz, with channel separation better than 14dB at 30,000 Hz, and more than 1mV output. *Every* MMC 6000 cartridge meets or exceeds these specifications. As proof of each unit's level of performance, the MMC 6000 comes with its own calibration card and frequency response curve. The calibration card states the output voltage, channel separation, and the balance between channels. The frequency response curve is produced for each channel on a Bruel and Kjaer level recorder and shows the performance levels from 20 to 45,000 Hz.

Bang & Olufsen

Bang & Olufsen of America
2271 Devon Ave.
Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007

NEW PRODUCTS

THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

front- and rear-panel output jacks. The AD-1013 also has trace-position and gain controls (vertical and horizontal) and focus and intensity adjustments. The sensitivity of the oscilloscope is 25 millivolts (peak to peak) per centimenter (1 volt per centimeter in the four-channel display mode). Input impedance is 100,000 ohms, and the frequency response is 5 Hz to 200 kHz ±3 dB. Overall dimensions of the AD-1013 are 18½ x 5⅛ x 13½ inches. It is available only in kit form for $199.95, with a walnut cabinet costing $24.95 additional.

Circle 25 on reader service card

BSR Model FEW-2 Frequency Equalizer

● THE Metrotec division of BSR is offering a new addition to its line of multiband tone controls. The Model FEW-2 acts in five two-octave bands with center frequencies of 60, 240, 1,000, 3,500, and 10,000 Hz, with a continuously variable amplitude adjustment range of ±12 dB at each setting. It is a stereo device, with separate slider-type controls for each channel. Tape-monitor jacks and switching are provided to retain these facilities for any system in which the unit is installed in the tape-monitor loop.

The equalizer has less than 0.007 per cent distortion and a signal-to-noise ratio of 80 dB. Input impedance is 75,000 ohms, with a 10-ohm output impedance. The built-in amplification stages provide approximately unity gain. The maximum output is 9 volts. The unit is supplied with a wood cabinet and a translucent flip-down front cover that protects the control settings from being accidentally disturbed. Dimensions are 8⅜ x 4⅝ x 5½ inches. Price: $99.95. Other BSR equalizers scheduled for introduction soon are a stereo unit with twelve bands per channel (Model FEW-3) and a four-channel version of the FEW-2.

Circle 119 on reader service card

Pioneer SX-1010 AM/Stereo FM Receiver

● PIONEER's most powerful stereo receiver, the new SX-1010, is capable of 100 watts continuous output per channel (8-ohm loads, both channels driven simultaneously) at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Its special operating features include two sets of step-type bass and treble controls acting at 50 and 100 Hz (bass) and 10,000 and 20,000 Hz (treble), two magnetic-phono inputs, and connectors and switching for two stereo tape decks (with dubbing possible from one to the other). There is also switching to accommodate an external Dolby noise-reduction unit, and a four-channel adapter. A tone-control DEFEAT switch is also provided. The front panel has phone jacks for two stereo headsets and inputs for two microphones. Up to three pairs of speakers can be handled. The receiver has switchable FM interstation-noise muting, 6-dB-per-octave high- and low-cut filters, and audio-muting.

Additional amplifier specifications for the SX-1010 include harmonic and intermodulation distortion of less than 0.1 per cent at any power level up to rated output and signal-to-noise ratios of better than 95 (high-level inputs) and 70 (phono inputs) dB. The FM section has an IHF sensitivity of 1.7 microvolts, a 1-dB capture ratio, 55-dB AM suppression, and stereo separation exceeding 30 dB from 50 to 10,000 Hz. Image, i.f., and spurious-response rejection are all 110 dB. Harmonic distortion for stereo reception is under 0.3 per cent. The SX-1010 has approximate dimensions of 20½ x 7 x 17½ inches. It is supplied with a walnut cabinet. Price: $699.95.

Circle 120 on reader service card

Ampex Prerecorded Tape Catalog

● A COMPLETE listing of the Ampex line of prerecorded tapes for 1974 is now available in the form of a sixty-four-page mail-order catalog. All tape formats are represented, on such labels as Deutsche Grammophon, London, Philips, Vanguard, RCA, Blue Thumb, Buddah, Kama Sutra, Mercury, Motown, Project 3, and over one hundred others, for a total of more than 1,500 selections, some of which are available in four channel or with Dolby B-Type noise-reduction encoding. A special section is devoted to open-reel tapes, which are becoming difficult to find in retail outlets.

The catalog is offered as part of the Ampex Shopper's Service, which makes the company's complete line of consumer tape products available on a mail-order basis, with no membership fee or minimum purchase required. Supplementary mailings keep customers up to date on new Ampex releases, and discounts on tapes are offered periodically. The mail-order service honors major credit cards. The catalog is free from: Ampex Catalog Offer, Dept. A200 SR, Box 178, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007.

CTS Loudspeaker Catalog

● CTS, one of the largest suppliers of "raw" loudspeakers to the audio and musical-instrument industries, has prepared a seven-page catalog describing the fifty-five models available directly to consumers from CTS retail dealers. Among the "high-fidelity" models are tweeters, mid- and full-range drivers, and woofers ranging in diameter from 8 to 12 inches. All of these are cone-type units, with nominal impedances of 8 ohms. Also listed are speakers for such special applications as public address, car and aircraft installation, and musical-instrument reproduction. CTS also offers 12- and 15-inch "heavy-duty" drivers in full-range and woofer models, with exceptionally high sensitivity and power-handling capabilities of 100 watts continuous.

For those interested in complete speaker systems, the catalog lists ten recommended designs (in one-, two-, and three-way configurations) based on CTS components. These can be purchased as system "packages" containing drivers, crossover-network components, wiring diagrams, and recommended enclosure dimensions. (The purchaser can build the enclosures or adapt existing ones.) The catalog is available free of charge at CTS dealers or by writing: CTS of Paducah, Inc., Dept. SR, 1565 North 8th Street, Paducah, Ky. 42001.

GOOSE BUMPS.

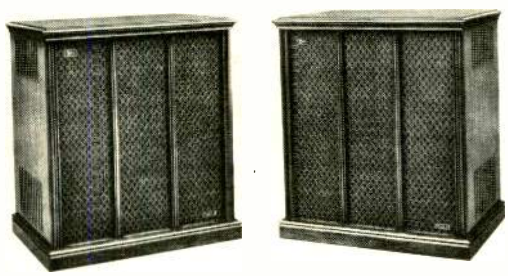
It's the feeling you get when the music really reaches you. Which may not be often unless you frequently go to live concerts.

Until now, no sound system could give you the "ambiance" and sense of realism that you hear at a live performance. That's why two CBS engineers invented the Leslie Plus 2® Speaker System. On October 16, 1973 Leslie Speakers/Electro Music was awarded U.S. patent #3,766,317 for a breakthrough in sound design. It was the first patent ever granted for effectively dealing with the "standing wave problem"—a technical phenomenon that robs stereo of its "live" qualities.

The new Leslie system produces a dynamic multi-directional or "Multi-planar" sound, thereby providing the listener with the sense of realism of a live concert. The Leslie Plus 2 system consists of two high-performance speaker systems with their own built-in and matched amplifiers. When added to conventional stereo systems, they expand the capabilities of the system to play either stereo or quadraphonic records with dynamic "Multi-planar" sound... at any location in the room...and at any sound level.

Test your stereo for 50¢. We have produced a special first-quality test record with isolated signal tones and test music. Put your stereo through its paces. Then take the record to your franchised Leslie Plus 2 dealer. Listen to the same music. And you be the judge!

LESLIE SPEAKER MODEL 430



LESLIE SPEAKER MODEL 450

Leslie SPEAKERS

LESLIE PLUS 2 SPEAKERS, ELECTRO MUSIC/CBS, INC., 56 WEST DEL MAR AVENUE, PASADENA, CALIF. 91105

☐ I want to put my stereo to the test! Please send your 7" LP test record. 50¢ is enclosed for postage and handling.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Electro Music, CBS Musical Instruments, A Division of CBS, Inc. Leslie and Plus 2 Speakers are registered trademarks of CBS, Inc.

CIRCLE NO 27 ON READER SERVICE CARD

AUDIO QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

By LARRY KLEIN *Technical Editor*

Proliferation of Power

Q. *Recently, I find, my audiophile friends are sneering at my "underpowered" 60-watt-per-channel system. This has given rise to two questions: are they simply playing a one-upmanship game, and why are there suddenly so many high-power amplifiers available anyway?*

MARTIN GREENE
New York, N.Y.

A. First question: I'm sure that there are lots of audiophiles out there who aren't happy unless they own the biggest amplifier on the block. But aside from the psychology of the matter, there *are* valid sonic reasons for high-power amplifiers. We have investigated the question in depth several times over the past few years (*What the Music Demands of the Amplifier*, December 1966; *Super-Power Amplifiers*, April 1972; and *Loudspeaker Power Needs*, September 1973), and all the tests showed that often far more amplifier power is required than is generally appreciated.

As for the second question, there seem to be several interdependent reasons why so many high-power amplifiers are suddenly available from so many different manufacturers. For one, the special high-power output transistors required are now available at reasonable prices. For another, the designers have lately been developing new circuits to use them in. Last, audiophiles have encouraged manufacturers to turn out higher-power units by snapping up each new one as it appears.

Interestingly, although power-output circuits themselves do not trouble the designers, the power-output stage's *protective* circuits are still a problem—for full protection under *all* possible circumstances, the amplifier engineer has to design something close to a mini-computer that can tell the difference between normal surges of current and voltage produced by the signal and the abnormal surges produced by some peculiar, potentially damaging circumstance. One manufacturer has estimated that if he were to provide full protection for *every* conceivable type of improper-load situation, he would have to raise the cost of his amplifier by perhaps 30 per cent. Another manufacturer, when asked why he had not patented his very efficient high-power output circuit, replied that the circuit wasn't really worth patenting since it was unreliable without the accompanying protective circuit—which he *had* patented.

Cassette Drag

Q. *A few of my many cassette tapes get draggy in spots—I guess you could call it wow, except that it doesn't happen regularly and is far worse than anything I have heard on records or open-reel tapes. What is causing the problem? Is there any cure that you know of?*

RICHARD BREWSTER
Port Tucker, R.I.

A. Once again we are faced with the question of whether the fault lies with the cassette itself, the machine on (or is it "in"?) which it is being played—or both. Since you say that only a few of your many cassettes suffer from speed irregularity, let us assume that the major part of the blame lies with them.

It is unfortunate that you don't say whether the machine you are using is a battery-operated portable or an a.c.-operated deck. Most of the better late-model cassette portables have electronic regulators built into their motor circuits that will maintain correct speed even when the battery voltage falls somewhat. However, when the batteries grow too weak, then the motor torque becomes inadequate, and any greater-than-normal frictional drag inside the cassette will tend to cause wow. In every case, the longer-length cassettes (C90's or 120's) will be more of a problem for a marginal drive mechanism to handle than the shorter lengths will. But, assuming that your battery voltage *and* the speed-regulation circuit in your machine are okay (and that there are no other mechanical problems in the transport, such as a glazed or oxide-coated rubber idler wheel), the cassette is suspect.

I am assuming, to start, that you are using standard-brand, good-quality cassettes. Aside from the superior quality of the tape they contain, one of the big differences between the cheapies and the established and recognized standard brands is in their mechanical assemblies. It is obvious that irregularities in the tape path, in the operation of the internal guides, or in the hub area will offer enough resistance to tape flow to cause the wow you mention. Sometimes these problems occur even with good-quality cassettes because the tape has been shuttled back and forth with numerous stops and starts. This tends to cause pile-ups and tensions in the tape pack. If you look at the tape pack through the little window during play and it seems to be wobbling back and forth, bumping, or jerking, this may be the problem. It is sometimes helpful to hit the large flat side of the tape cassette several times against a flat surface (but not hard enough to crack the case!) to loosen up the tape layers that may be binding. Then a run-through at normal playing speed may put things right. Another procedure that has also proved helpful is to add a spot of lubrication to the tape *hubs*. A silicone lubricant (available in either spray can or liquid dispenser) would be best. Be *very* careful to keep the silicone away from the tape itself, because if it gets on the tape and is subsequently transferred to the pressure roller, speed irregularities will almost surely develop because of slippage at the drive capstan. If you have a spray can, spray a bit of the fluid into a small container, extract a couple of drops with a toothpick and apply them *sparingly* to both sides of both tape hubs in the area where they touch the shell. Wow-producing friction is frequently caused by an accumulation of several factors, and, to be effective, a trouble-shooting procedure must take them all into account.

Dust-Bug Sound

Q. *I recently bought a Dust Bug, and it works fine for cleaning my records—except for one thing. When I turn down the volume of my amplifier and take the tone arm off the record, the dust-collecting brush produces sound from the record groove. Is the company right in saying that it isn't harmful?*

GARY WORRELL
Sayville, N.Y.

A. The bristles in the Dust Bug brush are neither hard enough nor applied with enough force to damage the groove walls. What you are hearing is the bristles themselves being set into vibration by the sound modulations in the record groove.

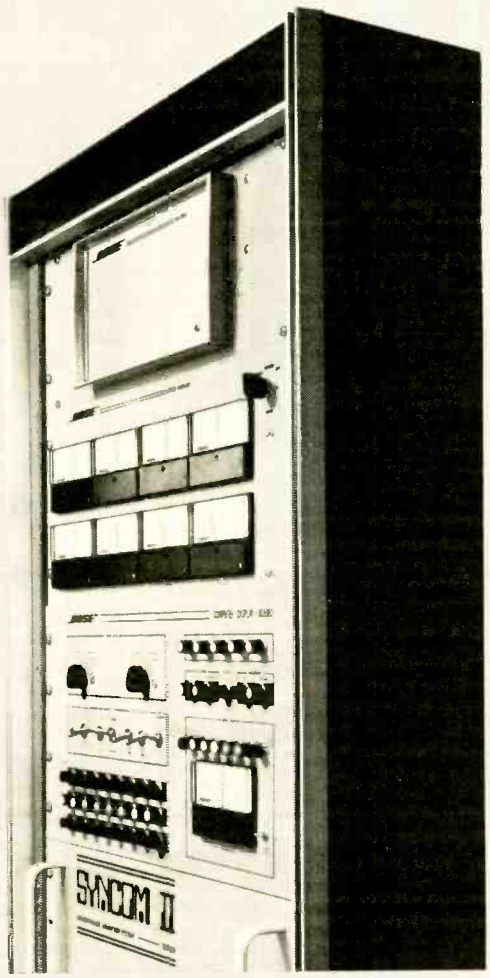
It's as important as your loudspeaker design...

If you have ever spent time auditioning speakers under controlled circumstances, you know that consecutively produced speakers of the same model sometimes can sound very different. The difference can be as great as that found between speakers of diverse price ranges – a situation that challenges the validity of listening to a demonstration speaker and then purchasing another unit of the same model.

This problem resides in the measurements rather than in the speaker construction. It can occur whether the speakers are individually handmade or whether they are run on an assembly line.

In a university research program started by Dr. Bose in 1956 and in continuing research at BOSE Corporation, it has been found that some of the most commonly made measurements on speakers are not adequately correlated to the perception of sound.* Extensive research has been performed to develop a set of measurements that correlate sufficiently to perception to provide a means of precise control of production speakers.

The result was a set of measurements that was not practical to implement with existing instruments. At this point (1970), the BOSE research department launched a program to design a special purpose computer, programmed to test for audible differences and to interpret these differences in a manner that would allow production engineering to detect and correct the assembly problems.



The SYNCOM™ II speaker testing computer is the long awaited result of this extensive research program.

It is now installed and it is controlling all production on the BOSE 901® and 501 speakers. The technical details of this computer are, of course, a closely guarded proprietary secret, as is any technology that enables one company to produce better products in a competitive market. While we cannot share this information with you, we are confident that you will share in the results of SYNCOM II's operation through the enjoyment of more natural music reproduction in your home.

The BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers and the SYNCOM II Computer are but two examples of the research of BOSE Corporation, founded by scientists and dedicated to continued leadership in the research of better music systems.

For information on the BOSE 901, circle your reader service card or write Dept. S4

* For a description of the research, see the article entitled, "Sound Recording and Reproduction," published in TECHNOLOGY REVIEW (MIT), Vol. 75, No. 7, June '73. Reprints are available from BOSE for fifty cents per copy.

BOSE

The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701

CIRCLE NO. 7 ON READER SERVICE CARD

AUDIO NEWS
VIEWS AND COMMENT
By LARRY KLEIN
Technical Editor

● FOR those of us concerned about the sound quality of records, there is good news and bad. The bad news—which for many readers will be old news—is that the oil shortage has resulted in a vinyl shortage, which is forcing record-pressing plants to use increasing amounts of "regrind" in new discs. The not-so-raw material for regrind comes from defective discs and vinyl waste from the pressing line, and discs defective and otherwise returned by distributors. The use of regrind, we are told, produces an inevitable increase in surface noise because of the foreign matter that finds its way into the old/new vinyl mix.

However, perhaps all is not lost. I recently listened to a record that had the widest dynamic range and lowest noise level of any disc I have ever heard. When the music was loud, it was very, very loud, and during the silent sections one was tempted to check to see if the stylus was still in the groove. The record was produced by the dbx Company, using special encoding on the disc, and it was played through a stereo system that had a dbx decoder patched in.

To understand the dbx development, some background in noise reduction is helpful. The compression/expansion (c/e) technique has been used for noise reduction in recording studios and elsewhere for many years. A c/e noise reducer works, in theory, as follows: the audio signal has its dynamic range sharply reduced (compressed) by amplifying the low-level signals and/or by cutting back the high-level signals. This is done *before* the signal is fed to those devices—such as any kind of transmission line or tape recorder—that contribute unwanted noise. During playback, a corrective *expansion* is applied by cutting back or amplifying as necessary to restore the original dynamic range. In the process the noise introduced *after* signal compression is simultaneously reduced.

Simple enough in theory, but in practice several complications arise. Obviously, the compression and expansion have to be exactly complementary not only in respect to the operating levels, but throughout the audible range if annoying frequency-response aberrations and noises are to be avoided. In addition, there's the problem of "noise modulation." This term refers to the fact that when the noise and the boosted signal do not overlap sufficiently in frequency for psychoacoustic masking to occur, the c/e action may convert the noise from a steady hiss (which to some degree can be subjectively tuned out) to an obstrusive pumping or swishing sound that varies with the music. To avoid these two problems, engineers have devised various ingenious proprietary techniques, the best known of which is the Dolby system. Most current noise-reduction systems are much more complex than indicated above.

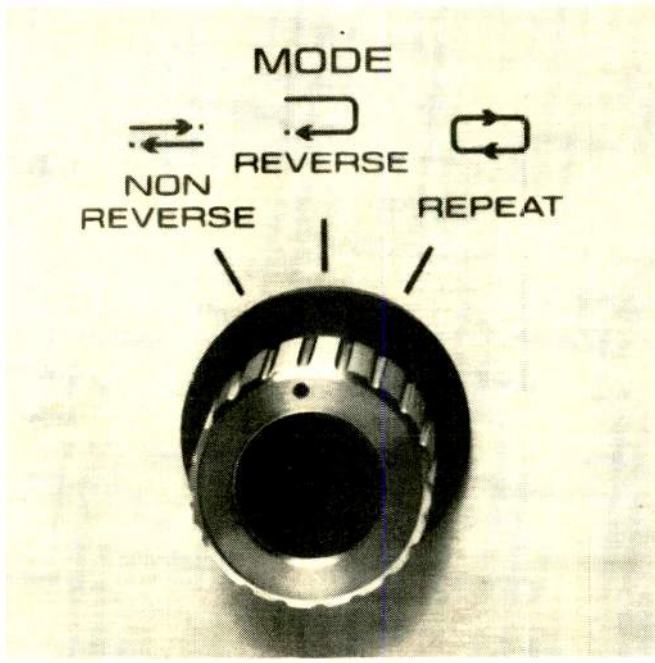
Until dbx made their move, *no* one had ever included the stereo disc itself in the noise-reduction process. It's clear that the more elements of the record/playback chain you can include in a c/e loop, the better the result is going to be. And since the dbx system does not decode until *after* the phono preamp, this means that turntable rumble, disc-surface noise (remember regrind?), and even preamp hiss are sharply reduced.

The reason for the improvement in dynamic range I heard may not be immediately apparent. Perhaps you have noticed that if your amplifier's volume control is set to provide a really loud signal during heavily recorded passages, the softer passages are frequently smothered by noise. Obviously, if some of the noise could be eliminated, we could start to approach the range of soft-to-loud (the dynamics) heard during a live performance; this would contribute greatly to reproduction realism.

The dbx decoder used in the demonstration was a standard unit originally designed as a noise reducer for the professional tape recordist. As a disc decoder, it could be made less expensive (dbx is thinking about a $100 unit with phono preamplifier built in). You would simply plug it in between your record player and an auxiliary input and be all set. But what would you put on the turntable? I hope I have made it clear that the dbx system can do nothing for *standard* discs. For it to work, we need dbx-encoded discs—and these would *not* be playable without a dbx decoder. Who is going to manufacture such special discs? Will the dealers carry them? What program material will be available? These questions have yet to be answered.

A year or so ago Ray Dolby told me that one reason he had not pushed a Dolby system for discs is that, to be effective, it (like the dbx) would have to be *non*compatible. He did not want to introduce further confusion into a market already having trouble enough with four-channel recordings in their competing disc and tape formats. Did Dr. Dolby read the signs correctly—or did he fumble the ball at a crucial moment? Several years from now the answer should be very clear.

NOW YOU CAN RECORD ON A DOLBY CASSETTE DECK FOR 2 STRAIGHT HOURS WITHOUT FLIPPING THE TAPE.



THE TOSHIBA PT-490 WITH AUTOMATIC REVERSE.

Imagine. Recording Beethoven's 4th, 5th and 6th on one continuous taping. Or recording two hours of The Beatles from the radio without even being in the same room. Or catching yourself in duet with Brubeck and not having to stop to flip the tape.

Well, if your cassette deck is a Toshiba PT-490 with the automatic reverse feature, it's easy.

Just set the MODE dial and the machine knows exactly what you want it to do. Whether you want it to record one side of the tape and then stop. Or play and turn itself off. Or record both sides of the tape for two uninterrupted hours. Or play back the same tape indefinitely. The machine does it all for you. And it does it automatically.

In addition to reversing its own tape, the PT-490 also gives you outstanding performance and sound. That's because it comes with Dolby* noise reduction. Mechanical auto shut-off. Separate record and playback volume controls. Two large, illuminated VU-meters. And a bias selector switch for normal, hi-fi, and CrO_2 tape.

And it's one more example of the fine craftsmanship that goes into all Toshiba products.

Like our SR-80. The world's first stereo record player with an electret condenser cartridge. It reduces distortion so greatly, it may be the best 4-channel record player you can buy.

Or our SA-504. A receiver with broad 4-channel capabilities. Including RM and SQ matrixing, and discrete. And with Toshiba's BTL circuit, you can convert all 4 amplifiers to 2-channels when that's all you're using.

Or our SA-500. A 2-channel receiver whose integrated circuits are so superior, a lot of our competitors buy them from us.

So take a look at some of our products. They're among the most advanced you can find. Like the PT-490. A cassette deck that's so advanced it can even record backwards.

TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

CIRCLE NO. 52 ON READER SERVICE CARD

AUDIO BASICS

By RALPH HODGES

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS—10

● ***Direct-coupled*** usually describes an amplifier whose power-output transistors are connected directly to the speaker system, without any intervening capacitors or transformers. In a stricter technical sense, it can also refer to an amplifier that is fully direct-coupled *internally*: that is, with no capacitors or transformers anywhere in the signal path from input to output. Direct coupling generally results in less nonlinear phase shift and a frequency response down to d.c. (0 Hz). The technique is being used more and more in modern amplifiers and receivers.

● ***Discrete,*** meaning "separate" or "individually distinct," designates a four-channel system or medium in which the four channels are retained as electrically separate entities all the way from the recording studio to the playback speaker systems. The term is often used in opposition to "matrix," a technique in which the four channels are temporarily combined into two for recording purposes. (A discrete system is theoretically capable of perfect separation between channels, while current matrix systems are limited in this respect.)

All the completely discrete program sources currently available are tape systems, such as open-reel four-channel tapes and Q-8 eight-track cartridges. The CD-4 four-channel disc system is described as discrete because it offers the audible equivalent in separation between channels. However, purists point out that since CD-4 employs matrix processing during recording and reproduction, it does not fall within the strict definition of a discrete system.

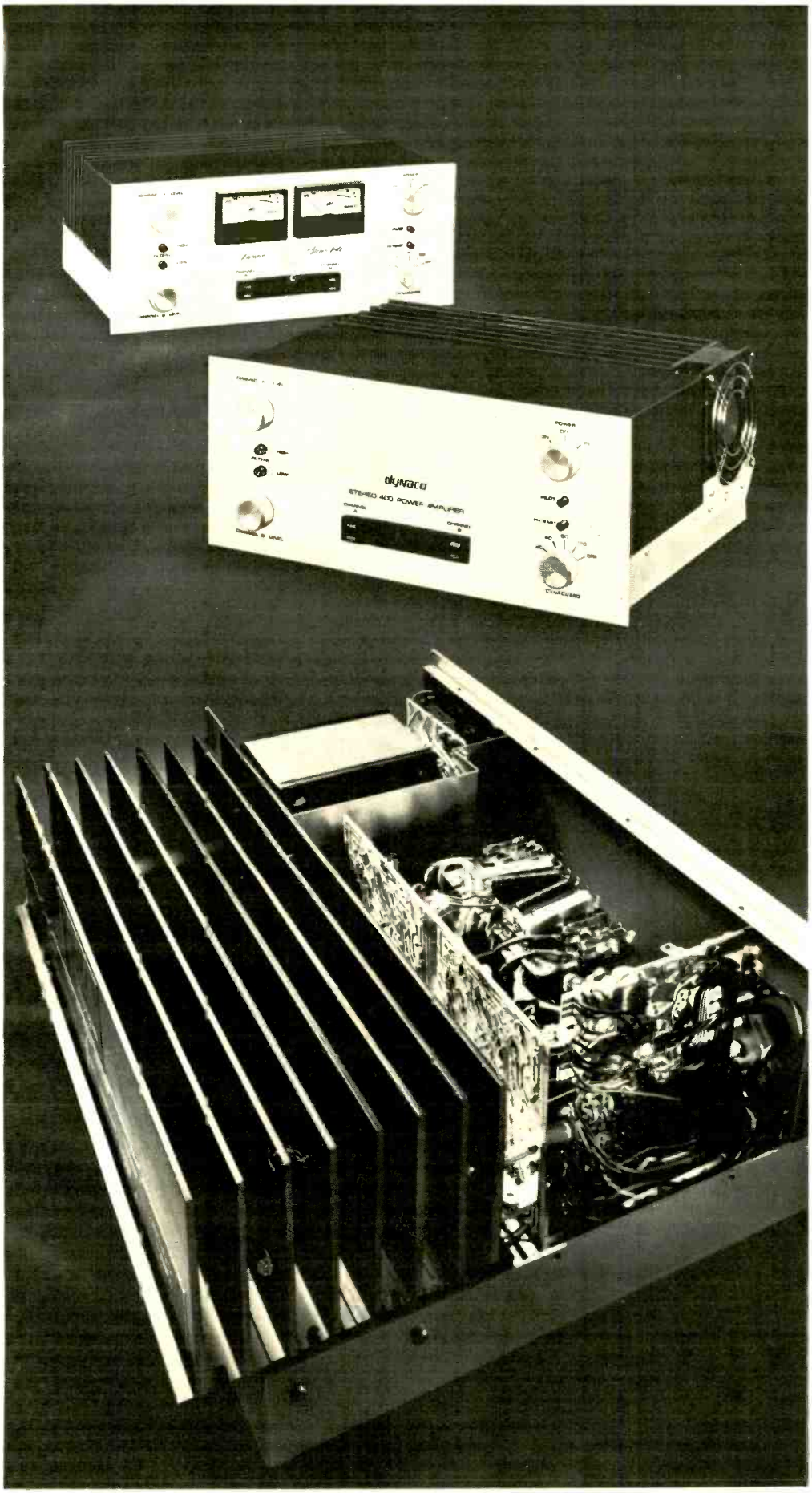
● ***Dispersion,*** as a rule, refers to the directional properties of a speaker system—the solid angle over which it radiates its output at various frequencies. This is particularly significant for high frequencies, which a conventional speaker may project straight forward in a relatively tight "beam" unless steps are taken in the design to prevent this. Wide-dispersion speakers are often credited with a "spacious" sound, probably because of the wealth of room reflections they create. On the other hand, some listeners find that speakers with narrower dispersion produce a more precise stereo image.

A second meaning for "dispersion" comes from the magnetic-tape industry, where the word describes the density and uniformity with which oxide particles are spread over a tape's surface.

● ***Distortion,*** in the broadest audio-reproduction sense, is any change in—or addition to—the original sound (usually excluding noise and hum). It can be introduced by any component in the reproduction chain, from the recording microphone to the playback speaker system. The distortions that are purely electrical in origin—especially harmonic and intermodulation (IM) distortion—usually receive the most attention in audio-component specification sheets; they will be discussed under their proper separate headings in future columns. Other forms of distortion include phase, amplitude, and frequency-response distortion, as well as more complex distortions occurring when the mechanical, electrical, or magnetic limitations of recording and reproduction devices are exceeded. These last types, often called "overload" or "overdrive" distortion, may have such causes as phono-cartridge mistracking, amplifier "clipping," or magnetic-tape saturation.

When present in audible amounts, distortion can obscure the clarity of reproduced sound and add spurious, sometimes annoying, sonic qualities. The amount of distortion is usually expressed as a certain percentage of the desired signal, with 0.5 per cent or less being typical of high-fidelity amplifiers, for example. The percentage that is audible in any given circumstance depends on the *type* of distortion as well as many other factors.

YOUR ULTIMATE AMPLIFIER



The Dynaco Stereo 400

It's all you've ever wanted in an amplifier. Power—400 watts at 8 ohms, 600 watts at 4 ohms; unsurpassed stability with any speaker; cooling capacity without equal; unmatched protection for both amplifier and speakers; and sound quality that draws raves from solid state and vacuum tube fanatics alike. A thousand square inches of heat sink—1.2 pounds of aluminum for each output transistor—plus space for an optional fan. Relay DC protection, plus exclusive DYNAGUARD™ speaker saver and a host of additional safeguards make the Stereo 400 the most reliable, as well as the best sounding amplifier extant. Optional illuminated meter kit—$75. Build it in 3 or 4 evenings with Dynaco's easy step-by-step instructions, and the simplicity of a single full color pictorial diagram. Still dubious? Send $2.50 for the detailed manual. $449 kit; $599 assembled.

Build the kit and save!

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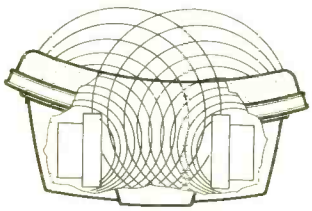
The Only Headphone with Full 4-Channel Separation

At long last, there's a quadraphonic headphone that really works: TELEPHONICS TEL-101F. Based on a technological breakthrough (the "Fixler Effect") the TEL-101F Headphone provides the ambience, separation and realism that only true quadraphonic sound can give. And no other headphone on the market uses the "Fixler Effect." It's a Telephonics' exclusive.

Modern Hi-Fi and Stereo Guide said, "The new phones put the sound outside your head in a 360 degree circle, just as loudspeakers do." In **Popular Mechanics Robert Angus** said, "Fixler Headphones — the only one we've found that really reproduces the 4-Channel speaker experience . . . the sensation was exactly that of listening to a good four channel speaker array." **Angus** also said in **FM Guide's 4-Channel Forecast** "Fixler has developed a technique for creating sound directly behind the listener, currently unobtainable with four channel headphones."



FIXLER TECHNOLOGY The patented Fixler concept features specially designed drivers positioned so that the front and rear sounds pass the ear in realistic directions. ■ For smooth, wide-range frequency response, the space between the drivers is filled with a selected foam – another Telephonics exclusive. ■ To complete the design, the signals are judiciously mixed and separated to create a whole world of sound within two 4-inch earcups.

U.S. PATENT 3609240

CONVERT STEREO TO 4-CHANNEL ■ Adding the TEL-101A QUADRAMATE™ to your "Fixler Effect" headphone lets you create 4-Channel sound from your present stereo system. ■ It's not as impossible as it seems. When a stereo recording is made, sounds reflected from the rear walls enter the microphones at different times and levels. To extract these reflected sounds and play them back through the rear headphone speakers, QUADRAMATE subtracts, adds, and mixes the stereo channels to let you hear reflected sounds from behind, where they belong.

To enjoy the full potential of your quadraphonic system, or to convert your stereo system to the quadraphonic sound, there's no substitute for the TEL-101F. It's the 4-Channel headphone designed by Fixler, and brought to life by Telephonics. The only one that really works.

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TEL-101F by Telephonics

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CIRCLE NO. 51 ON READER SERVICE CARD

TECHNICAL TALK

By JULIAN D. HIRSCH

● **WHAT IS NOISE?** Current technical standards define *noise* as "unwanted disturbances superimposed upon a useful signal that tend to obscure its information content." A further definition, applicable to audio systems, excludes from the category of "noise" the harmonics and subharmonics of the input signals, intermodulation products, and flutter or wow.

In high-fidelity systems, noise is judged by its relative audibility. Obviously, noise that cannot be heard will not obscure "information content." The principal forms of audio noise are *hiss* (which is composed of a wide band of random frequencies) and *hum* (discrete "tones" at the a.c. power-line frequency and its harmonics). Other disturbances of a transient nature—such as crackles and pops when playing records, thumps from the action of an FM interstation-noise muting circuit, or thumps and clicks caused by the operation of control switches—also fall within the definition of noise. Turntable rumble can be considered, from a subjective standpoint, as a special form of hum transposed down in frequency by one or more octaves.

Hiss is usually the most noticeable form of noise in a quality music system. Basically, it is composed of what is called "white noise," which is a "signal" whose energy is distributed uniformly over a wide range of frequencies. White noise has equal energy in each unit of bandwidth, no matter what the frequency. This means that each octave of frequency has twice as much energy as the octave below it. Hence, the noise in the band from 5,000 to 10,000 Hz has twice as much power as the noise in the 2,500- to 5,000-Hz range.

This concentration of noise power at higher frequencies explains why low-frequency random noise is not a problem. Such noise *is* present (it sounds like a muted roar), but it is at such a low level as to be inaudible in most cases. Another factor affecting audibility is the unequal sensitivity of the human ear to different frequencies, especially at low loudness levels—the Fletcher-Munson effect. A noise measurement that gave equal weight to *all* frequencies could be strongly affected by relatively inaudible disturbances at both very low and very high frequencies.

For a better correlation with the way human beings hear, a "weighting" curve is usually applied to a noise measurement. The weighting curve most commonly used for this purpose is the standard "A-characteristic," which attenuates the frequencies below 500 Hz in a prescribed manner before measurement.

TESTED THIS MONTH

●

Harman/Kardon 900+ Receiver
JBL L100 Speaker System
Pilot 211 AM/Stereo FM Tuner
Pioneer RT-1020L Tape Deck

The highest audio frequencies are also cut back, though to a much smaller degree. Noise energy in the 1,000- to 10,000-Hz range, which is most objectionable to the listener, is given the most "weight" in the measurement.

Another important factor in noise perception is the phenomenon of *masking*. Low-level sounds (most hi-fi noise falls into this category) are literally drowned out and rendered inaudible by the presence of louder sounds. In the case of a low-level single-frequency noise, such as a hum or whistle, the masking effect is greatest when the two signals are close in frequency. However, at the listening levels encountered in home music reproduction (greater than 60 dB SPL) the masking effect extends over a much wider range of frequencies, with the music tending to mask higher-frequency (but lower-level) noise components.

The masking effect can easily be demonstrated by playing a record with an audible noise level (it should not be too difficult to find!). Before the pickup stylus contacts the record, increase the amplifier volume-control setting until a faint hiss and/or hum can be heard. (If you are one of the fortunate few unable to achieve this condition—or can only achieve it at a *very* high volume setting—be assured that most music systems do have *some* audible background noise with a high, but usable, volume-control setting.)

When the pickup is lowered (gently!) to a quiet groove between bands, there will usually be a transient thump, followed by a noticeable increase in noise level. If a low-frequency, hum-like noise appears at this time, the turntable probably has some rumble (it is not unknown, of course, for records themselves to have appreciable rumble and similar noises molded in). Once the music starts, notice that the hiss and hum can no longer be heard (unless the program level is very low). Even a fairly noisy record or FM broadcast may appear to be noise-free while the program level is high. However, during a pause or a low-level passage, the noise will become quite evident, and possibly even objectionable.

The noise level of modern phonograph records is usually low, the rumble of many modern turntables is negligible, and with reasonably good open-reel recorders and the better cassette machines, tape hiss can be held to a level no higher than that of records. Amplifier noise is usually low enough that it can be ignored. It would seem reasonable, then, to wonder why so many people are concerned about audio-system noise, and why so much effort is going into developing methods of reducing or eliminating it.

It seems to me that the explanation lies in the ever-higher standards set by

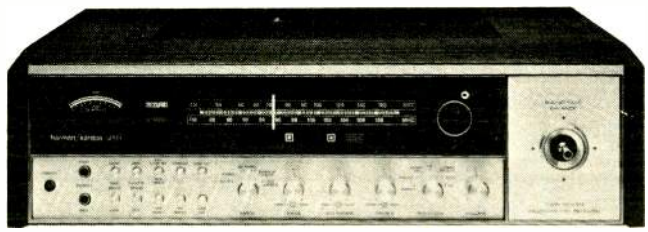
dedicated audio enthusiasts and music lovers, and by the people who design the equipment and create the records they listen to. Low as the noise level of many music systems may be, it can almost always be heard under *some* conditions. This is especially true when one tries to listen to music at a natural level in the confines of the home. Super-power amplifiers and rugged speakers make this possible, and under optimum conditions the results can be breathtaking. Unfortunately, when the system gain is high enough for such listening levels, even a fairly *low* noise level in the program material becomes very audible. Anyone who has heard music emerging at full volume from an utterly silent background will not readily accept a "normal" background noise level.

The noise problem is being attacked on several fronts. Improved record materials and cutting and pressing techniques, combined with noise-reduction systems in the transfer from tape to disc, have achieved impressive improvements in record sound quality (listen to records made ten years ago, as compared with recent releases, if you doubt this). Electronic circuit designers have devoted considerable effort to keeping the amplifier effectively out of the noise picture, and with notable success. Noise-reducing techniques for home equipment have been developed that greatly reduce the noise added to a program in the process of tape recording and playback as well as in FM broadcasting. And, in addition, some progress has been made in removing noise already present in the program—without affecting frequency response or other characteristics.

EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

Harman/Kardon 900+ AM/FM Four-Channel Receiver



● The 900+ is Harman/Kardon's finest AM/FM four-channel receiver. It features a built-in CD-4 demodulator, two SQ-matrix characteristics, and an "enhanced-stereo" mode for deriving rear-channel signals from a conventional stereo program. The FM tuner section employs H/K's "quieting meter," which indicates the relative signal-to-noise ratio of a received signal. The audio amplifiers, rated at 35 watts per channel in the four-channel mode, can be switched to a two-channel stereo mode to provide increased power output per channel.

When the tuner functions are in use, the "blackout" dial area becomes a multi-colored display of AM and FM dial scales. Indicator lights below the dial scales identify the receiver's operating mode. A numeral—1 or 2—corresponds to mono or stereo operation. In any of the matrix-decoding modes, a "4-2-4" legend signifies that the four output channels have been decoded from a two-channel form. In ENHANCED STEREO mode, the legend reads "2-4," and in a discrete (or CD-4) mode it is "4-4." Playing a CD-4 record also causes a red "CD-4" to appear on the panel. Also in the tuning-dial area are the red STEREO indicator for FM, and a yellow IN TUNE indicator that becomes visible only when an FM station is tuned correctly. For AM tuning, the large FM quieting meter becomes a conventional relative-signal-strength meter.

Below the dial there are front- and rear-channel headphone jacks, an illuminated POWER pushbutton switch, and a group of ten pushbutton controls. Four of them activate the MAIN and REMOTE front and rear speakers. Two are for tape monitoring—the 900+ can accommodate a four-channel recorder plus a two-channel recorder (actually, two four-channel recorders, but with off-the-tape monitoring capability for only one). The two-channel tape inputs and outputs are also usable for an external Dolby noise-reduction unit. The other buttons control the high- and low-cut filters, loudness compensation, and FM muting.

The MODE switch selects MONO, STEREO, SQ MATRIX 1 and 2, ENHANCED STEREO, and CD-4/DISCRETE operation, simultaneously lighting the appropriate numbers under the dial scale. The SQ 1 position provides the "original" SQ matrix, with full left-right separation but very limited front-rear separation. In SQ 2, there is some blending of left and right channels, along with a substantial improvement in front-rear separation.

The Harman/Kardon 900+ has three tone controls—bass, mid-range, and treble. Each has two concentric sections for independent adjustment of front and rear channels. The FUNCTION switch selects the input source: PHONO 1, PHONO 2, STEREO FM (with automatic switching to mono), FM (mono only), DISCRETE FM/AUX 1, AUX 2, and AM. The DISCRETE FM/AUX 1 input is a four-channel input which could be used with an external four-channel discrete FM decoder should such a system be approved and hardware become available. The last knob on the panel is the master volume control, and the right end of the panel is occupied by a "joystick" four-channel balance control.

On the rear apron, beside the expected inputs and outputs, are two knurled control shafts for the CD-4 separation adjustments. These are used with the special test record provided to optimize the left and right front-to-rear separation for the particular phono cartridge used. There are terminals for 75- and 300-ohm FM antennas and an external AM antenna, as well as a pivoted AM ferrite-rod antenna. A 4-CH FM OUT jack is provided for that hypothetical four-channel converter, and a control shaft adjusts the FM interstation-noise muting threshold. There is a slide switch to convert the audio outputs from four-channel operation to "bridged" two-channel operation. Each speaker output, as well as the power line, is fused. One of the two a.c. outlets is switched.

The Harman/Kardon 900+, in its handsomely styled walnut cabinet, is 20⅛ inches wide, 6¼ inches high, and 17 inches deep; it weighs about 40 pounds. Price: $749.95, including a 12-inch CD-4 test/demonstration record.

● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** With all channels driven with a 1,000-Hz test signal into 8-ohm loads, the output waveform clipped at 41.3 watts per channel. With only the two front channels driven, the power at clipping was 71.5 watts per channel into 4 ohms, 47.5 watts into 8 ohms, and 27.6 watts into 16

(Continued on page 34)

anatomy of the total performers

If you take apart one of TDK's new Dynamic-series cassettes, you might think it looks pretty simple. Five screws. Two hubs. A length of tape. Two rollers. Two cassette shell halves. A few other parts. What's so complicated about that?

Plenty! Unlike open reel tape, a tape cassette becomes an integral part of your recorder. Not just electromagnetically, but also mechanically. So in addition to good sound reproduction capabilities, a cassette must be an absolutely precise mechanism.

It took years of research, development and testing to produce the present-day TDK cassette. The result is a unique combination of superior electromagnetic characteristics and mechanical precision that make TDK cassettes completely compatible with any cassette recorder. And it permits them to deliver total sound reproduction and mechanical performance unequalled by any other cassette you can buy today.

Take the tape, for example. TDK cassette tapes are coated with exclusive formulations of ferric oxide powders in special binders, using proprietary TDK methods which result in the most desirable electromagnetic characteristics. Not just full-range frequency response and high-end sensitivity, but the proper balance of all the other characteristics essential to the faithful reproduction of "real-life" sound. Like high MOL (Maximum output level). Broad dynamic range. Wide bias tolerance. High signal-to-noise ratio. Low modulation and bias noise. Low print-through. Good erasibility.

The housing is precision-molded of high-impact styrene. The transport mechanism uses tapered and flanged rollers with stainless steel pins, all-felt pressure pad, silicone-impregnated liners, and two-point hub clamps. Features first introduced by TDK. And all parts are manufactured to extremely fine tolerances to assure trouble-free operation and to resist jamming, stretching, warping and tangling.

What does all this mean to you? Just that when you record on one of TDK's new Dynamic-series "total performer" cassettes, you can be sure of getting everything! All the highs and lows. All the important harmonics, overtones and transient phenomena. All the natural richness, fullness and warmth of the original performance. Plus reliable, trouble-free mechanical operation.

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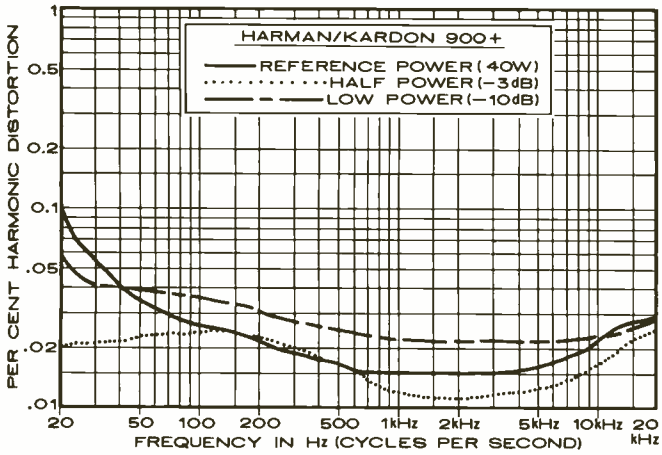
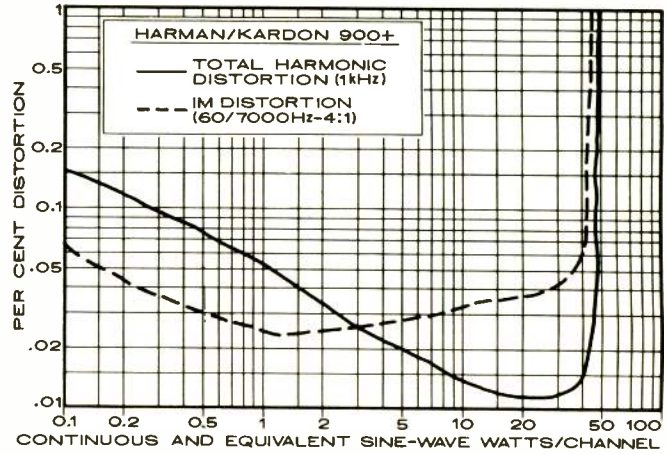
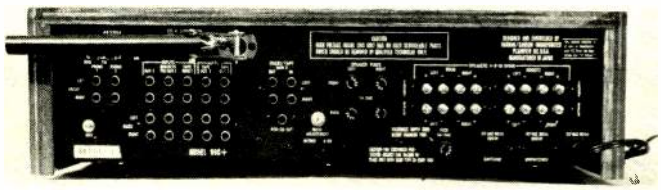
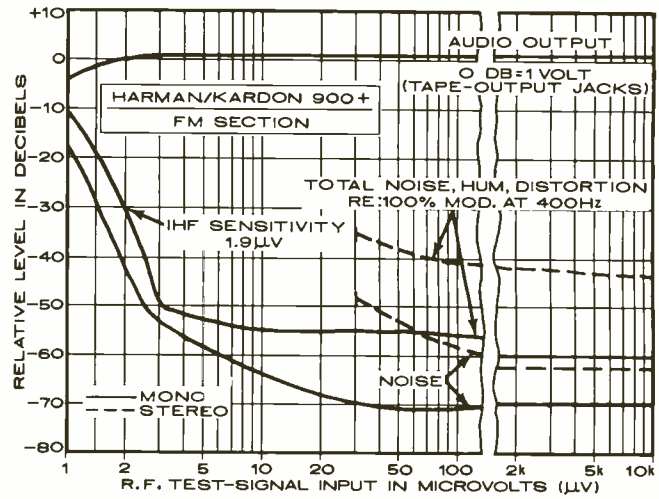




Note: curves were made with the receiver in the four-channel mode, with two channels driven (one measured) to equal power outputs.



Rear panel of the Harman/Kardon 900+. The "strapping" switch (with locking tab) that pairs up the four amplifiers for two-channel use is at bottom center. All four of the power amplifiers are fused.



In the graph of FM performance, the levels of both random noise and noise plus distortion are compared with the audio-output level as signal strength increases. Both mono and stereo are shown. ►

ohms. In the "bridged" mode, the output into 8 ohms was 120 watts per channel. The remaining tests were made in the four-channel mode, with only the two front channels driven.

At 1,000 Hz, the total harmonic distortion (THD) was below the noise level up to a 1-watt output (where it measured 0.052 per cent), and decreased to just over 0.01 per cent between 10 and 40 watts output before rising to 0.1 per cent at about 48 watts. The intermodulation (IM) distortion did not exceed 0.07 per cent at any power output from 40 milliwatts to above 40 watts. Using 40 watts per channel as a reference full-power output, the THD was under 0.1 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz (typically 0.02 per cent). At half power and one-tenth power, the distortion was less than 0.03 per cent at most frequencies.

The CD-4 separation adjustments also vary phono sensitivity, as is the case with most receivers with built-in CD-4 capability. With the factory settings, an input of 1.4 millivolts (mV) produced a 10-watt output, and the input overloaded at 40 mV. At the maximum setting, the sensitivity was 0.25 mV, with a 9-mV overload point. The installation instructions are specific with regard to using a low setting of these controls for stereo cartridges. Since the settings with CD-4 cartridges are in inverse proportion to the cartridge output, the system is essentially self-regulating insofar as overload is concerned. The AUX-input sensitivity was 95 mV, with overload occurring at a 3.5-volt input. We noted that phono overload caused a gentle rounding of the waveform (which produced mostly low-order harmonics) rather than the more objectionable hard clipping frequently encountered. The audio signal-to-noise ratios were 73.5 dB (AUX) and 72 dB (PHONO)—both very good.

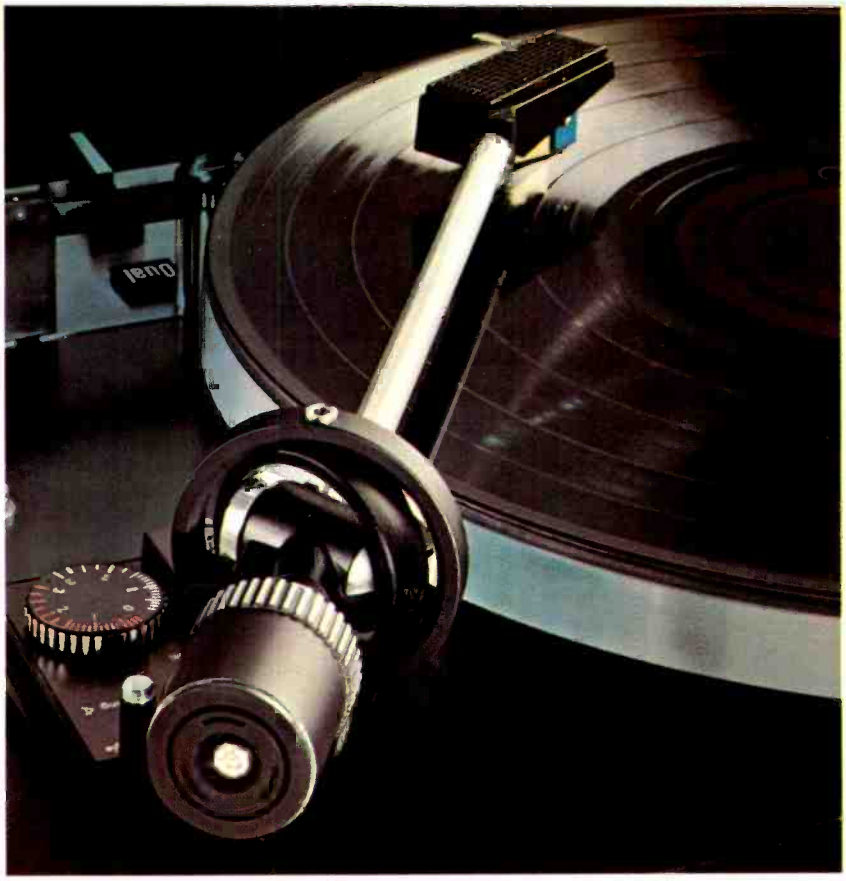
The bass and treble tone controls had conventional characteristics, with a sliding bass-inflection point and a hinged treble response. The mid-range control action centered at 1,200 Hz; partial control settings had only a slight effect, but at the extremes the result was a boost or cut of 10 dB, with all its effect confined between 700 and 2,000 Hz. The loudness control boosted only low frequencies (to a maximum of 8.5 dB), thereby avoiding the unduly heavy sound of most such systems. The filter curves, with 6-dB-per-octave slopes, were down 3 dB at 150 and 3,000 Hz.

The RIAA equalization was exact, with less than 0.25 dB variation from 100 to 13,000 Hz, falling to −2 dB at 30 and 15,500 Hz. The response cuts off sharply above 15,000 Hz because of the CD-4 low-pass filter which is always in the phono circuits. A positive byproduct of the CD-4 circuit configuration was the isolation of the RIAA equalizer from the cartridge inductance. As a result, the cartridge had a negligible effect on the phono input's high-frequency response (about 1 dB, in the worst case). Since most preamplifier sections show a 2- to 6-dB high-frequency loss from this effect, the 900+ should have a phono high-frequency performance that is as good as, or better than, most units, despite the cutoff at 15,000 Hz.

The FM tuner had an IHF sensitivity (in mono) of 1.9 microvolts (μV), reaching 50 dB of quieting at 2.5 μV with 0.85 per cent distortion. The stereo muting threshold was about 30 μV, and 50 dB of quieting was reached in stereo at 35 μV, with 1.6 per cent THD. The ultimate quieting (at 1,000 μV) was 70 dB in mono and 62.5 dB in stereo, and distortion at those points was 0.11 per cent in mono and 0.8 per cent in stereo. The capture ratio (0.8 dB at 1,000 μV, 1.8 dB at 10 μV), AM rejection (64 dB), and image rejection (92 dB) were well above average. The alternate-channel selectivity was a good 58 dB. FM interstation-noise muting occurred between 2.5 and 4 μV with the factory settings; the control

(Continued on page 38)

Dual tonearms allow the most advanced cartridges to track accurately and gently. Gyroscopic gimbal suspension as used in 1229 and 1218 is best known way to balance precision instruments. Stylus pressure, applied around pivot, keeps perfect dynamic balance. Separate anti-skating scales for conical and elliptical styli achieve perfect tracking balance on each wall of the stereo groove.



Unlike conventional automatic tonearms, the 1218 and 1229 track records at the original cutting angle. The 1229 parallels single records, moves up to parallel changer stack. The 1218 has similar adjustment in the cartridge housing.

People who are really serious about their records are the best ones to ask about turntables.

Most people who plan to buy components turn to a friend who knows something about high fidelity. If the friend is a reader of this magazine, that's good. If the friend happens to review recordings, that's even better.

Record reviewers select their turntables with great care, because they listen with great care: to such things as the interpretations of the artists; to the recording and microphone techniques; and to the quality of the record surface.

They know that what they hear (or don't hear) often depends on the turntable. Which is why so many of them select Dual. From long experience, they know the many ways a Dual differs from other turntables.

It takes more than features.

The tonearms of the Dual 1229 and 1218 are not only suspended in true, twin-ring gyroscopic gimbals, but each gimbal is hand-assembled and checked with special instruments. This assures that every gimbal will meet Dual's stringent specifications for bearing friction. (Vertically, less than 0.007 gram.)

Only by our maintaining this kind of tolerance can you set tonearm calibrations for stylus pressure and anti-skating with perfect accuracy.

Other Dual features are built with similar precision. The rotor of every motor is dynamically balanced in all planes of motion. Additionally, each motor pulley and drive wheel is examined with special instruments to assure perfect concentricity.

The Dual guarantee.

Despite all their precision, Dual turntables are quite rugged and virtually foolproof. So we're not rash when we include a full year guarantee on both parts and labor.

Dual turntables may seem expensive at first, but not when you consider your present and future investment in records.

And now that you know what the professional listeners know, doesn't it make sense to own what they own?

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We think you'll find it easier to judge Technics speakers when you know how they're designed. How they perform. And the best way to listen to them.

Technics speakers are designed to be neutral. Designed to reproduce sound precisely, accurately, impartially. Without emphasizing one range of frequencies at the expense of another. Because tone shading is better left to the controls on your amp or receiver.

The performance you can expect from Technics speakers is indicated by their impressive roster of specifications. Which we've stated in meaningful terms in the chart.

Model	T-200	T-300	T-400	T-500
Freq. Resp.: free field	44-18kHz ±3dB −10dB at 35Hz	40-20kHz ±3dB −10dB at 30Hz	38-20kHz ±3dB −10dB at 28Hz	35-20kHz ±3dB −10dB at 25Hz
Dispersion: on axis-1m.	120° at 10,000 Hz	160° at 10,000 Hz	180° at 10,000 Hz	180° at 10,000 Hz
Power: minimum max. music max. 400Hz	10 watts 100 watts 40w-5 min.	10 watts 100 watts 50w-5 min.	10 watts 100 watts 90w-5 min.	10 watts 100 watts 100w-5 min.
Sensitivity: 3,000 cu. ft.	10w = 90dB SPL	10w = 90dB SPL	10w = 92dB SPL	10w = 92dB SPL
Drivers: woofer midrange tweeter supertweeter	10" 1¾"	10" 3" 2"	12" 5" 3½" 2-2"	2-10" 5" 2-1¾" 2-2"
Controls: normal/−3dB	tweeter	tweeter midrange	tweeter midrange	tweeter midrange
Enclosure: oiled walnut fully sealed	H-21¾" W-12" D-10½"	H-24⅜" W-13¾" D-12½"	H-27" W-15" D-13¼"	H-29" W-18¾" D-14½"

Still, we know you don't buy specs. You buy sound. And that's something people measure better than machines. So, when you make your listening test, be objective:

1. Use components that are similar to your own. **2.** Be alert for acoustic differences between the demo room and your listening room. **3.** Compensate for unequal speaker efficiencies. **4.** Listen to a wide variety of music—like jazz, classical, vocal, rock . . . everything. So you can hear how the speaker handles the entire frequency range. **5.** Evaluate these sonic characteristics: pitch, dynamics, depth, directionality, ambiance and timbre. **6.** Concentrate on one instrument. You should be able to follow it even through complex passages. And its reproduction should compare to its live sound. **7.** Check the dispersion. Listen for highs as you walk a 180° arc in front of the speaker. They should be sharp and clean in at least 120°.

We want you to give Technics speakers this demanding test because we're confident that they will stand up to other speakers. Even ones with bigger reputations.

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in the rear provided a range from 2/3.6 μV to 38/48 μV (the two figures represent the turn-off and turn-on signal levels for the muting circuits).

The stereo FM frequency response was almost perfectly flat from 30 to 10,000 Hz, rising to +0.7 dB at 15,000 Hz. In spite of the lack of any rolloff at the high end, the 19-kHz pilot-carrier rejection was an excellent 69 dB. The stereo channel separation was very uniform across the frequency range—about 28 dB at low and middle frequencies, and still 20 dB at 15,000 Hz. The AM frequency response was also better than we are accustomed to seeing—within ±1 dB from 200 to 3,800 Hz, rising to +4 dB at 100 Hz, and down 6 dB at 48 and 5,500 Hz.

● ***Comment.*** The overall excellence of the Harman/Kardon 900+ FM tuner is complemented by its highly effective tuning indicator and muting system. The IN TUNE light comes on only when the station is tuned "on the nose." Since it is much easier to see than the pointer of the quieting meter, the latter is useful chiefly for orienting a directional antenna. The interstation muting is positive and thump-free. The rather high stereo-threshold level (of our sample, at least) may prevent reception in stereo of some otherwise usable signals, but it is a guarantee that any station heard in stereo will be heard properly, with low noise and distortion.

The FM dial scale, with its linear distribution of frequencies, is numbered only at 2-MHz intervals. The calibration is quite accurate, permitting station frequencies to be estimated with relative ease, but we would have preferred closer calibration intervals on a tuner of this quality. AM radio listeners will find the sound of the 900+ to be far above the norm, with none of the muffled, constricted quality typical of most AM-tuner sections.

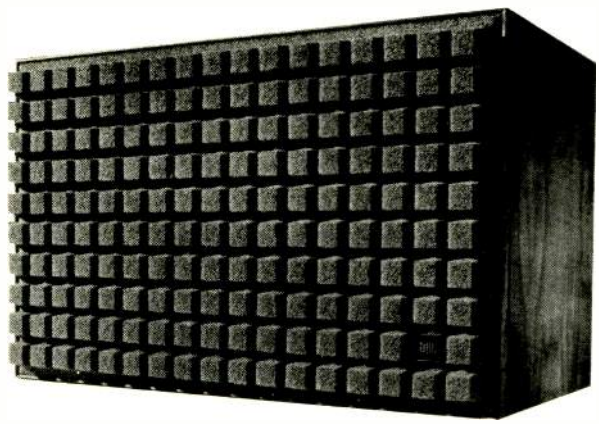
The power and low distortion of the audio amplifiers speak for themselves. The CD-4 demodulator requires no carrier-level adjustment, unlike most we have used. The separation adjustments require only a few seconds, using the record supplied with the receiver. Having the adjustments in the rear, yet accessible, seems to be an ideal arrangement, since there is little likelihood of their settings being disturbed once set.

We were concerned about the possibility of phono overload because of the somewhat limited "headroom" of the phono preamplifier. By comparing the outputs of the CD-4 cartridge and the preamplifier output on an oscilloscope, we determined that even the highest velocities on our test records (30 cm/sec) did not cause any clipping. Any other CD-4 cartridge should be equally safe, but the manufacturer's instructions for setting phono gain with conventional stereo cartridges should be followed carefully. In listening tests with CD-4 records and cartridges, the sound was as good as we have heard from other similarly equipped receivers, or even from separate demodulators.

Although the SQ matrix is without logic assistance, the ability to optimize separation either for the left-right or front-back directions does help to get the best possible results from any given record (short of that obtainable with logic, of course). No RM matrix is provided. Unlike most "derived" back-channel systems, which use the stereo "difference" (L − R) signal for that purpose, in the ENHANCED-STEREO mode the 900+ shifts the phase of each stereo channel, in opposite directions, by 90 degrees to derive the back channels. This is not only very effective with stereo programs, but it works well even with mono program material.

Circle 105 on reader service card

JBL L100 Speaker System



● THE JBL L100 Century speaker system has enjoyed great popularity, both here and abroad, since its introduction several years ago, and we have recently tested a late model of the same unit. The JBL L100 is an 8-ohm, three-way system using a 12-inch woofer in a ported cabinet. There is a crossover at 1,500 Hz to a 5-inch cone mid-range driver and at 6,000 Hz to a 1.4-inch cone tweeter. The walnut enclosure is 23½ x 14¼ x 13⅝ inches, and the system weighs about 45 pounds. The acoustically transparent sculptured-foam grille snaps off to reveal the drivers and two level controls. Marked PRESENCE and BRILLIANCE, each control has an indicated "flat" setting with a control range of up to ±3 dB around that level. The speaker terminals, recessed into the back of the cabinet, are insulated spring clips. The price of the JBL L100 is $273. The grille is available in a choice of orange, blue, or brown.

● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** The integrated frequency response of the JBL L100 (with its controls set at "0") was unusually smooth and flat, within ±3 dB from 55 to almost 17,000 Hz. The bass response fell off smoothly below 60 Hz, but was still effective down to about 45 Hz. The low-frequency distortion of the L100 was quite low, under 1 per cent down to 50 Hz at a 1-watt drive level, and increasing to 6 per cent at 40 Hz and 10 per cent at 36 Hz. The speaker is quite efficient, so that 1 watt of drive produces a decidedly loud acoustic output—a sound-pressure level (SPL) of about 96 dB in the mid-range. When we increased the drive to 10 watts, the increase in distortion was not significant. It should be noted that most of the energy below 40 Hz is radiated by the port, thus making it difficult to compare the bass-distortion figures with those of a non-ported system. Suffice it to say that the bass is as clean as one could desire, and although we have measured stronger low bass from some acoustic-suspension speakers, the L100 is still a fine performer in this area. On the other hand, the L100 is at least 6 dB more efficient than an equivalent acoustic-suspension system, requiring only 0.25 watt of amplifier power in the mid-range to produce a 90-dB SPL at a distance of 1 meter.

The tone-burst response was very good, as is illustrated by the photos. In

(Continued on page 44)

ESS is shaping the future of high fidelity with a standard of loudspeaker excellence destined to be tomorrow's norm. Incorporating the revolutionary air-motion transformer invented by physicist Dr. Oskar Heil ESS speakers have broken free from bankrupt concepts of the past to achieve accuracy so dramatic they deserve to be called the loudspeakers of the future.

Presently the high fidelity industry evaluates performance of speakers with a response curve that measures the relative *loudness* of various frequencies. But our ears are not very sensitive to loudness. Most people, for example, do not realize that a mere 3 dB increase actually represents a *doubling of power* because it is heard as just perceptibly louder. On the other hand, our ears are *very* sensitive to the frequency *content* of sounds. With this faculty we can immediately recognize a friend's voice even over a crude telephone. The extraordinary sensitivity of the ear in this area can be realized by imagining yourself at a concert with the orchestra playing double forte. Amidst this avalanche of sound, a single trumpet hits a wrong note and you are immediately aware of this inaccuracy although the trumpet represents only an infinitesimal fraction of the sound power being produced.

Since our ears are so sensitive to the frequency content of sounds, even the minutest amount of frequency distortion will make us aware we are listening to a reproduction. "Listener fatigue" occurs as we unconsciously fight to ignore these distorted inaccuracies which are produced by conventional loudspeakers because, like all solids, their solid diaphragms "store" energy. "Stored" energy is what happens to piano strings when they are struck. They take in energy at the hammer's impact and "store" it, during its slow release as a sustained tone. It is this resonance that allows us to recognize a vibrating solid as a block of wood, a bell, a cymbal, or a gong. The solid diaphragms of conventional speakers have such a resonance too. This "storage" resonance is designed to be as short as possible, but because the voice coil is always pushing and pulling it is constantly being re-excited.

With the insight of a creative genius, Dr. Heil developed the air-motion transformer, a driver that does away with all these obstacles to accurate sound reproduction and achieves a level of performance never before experienced.

The ESS Heil air-motion transformer adds absolutely no coloration of its own; even the human ear, more sensitive to coloration than any instrumented test yet devised, can detect no impurity, and it is capable of transient definition beyond the ability of the ear's resolution. Listeners are immediately aware of the astonishing clarity and definition, extreme instrumental purity, and the incredible stereo breadth and imaging produced by the ESS Heil air-motion transformer.

Now there are four speakers that give you the high adventure of the ESS Heil air-motion transformer at prices surprisingly modest for systems so advanced. Each one carries a lifetime warranty on the ESS Heil transformer to the original owner. High fidelity standards of yesterday no longer apply, so hear tomorrow's state-of-the-art today at any franchised ESS dealer.

join the future
of high fidelity
with

ESS

sound as clear as light

ESS.INC. sacramento, ca. 95827

CIRCLE NO. 15 ON READER SERVICE CARD

DIGITAL COLO

Bell & Howell Schools announces an exciting at-home learning program that includes this advanced color TV with digital features . . . you build it yourself!

Simulated TV picture.

You build this revolutionary Bell & Howell 25" diagonal color TV with amazing digital features! Mail the postage-free card today for complete details, free!

You learn valuable skills in electronics through experiments and testing as you build a color television that's ahead of its time!

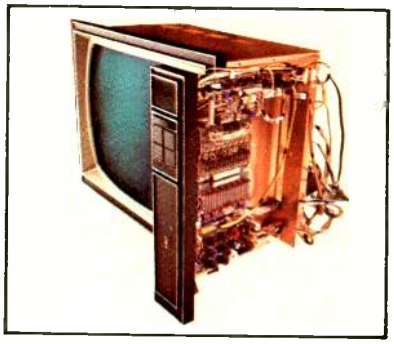
You've seen TV's that swivel, TV's with radios built in. TV's small enough to stuff in a suitcase and TV's that have remote control.

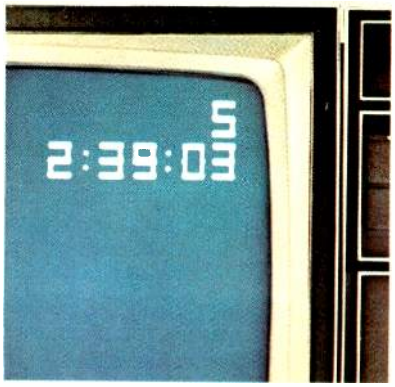
But now comes a color television with features you've *never* seen before. Features now possible as a result of the new applications of digital electronics ---- features that make Bell & Howell's 25-inch diagonal color TV ahead of its time! You learn about . . .

Channel numbers that flash big and clear right on the screen. An on-screen digital clock that flashes the time in hours, minutes and seconds with just the push of a button. An automatic channel selector that you pre-set to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

And to insure highest quality performance, this TV has silent, all-

electronic tuning, "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry, Black Matrix picture tube for a brighter, sharper picture and 100% solid-state chassis for longer life and dependability.





Perform fascinating experiments with the exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system. It's yours to build.

Designed exclusively for our students, this Bell & Howell Electro-Lab® gives you up-to-date "tools of the trade," including instruments you can use professionally after you finish the program.

A digital multimeter that measures voltage, current and resistance and displays its findings in big, clear numbers. Far more accurate and readable than conventional "needle pointer" meters

that require guesswork and interpretation.

The solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope is a "must" for accurate analysis of digital circuitry. Includes DC wideband vertical amplifier and "triggered sweep" feature to lock in signals for easier observation.

The design console is a valuable device for setting up and examining circuits without soldering! Features patented modular connectors, AC power supply and transistorized dual range DC power supply.

R TV IS HERE!

Build it yourself... the perfect way to discover the exciting field of digital electronics!

It's part of a complete learn-at-home program!

Imagine spending your spare time actually building your own 25-inch diagonal color TV! It's a project you can work on right in your home. You'll enjoy the challenge...exploring the new systems of digital circuitry and performing experiments to test what you learn.

There's no travelling to classes, no lectures to attend, and you don't have to give up your job or paycheck just because you want to get ahead. When you finish this Bell & Howell Schools program you'll have learned new skills, plus you'll have a great color TV to enjoy for years!

You need no prior electronics background!

We start you off with the basics. You'll receive a special Lab Starter Kit with your first lesson so that you can get immediate "hands on" experience to help you better understand newly-learned electronics principles. Later, you'll use your new knowledge and learn valuable skills as you build the color TV. You can take advantage of our toll-free phone-in assistance service throughout the program and also our in person "help sessions" held in 50 cities at various times throughout the year where you can "talk shop" with your instructors and fellow students.

Digital electronics is changing our lives!

There's a lot more to digital electronics than just the numbers! True, that's what you see on more and more products like digital calculators, clocks and watches. But behind the numbers lies a fantastic technology that's creating higher standards of accuracy and dependability. The versatility of digital electronics has begun another industrial revolution. Its growth and applications are giving us new and better ways of doing things and spectacular products.

Pick up valuable skills in electronics that could lead to extra income, full or part time... perhaps a business of your own!

Once you complete this learn-at-home program from Bell & Howell Schools, you'll have the specialized skills to service color TV's plus the knowledge that you can apply to repair a variety of home electronics equipment. No better or more practical at-home training in electronics is available anywhere!

These skills could open up new income opportunities for you full or part time. While many of our students do not ask for employment assistance, it is available. Of course, no assurance of income opportunities can be offered. Get the complete story on this exciting, learn-at-home program... the world's first color TV course employing digital electronics technology!

Mail card today for full details, free!

If card has been removed, write:

An Electronics Home Study School
DeVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THE
BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

Electro-Lab is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company.

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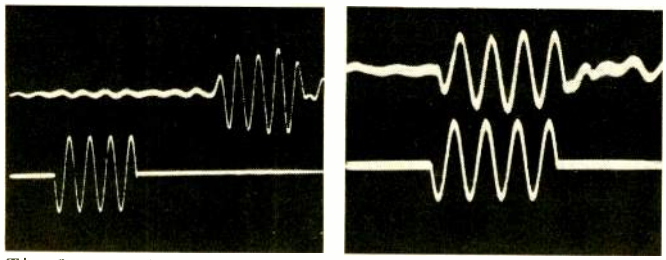


The fine tone-burst performance of the L100 is shown by the two oscilloscope photographs above, taken at 8,000 (left) and 200 Hz. The input signal appears below the output of the speaker in both.

The L100's foam grille is easily removable to give access to the mid- and high-frequency level controls. ►

each case, the lower waveform is the output of the amplifier driving the speaker, and the upper is the output of the pickup microphone (the lateral displacement represents the time required for the sound to travel to the microphone). The impedance of the L100 remained between 4 and 8 ohms over most of the 20- to 20,000-Hz range, except for the resonant rise to 40 ohms at 68 Hz. When driving more than one speaker per channel, it might be advisable to consider the L100 as a 4-ohm system.

● ***Comment.*** When we first listened to the JBL L100 (before making any tests), we recognized that it was something out of the ordinary. The smoothness and lack of coloration were unmistakable. The overall sound was open and airy—some might call it "bright," but there was not a trace of stridency or shrillness. Its high efficiency permits it to be used with relatively low-powered amplifiers, although we doubt that most users would team up a speaker such as this with any but the highest-quality amplifiers. The L100 can take power—lots of power—without damage or distortion. We drove the test units with an amplifier that delivered 400 watts on peaks with no damage to the speakers or to our sonic sensibilities.

Our simulated live-*vs.*-recorded test (which is, in effect, a test for flat response from 200 Hz on up) was a real ear opener. Most of the time, we were unable to detect the change-over from the "original" sound to its reproduction through the L100. In this important, though not definitive, test the JBL L100 ranks with the most accurate speakers we have tested—certainly no other has been better. Undoubtedly this was aided by the fact that our reference speaker (which supplies the "live" sound) is also a three-way direct-radiating system whose dispersion pattern is similar to that of the L100. The fact remains, however, that the L100 is an extraordinarily fine speaker for home hi-fi service, whether your taste runs to the classics or to rock.

Circle 106 on reader service card

Pilot 211 AM/Stereo FM Tuner

● THE Pilot 211 AM/stereo FM tuner features a blackout dial scale with linear FM calibrations and an illuminated dial pointer whose color changes from white to red when a station is tuned correctly. Separate AM and FM tuning meters are provided (the latter a zero-center type), and only the appropriate meter is illuminated. The AM/FM selector switch has a third position for FM/AFC. The MODE switch offers a choice of MONO, automatic MONO/STEREO, or STEREO ONLY reception (in which case the tuner output is muted until a stereo station is received). A stereo light below the dial scale indicates stereo reception. Pushbuttons switch in the FM MPX filter (which blends the channels at high frequencies to reduce noise on weak stereo signals), the FM MUTE system, and the POWER to the tuner. The audio-output level is controlled by a front-panel knob that affects both channels. A front-panel TAPE-OUT jack can supply signals (at a 10,000-ohm impedance level) tapped off ahead of the tuner's volume control.

On the rear apron of the Pilot 211 are the antenna terminals (for 300- and 75-ohm FM antennas, plus a wire AM antenna), a pivoting AM ferrite-rod antenna, and two a.c. outlets, one of which is switched. The audio outputs are in duplicate. A DET-OUT jack supplies an audio output, ahead of the de-emphasis and multiplex circuits, for possible use with a yet-to-be-developed four-channel discrete FM broadcasting system. A slide switch next to this jack disconnects it for normal stereo listening. The Pilot 211 tuner is supplied complete with a wooden walnut-finish cabinet 15 inches wide, 11½ inches deep, and 5⅛ inches high. Price: $199.90.

● ***Laboratory Measurements.*** The Pilot 211 surpassed all its published specifications by a comfortable margin. The IHF usable sensitivity was a very good 1.6 microvolts (μV) in mono and 5 μV in stereo. Quieting of 50 dB was achieved at 4.5 μV in mono and 33 μV in stereo. The ultimate signal-to-noise ratio (at 1,000 μV) was 69 dB in mono (rated 65 dB) and 66 dB in stereo. The capture ratio of 0.8 dB was not only considerably better than the rated 1.5 dB, but it ranked with the best we have measured.

(Continued on page 46)

The best automatic you can buy is also the hardest to get.

Making the best automatic turntable simply takes us longer. Longer to machine our 12-inch non-ferrous turntable on a lathe. Longer to dynamically balance it. Longer to precision-machine our operating cam, made of die-cast metal rather than ordinary plastic.

ELAC is more concerned with making it right than making it fast. And that's one of the reasons our Miracord 50H Mark II is harder to get than some others.

Another reason is what we put into it. For example, let's take turntable speed. We have a speed-setting control and a built-in stroboscope for accurate setting. But so do several other good automatics. What makes ours unique is the type of motor we use to maintain speed accuracy no matter what. It's called a hysteresis synchronous motor, and until now you could get one only in professional manual turntables made to broadcast standards. We use it in the 50H Mark II for precisely that reason: it maintains speed to professional standards with virtually no regard for fluctuations in line voltage. In tests, voltage variations of more than 20% up or down failed to affect our turntable speed.

This same locked-in accuracy is maintained even in the face of loads up to ten records. There's a simple way to prove this for yourself. Go to your dealer and ask to see the 50H Mark II. Put on a stack of records and set the speed by means of the illuminated strobe. Now watch it carefully as each record plays. You'll see that the speed returns to dead-on accuracy for each record.

How tough a test is this? Try it on other automatics. You'll find that their strobes will quickly develop the jitters.

Another professional feature is our unique push-button control system. Certainly, it's more pleasant to press one button than to push several levers. But we didn't design them just for convenience. We did it to avoid that inevitable initial shock other systems cause every time you start a record, resulting in arm movement and possible record damage.

Of course, even if that initial shock did occur, the arm of the 50H Mark II wouldn't be thrown by it. Because it happens to be balanced in all planes. It also has a unique method for matching anti-skating with stylus pressure and a cartridge overhang adjustment which reduces distortion and record wear.

There are many more reasons why this automatic retains its accuracy so long. And takes so much longer to make. They're all described in detail in our brochure on all the ELAC turntables... yours for the asking.

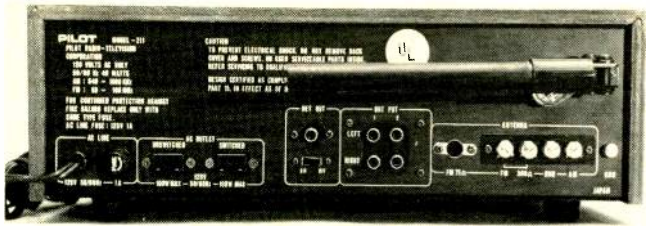
One more thing. Suppose you become convinced and want a 50H Mark II. Will you be able to find one? Well, you may have to check two or three dealers. But although the 50H Mark II may be hard to get, it's far from impossible.

ELAC Products, Benjamin Electronic Sound Company,
Farmingdale, New York 11735.

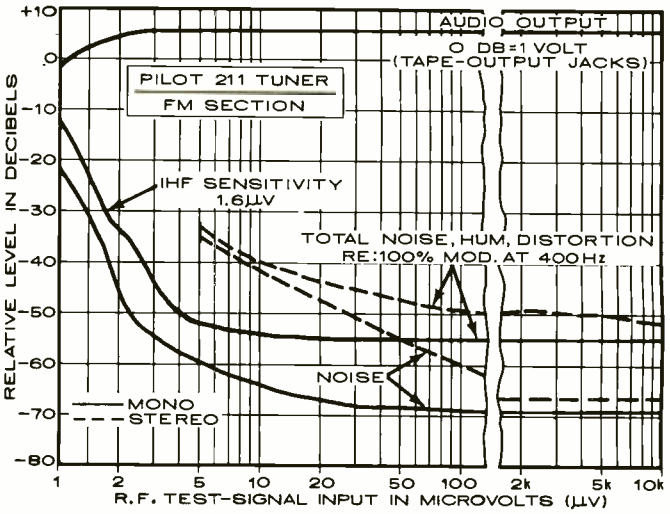
MIRACORD 50 H Mark II

ELAC You can't rush craftsmanship.

CIRCLE NO. 14 ON READER SERVICE CARD



The Pilot 211 has a rather elaborately equipped rear panel. There are two sets of audio outputs, plus an FM DET jack (in anticipation of four-channel FM), and two a.c.-line convenience sockets.



In the graph of FM performance, the levels of both random noise and noise plus distortion are compared with the audio-output level as signal strength increases. Both mono and stereo are shown. ►

The AM rejection was a good 62 dB, and the image rejection of 86 dB surpassed the rated 80 dB handily. The alternate-channel selectivity measured 82.5 dB and 63 dB above and below the signal frequency, averaging 73 dB. This is well beyond the rated 65 dB selectivity. The 19-kHz pilot carrier was suppressed by 72 dB in the audio outputs. Muting occurred gradually between signal levels of 1.1 and 11 μV, but it occasionally injected loud bursts of noise as we tuned past a station. The automatic stereo switching threshold was between 2 and 3.5 μV. There was no tendency for the tuner to drift, nor was it at all critical to tune for minimum distortion and noise. We therefore did not use the AFC, which in any case was rather mild.

The FM frequency response was an excellent ±1 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz. Stereo channel separation exceeded 27.5 dB from 250 to 15,000 Hz (about 35 dB in the mid-range), falling smoothly at lower frequencies to 12.5 dB at 30 Hz. The FM distortion was also much lower than the published ratings; we measured it as 0.17 per cent in mono and 0.32 per cent in stereo. The maximum audio output level was about 2 volts. Performance on AM was satisfactory, with the frequency response down 6 dB at 3,000 Hz, but exceptionally flat down to the lower frequencies.

● ***Comment.*** The tuning dial was reasonably accurate and the tuning-indicator pointer worked very well, providing a clearly visible indication (even from across the room) that a station was tuned correctly. However, because of the 2 MHz calibration intervals and a pointer whose width was equivalent to about 150 kHz, it was not easy to identify stations from the dial settings alone.

The Pilot 211 is an honestly—even conservatively—rated tuner, with noteworthy quality and overall performance for a unit of its price. In A-B listening comparisons between this tuner and other fine tuners and receivers, we were not able to hear any differences—which is as it should be. Overall we find the Pilot 211 to be a basically handsome and high-performance tuner selling for a comparatively modest price.

Circle 107 on reader service card

Pioneer RT-1020L Tape Deck

● PIONEER's deluxe Model RT-1020L open-reel tape deck is a three-head, three-motor machine with a four-gap playback head and four playback amplifiers. This makes it possible to play four-channel tapes as well as to record and play back in the conventional open-reel four-track stereo format. The four-gap head also permits playback of half-track stereo tapes if appropriate rear-panel connections are made.

The RT-1020L can accommodate 10½-inch small- and large-hub (NAB) reels as well as 7-inch or smaller reels. The capstan is driven by a two-speed hysteresis synchronous motor, with pushbutton selection of the 7½- or 3¾-ips tape speeds (the equalization is simultaneously changed). The reels are driven by six-pole induction motors with differential band-brakes to bring the tape to a swift stop under controlled tension. A pushbutton sets the optimum tape tension for 7- or 10½-inch reels, and another button controls the power to the recorder. The machine can be set to operate with common line voltages from 110 to 240 volts and at either 50 or 60 Hz.

The tape-transport mechanism is constructed on a heavy diecast frame and chassis plate. The tape-threading path includes a guide roller and a tape-tension arm that shuts off the motors when the tape runs out or breaks. The PAUSE switch on the transport panel stops and starts the tape without disengaging the recording interlock circuits. There is a four-digit index counter.

The lower portion of the panel contains the electronic section and the tape-transport control buttons. The latter, though they operate solenoids, are also mechanically latched. This permits the RT-1020L to be set up for recording with no power applied. An external timer switch controlling the power line can then turn it on at some selected time to make a recording in the absence of an operator. When the timer turns off (or the tape runs out), the transport shuts off and disengages completely.

The five buttons (REC, REWIND, STOP, PLAY, FAST FORWARD) can be operated with one hand, but are so designed that

(Continued on page 50)

We give you the softest soft to the loudest loud. Choose any model. You won't get 'clipped.'

Today's best recordings can reproduce music's full dynamic range, from the softest soft to the loudest loud. Most of today's popular low and moderate efficiency speaker systems can't. But BIC VENTURI™ speakers do.

A speaker's dynamic range depends mainly on its efficiency and power handling capacity. Low-efficiency speakers can't get started without a good deal of input power. And, they tend to get stifled when driven beyond their capability.

BIC VENTURI speakers are efficient! They need as little as one fifth the amplifier power of most air suspension systems for the same sound output. So, you can listen louder without pushing your amplifier to the point where it starts clipping the tops and bottoms of musical peaks.

Today's popular, low-efficiency speakers require about a 50-watt per channel amplifier to deliver lifelike sound levels. Even our Formula 2 will deliver that same sound level with only 25 watts of amplifier power; the Formula 4 with 20 watts and our Formula 6 with only 9 watts! With BIC VENTURI, your amplifier can loaf along with plenty of reserve "headroom" to reproduce musical peaks cleanly, effortlessly. It's as if your present amplifier suddenly became two to five times as powerful. BIC VENTURI can handle lots of power, too. A typical, low-efficiency system is rated for a maximum safe power input of about 50 watts. Feed it more power and you're likely to push it into distortion, or even self-destruction!

With a BIC VENTURI you can turn up the power, without distortion or speaker damage. Even our compact Formula 2 can safely handle 75 watts per channel. With that much power feeding it, it will deliver 210% more sound output than a low-efficiency system will at its power limit. Drive our super efficient Formula 6 at its maximum, and it will deliver nearly 1300% more sound power!

That's the loud half of the story. With soft music (or when you turn down the volume) you want to hear it soft. With most speakers, turn down the volume slowly and you reach a point where the sound suddenly fades out because the speakers aren't linear anymore.

But BIC VENTURI's are. The sound goes smoothly softer, without any sudden fadeout, retaining all the subtle nuances that add to the character of the music.

But, even though BIC VENTURI speakers remain linear, there is a point where your ears do not. At lower sound levels, your ears lose their bass and treble sensitivity. So, our DYNAMIC TONAL BALANCE COMPENSATION™ circuit (pat. pending) takes over. As the volume goes down it adjusts frequency response, automatically to compensate for the ear's deficiencies. The result: aurally "flat" response, always!

Our Formula 2 is the most efficient of its size. The Formula 4 offers even greater efficiency and power handling. And the most efficient is the Formula 6. Hear them at your dealer. B·I·C INTERNATIONAL, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. Div. of Avnet, Inc. Canada: C.W. Pointon, Ltd., Ont.

BIC VENTURI

CIRCLE NO. 8 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Complete your Superscope compact music system with a Superscope stereo cassette deck like the CD-302 with built-in Dolby** Noise Reduction

Superscope has done what no one else has been able to do.

Build a line of compact music systems that delivers the high fidelity performance of separate-component systems.

Back them with a strong, three-year guarantee.*

Offer them to you for as little as we do.

How did we do it? Years of experience building Marantz, the world's finest audio components, has enabled Superscope to create a new generation of compact music systems: Superscope compact music systems with true component quality at modest prices.

No other comparably-priced compact music system offers Superscope's superb stereo component circuitry featuring:

3-GANG TUNED RF CIRCUITRY AND LC FILTERING. Superscope exclusives for razor sharp reception, greater pulling power and a minimum of spurious noise. Until now found only in expensive separate tuners, never in a compact in this price range.

UNIQUE FET EQUALIZING PREAMPLIFIER. Custom matches the signals from the phonograph cartridge to the amplifier and speaker systems. Assures the performance of expensive separate components, all in one budget-priced compact.

Quadraphase circuitry. An audio refinement beyond stereo. Retrieves hidden ambience in stereo recordings and reproduces it for incomparable 4-channel sound realism.

BSR precision, three-speed automatic turntable.

Input selector. Up to six positions instead of the usual two or three. You can connect other sound sources including a TV or even a guitar. Tape inputs and outputs let you record direct from the sound source with an optional Superscope stereo tape deck.

Full-blackout, magenta, illuminated tuning dial.

Illuminated, large signal strength tuning meter. Allows faster, more precise tuning. Unique in this price range.

Superscope speaker systems. Component-quality, high fidelity speaker systems engineered by the same experts that engineer Marantz speakers. Interchangeable color grilles are available in standard brown or optional sundance orange, shadow blue and harvest gold.

Extruded aluminum front panel. And spun-aluminum knobs.

Walnut grained wood cabinetry. Real wood – not plastic.

8-Track tape player. Available in certain Superscope compact models. Features automatic program selector and tape eject switch.

Superscope's exclusive three-year guarantee.*

Superscope compact music systems are just part of the full line of reasonably-priced Superscope audio equipment at your Superscope dealer. He's in the yellow pages.

From the makers of Marantz.

SUPERSCOPE®

Listen to us.

CIRCLE NO. 54 ON READER SERVICE CARD

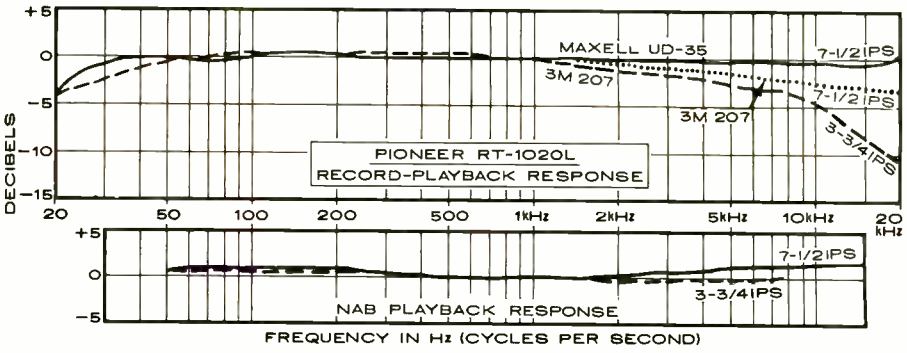
the REC and PLAY buttons won't be simultaneously pushed accidentally. A convenience, when adding new material to a portion of a recorded tape, is the ability to go from play to record while the tape is in motion. This requires pressing the REC and PLAY buttons simultaneously; touching the REC button alone shuts off the recorder. The transport functions are interlocked, with appropriate delays to prevent damage to the tape, while retaining the ability to go from any mode to any other without first pressing the STOP button.

Below the transport-control buttons are six small lever switches. Two of them activate the left and right recording circuits; by operating them singly, one can make four-track mono recordings or create sound-on-sound effects (external patch cables are required for the latter). Tape monitor switches are provided for each of the two recording channels. One of the remaining switches selects two- or four-channel playback, and the other connects the two level meters and the headphone jack to monitor either the front or rear channels in the four-channel mode.

Below these switches is the headphone jack, designed for 8-ohm phones. Two small concentric knobs adjust playback output levels separately for front and rear channels. Two small rotary switches optimize the recording bias and equalization for the tape in use. The BIAS switch has three positions: for STD (standard), LH 1, and LH 2 tapes. The last two provide successively higher bias levels for various low-noise/high-output tapes. The EQ (equalization) switch has STD and LH positions which provide different amounts of high-frequency recording boost. The instruction manual lists recommended settings of the bias and equalization switches for most standard-brand tapes.

Two large illuminated meters read both recording and playback levels; in playback they indicate the actual line output, and they are affected by the playback level controls. Below the meters are two ¼-inch phone jacks for microphones, which may have any impedance from 600 to 50,000 ohms. Above the meters are two red light-emitting diodes that indicate the recording status of each channel. To their left are the recording-level control knobs. One concentric pair adjusts the microphone-input gains, and a similar pair controls the line inputs. The two signal sources can be mixed. In the rear of the recorder are the two line inputs and four outputs, plus a DIN connector whose signal is routed through the microphone input circuits.

The Pioneer RT-1020L is supplied with a walnut wooden case, a 10½-inch metal reel, two NAB hub adapters for large reels, and other accessories such as connecting cables, splicing tape, and a head-cleaning kit. The deck can be operated horizontally or vertically; upright, it measures about 17⅜ inches wide, 17 inches high, and 9 inches deep. It weighs 46 lbs. An alternate version, the Model RT-1020H, operates at 7½ and 15 ips. Price: $649.95 for either model.



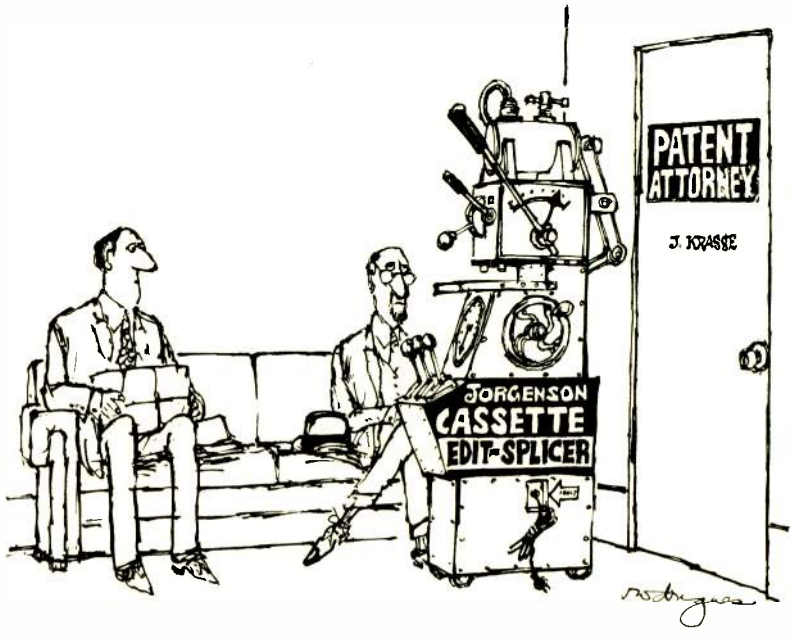
● *Laboratory Measurements.* We made our tests with 3M 207 tape, using Pioneer's recommended settings of STD bias and LH equalization. The playback frequency response, over the range of the Ampex quarter-track test tapes, was ±0.6 dB from 50 to 15,000 Hz at 7½ ips and ±0.5 dB from 50 to 7,500 Hz at 3¾ ips. All playback channels did equally well. The overall record-playback frequency response at 3¾ ips showed a gentle rolloff of the high frequencies, but it met the Pioneer specification of ±3 dB from 40 to 12,000 Hz (it was actually within ±3 dB from 20 to 12,000 Hz). At 7½ ips, the frequency response was exceptional. Although rated at ±3 dB from 40 to 20,000 Hz, we measured the 1020L as ±3 dB from 20 to 30,000 Hz, and within ±2 dB from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Furthermore, response variations stayed within ±3.5 dB over the full audio range for recording levels as high as 0 VU, which is exceptional. The response with Maxell UD-35 tape was similar, but with somewhat more high-frequency energy, varying less than ±0.5 dB from 1,000 to 20,000 Hz. We also tried 3M 111 (a "standard" tape), using STD bias and equalization, and measured a very creditable ±3 dB from 25 to 25,500 Hz. Low-frequency response with all speeds and tapes was unusually smooth and extended.

Measurements of the effects of the bias and equalization switches, using the 3M 207 tape, showed that a change of 3 to 5 dB could be expected in the 10,000- to 20,000-Hz octave over the range of bias adjustment. The EQ switch was more dramatic in its effect, with 10 dB more recording boost (and correspondingly less "headroom" before overload) at 20,000 Hz with STD equalization.

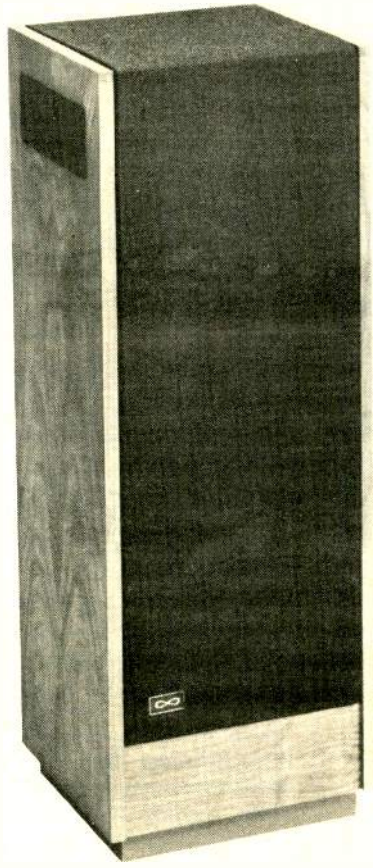
A line input of 44 millivolts, or 0.19 millivolt at the microphone inputs, provided a 0-VU recording level on the meters. The line output from this input (in the SOURCE position of the selector) was 325 millivolts; switching to the TAPE/PLAY position dropped the output to about 300 millivolts. The available headphone volume, even with 200-ohm phones, was considerably greater than we have encountered with most tape recorders.

For a 1,000-Hz test signal recorded at a 0-VU level, the total harmonic distortion in playback was a low 0.7 per cent (rated less than 1 per cent) at 7½ ips,

(Continued on page 52)



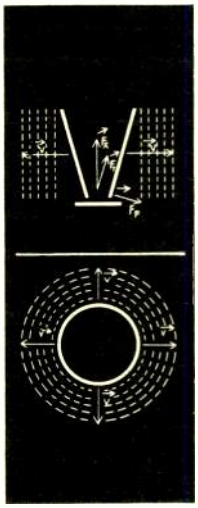
Infinity introduces the wave of the future.



Throughout history, a few ingenious men have had insights into the nature of things that were inherently perfect. Insights like the law of gravitation or the theory of relativity.

Lincoln Walsh had just such an insight. By cutting through the complexity and compromise of existing acoustic design theory, he touched upon the basic truths of sound reproduction and discovered how to create the perfect loudspeaker. In 1969, Lincoln Walsh was issued U.S. Patent No. 3424873 on his new concept – a concept so radically different that it's still the only speaker design currently available that can't be found in any known acoustic textbook.

After more than two years of extensive research and testing, we at Infinity have translated and extended the Walsh "perfect loudspeaker" concept into the world's most perfect high frequency reproducer.* We call it the wave transmission line tweeter, and we believe it heralds the beginning of a whole new era in sound reproduction.



By utilizing the Walsh design principle, a speaker can now be produced that finally achieves what acoustic engineers have for years considered the unattainable ideal - a perfectly coherent sound source. Acting like a pulsating cylinder, the Infinity wave transmission line tweeter is, like a laser beam, both spatially and temporally coherent - a fact no other speaker design can honestly claim. It is completely transient perfect - a fact no other speaker design can honestly claim. With frequency response that goes beyond 38 KHz, horizontal dispersion of 360° and vertical dispersion of 60°, the room coverage of all high frequency information is virtually perfect - a fact no speaker design can honestly claim.

What does the Infinity wave transmission line tweeter sound like? No advertising adjectives, no sonic superlatives will do. You must personally experience it before its startling impact on the art of sound reproduction can be truly appreciated. Once you do, we think you'll agree that the Walsh "pulsating cylinder" is the wave of the future.

The new Infinity Monitor (pictured) and the more recently introduced 2000 AXT both feature the new Infinity wave transmission line tweeter.

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*Manufactured by Infinity under license of Ohm Acoustics Corporation.

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Pioneer RT-1020L Tape Deck . . .

(Continued from page 50)

and 1.2 per cent at 3¾ ips. The 3 per cent standard-reference level of distortion required an input of +12 dB at the higher speed and +11 dB at the lower speed. The unweighted signal-to-noise ratios, referred to 0 VU, were respectively 47 and 48 dB at the two speeds. When referred to the 3 per cent distortion level, the signal-to-noise ratio of the RT-1020L was 59 dB at either speed (rated better than 55 dB). The microphone preamplifiers were unusually quiet, increasing the noise by only 3 dB at their maximum gain.

The wow was negligible—in effect, it was at the test-tape residual of less than 0.02 per cent. The unweighted flutter (rms) was 0.1 per cent at 7½ ips and 0.13 per cent at 3¾ ips, exactly as rated. The operating speeds of our test sample were slightly fast: we estimate they would cause a timing error of 6 to 10 seconds in 30 minutes. In fast forward or rewind, 1,800 feet of tape was handled in 82 seconds. When the RT-1020L is in fast forward or rewind, pressing the PLAY button brings the tape to a stop in about 0.5 second. After a pause of 4 to 5 seconds, it goes to the selected playing speed. The recording-level meters responded more slowly than standard VU meters, reaching 70 per cent of a steady-state reading with a 0.3-second tone burst (as compared with 99 per cent for a VU meter).

● *Comment.* The Pioneer RT-1020L operated with impressive smoothness and silence. It had an aura of precision manufacture that was consistent with its performance. We did find a minor human-engineering annoyance: when threading the tape (especially hurriedly) through the guide-roller assembly we tended to engage the pause lever inadvertently. We have been informed by Pioneer that current models of the RT-1020L have a guide-roller arm that locks out of the way when pushed counterclockwise, and this change should help the situation.

Although, at 3¾ ips, there was some loss of the higher frequencies that was occasionally audible on FM broadcast material, the RT-1020L at 7½ ips was simply superb. At that speed, even FM interstation hiss could be recorded and played back without audible change. The exceptional recording "headroom" of the RT-1020L, especially with LH equalization, makes it practical to record with average maximum program levels of 0 dB with little chance of tape saturation on peaks.

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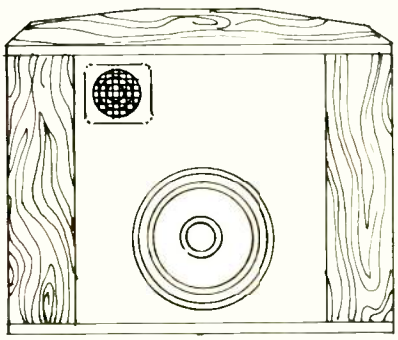
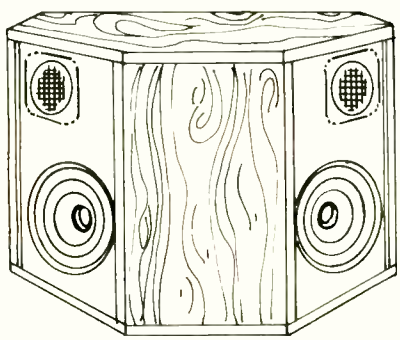


The KLH Model Twenty-Eight is, in effect, three complete loudspeaker systems in one. As you can see, it is almost triangular in shape. Each side has its own high frequency driver and woofer.

REAR VIEW



This geometric array of speakers combined with a versatile "Acoustic Projection" control system accounts for the Twenty-Eight's unique performance characteristics.

The Twenty-Eight radiates *full spectrum* sound in *three* directions, forming a near perfect *cylindrical wavefront.* This means you can sit anywhere in a room and hear absolutely balanced sound with full dispersion at all frequencies.

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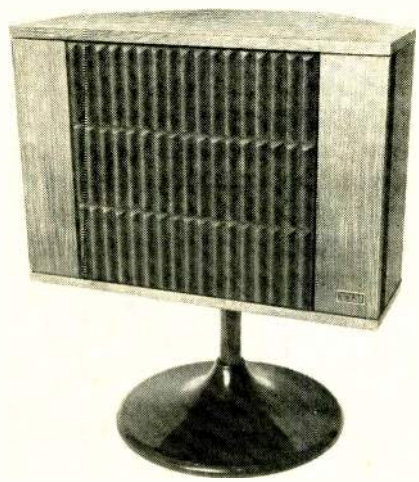

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†*Slightly higher in the South and West.*


Betty Smith Assoc.

MELCHIOR RETURNS TO THE MET

By William Livingstone

THE animosity that existed between Rudolf Bing and the late Wagnerian tenor Lauritz Melchior is well known even to opera fans too young to have heard Melchior at the Metropolitan Opera. When Bing became general manager of the Met in 1950, he did not renew the contract of the Danish singer many consider to have been the greatest heroic tenor of this century, if not of all time. Melchior never returned to the Met, not even to attend a performance.

Bing left the Met at the end of the 1971-1972 season, and in a sense Melchior has now returned, for when he died (March 18, 1973), he left the company a portrait of himself as Tristan, the role he had sung most often there. The portrait, painted by Nikol Schattenstein in 1937, was gratefully accepted by the current management, and in March of this year it was hung in the opera-house gallery, a permanent exhibit of portraits of operatic composers and past members of the company—great singers, conductors, and general managers (the collection also contains a bust of Bing).

Appropriately, Melchior's portrait was hung beside that of Kirsten Flagstad, the Norwegian soprano with whom he frequently sang, and when it was unveiled, the board of directors of the Metropolitan held a small reception for its first public showing. Langdon Van Norden, vice chairman of the board, made a brief address accepting the painting from Melchior's estate, along with the sword, horn, and ring he used in *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.

Francis Robinson, assistant manager of the Met, also spoke, outlining Melchior's career. The singer was born March 20, 1890, in Copenhagen and made his operatic debut in that city in 1913 as a baritone. After further study, he made his tenor debut in 1918. He made his first appearance at the Met in 1926, as Tannhäuser, and remained with the company for twenty-four seasons. Although he sang and recorded the work of other composers (see review elsewhere in this issue), Melchior was primarily an interpreter of Wagner. In all he sang 971 performances of seven Wagner operas, 476 of them with the Met.

After citing the encomiums heaped on Melchior during his career, Mr. Robinson, an accomplished raconteur, illustrated the human side of the artist with a few anecdotes. Melchior was notorious for his rhythmic inconsistency, and when he made his Covent Garden debut, the conductor Bruno Walter said, "All right, Melchior, my left hand is exclusively yours. When I wave like this, start singing, and when I wave like that, stop." Fritz Stiedry, who conducted him often at the Met, was quoted as having said, "He may be inconsistent in rhythm, but he's consistent in other ways: once he learns a mistake, he never forgets it!"

Mr. Robinson pointed out that Melchior received poor reviews at his Met debut, but his co-star, Maria Jeritza, was highly praised. He then introduced Mme. Jeritza and a number of Melchior's other colleagues who were present for the ceremonies, including Bidú Sayão, Alexander Kipnis, and Osie Hawkins, who is now executive stage manager at the Metropolitan. There was a touching moment when Mme. Jeritza, the Met's first Turandot, embraced Anna Case, who sang Sophie in the Met's first *Rosenkavalier* in 1913. Both ladies are well into their eighties, and both still go to the opera regularly.

MELCHIOR never lost his interest in opera either, and for a long time after leaving the Met, he continued to sing in concerts and films and on records. On his seventieth birthday he sang a performance of *Die Walküre* with the Danish State Radio Orchestra. And in 1968 he organized the Heldentenor Foundation to assist young tenors preparing for operatic careers.

He never concealed the bitterness he felt over the abrupt termination of his Metropolitan career and the fact that throughout Bing's long regime he was not invited to a single performance. The last months of his life were brightened, however, by a gracious invitation from the Met's present general manager, Schuyler Chapin, who wrote to Melchior at the beginning of the 1972-1973 season and asked if the tenor would be his guest at a forthcoming Wagnerian performance. Melchior was deeply moved, but he had already suffered a stroke and did not recover sufficiently to accept the invitation. In any case, the breach was finally healed, and now, spiritually at least, the Heldentenor has come home.

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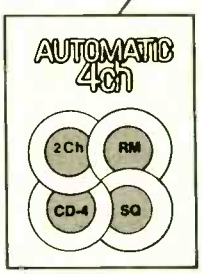

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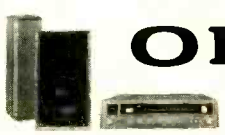

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GOING ON RECORD

By JAMES GOODFRIEND
Music Editor

SUPPORTING OPERA

THE financial plight of the Metropolitan Opera, which has been living on borrowed time and money for years, has finally become a national issue. Early this past March, the National Endowment for the Arts, on the recommendation of its advisory board, the National Council on the Arts, decided to release to the Metropolitan a cool million dollars, contingent on the Metropolitan's ability to raise a matching sum in new private contributions, and apart from the money they customarily get through such regular sources as the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

What apparently supplied the final impetus to the Council's decision was, according to Nancy Hanks, chairman of both the Endowment and the Council, "the fact that for the first time in many years the radio audience was responding to the needs of the Metropolitan in a wonderful way." This refers to the appeals to the radio audience for contributions, appeals which had been going on for some time and with some success.

Both Miss Hanks and Schuyler G. Chapin, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, expressed their thanks on the air to Texaco, which has sponsored the Saturday radio broadcasts of the Metropolitan for the past thirty-four years. Though that generous sponsorship consists of little more (!) than paying for the air time, the broadcast production, and some advertising, putting no money directly into the Metropolitan's account, the broadcasts have obviously been a powerful fund-raising medium as well as simply a cultural one.

The Endowment's offer and the Metropolitan's acceptance of the offer plus the challenge that goes with it are certainly to be applauded by anyone interested in the preservation of large-scale cultural institutions in the United States. But the action, and the necessity of the action, prompt one to re-examine the whole problem of such cultural monoliths in an age of continually rising costs, shrinking dollar value, and depressed musical tastes.

Leaving aside all other difficulties (which today are legion) the *financial* problems of the Metropolitan are simply stated. The cost of production continually goes up, the scale of contributions goes down, or at least does not go up in equivalent measure, and the price of tickets, though it is also continually rising (the top price for an orchestra seat is now $20), must to a certain extent be held in check to conform with even the wealthiest opera-goer's conception of a *reasonable* price to pay for an evening's cultural entertainment. Even if the Metropolitan always played to a full house, the resultant income would not be enough to keep things going.

What we have is the classic American case of a cultural product for minority consumption which can be produced only by using materials and personnel similar—and similar in cost—to those used to produce mass entertainment. In the latter case, those costs are reasonable in relation to the expected return; in the former case they are not. Contributions have, in the past, closed the gap between high cost and low return, but it is obvious to everyone that the gap is getting larger each year. The effect on the artistic aspects of the Metropolitan that comes from the awareness of this situation is well known: it takes more and more courage each year to present an opera that is not likely to be sure-fire, to spend the extra money for first-rate singers in secondary parts, perhaps even to allot the proper number of rehearsals to a new production. And yet, of course, if the Metropolitan does not make quality its primary consideration, it hardly seems worth supporting through contributions, either public or private.

Two million dollars is not going to solve the Metropolitan's problems. It will pay for things for a time and then it will run out, and the gap between costs and receipts will reappear, wider than ever. A sufficiently large endowment, in income-producing investments tied to the day-to-day realities of finance, might solve the problem—if it were well enough put together. But who is going to give *that* quantity of money?

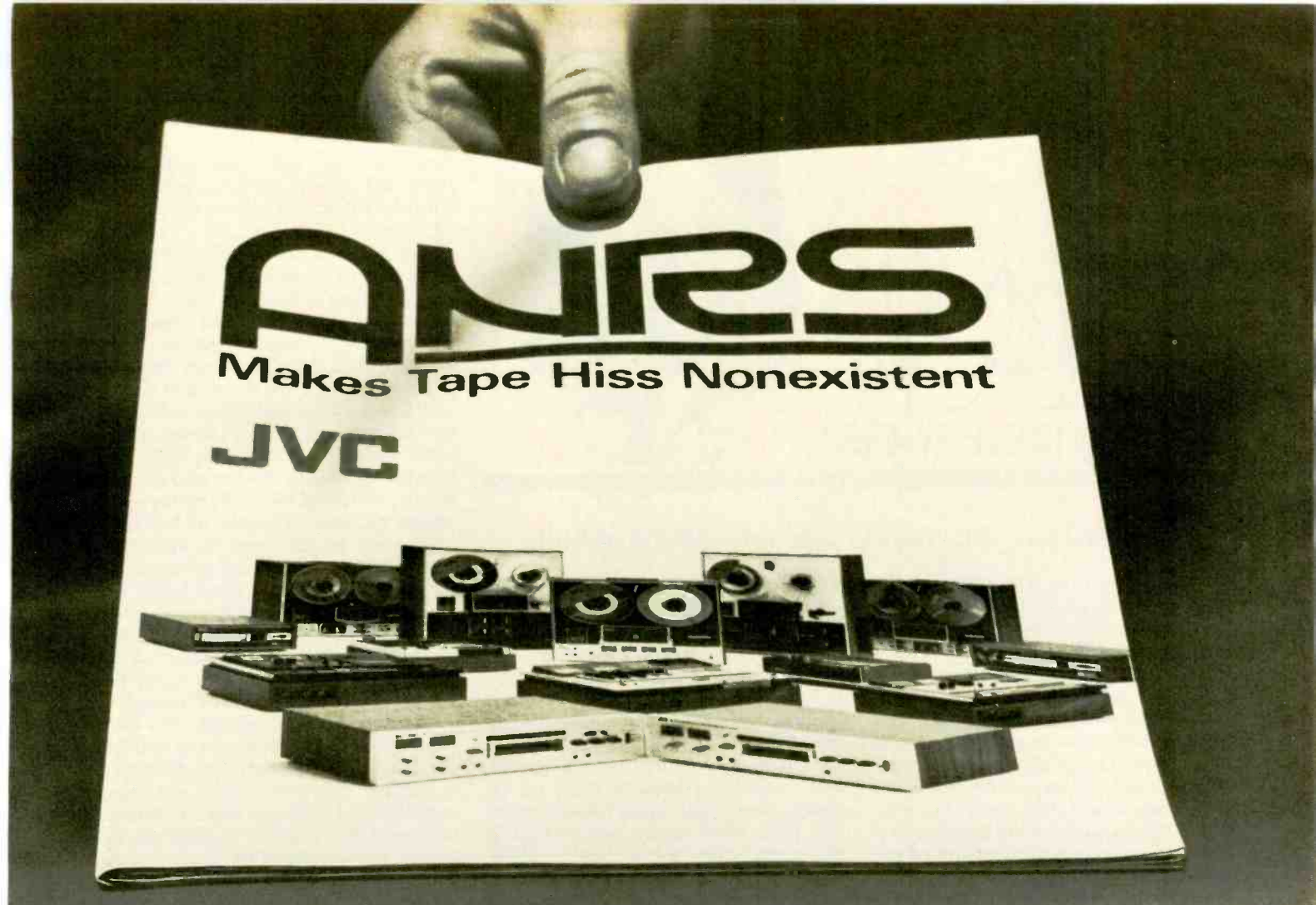
It seems inevitable that government—federal, state, and city—will continually have to help support such organizations as the Met. A one- or two-time push until the institution in question can stand on its own will not do the trick, for these institutions can no longer stand on their own.

The ethical problem (and ethics seem to be a problem today only when what is involved is cultural rather than industrial) is simply stated: how does the government justify supporting an institution that is (1) local rather than national, and (2) of importance to maybe five per cent of the country as a whole? Obviously the government has had no qualms about aiding specific sectors of industry (one thinks of Boeing), where the real benefit accrues to an even smaller percentage of the population. But we do that in the name of economic well-being, international trade, and gross national product. Culture is something else again, for it involves the jobs of far fewer people, many of them not even Americans.

But I think the proper measure to be used is not cultural taste, but cultural availability. We do not have to concede that no more than five per cent of the country will *ever* be interested in opera, but neither are we at all justified (even if it could be done) in ramming it down the throats of the other ninety-five per cent. What is necessary is to make it available to all, and let each man decide whether he wants it or not.

RADIO has done much for the Metropolitan and for opera in general; television could do much more. There are dozens of ways in which the government could encourage industry to sponsor regular telecasts of productions from the Metropolitan, and from other major opera houses as well. Equally, there are ways the government can encourage the networks to cooperate fully with such plans. And I do not find it inconceivable that the government occasionally turn sponsor and foot the bill itself.

There are few places in this country served by only a single television channel. The viewer can always have his choice of whether to watch an opera or watch something else. But the opportunity should *be* there. For if it is, then such organizations as the Metropolitan cease to be of merely local and minority concern and become *national* cultural possessions, accessible to all, and quite as deserving of government support as the army, the oil industry, the railroads, or any inefficient manufacturer of long-range bombers.



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THE SIMELS REPORT

By STEVE SIMELS

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

It's a strange time. The Andrews Sisters are a hit on Broadway. The late Jim Croce, a minor if engaging folk singer, is touted as the artist of the decade. Rock-and-roll outsells any other form of music and yet strikes out at the Grammies, which are generally criticized for being awarded solely on the basis of *sales*. There's a new Singing Nun on the radio, Flying Saucer records are back, and a group called Blue Swede has a hit with a record whose hook consists of a bunch of grown men huddled around the microphone chanting "ooga booga," or words to that effect. It's the silly season again, and the trend, as many have observed, is no trend. Glitter is supposed to be all the rage, and yet the New York Dolls attract only five hundred paying customers to a concert in New Jersey, David Bowie's albums steadfastly refuse to go gold, and John Denver has platinum hits that sing the praises of a life style that supposedly has been passé for years. Rock critic Richard Robinson, who has gotten so trendy as to be obsessive, declares that the major bummer of the new age is people still acting like it's 1968, but the fact of the matter is that it really *is* 1968.

Given all that, I suppose I really shouldn't be surprised that the two most exciting albums I've heard in months are reissues from classic English rock bands of the mid-Sixties. Actually, I'm more surprised that both packages (the Zombies' "Time of the Zombies" on Epic and the Move's "First Move" on A & M) are so well put together. Rock is still big business, despite the fact that so much of it is so boring these days (just look at the charts if you don't believe me), and consequently record companies aren't really into the kind of historical research that, say, jazz reissues are afforded. So mostly we get things like London's idiotically truncated Them repackage, or those Small Faces abominations on MGM. There have been exceptions, of course, such as United Artist's Legendary Masters, which were models of how these things should be done, but even so, they didn't sell all that well, and the projected follow-ups—the Shirelles and Ritchie Valens among them—have fallen victim to the vinyl shortage and will probably never be released. Like I said, though, both of these new ones are very well put together indeed, and since both of them are by groups who made major contributions that have been poorly documented in this country, they're especially welcome.

The Move package is, to say the least, long overdue, and I envy anyone who feels as I do (that English rock's peak years were 1965-1968) and is still unfamiliar with this great band the experience of hearing all this stuff for the first time. It's still something of a puzzle why they never made it in the United States, if only in the limited way the Who made it before "Tommy." They dominated the charts in England for several years (where for a time they were as idolized as the Beatles or the Stones), and all their efforts were filled with the same kind of good humor, commercial savvy, and melodic memorability that made any of your favorite British discs of the period such a joy (good reference points might be the Hollies' *Stop Stop Stop* or the Who's "Sell Out.") "First Move" includes their entire first English album, as well as every single 45 through *Brontosaurus* (many of which are extremely rare), so there's a pretty hefty slice of their history on view. Not all of it holds up as well as their later work, but it's all eminently listenable, and there are such absolute delights as *Fire Brigade* (which I think is one of the four or five classic singles *ever*), their cover of the Coasters' version of *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* (sung by drummer Bev Bevan in a basso that makes Johnny Cash sound like Dennis Day), and my personal favorites, the hauntingly Beatle-ish *Blackberry Way* and the manic, teddibly British *Wild Tiger Woman*. The album comes with a frighteningly detailed set of liner notes by Jim Bickhart, who provided a similar service for "The Best of Procol Harum" some months ago, and the whole affair is generally exemplary. The Move deserved nothing less.

The Zombies set is, if possible, even more of a treat, probably because they are everyone's favorite rock-and-roll hard-luck story, a band that committed the classic commercial sin of being ahead of their time. Seemingly they had everything—superb writers (Rod Argent and Chris White had an extraordinary knack for coming up with fresh and unusual melodies in a harmonic idiom that was very advanced for the period), gorgeous vocals (Colin Blunstone possessed possibly the great rock adolescent voice of all time), a distinctive approach to rhythm, and an unusually fluid and imaginative keyboard man. For a while, after their initial success with *She's Not There* and *Tell Her No*, two of the finest singles of the British Invasion, they seemed to have it made, but though they continued to release a stream of exceptional records, they were met with increasing commercial indifference, and by 1969 they had disbanded in relative obscurity. Then, just when everyone had forgotten them, Columbia released a final single as an afterthought, and the track *(Time of the Season)* went on to become a monster hit. Typically, the group was in no position to capitalize on it.

The band made only two albums during their run, and I am glad to report that "Time of the Zombies" is the one to get whether you've ever bought any of their stuff before or not. Side one is an intelligent condensation of the best tracks from their first album (the early hits and *Summertime*) with such bonuses as the widely covered *I Love You* thrown in for good measure. Sides three and four are the "Odyssey and Oracle" album unabridged—the group's final statement, and no collection is complete without it. The band's attempt at a "Sgt. Pepper," it stands up much better than most such tries, and almost every song is a little gem.

Side two is the real treasure, however. Assembled for this release by Rod Argent himself, it amounts to one half of a "new" Zombies album. Some of it is made up of demos for the group that later became Argent, although still very much in the Zombies style, notably a magnificent song called *Imagine the Swan*, and the rest is never-released vault tracks by the original group dressed up here with some additional orchestration and remixed for stereo. It's all first-rate, and it's a legitimate joy to hear that unique and impossible-to-duplicate sound again as applied to unfamiliar material. Now if only somebody will undertake a similar project with the Yardbirds. Dream on, kiddies.

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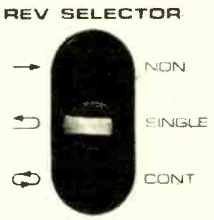

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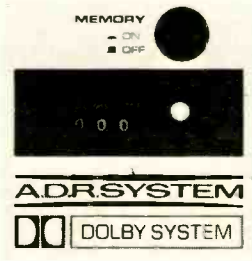

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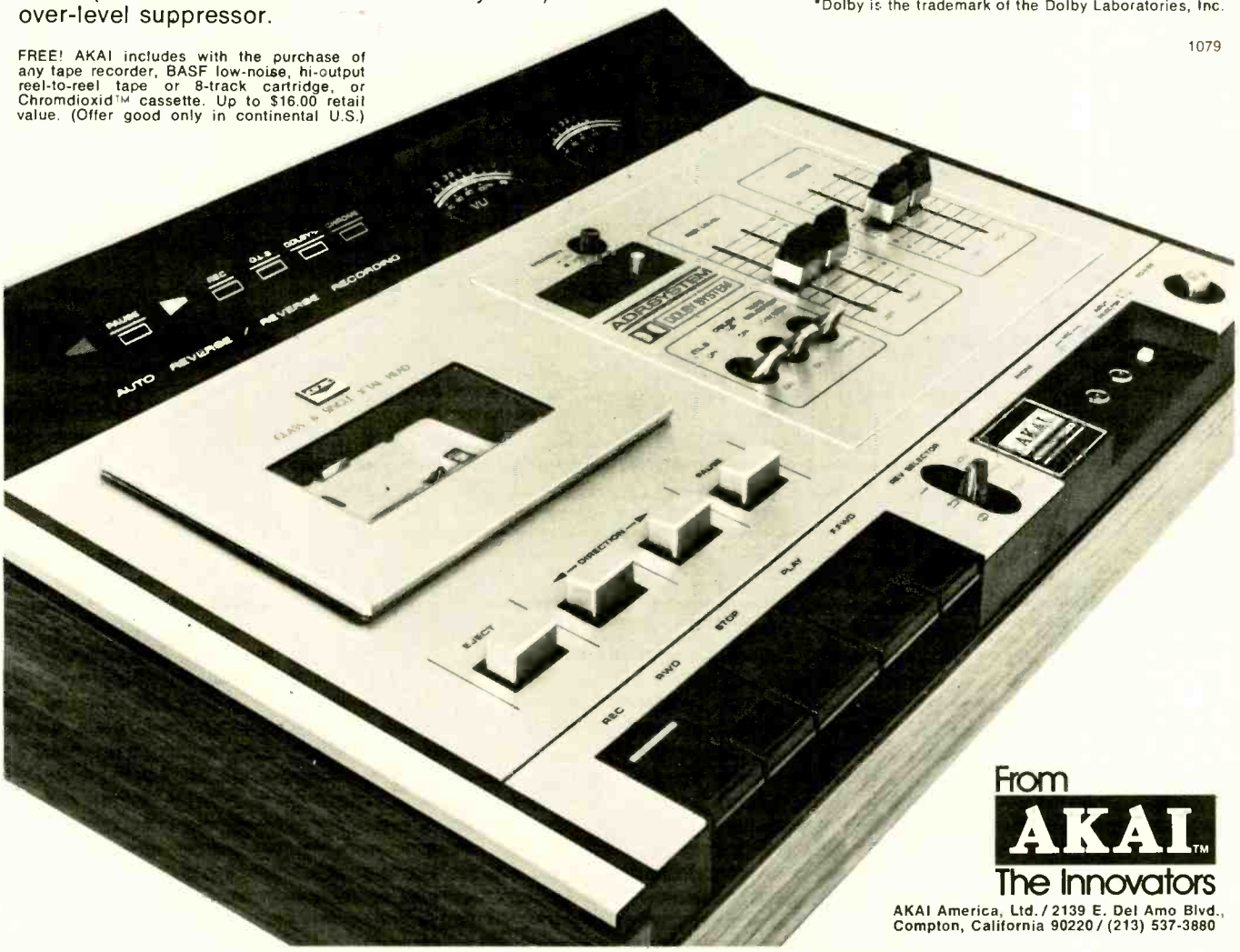

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THE BASIC REPERTOIRE · 170

By MARTIN BOOKSPAN

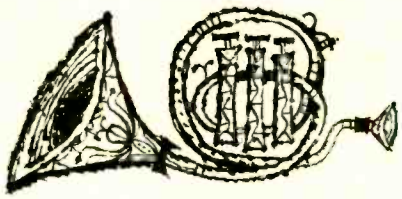
HAYDN'S TRUMPET CONCERTO

At the age of sixty-four, in 1796, Franz Josef Haydn was at the height of his fame and power. He was still fresh from his two triumphant visits to London earlier in the decade that had produced his set of twelve "London" Symphonies, those miraculous works that are the summation and fulfillment of a creative lifetime. By 1796 Haydn had also composed all eighteen of his operas and all but nine of his numerous string quartets. The "old man" was far from written out, however; during the next half-dozen years he produced several of his greatest Masses, among them the "Nelson," "*Theresien*," and "*Harmonie*," as well as two magnificent oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*. But before turning his attention to these large and profound works, Haydn wrote a relatively brief and lighthearted Trumpet Concerto in E-flat Major. The score, as it turned out, was the composer's last purely orchestral one, a fitting valedictory from the master.

The immediate impetus for Haydn's Trumpet Concerto was the invention, in the 1790's, of a keyed trumpet that liberated the instrument from its subjection to the notes of only the natural harmonic series and allowed it to play *all* the notes of the chromatic scale and to modulate from one key to another. The developer of the keyed instrument was the Vienna court trumpeter, Anton Weidinger, and Haydn wrote his concerto for him.

In his invaluable book, *Haydn, a Creative Life in Music* (W. W. Norton, Inc., 1946), Dr. Karl Geiringer writes: "The concerto is predominantly diatonic, although there are chromatic passages even in the deeper register of the instrument. Great demands are made on the nimbleness of the trumpet, and in the Allegro runs of sixteenth notes are not unusual." Geiringer goes on to say that the holes in the keyed trumpet detracted considerably from the instrument's brilliance and evenness. Despite the superb quality of Haydn's concerto, the keyed trumpet quickly passed into history when, in 1813, the first valve trumpets were introduced. The valve trumpet can cope with all the demands made by Haydn's concerto, and it is the instrument on which the work is always played.

The opening Allegro of the concerto is in clear-cut sonata form, with an orchestral introduction preceding the initial entrance of the solo trumpet. The principal material of the exposition is given to



the trumpet. In the development there is a modulation to C Minor, and near the end of this section some strange and unexpected harmonies darken the scene before the music shifts back to the bright sunlight of the E-flat Major home tonality for the recapitulation.

The Andante movement recalls "the serious restrained beauty of the late Schubert" to Haydn scholar H. C. Robbins Landon. It is in straightforward three-part form, and its principal theme has reminded more than one analyst of the slow movement that Haydn was to write some months later for his "Emperor" Quartet, with its variations on the melody that became the Austrian national anthem under the title *Gott, Erhalte Franz, den Kaiser* (*God Save Emperor Franz*).

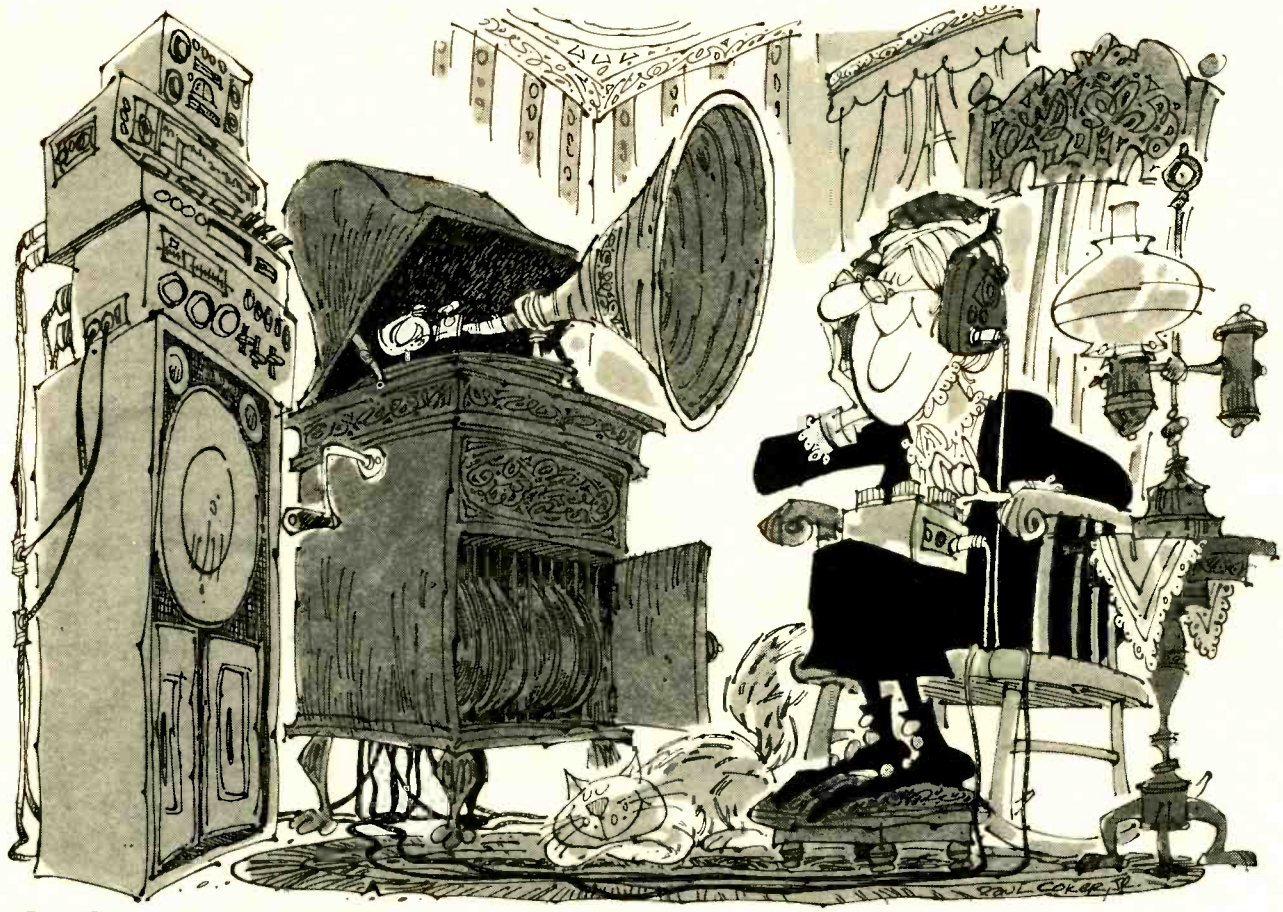
The concluding Allegro is in rondo form. The theme, first stated by the violins, is taken up by the woodwinds and then by the solo trumpet. Throughout the movement, the trumpet has spectacular runs and figurations, and the music is rollicking and ebullient.

Despite its immediate attractions, Haydn's Trumpet Concerto did not really enter the repertoire until the late 1930's, when the British Broadcasting Corporation produced a performance of the last two movements of the work. Those two movements were subsequently recorded (by the British trumpet virtuoso George Eskdale), and the resulting single 78-rpm disc was one of the glories of the pre-LP era. Since the introduction of the long-playing disc, the Haydn Trumpet Concerto (in its entirety) has been one of the most frequently recorded of all works.

There are currently more than a dozen different recorded performances of the concerto available, but apparently none of them exist in either reel-to-reel or cassette tape format. Of the disc versions, my own favorite is the one by Timofey Dokschitser with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Barshai (Melodiya/Angel SR 40123). A Ukrainian, Dokschitser has been the trumpet soloist of the Bolshoi Theater Orchestra in Moscow since 1945. His technical facility is awesome; he has a smooth, even tone in all registers, with total control of the dynamic spectrum. Louis Davidson, professor of trumpet at the University of Indiana's School of Music and for more than twenty years solo trumpet player of the Cleveland Orchestra, has characterized Dokschitser's playing as "completely controlled" and possessing "disciplined abandon." These qualities are everywhere evident in his superbly assured performance of the Haydn Trumpet Concerto. Of added interest is the cadenza Dokschitser plays near the end of the last movement; it imaginatively incorporates the principal theme of the slow movement and interweaves it with the buoyant rondo theme of the Finale. Barshai and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra are splendid collaborators throughout, and the Russian engineers have reproduced it all in clear, well-balanced sound.

A final felicitous aspect of the Dokschitser recording is the disposition of the orchestral strings. Unlike too many present-day conductors, who are insensitive to such matters, Barshai quite properly separates the violins, first violins to his left, seconds to his right. As do so many works of the Classic and early Romantic periods, Haydn's Trumpet Concerto abounds in antiphonal writing for the first and second violins; only by separating the two sections can the composer's intent be fully realized.

Although in my opinion no other recording of the Trumpet Concerto really measures up to the exalted one of Dokschitser, there are several good ones in the catalog. Among these I would cite those by Maurice André (Deutsche Grammophon ARC 198415), Martin Berinbaum (Vanguard VCS 10098), Bernard Jeannoutot (Angel S 36148), and Alan Stringer (Argo ZRG 543).



Julian Hirsch's

GUIDE TO UPGRADING

The when, what, and how of replacing worn out or obsolete audio components

WITH a few exceptions, such as wines and antiques, both of which may improve or grow more valuable with time, obsolescence arising from normal wear and tear and/or from new technical developments is inevitable with *all* manufactured products; high-fidelity components are no exception to this rule. Of course, it is not always easy to decide when something should be replaced. The clearest sign of obsolescence is a major breakdown and the discovery that repair is either impossible or excessively expensive. Another indication is a deterioration in performance quality, which may take place so gradually that you are unaware that it is happening – unaware, that is, until you hear the fidelity delivered by an equivalent new unit and are thus brought face to face with reality.

Although it *may* be possible to restore the original performance of your deteriorated component, it is wise to consider the cost of such a restoration in relation to the price of new equipment. Depending on the specific product and its age, it may make better economic sense to scrap or trade in your old component for an improved modern unit. Offsetting this consideration are such factors as sentimental attachment and physical compatibility with existing furniture or a built-in installation.

Many audiophiles maintain an active interest in new developments and eventually become dissatisfied with their equipment even though it may still be perfectly serviceable. This urge to replace a func-

tioning component can often be stimulated by some advance in audio technology, such as the transition from vacuum tubes to solid-state circuits not too many years ago, or the current advent of quadraphony. In such cases, of course, updating and upgrading may or may not be synonymous. There are also, to be sure, those people who simply *must* own the very latest "state-of-the-art" model of everything, whether it be hi-fi equipment, automobiles, or home appliances.

What I am addressing myself to here, however, is not these exceptional cases, but the most usual, the most straightforward upgrading situation: audio components that should be replaced either because they are worn out or because there are new units on the market that are markedly superior to them in their own price class. Since the criteria for replacing each type of hi-fi component are different, I will treat them individually. And it sometimes happens that replacing one part of a system reveals faults in other parts—a kind of chain reaction of obsolescence. Consider yourself warned!

Record Players

Like any other mechanism with moving parts, a manual turntable is subject to wear, and it therefore requires periodic, though infrequent, lubrication and cleaning. Barring the failure of a major element such as the motor, the only parts of a turntable likely to need replacement are the rubber idler (drive) wheel, motor mounts, or belt. Since these are inexpensive items, assuming that replacements continue to be available, there is no reason why a turntable should not be usable for a very long time.

However, even a perfectly functioning turntable may be a candidate for replacement. Turntables that pre-date stereo records (players that are, say, more than ten to fifteen years old) almost always have considerable vertical vibration, which did *not* come through as rumble on mono discs only because a mono phono cartridge doesn't respond to a vertical signal. In most cases, such a turntable, no matter what its original price or quality, is apt to be somewhat noisier than players of the stereo age—or even than a moderately priced record changer. Replacing your amplifier, cartridge, and/or speakers may therefore force you to get a new turntable as well, for any of these can reveal faults of your old one. Further, it is poor economy to skimp in this area, since a good turntable should last at least ten years (unless discs themselves become obsolete, which seems highly unlikely).

Tone arms (I'm referring to separate units) never "wear out," but they are frequently made obsolete nevertheless by technical advances in phono cartridges. Years ago, a good phono cartridge required a tracking force of several grams and had a correspondingly low stylus compliance. A massive tone arm was necessary to keep the arm/cartridge resonance below the audible frequency range. Some friction in the tone-arm bearings (and skating force) could be tolerated, so long as its effect was swamped out by the high vertical tracking force used. In addition, since no one was concerned with the skating effect before stereo was developed, anti-skating compensation was not a feature of early tone arms.

If a modern stereo phono cartridge is installed in a tone arm of 1960 vintage or older, its interaction with the arm mass is likely to produce a resonance at an undesirably low frequency. This could give rise, in turn, to stability problems, such as groove jumping. And the arm's bearing friction and lack of anti-skating compensation could possibly prevent your operating the cartridge within the range of tracking forces for which it was designed. Pre-stereo arms will also require modification (including rewiring) before a stereo cartridge can be installed. The message is therefore clear: very old tone arms should be relegated to your antique collection. On the other hand, an arm less than five to ten years old may be perfectly satisfactory, especially if you do not try to use one of the new super-compliant cartridges in it. If the arm permits the cartridge to track without groove jumping or the need for excessive stylus force, there is no reason why a not-too-ancient tone arm cannot be used with many current cartridges.

There is another consideration, one which applies to many recent tone arms as well as most older ones. In general, cartridges designed for playing CD-4 discrete four-channel records require a very low cable capacitance between the cartridge and the demodulator for proper operation. With a few exceptions, ordinary stereo tone arms have more capacitance in their internal wiring than is good for this application. Check with the manufacturer about the possibility of rewiring the arm if you are considering putting in CD-4.

Most of the preceding comments on separate turntables and tone arms apply as well to record changers and automatic or semi-automatic turntables. But since the arm and turntable are inseparable in these units, if either part fails to pass muster, the entire player must go. The considerable mechanical complexity of an automatic record changer makes it more susceptible to wear and more in need of occasional readjustment, although different makes and models vary widely in their reliability.

Performance has kept pace with prices in this category of component, so that many of today's medium- and high-priced units are in many respects the equal of or superior to the best single-play or manual record players made six or seven years ago. However, most record changers more than five or six years old should be evaluated carefully. If they seem to work properly, if they do not offend your ears with wow and rumble, if they can be used with a good stereo cartridge, by all means keep them. However, when and if a major repair becomes necessary, it may then be time to consign a venerable record changer to the scrap heap and buy a new one. When you do, you will probably be amazed at the improvement in performance.

Phono Cartridges

The phono cartridge is one of the audio components that literally wears out in normal use. The wear is confined to its stylus assembly and usually to the tip of the diamond jewel, which develops "flats" after a period of use. It is difficult to specify stylus life with any assurance, since it depends on the tracking force, arm-bearing friction, anti-skating adjustment, and even the abrasiveness of the record-groove material.

Eventually, a worn stylus will make itself known by the increased noise and distortion in the reproduced sound. Unfortunately, however, your records will by that time have been severely damaged. The stylus timer built into some automatic turntables, and also available as an accessory item, won't tell you how *much* your stylus is worn, but it will serve as a reminder to have it checked. Many audio dealers have special microscopes that will reveal stylus wear in its early stages. An annual check-up is good insurance.

In rare instances, a cartridge can become defective without having been used at all. Coils or soldered connections in the cartridge body can corrode or open up, or the damping or suspension material in the stylus system can harden or change its elastic properties. This can produce mistracking symptoms (mostly harsh distortion) resembling those of a badly worn stylus.

Since most wear or other failure occurs in the (usually) replaceable stylus assembly, it would seem that the cartridge could be considered as a nearly everlasting component whose stylus could be replaced periodically like the refill cartridge of a ball-point pen. In fact, however, it is rarely advisable to replace a worn stylus in a cartridge that is more than four or five years old, for not only can a replacement stylus cost almost as much as a brand-new cartridge, but there are many medium-price cartridges on the market today that can outperform the best of half a dozen years ago. Therefore, if your cartridge is a current model, or at most a couple of years old, and you damage the stylus, it may pay to buy a replacement. But if the cartridge is older than that, treat yourself to a new one and the audible benefits that will certainly result. (Incidentally, since so much of a cartridge's performance depends on the stylus-assembly characteristics, it is wise to buy only replacement styli that are clearly produced by the manufacturer of the cartridge.)

Tape Decks

Tape recorders, like turntables, are subject to mechanical wear. Being more complex, they have more possible trouble areas, but most mechanical difficulties can be remedied by replacement of a belt or rubber wheel, or by an adjustment. A tape recorder also has two, three, or more heads which are analogous to the phonograph stylus, for just as the stylus is worn by contact with the disc, tape heads are worn by contact with the moving tape. Also like the phono stylus, the life of a tape head is indeterminate, since it depends on such factors as tape speed, the abrasiveness of the tape coating, and the hardness of the head material itself. Unlike the effect of a worn phono stylus on records, a worn tape head will not necessarily damage tape. But it will affect frequency response, especially at the higher frequencies. Since replacing heads can be very expensive, one should carefully review the overall condition of the recorder and compare its performance specifications with those of more recent models before commissioning such an overhaul.

Tape recorders, like other audio components, have undergone a steady improvement. From one year to the next, or even over a two to three year period, the differences are minor, but over a greater span of time they can become dramatic. To provide an extreme example, fifteen years ago it was axiomatic that a good recorder at 7½ ips would have a frequency response no better than about 7,500 Hz. To reach 15,000 Hz, it was necessary to use a machine with a 15-ips speed. As anyone who has been following our equipment reviews must know, a number of open-reel recorders today can exceed a 20,000-Hz response even at 3¾ ips, and the 1⅞-ips cassette machines are not far behind.

If your ten-year-old reel-to-reel tape recorder originally cost $300, you can be sure that the same amount of money invested in one of today's *cassette* machines would result in altogether superior sound quality. If you are facing a repair or head-re-

placement bill of $50 to $100 for that old machine, it would therefore make sense to junk it. And if you have a library of open-reel tapes, comparably priced open-reel recorders can also offer better performance in all respects. Further, a new machine can even make your old tapes sound better than they did before, because of improved performance of the playback head.

Tuners

If you are fortunate enough not to have any interference problems, and if you live in an area where FM signals are fairly strong (but not *too* strong!) and free of multipath conditions, it is likely that almost any good tuner, regardless of its age, can satisfy your needs. On the other hand, there are some areas where FM receiving conditions are so bad that only the finest state-of-the-art tuners can be used. Most of us find ourselves somewhere between these two extremes.

There are undoubtedly many vacuum-tube tuners still in service. Their circuits usually have several tunable transformers whose alignment is critically important for correct tuning and low distortion. Unfortunately, like pianos, such devices become detuned because of varying temperature and humidity and require realignment at least once a year. Neglecting this regular maintenance procedure, as many people do, eventually results in a tuner that is difficult to tune accurately and sounds distorted much of the time. Also, the tubes themselves gradually weaken and in time require replacement; this generally means realignment as well.

In contrast, almost all FM tuners made in the last two or three years have permanently tuned ceramic i.f. filters and require no periodic realignment. Most of them will probably work as well ten years from now as they did the day they left the factory. Solid-state circuits generate little heat, and warm-up drift is a thing of the past. If for no other reason than the elimination of periodic realignment, most vacuum-tube tuners should probably be retired as soon as they go bad. (Owners of the classic Marantz 10B or REL tuners should not take umbrage at this suggestion, which is *not* directed at them.)

If you are still using a mono FM tuner with a stereo multiplex adapter tacked on, it is about time to replace it with a new stereo model. The lower stereo distortion and improved channel separation of recent tuners represent a quantum jump in performance over the levels of ten years ago. The difference will probably be quite noticeable, which is of course one of the most valid reasons for a change.

Amplifiers

Judging from their performance specifications, modern amplifiers must be vastly superior to their predecessors. Well, they are—but in many cases the improvement, though measurable, is not audible. An amplifier is less likely to become *technologically* obsolete than any other high-fidelity component. This is because any reasonably good amplifier contributes little or nothing to the ultimate sound quality. This statement will be disputed by some, but it is susceptible to proof if you care to make a very careful side-by-side A-B comparison between two amplifiers of similar power.

This does not mean that an amplifier need *never* be replaced. Vacuum-tube amplifiers are subject to continual tube deterioration, and replacement tubes are becoming increasingly expensive. In addition, the internally generated heat is eating away at the life of the capacitors, large and small, scattered throughout the chassis. It is therefore likely that the tube amplifiers still in service are performing well below their original specifications, since it is only natural to postpone replacement or repair until the issue is forced on one by the appearance of obvious distortion—or by a complete failure.

A change to less-efficient speakers may call for an increase in amplifier power. Many acoustic-suspension speakers are capable of producing a pleasant, moderate level when driven by a 10- or 15-watt amplifier, and some people never demand more from their systems. I recall that in 1954 I thought my original AR-1 speaker sounded fine when driven by a massive two-chassis Williamson mono power amplifier with all of 12 watts output! In those days, 30 watts was considered *very* "high power." Now, twenty years later, a 12-watt amplifier is almost in the "mini-power" category, 30 watts is a low/medium power, and people using hundreds of watts of amplifier capacity in home music systems are no longer viewed as eccentrics. Some of this

trend toward increased power arises from the simple fact of its availability in high-power transistor amplifiers, coupled with the widespread popularity of compact, low-efficiency speakers. The fact remains, however, that people are becoming more aware of the improved clarity and openness of sound resulting from greater amplifier "headroom." The momentary volume peaks get through unclipped. Even if your old 10-watt amplifier has always been adequate for your homemade bass reflex system, it may be terribly underpowered for a modern bookshelf system.

Receivers

The preceding sections on tuners and amplifiers apply equally to receivers, which are combinations of these basic components. In addition, the earliest receivers, which used vacuum tubes, developed very high internal temperatures. All the problems of tube amplifiers and tuners were compounded in these units, whose internal parts were simply cooked to death. No doubt most of these receivers have already proved uneconomical to maintain and have been replaced. If you are still using one, at the first severe breakdown it would probably be wise to replace it with a modern solid-state receiver.

In the early days of component high fidelity, many purists looked askance at the integrated receiver as somehow being inferior to separate components. At one time, there were some valid reasons for this attitude, but many of today's receivers are better in *every* respect than the best separate components of former years, and can perform as well (except for their power rating) as all but a handful of today's separate units. Add to this the lower price, compactness, and convenience of the receiver, and it is easy to see why it is the most popular form of electronic high-fidelity component.

Barring snobbery or sheer nostalgia, I can see little reason for continuing to use some of the popular "separates" of former years. On the other hand, you may be fortunate enough to have an old system which has been carefully maintained and has not deteriorated significantly. It may even sound as good as a new $300 receiver. In that case, by all means continue to enjoy it!

Loudspeakers

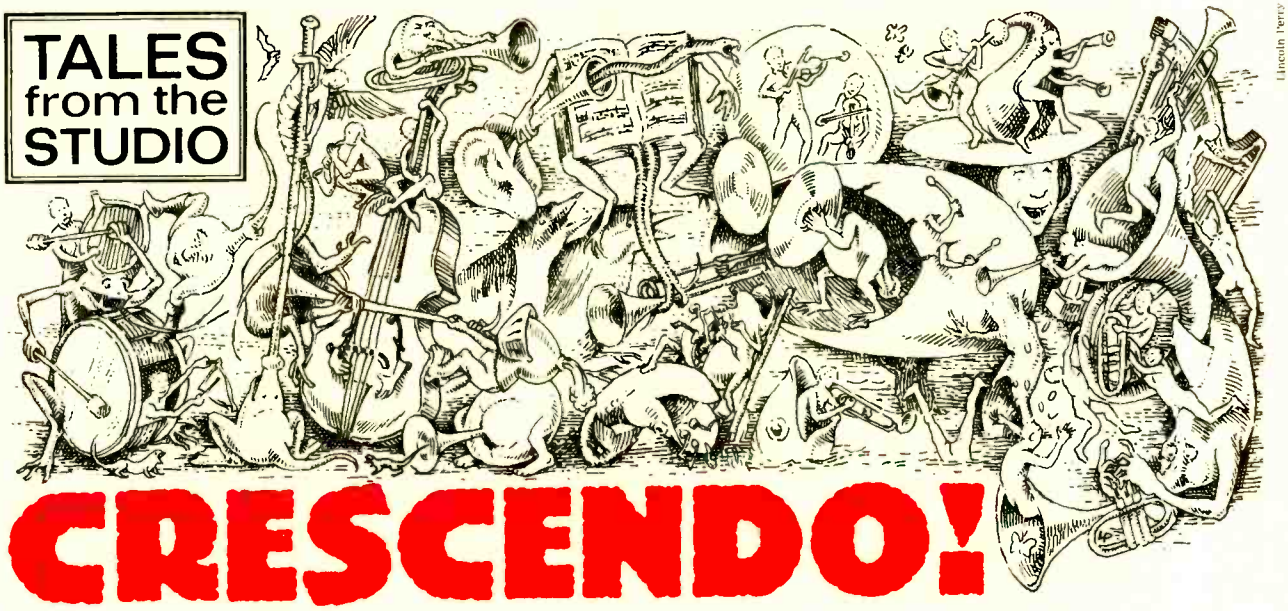
Unless abused, loudspeakers are, in general, long-lived and free of deterioration. As with many other products, however, there are trends—perhaps more accurately described as fashions or fads—in loudspeaker design. At various times, the market has been dominated by bass-reflex systems, back-loaded corner horns, front-loaded horns, bookshelf acoustic-suspension systems, and, most recently, omnidirectional systems. Each type has its advantages, disadvantages, and zealous adherents.

As a general rule, a speaker should be replaced only when you become dissatisfied with its performance. You may find that the speaker whose sound thrilled you in 1954 or 1964 has become irritating or actually unpleasant to listen to in 1974. It has not changed, but your taste and perceptions have. You may, for example, have been exposed to the sound of a modern music system, perhaps at the home of a friend, and become aware of the deficiencies of your own system. It is important to realize that, in a sense, the sound quality that you hear from a high-fidelity system is always determined by its speakers. Speakers can't make poor electronic components sound better (except, perhaps, by masking defects), but they certainly can make good electronics sound bad.

When your dissatisfaction grows beyond a certain point, you are ripe for a new set of speakers, and your faithful bass reflex or whatever can be retired to the attic. The actual selection of new speakers is outside the scope of this article, but let us assume that you have achieved that rather difficult goal. The new speakers may force you to review the status of your entire system. Perhaps they could benefit from more amplifier power. If your amplifier is showing signs of strain and senility, now is the time for replacement. And if you buy a new receiver, that will automatically take care of updating the tuner, which is all to the good. If not, take a hard listen to your present tuner; see if any of its characteristics are beginning to annoy you. Quite possibly a new receiver will meet *all* your system upgrading requirements.

Your new speakers may also be merciless in reproducing the distortions of your phono cartridge and the rumble of your old record changer or turntable. The solution is obvious, though not necessarily inexpensive. What I am doing here is deliberately posing a "worst case" situation; it is rare that the upgrading of a single component will require replacement of all the others in a music system. However, a major advantage of component high fidelity is that such improvements *can* be made piecemeal, as time, interest, and budget permit. And for you real oldtimers, when you finally swallow hard and go whole-hog, replacing all your old equipment in one fell swoop, the magnitude of sound improvement that results may be so overwhelming that it will even make you forget the ache in your pocketbook!

TALES from the STUDIO



CRESCENDO!

By Jack Somer

It's a crisp March afternoon in 1963. The quarter-acre floor of New York's gaudy Webster Hall is all but covered by a parcel of musicians amid a dense forest of microphone booms. Marty Gold—arranger, conductor, woodland sprite—is standing before the orchestra, dwarfed by its immensity.

There is an unusual tension in the hall. We are recording a souped-up Sound-Spectacular album, "Sounds Unlimited," designed to exploit RCA's then-new Dynagroove process, so we're being overly fussy with the orchestra setup and we're pushing the musicians hard. The tension is telling: they've recorded the first number, *Ballerina*, six times, and the playing has been lifeless all six.

Marty and I confer during a break, sharing our concern. It's agreed that we're in trouble if things don't loosen up, so I suggest we do a few quick takes uninterrupted by microphone changes and chair shifts. He returns to the podium, and I slate Take Seven. A brief silence, then Marty's voice:

"Ready . . . a-one, a-two, a-three . . .," then five trumpets, five trombones, two French horns, tuba, and tympani bring forth the stunning opening fanfare. The sound is glorious, Olympian—until the peak measure, when the lead trumpeter, one of the best in the business, blares an incomparably sour note.

Spontaneously, without losing a beat, the rest of the men answer his blatant clinker with instrumental catcalls, Bronx cheers, razzes, riffs, and trills in every conceivable key, building to a clashing, lunatic crescendo until the very hall resounds. Through the din I hear the racetrack bugle call answered by a piercing whinny. A trombone is wetly bellowing Beethoven's Fifth, the fiddles are meowing like love-sick cats, cymbals are crashing, strange melodies are belching brazenly from the horns, and the whole dissonant symphony is accompanied by the rustle of tissues and the clatter of coins flying through the air in every direction.

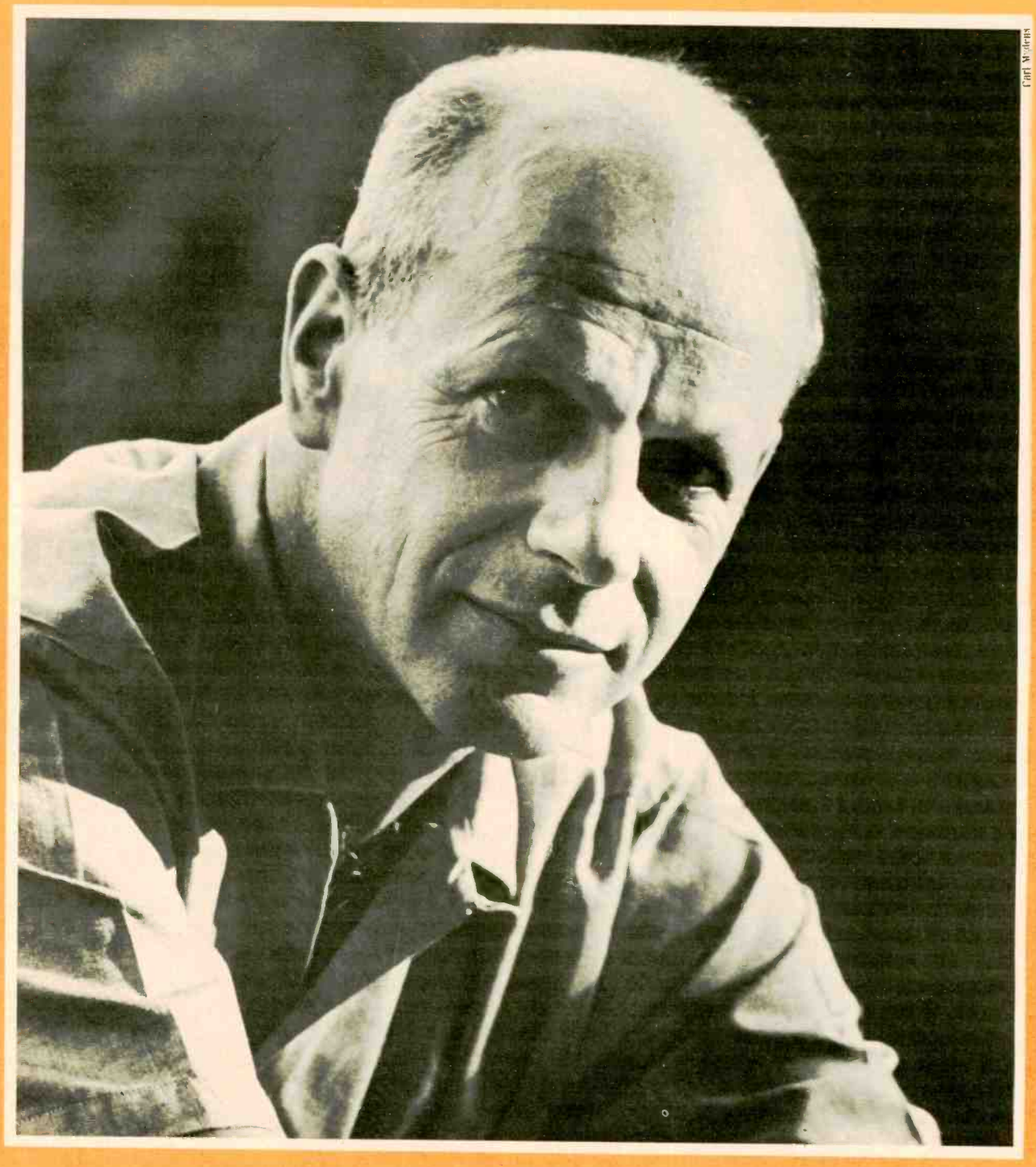
This is no fanfare; it's a rout. It's Hell's Hallelujah Chorus. It's Brueghel set to music. It's Hieronymus Bosch and his Orchestra of Worldly Delights. It hisses, jangles, and roars, and in twenty seconds it rises, explodes, and fizzles to nothing . . . but laughter. Laughter so rich and musical it rivals Berlioz. Laughter so harmonious it ought to be recorded. *Recorded!*

"Did we get *that* on tape?" I gasp to the engineer.

He is slumped over the console, convulsed, but he is able to raise one shaking hand to give me the O.K. sign.

It takes a minute for everyone to recover his breath and composure, another for the drying of some ninety tear-filled eyes. But the musicians are smiling and loose now. With congratulations for their brilliant, if short, performance, I ask them for another take. The fanfare is perfect, the orchestra inspired, the tension gone. In two minutes and forty-five seconds *Ballerina* is "in the can."

The rest of the session runs so smoothly that we finish a half hour early, but the men remain to crowd the tiny control room to hear post-session playbacks. We open a bottle of Scotch, pass out the paper cups, and drink to Euterpe and Thalia.



Stereo Review presents the twenty-first article in the
American Composers Series

WILLIAM SCHUMAN

"I've got to be a musician . . . My life has to be in music."

By SHEILA KEATS

THE audience clearly belonged to the "now" generation. Luxuriant of beard and of hair, peering through the latest in "Granny" glasses, the young men gathered together in the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom were casually dressed in jeans, open shirts, and psychedelic trappings. What brought them to the Waldorf rather than to, say, a concert at the then-refulgent Fillmore East was the annual presentation ceremonies of Broadcast Music Incorporated's Awards for Young Composers. And there to address this audience of young-composer hopefuls was the tall, debonair, and impeccably groomed speaker of the evening. Surveying the group, he opened with a greeting: "Welcome to the Establishment."

The speaker was composer William Schuman, and his unorthodox opening was typical. For the swift parry, the ready riposte, the disarming challenge—all delivered with a note of humor—are trademarks of the man. So is honest self-appraisal. To most young composers, and to much of the public at large, Schuman represents the musical Establishment, a role assignment he cheerfully accepts. He has never swelled the ranks of the protesters, never taken a radical stance in order to gain attention, never attempted to pursue his career or promote his music through social or professional shock tactics. A missionary for music who has served the cause as teacher, editor, executive, and composer, he has always preferred to work within the system rather than to attack it from without.

William Howard Schuman was born August 4, 1910, in New York City. The second child in the family (he has an older sister, Audrey), he was named in honor of William Howard Taft, then President of the United States. His father, who had simplified the spelling of the family name from the original Schuhmann, was an executive with a New York City printing firm.

Schuman managed to construct (it was easier then than it is now) an all-American boyhood on New York's upper West side, a rather carefree life devoted to, if anything, sports. "Baseball was my youth," he says, and he has never lost his enthusiasm for the sport. While still in grade school he organized an outing club in which he taught boxing, wrestling, and baseball to the neighborhood children for a fee of fifteen dollars a month. The club met daily after school and all day on Saturday; its success was early evidence of Schuman's organizational ability and salesmanship.

Music played only a casual role in his life in those days. Pre-radio and pre-television, the Schuman family, like many others, enjoyed Sunday evening sessions around the piano. In reminiscing for a group of Friends of the New York Philharmonic, Schuman recalled: "It was a typical middle-class background. We would sing at home—Victor Herbert, show tunes, winding up with a light classic like *Welcome, Sweet Springtime*. We also had a Victrola, and would listen to Caruso and Zimbalist records. For a time, my father even played the *William Tell* Overture on the Pianola every morning before going to work."

Out of a desire to play Beethoven's Minuet in G, the height of his musical ambitions at the time, Schuman requested violin lessons, which he began at the age of eleven. When he got to high school, he shifted briefly to the double bass. "The school needed a bass player for the orchestra, so they gave me an instrument, a room, and a self-instruction book. By the end of the year I was playing in a contest for New York City school orchestras. In fact, since I was the *only* bass player in the New York City schools, I played in every one of the orchestras, doing nineteen performances in a row of the *Oberon* Overture. The truth of the matter is that I can't play any instrument well. But since I couldn't play any one well, I learned to play several badly. I tried the piano, the banjo, the saxophone, and the clarinet (which I got from a hock shop), and of course the violin.

"In high school I formed a jazz band, 'Billy Schuman and his Alamo Society Orchestra.' I sang with the band and played in it—and also acted as business manager. We played at weddings, bar mitzvahs, proms, and were really quite successful. I also made arrangements for the band, even though I had no real knowledge of music. I didn't even know how to write out a score, so I taught the players their parts by rote. During the summers, at camp, I wrote musical shows and songs. Several of the songs were even published."

Schuman's principal collaborator was Frank Loesser, with whom he turned out a large number of popular songs and special material for vaudeville, usually with lyrics by Loesser and music by Schuman. Loesser's first published song, with music by Schuman, was called *In Love with the Memory of You*. According to Schuman it was one of Loesser's few flops.

All of this, however, was strictly extracurricular. Schuman, who had transferred from Manhattan's P.S. 165 to the Speyer Experimental Junior High School for Boys, a school for superior students, graduated in February of 1928 from George Washington High School. Although musical activities were already taking up a good bit of his time, it did not occur to him that music should be his profession. Business seemed the logical goal, and he registered at the New York University School of Commerce to prepare for a career in advertising. On the side, he did some playing in night clubs, wrote copy for an advertising agency, and worked as a printing salesman.

IT took Schuman two more years to discover his true vocation. "My sister inveigled me into going to a Philharmonic concert with her. The friend she usually went with was sick, and she didn't want to go alone. I went really as a favor to her—but that concert literally changed my life. I still remember the date: April 4, 1930. I was astounded at seeing that sea of stringed instruments, and everybody bowing together. The visual thing alone was astonishing. But the sound! I was overwhelmed: I had never heard anything like it. The next day I withdrew from N.Y.U. I left N.Y.U. and started to walk home from 4th Street to 112th Street. As I walked, I thought and thought about all those wonderful sounds. 'I've got to be a musician,' I thought. 'My life has to be in music.' All those sounds were still going 'round and 'round in my head. As I passed 78th Street and West End Avenue, I noticed a sign on a private house: Malkin Conservatory of Music. I walked in and said: 'I want to be a composer. What should I do?' The woman at the desk said promptly: 'Take harmony lessons.' So I signed up to study harmony with Max Persin."

Persin, who had been a student of Anton Arensky, was apparently both an inspiring and a thorough teacher, one who insisted that his students study scores as well as execute exercises. Together he and Schuman went through reams of music, placing a strong emphasis on contemporary works. Harmony lessons with Persin were later supplemented by a course in counterpoint with Charles

William Schuman

Music at Camp Cobbossee: Schuman, seated third from the left with the violin, also doubled on banjo, and provided the music for the camp shows.

Haubiel. Before he was through, Schuman could write a fugue in fourteen voices.

But he was still flirting with Tin Pan Alley, writing popular songs, doing a little song-plugging, and making arrangements for jazz bands. "The orchestra interested me, but no one had told me about a conductor's score. I would spread music sheets all over the floor of my workroom, one for each player, and write each part out of my head. Then I'd take the parts to a jazz band playing in a basement joint at Columbus Circle and, by bribing the players with cigarettes, get them to try out the parts so I could hear them. Later I worked with the band at the Biltmore; they would try out my arrangements in the kitchen during breaks."

It was a novel way of learning the trade, but one which nonetheless gave him a very clear grasp of the practical possibilities of the orchestra. It also reinforced his conviction that, for him at least, jazz and symphony do not mix. He made his choice, and Tin Pan Alley lost.

At twenty-two, Schuman went back to college, enrolling in Columbia University's Teachers College. "I could have gone to Hollywood with Frank Loesser, but I knew I had to work for a career in serious music. I wanted to teach, and I also wanted a normal, rich, personal and family life. In short, I wanted to be my own patron." Schuman neither particularly enjoyed nor approved of the Teachers College approach to music and music education, for his is too free-wheeling a mind to confine itself to rigid methods or standard curricula. But his years at Teachers College were to prove fruitful later, for his experiences there led him to formulate his ideas on how music could most effectively be taught.

"Five years after that Philharmonic concert with my sister, I was teaching music at Sarah Lawrence College. I was asked to give a course in the performing arts, although we didn't use the term then. How do you bring people to the arts? How do you teach them? Start right with the materials. The first assignment I gave in music was: listen to ten hours of music before next week's class, and try to hear at least twenty pieces. The idea was to plunge right in, get the sounds in their heads. When the class met again, I asked the students to give me their lists of the pieces they had heard. Interestingly enough, almost every one had picked, as one of her twenty pieces, the Brahms Second Symphony. So we started with that. We took each movement, discussed it from every viewpoint we could think of: mood, texture, dynamics, melody (we sang the melodies), rhythm (we tapped out the rhythms), instrumentation, form. By the time we were through, the students really knew something about the work, and something about Brahms.

When Schuman arrived at Sarah Lawrence, he was still a relatively untried and inexperienced composer. He knew something about popular music, and he had harmonic and contrapuntal technique to burn; but he was yet to be recognized as a serious composer of a major work. During the summer of 1935, in Salzburg, he had worked on his First Symphony, scored for eighteen instruments. The following summer he took it to Roy Harris. Harris did not think the work terribly good, but he saw potential in it. "I went to Harris on purpose, because I had heard his *Symphony 1933* [Symphony No. 1]. I thought it was marvelous, and still do. Harris was producing some of the most original music written by an American composer; I was tremendously impressed by its strength and originality. Harris was a tremendous influence on me."

In the fall of 1936, Schuman's First Symphony was performed at a WPA Composers' Forum Laboratory concert. "Even to my excited ears, it was disappointing," he recalls. "I withdrew it."

The following year Schuman completed his Second Symphony, submitting it to a competition whose jury included Aaron Copland. The work was performed in June of 1938 by Edgar Schenkman and the Greenwich Orchestra, and shortly after was broadcast by the CBS Orchestra under Howard Barlow. Copland, who had been impressed with the score, heard both performances, and recommended the work to Serge Koussevitzky. "It was Copland," Schuman says, "who gave me practical help: getting performances." Copland also introduced Schuman in the pages of *Modern Music*. In the May-June 1938 issue he wrote: "Schuman is, so far as I am con-

cerned, the musical find of the year . . . a composer who is going places."

Koussevitzky accepted the Second Symphony, performing it in Boston in February of 1939. As Schuman tells it, "It was hissed." Obviously the work was too advanced for Boston. "Nobody today among the avant-garde would believe that I wrote a work good enough to be hissed," says Schuman. Koussevitzky, however, had faith in the young composer, and a young Harvard student, one of the few people in the audience who applauded, asked to see the score. It was the beginning of the long friendship between Schuman and Leonard Bernstein.

During the summer of 1939 Schuman worked on a short orchestral piece, the *American Festival Overture*, which he hoped Koussevitzky would include in the festival of American music he was planning for the fall. Koussevitzky did accept the overture, first performing it on October 6, 1939. It became an immediate success. Bold, brassy, full of youthful self-confidence, it has lost none of its freshness or appeal over the years. Its "Americanism" stems from the opening three-note motif, out of which the entire piece grows. Schuman's own program note explains the derivation:

> The first three notes of this piece will be recognized by some listeners as the "call to play" of boyhood days. In New York City it is yelled on the syllables "Wee-Awk-Eee" to get the gang together for a game or a festive occasion of some sort. This call very naturally suggested itself for a piece of music being composed for a very festive occasion. From this it should not be inferred that the Overture is program music. In fact, the idea for the music came to my mind before the origin of the theme was recalled. The development of this bit of "folk material," then, is along purely musical lines.

With the *American Festival Overture*, Schuman hit his stride. Two years later he solidified his position on the American musical scene with his Symphony No. 3, introduced by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on October 17, 1941. This time Boston liked Schuman, and when Koussevitzky repeated the work five days later in New York, Olin Downes gave it a rave review in the New York *Times*:

> The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall introduced to the public of this city the Third Symphony of young Mr. William Schumann [*sic*], a symphony which, for this chronicler, takes the position of the best work by an American of the rising generation that he has heard. . . . this symphony is full of talent and vitality, from first to last, and it is done with an exuberance and conviction on the part of the composer that carry straight over the footlights and sweep the listener along in their train. . . .

Like the *American Festival Overture*, the Symphony No. 3 revels in its moments of brashness, its aura of energy and youthful confidence, its delight in rhythmic excitement and instrumental brilliance. Schuman himself, who has grown a little tired of the charge that he writes only "loud" music, must have been pleased that Downes praised the symphony's "lyric substance" and "vistas of harmonic as well as linear beauty." Its structure pays direct obeisance to the sixteenth-century forms Schuman admires. It is in two sections, the first a passacaglia and fugue, the second a chorale and toccata. Schuman fills out these forms with thoroughly contemporary melodies, harmonies, and rhythms. Both brilliant and moving, the Symphony No. 3 has remained a favorite work in the repertoire, and one that is frequently performed. While sacrificing none of the immediacy of the *American Festival Overture*, it reveals a growing subtlety and sophistication on the part of the composer. At the end of the 1941-1942 season, it was chosen by the Music Critics' Circle of New York for their first annual award "for the best new American orchestral work performed in New York during the current season."

The Symphony No. 4, completed during the summer of 1941, was introduced by Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra. Unlike the Third Symphony, it is cast in a more traditional three-movement, fast-slow-fast structure. Basically linear in concept, it achieves an effective balance between that rhythmic and instrumental exuberance so characteristic of Schuman and a tender lyricism just then beginning to emerge in his music. The restless urgency and nervous drive are here tempered, and Schuman even relaxes enough to introduce moments of jaunty insouciance in contrast to the more insistent, dramatic passages.

Much of Schuman's composition during these same years was for chorus. Many of the choral pieces were intended, of course, for the choral group he led at Sarah Lawrence; his practical experience there is reflected in his sure and easy handling of the medium. Schuman, in fact, is one of the few contemporary composers with a real gift for vocal writing. He treats the voice with both sympathy and understanding; his lines lie comfortably within the range and they move easily. He knows how to expose the voice to best advantage. Even individually, his choral lines are always satisfying; in combination, they produce effective massed sonorities. As always, Schuman writes music that *sounds*. He is sensitive to his texts, underscoring the emotional content with the mood of the music. His prosody is notable, whether he sets the text in a rhythm paralleling the word rhythms, or chooses to create subtle cross-rhythms between words and music.

The Symphony for Strings (Symphony No. 5), commis-

Schuman was not one of Frank Loesser's "chief collaborators," but they wrote together until each went on to better things.

William Schuman

sioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, dates from 1943. It is one of Schuman's most original and attractive works. Deliberately denying himself the easy road to brilliance provided by winds, brass, and percussion, Schuman relies on his musical materials alone to create variety and drama within the context of a string orchestra. Exploiting to the full the strings' generic lyric possibilities, he writes long singing lines which stand out in relief from the imaginative rhythmic and percussive passages. Schuman's linear approach is ideally suited to the string group, and he is extremely imaginative in his demands for a variety of sonorities. The pizzicato scoring in the bright finale as well as the passages for cheerfully rumbling basses deserve special mention.

The years between the *American Festival Overture* and the Symphony for Strings saw the composition of a number of smaller works. There was the Quartettino for Bassoons and, in response to his first commission, the Third String Quartet. There were two secular cantatas, the second of which, *A Free Song*, was awarded the first Pulitzer Prize for Music. There was the Piano Concerto, and the eloquent orchestral *Prayer in Time of War*. The Symphony for Strings was followed by two short works written to texts from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, the solo song *Orpheus with His Lute*, and the brilliant *a cappella* chorus, *Te Deum*. There was his first film score, *Steeltown*, commissioned by the Office of War Information, and a brief reversion to Broadway with the *Circus Overture* (*Side Show*), a bit of musical high jinks commissioned by Billy Rose for his revue, *The Seven Lively Arts*.

By this time Schuman was beginning to be restless under the demands of his heavy teaching-conducting-composing schedule. Since 1938, he had enjoyed extremely cordial relations with the music-publishing house of G. Schirmer, as well as a warm friendship with its president, Carl Engel. Engel, thoroughly enthusiastic over the choral works Schuman had submitted to him, and one of the Third Symphony's most ardent supporters, had requested first refusal on everything Schuman wrote. By 1944, Schirmer was publishing everything Schuman submitted. When Engel died suddenly in May of 1944, Schirmer's, on the advice of Koussevitzky, offered Schuman the post of director of publications. It was an ideal opportunity: an interesting job in itself, an assured regular income, and plenty of time to compose. It was with somewhat mixed feelings that Schuman resigned his post at Sarah Lawrence – he had found great pleasure, stimulation, and satisfaction there – and settled down to a three-year contract with Schirmer's.

Schuman's major compositional effort that year (1945) was *Undertow*, his first work for the theater, commissioned by the Ballet Theater and choreographed by Antony Tudor. Powerful and moving, it is a dark drama of degradation and corruption, culminating in murder. Schuman's score is full of tension: rhythms here produce apprehension, climaxes are sharp and brutal, and the short, contrasting sections appear in stark succession, often without benefit of transition.

The reflective, intellectual life Schuman had mapped out for himself was not to last. Had he been as wise or as experienced as he is now, he would have realized, man of action that he is, that his own energies and vital interest in affairs would not permit him to remain confined to his study or his editor's chair for very long. A pair of coincidences brought him to the attention of the Board of the Juilliard School, then in the market for a new president. Kay Warburg, daughter of Juilliard Board member James P. Warburg, had been a member of Schuman's Sarah Lawrence chorus, and had more than once enlivened the family dinner table with glowing accounts of Sarah Lawrence's glamorous young instructor. When the search for a president for Juilliard began, Warburg inevitably thought of Schuman. Meanwhile, Schuman had accepted an invitation to participate in a panel discussion on modern music at the New School for Social Research. Also on the panel was John Erskine, an ex-president of Juilliard and an influential member of its Board. Each of the participants was offered ten minutes for a formal presentation of his views on modern music, the formal talks to be followed by a question-and-answer session with the audience. Schuman had originally elected to give up his formal ten minutes, asking instead to have the first crack at the question-and-answer session. But when he heard Erskine state firmly that modern music has no melody, and does not communicate, he changed his mind. "I want my ten minutes back," he said – and used them to prove, by singing a goodly portion of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, that modern music *does indeed* have melody.

William Schuman

Schuman teaching a music class at Sarah Lawrence College: "The idea was to plunge right in, get the sounds in their heads."

Erskine was impressed by the young man's performance, by his passion for his subject, and by his evident wide knowledge. He was also impressed by Schuman's clear-headed ability to think on his feet and by the courage and wit he demonstrated in demolishing Erskine's own points. Separately and independently, both Erskine and Warburg approached Schuman, asking if he would be interested in being considered for the Juilliard presidency. Schuman turned them both down. "I'm not a candidate," he kept insisting. "I've just started my job at Schirmer's. I like the work, it gives me plenty of time to compose. I'm very happy where I am."

But Erskine had already brought Schuman's name up to the Juilliard Board. Franklin Benkard, a long-time Juilliard Board member, recalls those days vividly: "We had interviewed a lot of fellows. They all said about the same thing. We'd ask them, 'What would you change about the school?' and they all said, 'Nothing.' Then one day John Erskine came around and said: 'Boys, your troubles are over. I've found the guy for you. I was at the New School last night and heard this young fellow named William Schuman.' So of course we said, 'Bring him around.'"

By that time Schuman was beginning to be tempted, at least enough to meet the Board members and talk with them. "We had a little polite conversation," Benkard continues. " 'Mr. Hutcheson, as you know, is about to retire. Would you be interested in becoming president of Juilliard?' Schuman said yes, he might be interested. 'What do you think of the school?' we asked him then. 'What would you change?' He answered that if he ever did become president, he'd change so many things that we wouldn't recognize the place. He then proceeded to talk for an hour and a half, telling us, in great detail, exactly what he would do. As it turned out, he later did everything he had outlined for us that day."

SCHUMAN became president of Juilliard on October 1, 1945, and immediately began to translate his ideas into action. The school as he found it was in reality *two* schools, the Institute of Musical Art (founded by Frank Damrosch in 1905) and the Juilliard Graduate School (established in 1924 under a legacy from Augustus D. Juilliard), which since 1926 had been operating in uneasy coalition. Schuman's first move was to amalgamate the two into a single institution. It was a tricky administrative task, but the kind that always provides him a pleasurable challenge.

Schuman addressed his initial reforms not to the school's structure but rather to the repertoire being presented at its concerts. From the start, he insisted that Juilliard should lead the way in the presentation of contemporary music. During his years as president, audiences at both in-school and public concerts learned to count on a large dose of twentieth-century music, some being performed for the first time, some already on its way to a permanent place in the repertoire. The school was receptive to all new music, whatever its style, whoever its composer. The only composer who was somewhat neglected in the programming—and that by his own choice—was William Schuman.

By the time Schuman had been at Juilliard for a year, he was ready to institute his most revolutionary educational reform. This was the complete revamping of the school's theory department, which was then offering graded, separate courses in the rudiments of music—harmony, counterpoint, sight-reading, keyboard harmony, music history, form and analysis, orchestration—all

In 1959, Schuman played host at Juilliard to a committee of American composers: seated (left to right) are Douglas Moore and Roger Sessions; standing, Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, Wallingford Riegger, Schuman, and Walter Piston.

Schumann Vetzak-F

The Juilliard School

Mr. and Mrs. Schuman with Charles Munch backstage in Boston after the premiere of the Seventh Symphony on October 21, 1960.

taught primarily out of textbooks full of academic exercises but no music. Schuman's view, of course, was that while skills and techniques are necessary, those skills should never be divorced from music itself. Music, in his view, should be taught *from music*, not from textbooks.

Accordingly, he replaced the school's theory department with a new, all-embracing program, christened Literature and Materials of Music, which embodied the entire theoretical curriculum and paralleled the students' major study. L&M, as it soon came to be called for convenience, represents an approach, a philosophy, rather than a method, for the point of the program lies in its very *lack* of method or regimentation, in its dependance upon a built-in flexibility. Each instructor is given a relatively free hand to introduce and refine his students' theoretical skills and knowledge, to teach as he thinks best. The emphasis in all study is laid upon music itself: students are expected to derive theoretical principles and compositional practices through studying scores, preparing works for performance in class, and writing music.

During the Juilliard years Schuman continued to grow in stature as a composer. Rigidly apportioning his time so that neither the school nor his composition would suffer (he actually calculated his necessary composition hours at four- to six-hundred a year, and he kept careful track of each day's minute-count), he turned out a number of major works during this period. In 1947 he wrote his first score for Martha Graham, *Night Journey*, followed two years later by *Judith*, one of his most famous works and one of *her* classic solos. Like *Undertow*, his earlier dance score, *Judith* is a work full of tension and suspense. But *Judith* is a tale of hope, of righteousness, of vengeance and vindication, and these positive aspects of the story are reflected in the intense drama of the music. Between these two scores for Martha Graham came the Symphony No. 6, in 1948, commissioned by the Dallas Symphony and introduced by conductor Antal Dorati. In one movement, opening and closing with parallel reflective sections, it is an immensely satisfying work for the listener. The String Quartet No. 4, commissioned by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress, was written in 1950. Technically intricate ("It is," comments Robert Mann of the Juilliard Quartet, "one of the most difficult contemporary quartets in the

repertoire") and musically concise, it makes great demands on both performers and listeners. The years 1951-1953 saw the composition of Schuman's sole opera, *The Mighty Casey*, with a libretto by Jeremy Gury based on the famous poem *Casey at the Bat*. Although the work has enjoyed several performances, including one produced for television, it has never achieved the success of many of Schuman's other works.

Schuman's cycle of five piano pieces, *Voyage*, was written in 1953. In it he demonstrates that, although not a pianist himself, he can exploit the sonorous possibilities of the instrument effectively in a generic virtuoso work. The following year he wrote one of his most eloquent orchestral scores, *Credendum*, subtitled "Article of Faith," commissioned by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO through the Department of State. According to informed reports, this was the first time a musical work had been commissioned in this country through diplomatic channels. Strong and affirmative, it flows easily in its reflective sections and enjoys both brilliance and rhythmic excitement in its more dramatic moments. It is a successful score on all counts, and the UNESCO people surely got their money's worth.

It was in 1956 that Schuman wrote what may well be his best-known and most widely popular piece, the *New England Triptych* ("Three Pieces for Orchestra after William Billings"), commissioned by André Kostelanetz. Although the original tunes are Billings', the treatment is completely Schuman's. Each of the Billings songs serves as the basis for an orchestral fantasia-variation. The first, *Be Glad Then, America*, incisive, bold, and brassy, subtly retains Billings' primitivism within the twentieth-century treatment. Combining elements of an old-time camp meeting with exciting jazz rhythms, it is, within the orchestral context, band music at its best. The middle movement, *When Jesus Wept*, is handled pensively and with appropriate simplicity. The finale, *Chester*, is again bold and brassy, full of energy and spirit.

A month after he had completed the *New England Triptych*, Schuman wrote a new and expanded version of the final movement to satisfy a commission he had received for a band work. In its version as an Overture for Band, *Chester* is no mere transcription of the orchestral original. Rather, it is in many ways a completely new piece. Longer than the original by almost half, the band version extends the treatment of the orchestral variations and interpolates several new variations. Even the scoring is altered in many significant details, as is the modulatory scheme. Working with the detachment that he might bring to another man's composition, Schuman built an entirely new piece on the basic structure of the original. *Chester* has become a favorite with audiences, who like its verve and sophistication.

For his own amusement, and perhaps for some compositional relaxation, Schuman rounded out the year 1956 with a set of *Four Rounds on Famous Words* for *a cappella* chorus. Witty and imaginative, they are captivating little pieces. Two years later, on a commission from St. Lawrence University, he wrote what may well be his most profound choral work, three *Carols of Death*, to poems by Walt Whitman. Extremely moving, infused with a deep sense of tragedy, they are among his finest works.

In 1959, Schuman completed the final version of his Violin Concerto, a work which had concerned him since 1947. Originally commissioned by Samuel Dushkin, it was first presented in 1950 by Isaac Stern with the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch. A revised version was introduced, again by Stern, in 1956, but Schuman was still dissatisfied with it. In its final version, performed at Aspen by Roman Totenberg (Izler Solomon conducting) during the summer of 1959 and repeated the following winter in New York by Joseph Fuchs, the Concerto is an expansive two-movement work with several subsections in varying tempos within each movement. A companion piece, composed in 1961, is the Fantasy for Cello and Orchestra, *A Song of Orpheus*. Written on a Ford Foundation commission for Leonard Rose, the work is based on Schuman's earlier song of the same title. Again the solo string instrument is treated sympathetically, and again its virtuoso and lyric possibilities are given full play. Like the Violin Concerto, it is a richly romantic work.

The Juilliard School

Joseph Fuchs, Schuman, Norman Dello Joio, and conductor Jean Morel after a rehearsal of Schuman's Violin Concerto in 1960.

Between the two solo works came the Symphony No. 7, of 1960, written to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Boston Symphony. A single-movement work, it reflects the growing romanticism of the two solo works while retaining Schuman's old orchestral glamour and rhythmic verve. It also reveals an increasing complexity and subtlety of style, noticeable since the Symphony No. 6 and *Credendum*, which seem to grow out of a new questing for a deeper and perhaps different mode of expression—for, by the middle Sixties, Schuman was no longer an innocently brash young man, nor was the world any longer as brightly uncomplicated as it might have seemed when he was growing up in the Twenties.

In September of 1961, Lincoln Center announced the appointment of William Schuman as its new president. The reaction on all sides was: "It's a natural." The choice of Schuman seemed inevitable. As president of Juilliard he had proved his executive abilities: running a school such as Juilliard requires the talents of an administrator and a businessman, and Schuman had demonstrated he possessed them. Further, as a composer and an educator, he was a leader in the artistic community. Who better to head up Lincoln Center, the country's first major arts complex? Just as Schirmer's had earlier been applauded for appointing a working composer as its editorial head, so was Lincoln Center (at that time necessarily preoccupied with its massive construction and fund-raising opera-

tions) applauded for appointing a working composer, an articulate artist, as its head.

Schuman arrived at Lincoln Center at the beginning of 1962, and it was not long before the Lincoln Center offices took on that same atmosphere of electric excitement which had surrounded him at Juilliard. When he arrived, Philharmonic Hall (now Avery Fisher Hall), the first building of the complex to be completed, was just beginning to be recognizable. Although all the other halls were yet to be built, Schuman, a man who conceives sweeping innovations as casually as another man considers the weather, immediately embarked on long-range plans for the Center's artistic activities.

One of his first concerns, as might be expected, was the Center's educational activities. As president of Juilliard, he had already negotiated the terms on which Juilliard would join the Center as its school-in-residence. But from the beginning, Lincoln Center had envisioned some kind of broad educational program. Schuman's first move was to invite his friend and colleague from Juilliard, and formerly dean there, Mark Schubart, to head the Center's educational activities, which are today among the most vital aspects of Lincoln Center.

It was during the years of Schuman's presidency that the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, created by the Center as a new constituent, moved into its permanent home at the Vivian Beaumont Theater, and the New York City Center moved its ballet and opera companies into the New York State Theater. Schuman's presidency saw the opening of Philharmonic Hall—the official opening of the entire Center—and the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House; it also saw the establishment of a new branch of the New York Public Library at the Center, the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts. It was Schuman who gave support to the establishment of the Chamber Music Society, and Schuman who conceived and fought for the creation of the Film Society.

His biggest ideas, however, were in the area of programming. Under Schuman, the Center instituted its "Great Performers" series and undertook the sponsorship of regular international choral festivals. The Center also presented two summer festivals, in 1967 and 1968; both were artistic and popular successes. Attendance was particularly gratifying, for it proved the existence of a summer audience. But the festivals were expensive, and Lincoln Center, despite its image of affluence, was still faced with the problem of raising money to cover the steadily increasing costs of construction, as well as funds to finance future operations. Everybody agreed with Schuman that Lincoln Center should take the initiative in providing artistic leadership. Everybody agreed that the Center could not, and should not, confine itself merely to the chores of real-estate management. But artistic leadership costs money. It was beginning to look as if Schuman was the right man for the job—but at the wrong time.

In the summer of 1968, Schuman suffered a mild heart attack. During his four months' enforced rest he had plenty of time to think, to review his present activities, and to contemplate the future. The job at Lincoln Center had proved to be enormously time-consuming; plans and projects were fine and challenging, but the daily details and problems were drawing him farther and farther away from music. With all his energy and self-discipline, he found his time for composition steadily diminishing. The possibilities at Lincoln Center were great, but until the Center's financial problems could be solved (and this promised to be a long-term business), those possibilities faced constant frustration.

When he returned to Lincoln Center in the fall, he had made up his mind. It had been a glorious seven years; he had accomplished a great deal at and for Lincoln Center; he had made many good friends. The job was a challenging one, but the time had come for him to give up executive responsibilities and return to music. His resignation was announced in December of 1968. The Board immediately named him President Emeritus (thus putting that title into the plural for him, since he is also President Emeritus of Juilliard), citing him for having led Lincoln Center "through seven years of growth, experiment, innovation and achievement."

Schuman's first major work during his Lincoln Center years was the Symphony No. 8 of 1962, commissioned several years earlier by the New York Philharmonic in anticipation of the opening of its first regular season in Philharmonic Hall. A tight and sure work, it reflects his increasing subtlety of expression while retaining his characteristic drive and thrust. Its effective exploitation of the orchestra's resources musically affirms his frequently stated faith in the future of the symphony orchestra.

Schuman with Richard Rodgers during the construction of Lincoln Center; Rodgers became President of the N.Y. Music Theater.

Lincoln Center

Mr. and Mrs. Schuman at the first, gala opening night of the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center, September 16, 1966.

Lincoln Center

ON LISTENING TO WILLIAM SCHUMAN'S MUSIC

THE *American Festival Overture*, although written when Schuman was only twenty-eight years old, is as good an example as any of many of the elements of his musical style, and provides a useful launching point for a discussion of "what makes Schuman sound like Schuman." What impresses the listener first is its brilliant and compelling orchestration. Each instrument, and each choir of instruments, is handled with sure understanding. Schuman's admitted lack of expertise on the piano has proved a compositional blessing. "I'm not a pianist," he says, "and this makes it hard for me to write for the piano. But it helps my other music." Since he does not compose at the piano, Schuman works directly with his orchestral score, singing the individual lines as he works, notating and thinking each passage in terms of the instrument it is designed for. The result, evidenced as early as this overture, is that he writes music that *sounds*.

Rhythmically—for rhythm is one of the most important elements in Schuman's stylistic profile—the *American Festival Overture* is also typical. We find here the rhythmic drive and the irresistible propulsion that mark so much of his work. We also find the rhythmic ingenuity typical of his style, for, despite the force of his rhythmic drive, he is unwilling to confine himself to a steady, inexorable beat, or to regular, repetitive rhythmic patterns either. His favorite rhythmic device, borrowed possibly from his jazz days, is the off-beat accent. Whenever possible—and whenever effective—he tends to avoid accenting the strong beats of the bar, and particularly the first beat. Melodies start just after that first beat; accents occur on the second half of a strong beat; rhythmic patterns cross bar-lines with impunity, creating not only off-beat pulses, but energetic, implied cross-rhythms.

Schuman's rhythms are typically syncopated—but he carries syncopation to its most sophisticated extremes. He is fond of groupings of four notes: sometimes they are treated as continuous running passages; more often their implied accents are displaced, and they take on a breathlessness and nervous energy through the dropping of the fourth note of each group. As a matter of fact, in the composer's rhythmic style the release of a note is as important as its attack—sometimes even more important. And he carefully notates his rests. If a note is held beyond the time indicated (and in fast passages this becomes crucial), the implied syncopations, the implied cross-rhythms between attacks and releases, are destroyed, and much of the rhythmic impact is lost. He is also fond of triplets, or groupings of three notes in the rhythmic space of two beats, using fast triplets to propel and slow ones to create tension.

The *American Festival Overture* bears out Schuman's own contention that his music is both melodic and singable. Granted, his tunes cannot necessarily be whistled after a single hearing, but he insists that anyone who can sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* can learn to sing his melodies. It takes only a little practice, for the music is essentially tonal, and that immediately gives the listener something to hang on to. He likes large skips, very often of a seventh, and his melodies usually leap vigorously upward, a reflection of his own essentially affirmative approach to things. The chromatic alterations occurring within melodic lines are not problematic; while they lift the line out of the bounds of a single, strict tonality, they are always logical and seldom upsetting. It should be remembered that Schuman's melodies, like those in all music, depend upon their rhythmic structure for their individual personality. The notes alone, without the rhythm, mean very little.

SCHUMAN is generous with his instrumentation, calling for a full complement of winds and brass, and usually for a rather large percussion section. The bass clarinet, still viewed in many quarters as a slightly exotic "extra" instrument, appears in almost every one of his scores, often as a solo instrument. So does the English horn. He has a fondness for pulling out two or three solo winds for brief chamber-music-like excursions. His writing for percussion is always imaginative, and one of his favorite and most effective devices is the timpani solo: rising from subliminal rhythmic depths, the timpani emerge as melodic instruments.

He also likes to treat his instruments in blocks, pitting the winds against the strings, the brass against both, the percussion against everything. His music is full of brilliant antiphonal passages: witness the opening of the *American Festival Overture*, in which the materials shift from one instrumental choir to another, often overlapping in their eagerness to be heard. From full-orchestra passages, instrumental blocks will emerge. The contrasts between these blocks of sound, and the impact when they combine, are basic to his orchestral style.

Schuman himself credits Roy Harris with introducing him to sixteenth-century music, and this proved to be a significant acquaintance, for like his sixteenth-century predecessors, he is primarily a linear composer. Basing his works on moving melodic lines rather than on firmly planted vertical harmonies, he creates harmonic sounds that are the result (carefully planned and controlled) of his chromatic moving melodies.

On occasion, of course, he will write a purely harmonic passage, generally in block chords. When necessary, he can write a strictly "correct" chorale passage. Usually, however, he alters the chords just enough to produce an individual, and thoroughly twentieth-century, sound. Most often basically triadic (chords built in thirds), the harmony takes on color and individuality through the dissonant tones added to the basic chords. He likes to treat chords in blocks, too, and these blocks are often polychordal or polytonal, with treble and bass implying allegiance to different, and unrelated, keys. By spacing out his dissonances, and by separating his chord members and the non-chord tones, he can produce a texture in which the dissonances rub against each other, pulling and straining but rarely clashing. With the years, this kind of harmonic usage has grown increasingly sophisticated and subtle. Compositional intricacies he usually reserves for his contrapuntal passages: the harmonic sections often reveal tonal tension and rhythmic repose.

Schuman likes ostinato (regularly repeated) rhythms and the contrast possible between long, flowing melodies and rapidly moving accompaniment lines in detached notes. Often, as in the peroration of the *American Festival Overture*, what looks on the page like a virtuoso passage for strings or winds turns out to be nothing more than a continuous sweep of sound accompanying the sonorous melodic line emerging in the brass. This rapid passage of many notes creates the kind of sound background that is typical of the composer's style.

WHAT welds these compositional details into a cohesive and communicative piece of music is an unusually fine sense of organization. While not all of his works follow traditional forms (the *American Festival Overture* is in a clear three-part A-B-A), they all exhibit a sure discipline in the handling of contrast and repetition, exposition and development of ideas, emotional tension and release. Schuman never fools his listener. He sets up expectations of climax which are rewarded at the right psychological moment. He relieves suspense before it has had a chance to exhaust itself; he tempers drive with repose. There is clarity of both form and texture in his music: he is a clean composer.

Lincoln Center

Schuman quips with performers of the Theater Workshop for Students preparing a performance of his baseball opera, The Mighty Casey, *given at New York's East River Amphitheater in 1967.*

The following year, for Broadcast Music's twentieth anniversary, he balanced the essential seriousness of his symphonies with an orchestral version of Charles Ives' Variations on *America*. Schuman must have had real fun with it; Ives' renegade humor obviously appealed to him. Ives had scored his Variations for organ; Schuman retained the original parts (only shifting them occasionally to a new register) but added his own percussion. The piece, whose brilliance and humor are irresistible, has proved enormously popular. In the same year, for his own pleasure, Schuman made an orchestral version of *The Orchestra Song*, a traditional Austrian folk piece which he had earlier set (with an imaginative translation of the text by Marion Farquhar) for chorus. In 1964 he wrote one of his rare chamber works, *Amaryllis* Variations for String Trio, commissioned by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress. Using the early English song as his theme, he treats the sweetly modal melody to a series of contrapuntal and rhythmic variations in which the sounds of the twentieth century combined imaginatively with the spirit of the sixteenth.

In 1968, his last year at Lincoln Center, Schuman wrote two major works, both intensely serious. *To Thee Old Cause*, written for the New York Philharmonic's 125th anniversary, is subtitled "Evocation for Oboe, Brass, Timpani, Piano, and Strings." The title derives from a passage in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Introspective, with tension growing from understatement, the work reflects Schuman's growing concern for the human condition. The Ninth Symphony, subtitled "*Le Fosse Ardeatine*," is similar in mood and style. Schuman's only programmatic work, it is a passionate and deeply humanitarian statement of his reaction to a visit to Rome's Ardeatine Caves. There, in 1944, the Germans murdered over three hundred Italians in reprisal for the killing of thirty-two German soldiers by the Italian underground. It is an intense and essentially tragic work, expressing both compassion and protest.

Schuman's first work after leaving Lincoln Center was a musical tribute to the painter Ben Shahn, entitled *In Praise of Shahn*. Outgoing, despite its considerable contrapuntal complexity, it combines a slightly exotic, almost near-Eastern principal melody (a subtle comment on Shahn's Eastern European-Jewish background) with a bold orchestral development.

The year 1971 saw the composition of a set of four *Mail Order Madrigals* for *a cappella* chorus to texts from the 1897 Sears, Roebuck Catalog, and the *Declaration Chorale*, also for *a cappella* chorus, commissioned by the 1972 Lincoln Center Choral Festival. *Voyage for Orchestra*, commissioned by the Eastman School of Music on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, was introduced in 1972, and in 1973 Schuman completed his *Concerto on Old English Rounds*, for Viola, Women's Chorus, and Orchestra, commissioned by the Ford Foundation for violist Donald McInnis.

TODAY, at sixty-three, William Schuman still presents that aspect of vitality and exuberance which characterized him as a young man. If he had a taste for that kind of thing, he could indulge himself in reviewing past accomplishments and honors, for he has a long list of them. But he spends little time on the past, for he is too busy looking ahead. He remains a man with a future. He is still an early riser, and finds that his best working hours are in the morning. There was a time when each day was rigidly apportioned into the hours scheduled for composition and those for Juilliard or Lincoln Center responsibilities. Now he enjoys the luxury of sleeping as late as 7:30 or 8:00 ("But I'm completely awake as soon as I get up") plus the freedom of working at home on a considerably less regimented schedule. He has not dropped his outside activities, however, and devotes a great deal of time to the numerous boards on which he serves. His public services include, to name only two, the chairmanship of the executive committee of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and the chairmanship of the MacDowell Colony.

In his student days he was an enthusiastic concert-goer ("I went to everything") and record listener. Now he uses recordings primarily to learn repertoire. When he attends a concert purely for pleasure (he still shows up at a certain number of "duty" concerts), it's apt to be an orchestral performance. "I'm wild about the orchestra, and often sneak in to rehearsals to hear specific works."

As for the composers he favors: "I'm hard-pressed to think of any composer I *don't* admire. If I had to name favorites, I would pick out Lassus and Bach, and would underline Beethoven. I'd minimize Wagner and Liszt, but would include Berlioz, Ravel, and Debussy for orchestration. I'm a great Tchaikovsky fan. And I'm still crazy about the Americans of my youth, Harris and Copland particularly." Of today's younger composers: "I'm all for them in theory. It's necessary for them to be superior and dismissive of their elders; if they weren't, I'd worry. But I find no compulsion to agree with them or to listen to their music. I'm still a liberal, though, and feel they should go ahead."

His own musical creed is a very simple one: "I am a Romantic."

Sheila Keats *graduated from Juilliard during the Schuman years. A pianist and accompanist for string players and associate director of the School for Strings, she writes often on music.*


Warner-Reprise

DIONNE WARWICKE

"...learn what you can, get it all together, and go out and do it"

By Robert Windeler

DIONNE WARWICKE, who comes from a family of gospel singers, has been singing seriously since the age of six. She is now thirty-two, which means that she has had more than a quarter of a century of musical experience. It includes her tripartite collaboration with composer Burt Bacharach and lyricist Hal David, which dates back to her last year in high school. Since then she has won international acclaim and numerous gold records. For the last ten years she has made many appearances at night clubs and big hotels in Las Vegas and elsewhere. On the opening night of a recent engagement at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, I found her to be a confident, self-possessed lady, with a few prematurely grey strands in her faultlessly coiffed hair. Gone is the endearing little-girl uncertainty of only a few years ago. Dionne Warwicke now almost takes her success for granted, surrounded as she is by professional competence and by the unselfconscious love and respect of her large and warm family.

After the show, other stars came to her dressing room to pay their respects and congratulate her on another flawless opening. They were given champagne and hospitality, but the really important people were Dionne's mother from back East, her aunt (who sings as one of her backup group, the Blossoms), her husband, and her sister Dee Dee—also a singer, but one with a slightly more rhythm-and-blues and gospel sound. Dionne's five-year-old son darted in and out of his mother's dressing room, and there were more minions about—agents, managers, press agents—than most artists have, which reminded the rest of us that she is now an acknowledged superstar.

But she is a superstar with an ambition that has nothing to do with performing for the public: she wants to finish the education that was interrupted by her meeting Hal David and Burt Bacharach. They first entered her life in 1959, when she was a senior in high school. "Burt had written *Mexican Divorce* with Bob Hilliard," she said, "and my sister and I were doing background singing at the studios in New York—for the Drifters, among others. I used to sing too loudly for a backup, and so I was noticed." (Her singing had been noticed ever since she was in the first grade and joined the choir at her grandfather's church in East Orange, New Jersey: "I played the piano for the church and then became choir director and used to sing all around, for many organizations.")

At first Dionne did all the demo records for Bacharach

and David. "I applied to college because I wanted to get my education and be able to teach, but they kept trying to talk me into recording." Dionne entered Hart College, a part of the University of Hartford, where she has since been studying off and on (when her career permitted) and where, almost fifteen years later, she is determined to receive her doctor's degree in music. And when the show-biz glitter has finally dimmed, she will teach—as *Dr.* Warwicke.

Bacharach did, of course, talk her into a recording career, which began her long detour from the educational field. He was involved not only in composing but also in arranging and producing records. He and Hal David took Dionne to Scepter Records and wrote a song for her debut—*Don't Make Me Over*, an instant international hit. "Then they wrote *Reach Out* and *There's Always Something There to Remind Me* for me," she said. "I stayed away from full-time work in the music business as long as I could, but finally I left school."

Thereafter, throughout the 1960's, Bacharach and David wrote much of their material expressly for Dionne, and most of what she sang was theirs. *Anyone Who Had a Heart* further established her as a pre-eminent recording artist, and the song not only became part of the repertoires of Petula Clark and Marlene Dietrich but was recorded by many other artists as well. Miss Dietrich, for whom Bacharach was then conducting, was so impressed with Dionne that she personally introduced her at the Olympia Theatre in Paris in December of 1963. That appearance launched Dionne in Europe, and for the next year and a half she toured England and the Continent. At that time her *Walk On By* became a top-ten record throughout the world. In 1965 and 1966 she began appearing regularly on American television and sold out Philharmonic Hall in New York. In 1966 the trade journal *Cashbox* voted her the number one rhythm-and-blues singer and the number two pop singer.

A distinctive sound was now emerging, and a Bacharach-David-Warwicke song could be recognized after only a couple of bars. Of the gold records she began receiving regularly for singles and albums, all were for recordings of songs by Bacharach and David except one, *The Theme from the Valley of the Dolls*, by André and Dory Previn. Among the songs that made the Warwicke sound and style more familiar to the public were *I Say a Little Prayer*, *Alfie*, *Do You Know the Way to San Jose?*, and *Wishin' and Hopin'*. In 1969 Bacharach and David wrote a Broadway show, *Promises, Promises*, which did not star Dionne, but her recordings were the ones that made the show's best songs into hits: *Go While the Going Is Good, Knowing When to Leave*, *What Do You Get When You Fall in Love?*, and the title song.

Dionne says of the trio's working methods: "I never give them any help during the actual writing of a song. They often say, and it is true, that I change melodies many times, mostly by a note—an E or a C to a G. And if I ever feel that a lyric isn't quite right, I'll tell Hal, and he'll change it. Hal has changed whole verses for me because they weren't comfortable. We all work together during the recording of a song. But Hal is the lyricist, Burt the composer and arranger, and I am the *interpreter*. I can never get away from that. Occasionally Burt has urged me to branch out and do the work of other composers. And now I do. But I am so terribly sure of that relationship with Burt and Hal that there is no problem at all if I go off in another direction—or if they do."

Bacharach is the one who found the background voices—"three white girls, and three black"—and the rhythm section for Dionne's trademark sound. "Burt's a taskmaster," she says, "hard and rough. He tries to get the highest level of performance from anybody he works with." Of Hal David she says, "For a long time I thought he was the only lyricist worthy of being called a poet."

She voiced only one regret about her long association with the composer and lyricist: "I'm sorry I let Jackie De Shannon have *What the World Needs Now Is Love*. Burt and Hal brought it to me first, of course, but at the time it was written it didn't sound the way it sounds today—which is like a natural million seller. I should have known that it would be changed in the recording process, but I really felt it wasn't for me. So Jackie had the million-selling single. I recorded it later, on an album, and we used exactly the same arrangement Jackie had."

In her show at the Riviera Hotel only half the program was made up of Bacharach-David songs. There were two by Carole King, two by John Lennon, one each by Leon Russell and Jacques Brel, and another by Aretha Franklin. "She's soul sister number one, two, three, four, and five," says Dionne. "I think every black lady would consider herself a soul sister, but not every one of us has the gifts to be a songwriter. I unfortunately just don't seem to have any talent as a writer—or at least I haven't been able to express it so far.

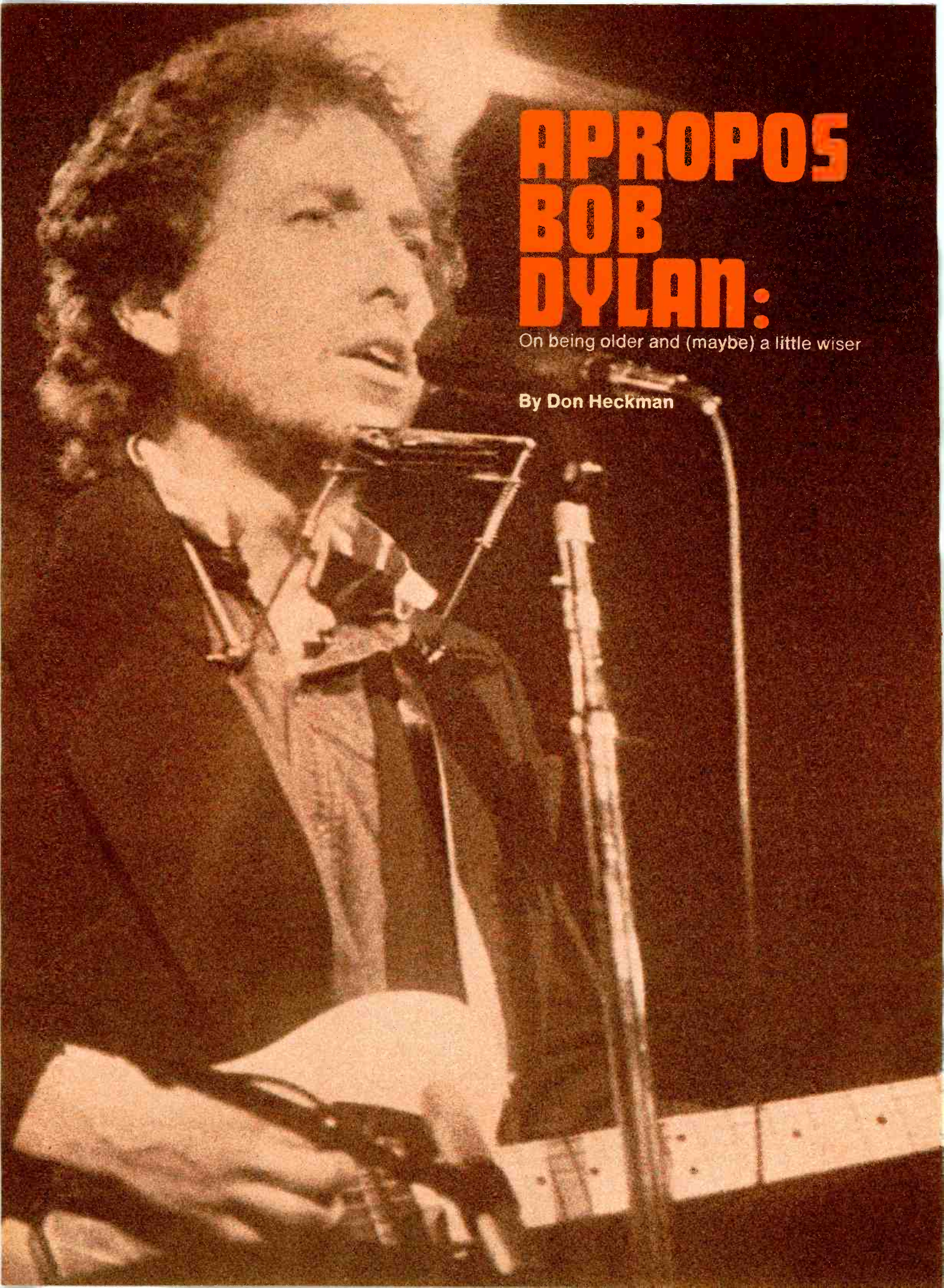
"I do know that most writers feel they are the best people to express their own feelings. We seem to be in a rather cultish time, the mushrooming of the singer-songwriter, whether male or female. Some are good, a lot not that good, but I don't feel left out because I don't write my own songs. Carole King has a great many feelings we *all* share, and she expresses them very well. I've thought that since she was writing for the Shirelles."

As for the future, Dionne is planning to add a gospel medley to her night-club act, and of course get that degree. "I've never been as excited about anything. I do a good deal less traveling now than ever before—thank God—by choice. I can devote more time to my husband and son—they're very important people in my life." Home is still New Jersey, but her career requires that she live part of the time in Los Angeles.

Her change from the Scepter label, which launched her and was her recording home for nine years, to Warner Brothers was painful, but she felt it had to be done. "If you have worn a size-five dress all your life and suddenly you're a size seven, you've got to go get a size-seven dress. I have no regrets other than that I wish Scepter could have been a little bigger. But they've been tremendously helpful to me, and they are still."

Dionne has made a film, and although it was not a pleasant experience, she may want to do one again. "It was called *Slaves*—and that's what we were. I was five months pregnant, it was made on a low budget and shot in July and August in Shreveport, Louisiana. It had everything working against it. I'd love to do a Broadway play, but you have to be very careful and you must know it's absolutely right for you."

About three years ago she felt it was right for her to add a final "e" to her name because a numerologist told her it would be a lot luckier. And she's an astrology buff—Sagittarius, with Taurus rising and her moon in Taurus, but what she really believes is: "You've got to learn what you can, get it all together, and go out and do it."



APROPOS BOB DYLAN:

On being older and (maybe) a little wiser

By Don Heckman

He came on stage with what was almost certainly a selfconscious disdain for the drama of it all: Bob Dylan—idol of a generation, voice of a movement, enigmatic puzzle at the core of the riddle that was the great Youth Movement of the Sixties—had returned for a nationwide tour after years of retirement and a few sporadic surprise appearances.

A bit aging at thirty-three, Dylan was otherwise little different in appearance from the casually rumpled young man who helped turn the pop-music world around in the halcyon days of the early Sixties. Still boyish, still just a bit vulnerable-looking, with eyes as eerily penetrating as ever, his very presence stirred memories of long-dissipated energies. But the puzzle no longer seemed so enigmatic.

For one thing, the songs simply failed to achieve their old impact. Is it going too far to say that *Blowin' in the Wind* and *Like a Rolling Stone*, once the initial rush of the feelings they aroused was past, sounded like nothing more than pleasant nostalgia? The thought will, no doubt, be blasphemy to many readers, but the aura of passivity, so rare a feeling to experience around Dylan, was too palpable to ignore. This 1974 Bob Dylan would send no one to the barricades, would provide no anthems for the Revolution.

No, what we heard and saw in the 1974 Dylan tour was evidence of the ascendency of a performer, confirmation of the disappearance of a proselytizer. It was, without question, the strongest *performance* I have ever heard from Dylan in more than ten years of listening to him in concert and on recordings. His voice was powerful and direct, the pliable instrument of interpretation that is the hallmark of a solid professional. The spoken/sung inflections that were the expressive limits of his earlier style were expanded to an emotional and musical gamut that ranged from guttural shouts to sweetest lyricism. Yet one wonders if the mere achievement of professional stature as a performer is what Dylan intended.

He choose to return to his public at a time when the country has been flailing about, desperately looking for functional idols and finding only crumbling relics of the past. Frank Sinatra returned too, looking and sounding more like a re-run than a renewal. And even Muhammed Ali's solid performance against Joe Frazier in Madison Square Garden two nights before the arrival of Dylan had about it the sad and yielding slackness of aging muscles being pushed to their limits.

Strange and aimlessly restless times. Ten years after the death of John F. Kennedy and the first wave of Beatles madness, twenty years after the wiggle-hipped arrival of Elvis Presley smack in the middle of the McCarthy era, uncertainty, confusion, and suspicion were once again blowin' in the wind. And so, when the momentous announcement came that Bob Dylan would tour the country for the first time in ten years (and release a new recording to boot), it was understandable that a flash of expectancy would dart through the minds of those who once thought that the urgings of one itinerant troubadour could alter all our lives. We know better now, of course—those of us who were Dylan's contemporaries. We have been to too many peace marches and civil-rights demonstrations (almost archaic words these days) to expect mere songs to do that. But Dylan did serve a purpose, producing the music that helped create the consciousness we needed, that served as a rallying cry for a generation that thought, yes, it could change the world. And now we know that public awareness alone, even public anger, as Watergate is teaching even the most optimistic, can have only painfully gradual effects upon the status quo.

But the fact that we couldn't *directly* change things, the fact that it was nearly four years after many of us had had our heads busted in Chicago before the concept of "peace with honor" was finally served by a withdrawal from Viet Nam, in no way minimized Dylan's importance. In all the rush of music and words that came pouring out of the brilliant flood of pop performers who arrived in the middle and late Sixties, Dylan's voice was the most persistent, the most direct, and—despite the fact that he could never be accused of having been a Top-40 act—the most influential. In the finest tradition of the artist-philosopher, Dylan's words mobilized us, made us not only aware of what was happening in the world around us, but also aware of ourselves as something more than miniature replicas of the "adults" young people are tacitly expected to emulate.

No one else came close. Musical tracts here and there from the Jefferson Airplane, Graham Nash, Neil Young, and others had a certain impact. For at least a year or two it was virtually *de rigueur* to include some sort of "protest" song on every record album (and, too, there were the slightly different consciousness-raising efforts of Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield, and Isaac Hayes). But ultimately the major impact came from Dylan and from performers like Joan Baez and Peter, Paul and Mary who helped expose Dylan's songs to a larger audience.

Dylan was perhaps the first American popular musician to successfully use a "naïve" form of expression, as classicists like to refer to it, as a

◀ Bob Gruen for Elektra/Asylum Records

mass-media vehicle for cultural and social consciousness-raising. The blues, "folk" music, even jazz, in its own nonverbal way, had been the languages used by blacks, blue-collar workers, and geographically or economically isolated subgroups to vent their anger, to express their frustrations. With the enormous expansion of the middle class that took place in the mid-Fifties and Sixties, there was a corollary expansion in the demographic importance of young people (a result of the post-World War II "baby boom"). For them, Dylan was the right voice at the right time; he said the right things in the right language for a segment of the population whose parents had just begun to achieve the material rewards that always had been part of the fanciful promise of America. But the oppression of blacks, the growing dominance of a white, middle-class, male-dominated society, and the looming specter of the Indochina War twisted the material accomplishments of the Fifties into the chauvinistic posturing of the Sixties. Dylan may have been good, but he also had the benefit of this unique confluence of historical and social currents—and, of course, of that marvelous machine, the phonograph, as well. And one wonders how many of the people who detested everything Dylan stood for in the early Sixties might not, today, in the midst of high-level government hanky-panky, energy crises, and a general souring of the American dream, find just a little sense in his words.

In retrospect, Dylan's greatest creative surge, the almost magical burst of energy that was so classic an expression of those ideas whose time had come, peaked in his earliest albums, at the time when he seemed concerned with reflecting the universalities of the world around him. Even his most fervent supporters were, at the very least, surprised by his return to acoustic music in "John Wesley Harding" and by the sweetly romantic sentiments (and crooning vocal quality) of "Nashville Skyline." Some observers wondered whether Dylan's near-disastrous 1966 motorcycle accident did not have a psychological as well as a physical impact. His quiet family life, the fathering of five children, a trip to Israel, and an honorary degree from Princeton only seemed to underline the blandness that crept into the Dylan recordings of the last few years. The original energy may still have been there in some form, but, with few genuine live performances and only the records to guide us, it was understandable that Dylan's survival as a creative force became moot. His appearance at the Bangladesh concert in mid-1971 was, at best, an enigmatic, even gratuitous event, more significant as a "happening" than for its musical consequence.

We heard Dylan in his 1974 "return," then, with mixed emotions. Like many other pop-rock stars, he can of course sell out major halls almost instantly, and tickets for his tour were the most difficult to obtain since the last time the Rolling Stones went cross-country. But the very act of returning to public performing had the effect of freezing Dylan into a posture he would never have found acceptable ten years ago. His programs, with the exception of one or two innocuous songs from his current (also innocuous) album, consisted of past hits: *The Times They Are A-Changin'*; *Gates of Eden*; *Just Like a Woman*; *Lay, Lady, Lay*; *Just Like Tom Thumb Blues*; *It Ain't Me Babe*; *Ballad of a Thin Man*; and so on. They were all songs with special memories attached, poetic fragments of—still—astonishingly moving imagery, but they were *only* memories, not universal and timeless rallying cries.

So, quite simply and quite pointedly, Bob Dylan still has the power to reach us, even to touch us, but he no longer has the ability—or perhaps even the desire—to get us up off our butts. That was, at one time, a significant power indeed. But looking around at the audience in Madison Square Garden, I could not help but notice that it was, for the most part, an older crowd than one usually sees at pop-music concerts, that some of the listeners seemed, like Dylan, a bit selfconscious in their tattered jeans and old battle jackets. There was something of the quality of a reunion of old army buddies, their uniforms dragged out of mothballs to help revive old and fleeting memories. And up on stage, accompanied—appropriately enough—by the Band, a group that had toured with him through so many campaigns, was the inspirational leader, recalling for us, in oddly *déjà vu* fashion, the thoughts and ideas we all knew so well that we could sing along in unison.

General MacArthur's classic recollection of the fate of old soldiers was, sadly, in mind as Dylan closed the concert with what was once thought to be the ultimate youth anthem, *Like a Rolling Stone*. When the audience lit matches and cigarette lighters in quiet tribute, one could truly appreciate what Dylan had once meant—so short a time ago—to all of us. But one could also wonder whether the Dylan of 1974 had not ironically become his archetypical Mr. Jones of *Ballad of a Thin Man*, whether he knows any more than the rest of us what is really happening.

Don Heckman, *formerly a jazz reviewer for this magazine, is a professional musician and free-lance record producer. He plays the alto saxophone and as a composer is active in TV.*

STEREO REVIEW'S SELECTION OF RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

BEST OF THE MONTH

CLASSICAL

PIANO DUETS BY DEBUSSY AND RAVEL

Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky present some unusual French repertoire

ONE tends to think of the piano-duet tradition as essentially Central European and just a little old-hat. A new Deutsche Grammophon release comes as a double surprise, therefore, for it not only reminds us that two French composers, Debussy and Ravel, made some major contributions in the genre, but it does so with the superbly realized performances of two German pianists previously noted principally for their strong avant-garde connections.

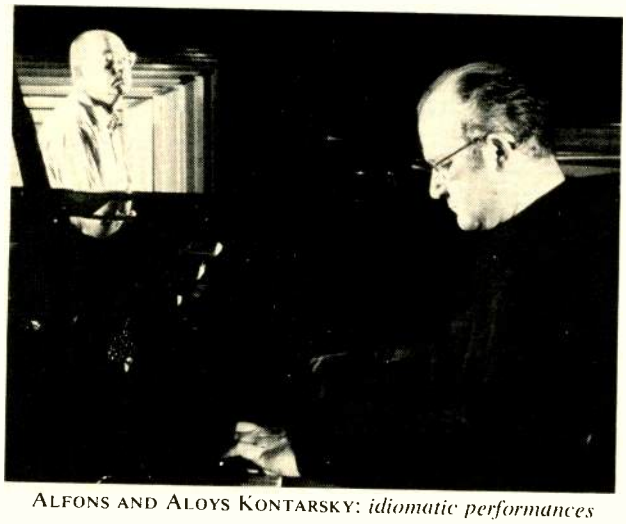
Since there is sometimes a lingering audience suspicion (not without foundation) about the stylistic and even textual scrupulosity of avant-garde performers, let me emphasize first of all that these are remarkably sensitive performances: idiomatic, with fine poetic feeling, full of color and nuance, and always with proper attention paid to the larger musical values.

But there are times when one has to wish that the Germans were not so damned thorough. We certainly could have done without the Debussy Symphony in B Minor here, an obvious piece of juvenilia that can be nothing more than a sketch in two-piano form anyway. The two-piano versions of the *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, for that matter, is hardly a must either. (Orchestral performance in France being what it was—and still is—Durand, the publisher of both Debussy and Ravel, put out virtually everything in two-piano and one-piano-four-hands editions designed to appeal to the cultivated amateur. If nothing else, these arrangements do at least give the lie to the old canard that the music of Ravel and Debussy is all coloristic show and no substance.) On the other hand, the exquisite four-hand version of Ravel's *Mother Goose (Ma Mère l'Oye) is* the original, and so is the Debussy *Petite Suite*. And *En blanc et noir* (a piano piece is to an orchestral work as a black and white pen or pencil sketch is to a painting) is one of the most remarkable works of Debussy's last years.

Among the smaller, little-known works, there is at least one delightful novelty: Ravel's *Frontispice* is as far out and enigmatic a piece of music as one could expect to find any where, any time in the first half of this century; if nothing else, it is at least a remarkable musical curiosity.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
The show and *the substance*

I cannot imagine anything better realized, either musically or technically, than these two splendid discs; they are impressive for the best of all possible reasons—for their beauty, for their justice to the music they present, and for the communicative values they have discovered in it. The piano sound, moreover, is first-rate in both its quality and its recorded "presence." The disc surfaces, finally, are astonishingly quiet even by Deutsche Grammophon's own high standards. If you have been bashful up to now about broadening your acquaintance with French music, content with *La*



Polydor/Friedrich

ALFONS AND ALOYS KONTARSKY: *idiomatic performances*

Mer and *Clair de lune* on the one hand, with *Boléro* and *La Valse* on the other, these recordings are, at least for this month, the best possible place to start changing all that. *Eric Salzman*

DEBUSSY: *En blanc et noir; Petite Suite; Lindaraja; Cortège et air de danse; Ballade; Six Epigraphes antiques; Symphonie en si mineur; Marche écossaise; Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune.* RAVEL: *Ma Mère l'Oye; Rhapsodie espagnole; Entre Cloches; Frontispice.* Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky (pianos). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2707 072 two discs $15.96.

MICHAEL TIPPETT'S THIRD SYMPHONY

Colin Davis conducts in a Philips recording that seems almost bound to be controversial

SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT, as Music Editor James Goodfriend noted in his brief biographical appendix to Bernard Jacobson's appreciation in the March issue, is a composer whose music "cannot really be divorced from the rest of the man. His concerns with life are his musical concerns and vice versa." This is evident in his Third Symphony, completed in March 1972 after what might be regarded as a gestation period of nearly seven years. It is the most vast of Tippett's orchestral works, one in which, perhaps more than in any other, he undertakes to make a statement about his (and our) time, in words (his own) as well as in music.

As can be discovered in Philips' new recording of the work (Colin Davis leading the London Symphony Orchestra), Stravinskian principles are involved, Beethoven is quoted, and the jazz and blues that have fascinated Tippett since his youth are brought into play with unselfconscious effectiveness. The two huge sections of the work break down into subsections corresponding to the four movements of a conventional symphony, the first part brooding and introspective to an almost painful degree, and the final section constituting a reaction—one almost wants to say rebuttal—to the Schiller ode set by Beethoven in the finale of his Ninth.

Tippett uses the opening of the Beethoven finale to introduce his own, and again to separate its episodes, but instead of a chorus he has written a blues sequence, for solo soprano, more or less in the style (as Colin Davis was first to observe) of a latter-day William Blake. Their burden is that instead of the milk and honey of brotherhood promised by Schiller/Beethoven, we have tasted the wormwood and gall of monstrous inhumanity. If some portions of the text seem rather less pertinent than others ("O, I'll go whirling/with my armpits glist'ning/and my breast-buds shaking . . ."), it is simply that the metaphors of the earlier blues sections relate to the ages of a human being. The third song deals with injustices such as would make one question the idea of the "loving Father" hymned by Schiller/Beethoven—a dwarf, a "girl born dumb and blind" (Helen Keller)—and in the last we have the direct confrontation with the Ninth, in lines whose unstrained simplicity recalls Tippett's earlier *A Child of Our Time:*

They sang that when she waved her wings
The Goddess Joy would make us one.
And did my brother die of frost-bite in the camp?
And was my sister charred to cinders in the oven?
We know not so much joy for so much sorrow. . . .

At the end, though, beginning with a phrase from Martin Luther King, Tippett makes his own paradoxical statement of affirmation, proclamative and heartening:

I have a dream, that my strong hand shall grip the cruel, that my strong mouth shall kiss the fearful, that my strong arms shall lift the lame, and on my giant legs we'll whirl our way over the visionary earth in mutual celebration. . . .

From all this one might gather that the Symphony has elements in common with such works as Berio's *Sinfonia* and Bernstein's *Mass*—and so it does: quotation, topicality, the incorporation of jazz and blues. But it has a far more strictly organized form, conveying a stricter sense of purpose, and, despite the jazz and blues, despite the allusions to Bessie Smith and Stravinsky and Beethoven, this is not pastiche but, as always with Tippett, a highly original and deeply felt expression in which no amount

of "influences" (whose presence Tippett himself is the first to acknowledge) can diminish or mask his own individuality. He might well say of his Third, as Sibelius did of his own Fourth Symphony: "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, of the circus about it." It is a hugely subjective piece (what old-timers would call "strong medicine"), and it is more than likely that no two listeners will respond to it in exactly the same way; the one reaction I cannot imagine is indifference.

A matter clearly beyond the bounds of subjective reaction is the extraordinary performance (under the auspices of the Swiss-based Rupert Foundation) by the Artists (the capital "A" is little enough in the way of tribute) who gave the Symphony's premiere in June 1972. There are prodigious demands on the soprano, and on the orchestra too, but so successfully are they met that the listener is aware of nothing but the impact of the music itself. The performance, rooted in something much deeper then mere virtuosity, is magnificent, totally and in every detail; it is alive with conviction. The Philips engineers, no less inspired than Davis, Harper, and the rest, have come through with what may be the finest orchestral sound yet achieved on this label. Unquestionably this is one of the major releases of the decade. *Richard Freed*

TIPPETT: ***Symphony No. 3.*** Heather Harper (soprano); London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis cond. PHILIPS 6500 662 $6.98.

PREVIN, TEAR, AND LUXON: *no apologies necessary*

Angel Records

SOME VERY LATE VICTORIANS

Making it clear that, whatever else it is,
Come into the Garden Maud *is* not *a joke*

GET yourself a potted palm and a highbacked chair, close your eyes, and let three of the cleverest musicians in England—tenor Robert Tear, baritone Benjamin Luxon, and that wizard of baton and keyboard André Previn—transport you to a Victorian salon for a song recital worthy of the undivided attention of the Queen who gave her name to a much-maligned—and now much-regretted—age.

Victorian parlor songs were generally watered wine drawn from bottles labeled Donizetti, Bellini, Rossini, and such, but anyone who has ever attended a performance of *Cox and Box* or *The Sorcerer* will recognize the home-grown bouquet of the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan as well. In fact, the little musicale just now offered for our delectation by Angel Records begins with *The Dicky Bird and the Owl*, a setting by Sullivan of a lyric by Sinclair that traveled almost intact to the score of *Cox and Box* as *The Buttercup* ("I come by night, I come by day . . ."). It makes a charming opener.

There inevitably follow those songs about brave men doing their duty, the moon raising her lamp, the rescue of little storm-tossed travelers by heavenly (I suppose one should say *heav'nly*) intervention, and other themes dear to Victorian hearts. There's a setting by some forgotten fellow named Leslie of Poe's *Annabelle Lee* that is surprisingly touching, two songs by Balfe (he who wrote that operetta favorite of grandmother's called *The Bohemian Girl*) to texts by Tennyson (you remember *Come into the Garden, Maud*) and Longfellow (*Excelsior*), and even a ballad about an Arab's heartfelt speech of farewell—to his horse. You will not easily forget a little puff of melodic smoke called *Cigarette*, nor, certainly, the concert's conclusion: *The Gendarmes' Duet*, by Offenbach, a tune that is the original of our *Marine Corps Hymn* ("From the halls of Montezuma . . .").

Yet, for all the Gothic atmosphere of the lyrics, the manacled skeletons in the closets, and the blue-eyed zealots carrying banners labeled "Excelsior" across the Alps, there is really nothing here, in musical terms, to patronize. As Robert Tear points out in his notes, "these songs are not amusing museum relics but as full of lovely melody and grand sentiment as pertinent to their age as were Dowland and Monteverdi's music to theirs." Indeed, as Mr. Tear and Mr. Luxon sing them to Mr. Previn's incisive

accompaniments, the songs more than hold their own, and the program needs no apology. On the contrary, Tear himself, who thought up the whole concert, should be thanked heartily for a labor of love performed free of condescension and in splendid style. And, having gotten your feet wet in this seductive repertoire, you may want to get in a little deeper with an Argo album called "Music All Powerful (To Entertain Queen Victoria)," ZRG 596. It contains, among other treasures, a song by the Queen's Consort, Albert, Prince of Saxe, Coburg, and Gotha, as well as a moving solo for the ophicleide (*q.v.*).

Paul Kresh

VICTORIAN SONGS. ***The Dicky Bird and the Owl; The Trumpeter; Annabelle Lee; Cigarette; Tom Bowling; Saved from the Deep; The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp Above; Excelsior; Come into the Garden, Maud; The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed; The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest; The Death of Nelson; The Gendarmes' Duet.*** Robert Tear (tenor); Benjamin Luxon (baritone); André Previn (piano) ANGEL S-36975 $5.98.

POPULAR

CLEO LAINE LIVE!!! AT CARNEGIE HALL

A sizzling new album from RCA will commend her to an even larger international audience

WHO is Cleo? What is she? Her swains at the London *Sunday Times* have called this lady with the modified Afro and the big blue eyes "quite possibly the best singer in the world." And quite possibly she is. I know she is the only singer in the world I would stay up to watch on the Johnny Carson show. She is possessed in abundance of the three "s's" essential to the success of any songbird: sex appeal, sophistication, and sizzle. With a working range of four octaves, the ability to turn any song she tackles into an event, and a talented husband (John Dankworth, a whiz at conducting, arranging, and composing popular music as well as playing it on saxophone and clarinet) to encourage her, she has built up an increasingly frenzied throng of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The vitality, virtuosity, and range displayed in her latest album, artfully assembled by RCA from a landmark concert she gave at New York's Carnegie Hall last October, seem to me to justify all three of the exclamation points in its title. The concert begins—and ends—with a wistful *a cappella* treatment of the folk song *I Know Where I'm Going* which leaves no doubt in one's mind that Cleo Laine does, indeed, know where she's going and how to get there as well. No two of the numbers in between these winning bookends are alike in spirit, context, tempo, or mood, yet all bear the unmistakable imprint of her inimitable singing style. Not the least of Cleo's virtues is her ability to gallop back and forth across the so-called generation gap—for first-class talents such as hers it has never existed anyway—bringing off folk, blues, and torch songs of the past one moment and demonstrating how a worthy contemporary song such as *Stop and Smell the Roses* should be sung the next.

It is hard to pick, out of this brimming cornucopia of delights, anything one might call a "favorite," but it is even harder to refrain from mentioning, say, *Gimme a Pig Foot and a Bottle of Beer* (better, I think, then Bessie Smith's original), *Control Yourself* (practically an entire musical comedy all by itself), and Stephen Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns* from *A Little Night Music* (Cleo has found depths in it that neither Glynnis Johns nor Renata Scotto—she has sung it in concert—nor even Frank "Ol' Blue Eyes" Sinatra has plumbed).

After ploughing through so much unabashed adulation, those almost-persuaded readers who are still with me might well be wondering whether I don't have at least one little reservation about this record in what is left of my blown mind. Well, yes, there are two: first, I find myself wishing at times that Miss Laine would succumb less often to the urge to imitate her husband's saxophone and other musical instruments, and second, that RCA's engineers had been a mite less generous with audience noises—grunts, groans, gasps, and, to be sure, lots of ap-

CLEO LAINE: *turns a song into an event*

RCA

plause. But these are merely druthers; you won't get me to admit that this album has any *flaws*!

Paul Kresh

CLEO LAINE: ***Live!!! at Carnegie Hall.*** Cleo Laine (vocals); John Dankworth (clarinet and saxophone); Anthony Hymas (piano and electric piano); Daryl Runswick (Fender bass and upright bass); Carmine D'Amico (guitar); Graham Morgan (drums); John Dankworth arr. and cond. *Intro; I Know Where I'm Going; Music; Wish You Were Here (I Do Miss You); Gimme a Pig Foot and a Bottle of Beer; You Must Believe in Spring; Perdido; Control Yourself; Send in the Clowns; Ridin' High; Bill; Big Best Shoes; Stop and Smell the Roses; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone.* RCA LPL1-5015 $5.98, ® LPS1-5015 $6.98, © LPK1-5015 $6.98.

GOLDEN AGE ECHOES: BIG STAR

Their new "Radio City" for Ardent reveals them as unabashed students of the Beatles

It's a fact of life, here in 1974, that everybody misses the Beatles. I miss them, you miss them, Capitol Records misses them, and, more important, artists like Blue Ash, Stories, Badfinger, and the Raspberries miss them—so much so, in fact, that they've taken to making records on which they pretend to *be* the Beatles. One's reaction to this sincerest form of flattery depends, as some critics have pointed out, on whether or not you think it displays a marked lack of originality or is merely a legitimate attempt to work within an established genre. But despite the fact that I really *like* some of this ersatz-Liverpool stuff (especially such recent Raspberries efforts as *Tonight*), there's an air of selfconsciousness about even the best of it that largely spoils it for me. It's all, somehow, too clever for its own good, as are the earnest appeals to an imagined Teenage Consciousness that it all too often comes couched in.

BIG STAR: *Jody Stephens, Alex Chilton, Andy Hummel*

Ardent Records

Which is why Big Star's very *un*selfconscious second album on Ardent, "Radio City," is such an unabashed delight. The songs are as unforced and natural sounding as the models they're based on, and when the band does get down to the kind of naïve, adolescent love songs that you really haven't heard in years, for a change you believe the sentiments expressed. There's real *feeling* in them.

Alex Chilton, the band's lead singer and writer, is a remarkable character. In the late Sixties, still a teenager, he sang, in an extremely gruff, Southern, r-&-b style, with a group called the Boxtops. It seems, however, that all the while he was aping Ray Charles on records, he was at home trying to sing like Paul McCartney and play guitar like Jim McGuinn. That's roughly where he's at now, as a listen to the album's standout tracks, *September Gurls* and *Back of a Car*, will demonstrate. But all the songs on "Radio City" are cut from similar cloth—in other words, from the kind of melodic, atmospheric pop music that groups like the Zombies, the Beach Boys, and the Who were making in 1966—and they're almost all first rate. And as if that weren't enough, the album is recorded in a deliberately anachronistic way (some of it is even in mono, Phil Spector will be happy to learn), and the effects reinforce the impression one assumes Chilton was trying to make—that these are previously undiscovered masters by a superb, unknown group from that warmly remembered Golden Age.

I didn't care for the band's first record, which was much slicker and more contemporary in feeling, but with this new one I'm beginning to think that some of the incredibly exaggerated claims made for them have a basis in fact. Of course, whether or not Chilton and his co-workers can sustain this level of excellence is open to question, but "Radio City" *is* a knockout album, and you miss it at your peril.

Steve Simels

BIG STAR: ***Radio City.*** Alex Chilton (guitar and vocals); Andy Hummel (bass); Jody Stephens (drums). *O My Soul; Life Is White, Way Out West; What's Going Ahn; You Get What You Deserve; Mod Lang; Back of a Car; Daisy Glaze; She's a Mover; September Gurls; Morpha Too; I'm in Love with a Girl.* ARDENT ADS 1501.

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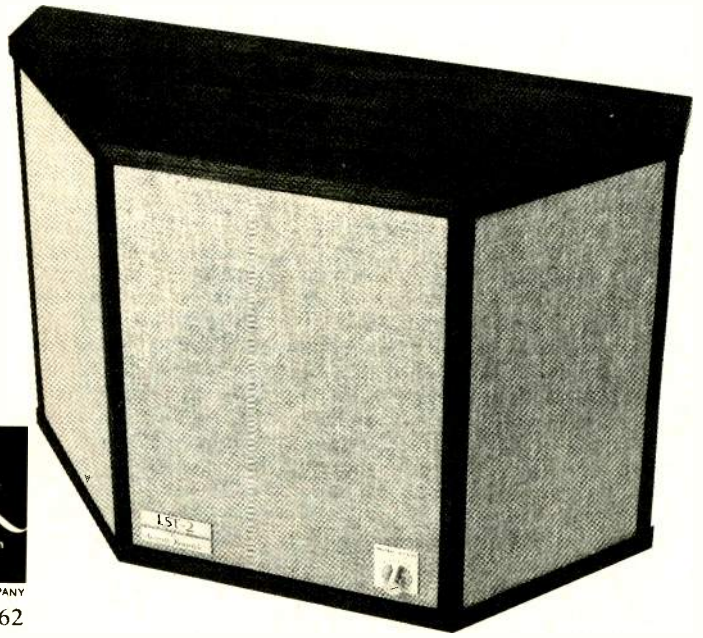
Stereo Review Magazine



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POPULAR DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by CHRIS ALBERTSON • NOEL COPPAGE • PAUL KRESH • PETER REILLY • JOEL VANCE

ALICE COOPER: ***Muscle of Love.*** Alice Cooper (vocals and instrumentals). *Woman Machine; Hard Hearted Alice; Muscle of Love; Man with the Golden Gun; Never Been Sold Before; Working Up a Sweat*; and three others. WARNER BROS. BS 2748 $5.98, (8) M8 2748 $6.98, (C) M5 2748 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

I have amended my opinion of Alice Cooper to the extent that I think they have improved as a band—time does work wonders—but, though their arrangements are getting more interesting and their performances are professional, Cooper's outfit is not markedly distinguishable from dozens of other bands playing a mixture of hard, jazz, and sneer rock. Cooper's is a show band: they play music as an excuse to appear on stage, which is where the real money is. The studied, choreographed outlandishness of the band, the dabblings with transvestism, evil, and violence, and the dubious historical achievement of opening the closet for other hard-core deviate groups all make for packed halls and very successful albums.

But there is very little music here. Cooper could (and does) record any ten songs, package them with a "suitable" album cover to fit the group's image, and lo! something to take to market. The cover on this one shows the band dressed as sailors, hanging around one the those seamy San Francisco parlors where the local newts go to see naked ladies wrestle each other. There are all sorts of gamey little scenes to be portrayed, so Cooper will probably never run out of cover ideas. But I, for one, just hope Cooper's popularity, and that of all the other "glitter-rock" groups and performers, runs out before the cover ideas do. *J.V.*

Explanation of symbols:

(R) = *reel-to-reel stereo tape*
(8) = *eight-track stereo cartridge*
(C) = *stereo cassette*
[ ] = *quadraphonic disc*
[R] = *reel-to-reel quadraphonic tape*
[8] = *eight-track quadraphonic tape*
[C] = *quadraphonic cassette*

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol (M)

The first listing is the one reviewed; other formats, if available, follow it.

TONI BROWN
Clean vocals and impressive potential

BEACH BOYS: ***In Concert.*** Beach Boys (vocals and instrumentals). *Good Vibrations; Surfin' USA; Sail On Sailor; Caroline No; Help Me Rhonda; Leavin' This Town; Sloop John B.; Wouldn't It Be Nice; Marcella; California Girls*; and ten others. BROTHER/REPRISE 2RS 6484 two discs $9.98, (8) K 86484 $9.97, (C) K 56484 $9.97.

Performance: **Erratic**
Recording: **Likewise**

Despite a recent interview given by Beach Boy grey eminence Brian Wilson, in which he indicated that this album was a turkey being issued by the rest of the boys over his protests, I had high hopes. As anyone who has seen one in the last few years knows, Beach Boys concerts are among the most satisfying musical experiences going, and on the basis of the live tracks they have previously released (notably the English-only "Live in London" and a version of *Wouldn't It Be Nice* from the *Celebration* soundtrack) I saw no reason to expect that their live sound wouldn't be reproduced here with a measure of accuracy.

Well, Brian was right and I was wrong: this album is a legitimate disappointment. The recording is muddy and abysmally balanced, and what one can hear of the performances suggests that they are pretty uneven as well. With the exception of a sizzling, hard-edged rendition of *Marcella* (their great flop single of 1972), there's nothing here that can't be heard to better advantage on their studio albums, or, for that matter, from a good seat at their next show. I strongly recommend that you buy a ticket with whatever bread you've put away to purchase this set. The Beach Boys are much, much better in concert than this album indicates. *Steve Simels*

BIG STAR: ***Radio City*** **(see Best of the Month, page 87)**

TONI BROWN: ***Good for You, Too.*** Toni Brown (vocals, piano); Tommy Cogbill (bass); Billy Sanford, Reggie Young (guitars); other musicians. *Good for You, Too; I Loved You All the Time; Everything Comes in Time; Wild Bird; The Devil and Willie Mahoney; Hang On to Your Happy Days; Big Trout River*; and three others. MCA-386 $5.98, (8) MCAT-386 $6.98, (C) MCAC-386 $6.98.

Performance: **Promising, still**
Recording: **Very good**

First there was Joy of Cooking, then Toni and Terry, and now there's just Toni—but all this sloughing off of names hasn't changed the sound much. That's because Toni did most of the songwriting all alone, and there's something . . . distinctively *forgettable* about her songs. She may be the kind of songwriter who has to choose between being prolific and being good, and has temporarily

chosen to grind them out—I do recall one song she did with Terry Garthwaite that was more than just catchy and didn't explode in a puff of minty nothingness when you bit down on it. I would suggest that Toni does not clearly see just how much potential she really has. Most of these songs are nicely constructed, as usual, but also—as usual—tend to hover about that helter-skelter tempo Joy of Cooking loved so well, and to recycle the same melodic ideas so many times that one can be mesmerized into missing the lyrics' references to getting divorced and going to seed and making pacts with the devil and all sorts of groovy things. *Big Trout River* would be pretty impressive if one hadn't heard a disjointed mosaic preview of its melody by the time it comes under the needle, and it would be more impressive still if one could believe Toni would heed its—her—words and back off a bit from the hubbub in order to write slower and better. Her singing is clean and pretty, though not yet stylish, and the backing here is passable, though some of it is done by the numbers. Toni Brown's potential continues to be considerably more impressive than her work. *N.C.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CANNED HEAT: ***One More River to Cross.*** Canned Heat (vocals and instrumentals). *One More River to Cross; L.A. Town; I Need Someone; Bagful of Boogie; You Am What You Am*; and four others. ATLANTIC SD 7289 $5.98, ® TP 7289 $6.97, © CS 7289 $6.97.

Performance: **Jumpin'**
Recording: **Very good**

Last time I heard Canned Heat they sounded tired and bored. Maybe it is a result of their label change (the same thing happened to Sinatra in the early 1960's), but here they are now with a peppy, confident album that contains some of the most danceable, groin-grinding music in many moons. Not only is the band in great shape, but they are given glorious support by four local talents from Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where the sessions were held.

The title tune is a tight little rocker distinguished by Henry Vestine's guitar and Ed Beyer's overdubbed organ and piano work. Ronnie Eades' baritone sax pushes the band along much as the nameless bari-man did in the original Little Richard band from New Orleans. *I'm a Hog for You, Baby*, a Mike Lieber-Jerry Stoller classic, is given a Latin treatment featuring "Fito" de la Parra's timbales and a lazy, undulating guitar riff by Vestine. *You Am What You Am*, a meaty track, has some scat singing in it that sounds as though Canned Heat's been listening to Sivuca or Airto, Brazilian jazz musicians who've been floating around the country and occasionally making records. The band charges joyfully into *Shake, Rattle and Roll* (what a grand tune that is!) and gives it a straight surefire reading. Finally, there is *We Remember Fats*, which is a medley of Fats Domino hits, but for some reason "Bear" Hite, starting the medley with *The Fat Man*, sings the melody to Lloyd Price's *Lawdy, Miss Clawdy*.

Canned Heat has certainly been rejuvenated. This is quite possibly their best album. No wonder the decorative swan on the inside cover looks like it's doing the cakewalk. *J.V.*

CARPENTERS: ***The Singles 1969-1973.*** Richard and Karen Carpenter (vocals and instrumentals); various orchestras. *We've Only Just Begun; Yesterday Once More; Sing; Superstar; For All We Know*; and seven others. A & M SP 3601 $5.98.

Performance: **Golly!**
Recording: **Superb**

Although they still strike me, depressingly, as the fictive offspring of a screen marriage between Robert Young and Doris Day (and about as representative of what young people are in 1974, or want to be, as Andy Hardy), I must admit, after listening to this survey of their single chart-poppers from 1969 to 1973, that Richard and Karen Carpenter have something besides *chutzpah*.

What they have (and oh boy, do they ever) is a brand of complete professionalism that would daunt General Motors, abash Streisand, and probably awe even my friend Herr


Atlantic Records

CANNED HEAT
Peppy, confident, and danceable

Doktor Üwe Undsoweiter, who, in his Black Forest laboratory, makes ball bearings so small that they are invisible to the naked eye. Invisible to my naked ear is the difference between one track and another here; the songs become only batter for the waffle iron of the Carpenters' performances. In the five years covered there is almost no sign of growth, nor even any apparent search for it. Relentlessly cheerful, relentlessly upbeat, relentlessly clean-cut, they barge through the speakers like a pair of unwelcome Rotarian conventioneers. Surely this deodorized parody of what older people would like to think younger people are must offend some of the kids who are trying to get someone to listen to them and to stop sneering at the way they choose to dress or to conduct their sexual lives.

In themselves there is nothing malignant about the Carpenters; they are, after all, only performers (and I say "only" because of what I hear in this album—the stasis is that of people far beyond *their* years, and so I can only account for it as don't-mess-around-with-a-good-thing) and are wise enough, in the show-biz sense, to follow the arc of a big-money career.

What I do object to is equating any performer with God, Flag, and Country. It was ridiculous when it was done with Kate Smith and Bing Crosby, and it is ridiculous now. The Carpenters and their performances are not really the point. The point is that entertainment is entertainment, and no more should be read into it than the degree to which it entertains you. As you may have gathered, I don't much care for the Carpenters, but my saying that doesn't mean I'm out to corrupt anyone. It is very sad that people so often confuse issues in an attempt to project their own identities through performers. Dylan's recent gallop through a series of sold-out concerts and his incredible new recording deal with Asylum-Elektra show that the older, middle and upper-middle brows are quite as gullible as Osmond Brothers fans, Carpenters fans, or Bobby Vinton fans. To me, it all seems a bit foolish. But that's show-biz. *P.R.*

VIKKI CARR: ***Live at the Greek Theatre.*** Vikki Carr (vocals); orchestra. *Love Song; Lean on Me; It Must Be Him; Y Volveré; Se Acabó*; and eighteen others. COLUMBIA KG 32656 two discs $6.98, ® GA 32656 $7.98, © GT 32656 $7.98.

Performance: **Spotty**
Recording: **Good**

A warm and luscious-looking woman with a voice to match, Vikki Carr has yet to make an album that captures her talent fully. I had hopes for this one, since it was taped at a live performance and I thought that the audience contact might thaw what seemed a certain stiffness and show-biz glare that marred her previous recordings. It does happen once or twice here, particularly in a lovely medley of Spanish songs in which Carr is so good, so instinctively relaxed, yet in command, that the album as a whole seems even more disappointing. Partly the production is at fault; when will they learn that there are only a handful of performers whose audience chit-chat is worth including in the released recording? And partly it is the bad choice of material. Whoever convinced her that she should sing a medley of Judy Garland hits as her next-to-closing smasheroo set piece must have had his taste buds removed. It sounds as incongruous as Joan Baez doing Ethel Merman's Greatest Hits.

When the subject matter is keyed to her very real and womanly temperament, though, as in *It Must Be Him* or *Can't Take My Eyes Off of You*, Carr comes through as a refreshing anomaly on the pop scene: a truly female female singing about an adult woman's life (the only other lady around capable of that is Peggy Lee). In these songs and in the Spanish ones she resists what is to me a distressing tendency to belt, and the result is always convincing and often lovely.

Isolated spots here show that Carr is an excellent performer who has yet to conquer microphone technique for recordings and whose act needs to be thought out and focused in on what she does best. Better luck next time. *P.R.*

HARRY CHAPIN: ***Short Stories.*** Harry Chapin (vocals, guitar); Ron Palmer (guitar); John Wallace (bass); Michael Masters (cello); other musicians. *Short Stories; W*O*L*D; Song for Myself; Changes; They Call Her Easy; Mr. Tanner*; and four others. ELEKTRA EKS-75065 $5.98, ® ET-85065 $6.98, © TC-55065 $6.98.

Performance: **(sigh)**
Recording: **Very good**

Harry Chapin's still at it, and I suppose a certain kind of unhappy soul somewhere is still

(Continued on page 92)

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GTE SYLVANIA

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underlining his lyrics and writing "how true" out in the margin. These songs *are* briefer than his last batch, and I appreciated that—until I figured out it meant there were more of them. One is about a guy who got married and became an FM disc jockey on the same day—some day, huh?—but later fell from grace, deserting his little family to become an AM jock, and things are so bad now that he's getting bald and has "a tire around my gut from sitting on my ---." (The blank is Harry's.) Another discusses a girl who believes in free love and is called *Easy* and, of course, has a heart of gold. Another is about a man who ran a dry cleaning place in Dayton, Ohio, and also sang ("He practiced scales while pressing tails," Harry tells us, in that poetic way of his) until he was talked into getting up on the stage in the big city and got shot down by the critics, who wrote, "His voice lacks the range of tonal color necessary to make it consistently interesting." That language, you understand, is woven into a *song lyric*. Then there's the one about this guy in the Old West who's about to take delivery on a mail-order bride.

If one could believe Harry were putting everybody on, one wouldn't feel so inhibited about inhaling when this thing is on the turntable. But Harry sounds so *earnest*; his melodies are too contrived to permit speculation that he's indulging in fun and games, and his voice—which, frankly, lacks the range of tonal color necessary to make it consistently interesting—is seriouser than you and I will ever have to be, with any luck at all. The arrangements are nice, though—love that cello—and if one listens to this one without really *listening*, one reaches the point that he could swear that . . . that somewhere . . . somewhere a dog barked. *N.C.*

THE DILLARDS: ***Tribute to the American Duck.*** The Dillards (vocals and instrumentals); John Hartford (fiddle); Josh Graves (dobro); other musicians. *Music Is Music; Caney Creek; Dooley; Love Has Gone Away; You've Gotta Be Strong*; and five others. POPPY PP-LA175-F $4.98, ⑧ PP-EA175-G $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Very good**

The Dillards, now, weren't a bad idea—a country-rock band whose country side wasn't warmed-over Buck Owens, but bluegrass. It's still a good band, though it's suffering a bit of wear and tear, but this edging further and further into rock is causing problems and choppin' up the old personality all over the place. You've got this one band doing *Caney Creek* rock-style, and, quicker 'n a man (or a gal, for that matter) can say Jack Robinson, you've got this entire *other* band doing *Dooley* bluegrass-style, with practically no country in the first and practically no rock in the second. The thing that's supposed to hold it together, I suppose, is Rodney Dillard's lead singing—and it is pretty good, but in too subtle a way for this particular job. And anyway, quicker 'n a person could say Jack Robinson again, there's a neo-Band-type arrangement, with a *weird* bass line, doing *Love Has Gone Away*. If the album were truly successful I would call it eclectic (and how!), but it only manages to be fragmented. The elements are better than the whole, you understand; the arrangements are intelligently done, and the instrumentation is fine (I particularly like Dean Webb's mandolin). Perhaps, if the material were stronger, it could take this shotgun approach, but the only song that might really knock people out is *Carry Me Off*, which is magnificently performed. Something simple, like reinstating the mandolin and banjo in some of those long periods in which they're now silent, and building a bit more on the vocal harmonies, might put matters back into focus. It's a good band, just a bit aimless. [And so, by the way, is the art research: bird expert Eric Salzman has advised us that the duck on the cover is not American at all but Pekin—that is to say, Chinese.—*Mus. Ed.*] *N.C.*

JONATHAN EDWARDS: ***Have a Good Time for Me.*** Jonathan Edwards (vocals, guitar, harmonica); Bill Keith (pedal steel, banjo); Bill Elliot (keyboards); George Grantham (drums, vibes); Richard Davis (bass); other musicians. *Have Yourself a Good Time for Me; King of Hearts; Places I've Been; I'm Alone; Travelin' Blues; Rollin' Along; Angelina*; and four others. ATCO SD 7036 $5.98, ⑧ TP 7036 $6.98, © CS 7036 $6.98.

Performance: **Short-falling**
Recording: **Very good**

The impression I first had of Jonathan Edwards, based simply on his sound, was that he was short: five-foot-seven, somewhere around there. Soon after, I saw him in the flesh, and he isn't short at all (unless his sidemen are all midgets), but I *still* catch myself looking up at the radio and thinking, "Ah, there's Shorty Edwards." It's a bother, I can tell you, getting this sort of thing straightened out, but perhaps there's something to be learned from it. Could it be that Edwards' vocals have the quality of—you know—hunching down and not showing their full height? He has a distinctive, husky sound, that's for sure, but listen to the way he sings Jimmie Rodgers' *Travelin' Blues* and tell me whether his main concern is the content of the song or the style of Jonathan Edwards' vocals. The combination of Edwards' vocals *and* his songwriting would be better grounds for these wild-goose chases, but he didn't write any songs for this album. Most of them here are by Eric Lillequist and Joe Dolce. They're just so-so, and Edwards' backing musicians, who have been so crisp and clean in the last couple of albums, are a trifle—well, not sloppy, exactly, but content to play it as it lays. Edwards' harp playing, always fast, is improved here, sounding sometimes like Charlie McCoy but consistently sounding cleaner than it once did, and the break he takes in *Travelin' Blues* all but cancels out his preoccupied-sounding vocal. *I'm Alone* is a nice song, and there are several easy-setting, semi-country moments scattered around in this thing, but it isn't quite the calibre of work I expect from ol' Shorty Edwards. *N.C.*

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: ***On the Third Day.*** Electric Light Orchestra (vocals and instrumentals). *In the Hall of the Mountain King; Bluebird Is Dead; Oh No Not Susan; Showdown; Daybreaker; Dreaming of 4000*; and four others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA188-F $4.98, ⑧ UA-EA188-G $6.98, © UA-CA188-G $6.98.

Performance: **Spotty**
Recording: **Excellent**

Imagine someone trying to duplicate the feel of "Sergeant Pepper" by overdoing that album's orchestrations. Imagine further that this someone adds a touch of the eerie

(Continued on page 94)

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Manfred Mann sound of the late Sixties, and imagine still further that the someone – named Jeff Lynne – sings like Paul McCartney and writes as poorly as McCartney writes nowadays. That is mostly what the Electric Light Orchestra is about, but not all.

The musicians in the band are good. Three of them are excellent – Richard Tandy (keyboards, moog), Mike Edwards (cello), and Mik Kaminski (violin). They are all at the beck and call of Lynne, who also plays guitar and produced the album. (And, by the way, I don't know whether it is to his credit or the studio engineers', but the technical sound of the album is astonishing – it practically leaps out of the speakers.)

None of the material is memorable, but it's interesting to listen to the musicians try to prop up Lynne's wobbly songs. The best cut is ELO's version of Grieg's *In the Hall of the Mountain King* from the second *Peer Gynt* Suite. After hearing so many rock groups play *at* classical music it is pleasing to hear one that actually plays it. If Lynne started writing some good material the band could be a killer. *J.V.*

J. GEILS BAND: *Ladies Invited.* J. Geils Band (vocals and instrumentals). *Did You No Wrong; I Can't Go On; Lay Your Good Thing Down; The Lady Makes Demands; Diddy-boppin'; Take a Chance on Romance;* and four others. ATLANTIC SD 7286 $5.98, ® TP 7286 $6.98, © CS 7286 $6.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Good**

I was overjoyed by the last Geils album, "Bloodshot," where the band had a whooping good time satirizing other groups and styles. They do not exactly take themselves seriously this time around, but they sing their satires straight. Their rare and precious sense of fun is very seldom in evidence: not until the middle of the second side do we get *Diddy-boppin'*, another episode in the adventures of a band that has characterized itself as sweetly sleazy rogues. There are, alas, far too few Moments in this album – such as the double-time segment in the middle of *The Lady Makes Demands* where the band gets hot and really rocks. Most of the album demonstrates what a very fine band they are, but I kept waiting for them to open up.

Groups are subject to different moods and various pressures, but I hope J. Geils isn't going to go selfconscious or straight; at their best they are delightfully crooked. I knew another fine band once that often expressed themselves through satires of other styles and groups: their manager said, "We do unethical things sometimes." I hope J. Geils continues to use their talent for being unethical. God forbid they plump for normalcy. *J.V.*

BILLY JOEL: *Piano Man.* Billy Joel (vocals and keyboards); orchestra. *Stop in Nevada; Captain Jack; Piano Man; You're My Home;* and six others. COLUMBIA KC 32544 $5.98, ® CA 32544 $6.98.

Performance: **At times striking**
Recording: **Excellent**

Composer-performer Billy Joel's new album has several striking bands, among them the title number, a really brilliant piece of work. *Piano Man* is a highly dramatic song, beautifully constructed and performed, about the patrons of an O'Neill-type bar, each sunk in dreams of glory about his future: the piano man himself, who hopes to be a movie star; the insurance man convinced that he is a novelist; and many others caught in the web of self-delusion. It's very strong stuff, and sung by Joel in a strong, attractive voice that has just the right bittersweet edge. Nothing else here comes up to that song or performance, but there are moments in *Captain Jack* and in *Ain't No Crime* that pulsate with the same intensity.

At the moment Joel has two problems: the similarity of approach in performance and orchestration from band to band, and an occasional inability to pare down the central thought of his lyrics. However, this is an album that certainly deserves attention, if only for the superb *Piano Man* track. *P.R.*

SCOTT JOPLIN: *Ragtime Music* **(see Classical Discs and Tapes, page 126)**

BILLY JOEL
Strong stuff with a bittersweet edge

CLEO LAINE: *Live!!! at Carnegie Hall* **(see Best of the Month, page 86)**

CHARLIE McCOY: *The Fastest Harp in the South.* Charlie McCoy (harmonica); Jim Isbell and Ken Buttrey (drums); Don Smith and Henry Strzelecki (bass); Pig Robbins and David Briggs (piano); Ray Edenton, Chip Young, Grady Martin, Jim Colvard (guitar); Josh Graves (dobro); Bobby Thompson (banjo); other musicians. *Silver Wings; Why Me; Paper Roses; You Are the Sunshine of My Life; Almost Persuaded; The Fastest Harp in the South; Release Me;* and four others. MONUMENT KZ 32749 $4.98.

Performance: **Too easy**
Recording: **Spacious**

I don't know of any harp player who is – and I know of few dead ones who *were* – technically sharper than Charlie McCoy, but I can think of some who make better recordings. Charlie insists on two conditions: that the tunes be instantly recognizable and that work be provided for as many Nashville sidemen as he can cram into the studio. This always means his harp is the solo voice before a rather large band on a tune that has already been played just about every way it can be played – and, unfortunately, heard just about all it can be heard. Although it still comes out better than this formula should, by rights, permit – Charlie's albums never fail to provide a cut or two that are a godsend to country-music radio programmers scrabbling around for decent instrumentals – Charlie's work in his solo albums doesn't compare to his work behind the various singers who record in Nashville. His harp *is* the fastest one in the South, but his sound is heavily stylized, more distinctive than expressive, and needs something outside itself to set up the context for it; it simply works better when it can bounce off a lead singer than when it has to *be* one. There are about a ton of good pickers here, all swashin' around, and some abortive vocals are patched in occasionally. It isn't *all* a case of the forest obscuring the trees – some particularly neat work is turned in by Josh Graves (dobro), Jimmy Colvard (guitar), and Jim Buchanan (fiddle). Essentially, though, the album shows the puffy blandness that results from too heavy a commitment to formula, that comforting embrace that becomes an imprisoning bear hug. McCoy doesn't need such trifling security. *N.C.*

BLIND WILLIE McTELL: *Death Cell Blues.* Blind Willie McTell (guitar and vocals). *Atlanta Strut; Painful Blues; Talkin' to Myself; Broke Down Engine;* and twelve others. BIOGRAPH BLP-C-14 $5.98. (Available by mail from Biograph Records, P. O. Box 109, Canaan, N. Y. 12029.)

Performance: **Vintage country blues**
Recording: **Clean transfers**

Blind Willie McTell made an impressive number of recordings between 1927 and 1956, but he was never considered one of the top blues men and it wasn't until recently that blues writers gave him more than a passing mention. This collection is culled from recordings made between 1929 and 1933 for the Columbia, Okeh, and Vocalion labels, recordings that sometimes appeared under such pseudonyms as Georgia Bill and Blind Sammie. With two notable exceptions it is a good collection, featuring a vibrant, thirtyish McTell delivering absorbing slices of life to his own masterful guitar accompaniment, but it is also a collection we could have done without at this time.

Only four selections in the album are not currently available in other albums, and two of these – *Experience Blues* and *Painful Blues* – give us McTell in the secondary role of accompanist to Ruth Mary Willis, a third-rate singer not worth reissuing. This album was made under a lease agreement with Columbia, and my point is that even if the twenty-five unissued McTell sides belonging to Columbia no longer exist, there are at least eight others that have never appeared on LP. Even two more duplications would have been better than those horrid Ruth Mary Willis sides. *C.A.*

GRAHAM NASH: *Wild Tales.* Graham Nash (vocals, piano, guitar, harmonica); Tim Drummond (bass); John Barbata (drums); other musicians. *Wild Tales; Hey You (Looking at the Moon); Prison Song; You'll Never Be the Same; And So It Goes; Grave Concern;* and four others. ATLANTIC SD 7288 $5.98, ® TP 7288 $6.97, © CS 7288 $6.97.

Performance: **Neato**
Recording: **Very good**

Well, I've heard wilder tales from the parson's wife, but this is a good album anyway. Gra-

(Continued on page 98)

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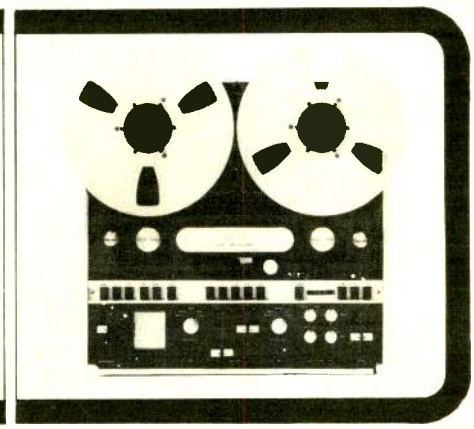

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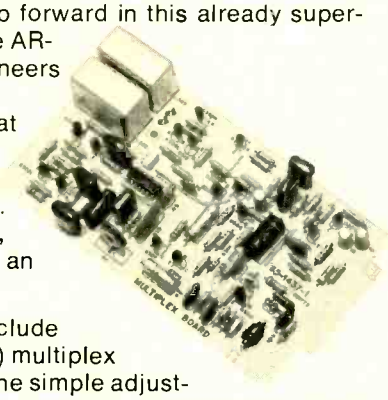
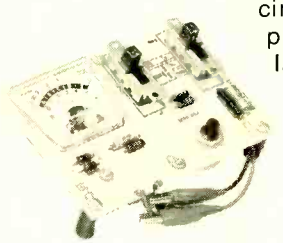
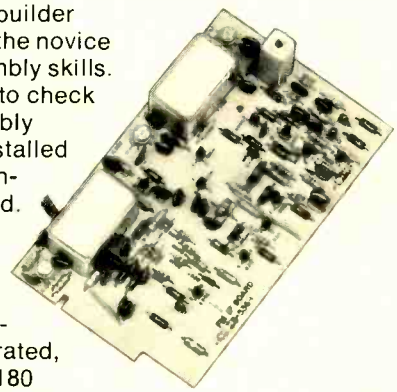


Design improvements include a Phase Lock Loop (PLL) multiplex demodulator with only one simple adjustment...your assurance of maximum separation, drift-free performance and long-term stability. The AM section also received attention, with a simplification of the AGC circuit resulting in significant improvements in AM performance. Improved output protection has been added for better drive capability over today's wider range of speaker impedances.



In redesigning the AR-1500A, special care was given to making the kit even easier to build than before. A separate check-out meter is now provided, which the kitbuilder assembles first, giving the novice confidence in his assembly skills. The meter is then used to check out each step as assembly progresses. Factory-installed cable connectors are another new kitbuilding aid.



The precedent-setting performance specifications of the AR-1500 have of course, been retained. Conservatively rated, the AR-1500A puts out 180 watts*, 90 per channel, into 8 ohms, with both channels driven, with less than 0.25% harmonic distortion. Two computer-designed five-pole LC filters and the 4-gang, front end combine for an FM selectivity better than 90 dB with 1.8 μV sensitivity. And here are some things the specs won't show you. There are outputs for two separate speaker systems, two sets of headphones, preamp output, and monitoring of FM with an oscilloscope such as the Heathkit Audio-Scope. Standard inputs — all with individual level controls. Electronically monitored amplifier overload circuitry. There are even two dual-gate MOSFETs, one J-FET and a 12-pole LC filter in the AM section for super sound there.

If you still need convincing, check the specifications below. Better yet, see and hear the new AR-1500A at your nearest Heathkit Electronic Center...or send for your free Heathkit catalog.

Kit AR-1500A, less cabinet, 53 lbs. **379.95***

ARA-1500-1, walnut veneer cabinet, 8 lbs. **24.95***

AR-1500A SPECIFICATIONS — TUNER — FM SECTION (Monophonic): Sensitivity: 1.8 μV.* **Volume Sensitivity:** Below measurable level. **Selectivity:** 90 dB.* **Image Rejection:** 100 dB.* **IF Rejection:** 100 dB.* **Capture Ratio:** 1.5 dB.* **AM Suppression:** 50 dB.* **Harmonic Distortion:** 0.5% or less.* **Intermodulation Distortion:** 0.1% or less.* **FM SECTION (Stereophonic): Channel Separation:** 40 dB or greater at midfrequencies; 35 dB at 50 Hz; 25 dB at 10 kHz; 20 dB at 15 kHz. **19 kHz and 38 kHz Suppression:** 55 dB or greater. **SCA Suppression:** 55 dB. **AM SECTION: Sensitivity:** 50 μV with external input; 300 μV per meter with radiated input. **Selectivity:** 20 dB at 10 kHz; 60 dB at 20 kHz. **Image Rejection:** 70 dB at 600 kHz; 50 dB at 1400 kHz. **IF Rejection:** 70 dB at 1000 kHz. **AMPLIFIER — Dynamic Power Output per Channel (Music Power Rating):** 90 watts (8 ohm load)*; 120 watts (4 ohm load); 50 watts (16 ohm load). **Continuous Power Output per Channel:** 60 watts (8 ohm load)*; 100 watts (4 ohm load); 40 watts (16 ohm load). **Power Bandwidth for Constant .25% Total Harmonic Distortion:** Less than 8 Hz to greater than 30 kHz.* **Frequency Response (1 watt level):** −1 dB, 9 Hz to 80 kHz; −3 dB, less than 5 Hz to 120 kHz. **Harmonic Distortion:** Less than 0.25% from 20 Hz to 20 kHz at 60 watts output, less than 0.1% at 1000 Hz with 1 watt output. **Intermodulation Distortion:** Less than 0.1% with 60 watts output, using 60 and 6,000 Hz mixed 4:1, less than 0.1% at 1 watt output. **Damping Factor:** Greater than 60. **Hum & Noise:** Phono (10 millivolt reference), −63 dB. Tape and Aux (0.25 volt reference), −75 dB. Volume control in minimum position, −90 dB referred to rated output. **Channel Separation:** Phono, 55 dB; Tape and Aux, 55 dB or greater. **Output Impedance (each channel):** 4 ohm through 16 ohms. **Dimensions:** Overall — 18½" W x 5⅛" H x 13⅞" D.

*Rated IHF (Institute of High Fidelity) Standards.

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ham Nash still isn't a very stylish singer, but he somehow gets more character into these interpretations than I expected, and he's becoming interesting as a songwriter. An affinity for minor chords (he used to go with Joni Mitchell) comes in handy here—if I'm not mistaken, he plays a minor-key-tuned harmonica a time or two, and it stands as an idiomatic triumph, even if he does play it like an amateur. The instrumentation is a bit dull in spots, but surprisingly well done overall; in *Another Sleep Song*, everything is done the hard way, taking off from a fiendishly tricky syncopated rhythm scheme, and the boys bring home the glories. The song is my favorite in the album. I think Nash could have sung it better—he sounds a little strained in, according to the lyrics, the wrong places—but I doubt if they, or many other people, could play it any better. *Prison Song*, inspired by that great humanitarian state of Texas and its pot laws, is one of the best topical songs I've heard since the last time something bothered Tom Rapp, and *Oh Camil (The Winter Soldier)*, whose anti-war lyrics sound somewhat recycled, has ingratiating progression and pace to it. *I Miss You*, on the other hand, is awfully weak, a few others are a bit frumpy, and there's nothing really very exciting happening. It's a good album to listen to, though, in several moods, and should clear up any remaining doubts about Nash's fitness as a solo performer. He's got some things to say, and he says them pretty well. *N.C.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

GRAM PARSONS: ***Grievous Angel.*** Gram Parsons (vocals); Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt (harmony vocals); James Burton, Herb Pederson, Bernie Leadon (guitars); Byron Berline (fiddle, mandolin); Glen D. Hardin (keyboards); Emory Gordy (bass); others. *Return of the Grievous Angel; Hearts on Fire; I Can't Dance; Brass Buttons; $1000 Wedding*: and five others. REPRISE MS 2171 $5.98.

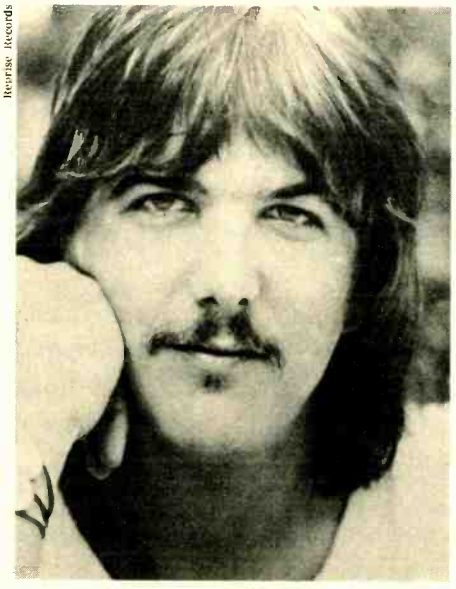
Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Very good**

The late Gram Parsons was a member of the International Submarine Band, the Byrds, and the Flying Burrito Brothers, all of which were excellent country-rock bands. This is his second and, unfortunately, last solo album. Parsons wrote exceptional ballads and kick-up tunes with strong lyrics and was one of the lights of country-rock. The style is an urban development, coming from the end of the folk boom of 1958-1964, in part as a defensive reaction to the rock-and-roll steamroller brought on by the Beatles. Country-rock was a valid alternative to pretending to be British or lovingly emulating black blues.

The songs here are just fine. *Brass Buttons* is an appealing tune that can be done in several styles; it would make a very satisfying jazz ballad. *Return of the Grievous Angel* is a good story song—so good that it brings off the old clichés of goin'-down-that-highway. *In My Hour of Darkness* (harmony vocal by Linda Ronstadt) owes something melodically to *Gotta Travel On*, cut by the Weavers fifteen years ago, but it's a good lay hymn. *Las Vegas* is a witty, jumping thing, and the band, excellent throughout the album, cooks madly here.

There are two live selections, showing Parsons as a warm fellow who enjoyed his audiences: his own *Hickory Wind* and the Louvin Brothers' *Cash on the Barrelhead. Love Hurts* and *Hearts on Fire* are both excellent efforts, deep ballads that could get bathetic if the singer didn't know how to handle them, but Parsons did. *I Can't Dance* is the charming, shy, Tom T. Hall song that everybody takes at a fast tempo (including Hall) when it should be done at a medium pace. Parsons' speedy version has a muscular solo by James Burton and some pumping piano by Glen D. Hardin. The song reminds me of the late Gene Vincent's version of *Boppin' the Blues* from his last album. Despite *Be-Bop-A-Lula*, Vincent, like Parsons, was always a country singer. What a shame these two men are gone! *J.V.*

BILLY PRESTON: ***Everybody Likes Some Kind of Music.*** Billy Preston (vocals, keyboards), instrumental accompaniment. *Everybody Likes Some Kind of Music; Space Race;*



Reprise Records

GRAM PARSONS
A once-shining light of country-rock

You're So Unique; My Soul Is a Witness; Minuet for Me; Listen to the Wind; Do You Love Me?: and five others. A & M SP-3526 $5.98.

Performance: **Fluent**
Recording: **Very good**

Billy Preston is a very capable keyboardist, singer, and writer who has played with all sorts of famous people in the last three years. He was relatively unknown until he went to England and was given equal billing with the Beatles on the *Get Back* single. Since then he has tried very hard to be a star, and stardom has been predicted for him. Somehow it hasn't come off. There isn't any logical explanation for his lacking such status, except that status depends on an emotional *x* factor that the public senses. Certainly other artists who are considerably less talented than Preston have been canonized, even if you limit the form to the "black music" which Preston normally goes beyond.

He tries hard, though, and his music is generally pleasant. On this album he puts little guttural curlicues on lyric lines that suggest he's been listening to Stevie Wonder. He leaps nimbly from songs that are technically gospel, blues, rock, and jazz, but are all homogenized into a kind of floor-show jazz. For all his efforts and hopes, Preston is not the amazing performer/personality he would like to be, but he is solid and good and this album won't do anyone any harm. *J.V.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

PROCOL HARUM: ***Exotic Birds and Fruit.*** Procol Harum (vocals and instrumentals). *Nothing but the Truth; Beyond the Pale; As Strong as Samson; The Idol*: and four others. CHRYSALIS CHT 1058 $6.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Good**

I would have nominated this for a Best of the Month, but on reflection I've decided that when I did so with Procol's last album I somewhat overrated it, and so I'm going to hedge a little on this one. I really like it, you see, but it strikes me as perhaps the least *accessible* record they've made, and if three weeks from now I decide that it isn't really all that good, I'll have covered myself.

That bit of critical candor aside, I can report that "Exotic Birds and Fruit" is probably the most straight-ahead rock-and-roll album they've done since their debut effort, and in many ways it's equally impressive. As usual, B. J. Wilson's drumming continues to defy belief, Brooker's singing is marvelous, and the band overall is very strong. Another plus is the production by Chris Thomas, which is simply splendid, perhaps the best the band has ever been afforded. There's little of the overripe pomposity that marred "Grand Hotel"—no orchestras or celestial choirs, just a lot of sizzling playing recorded in such a way as to make the greatest impact.

The songs themselves, however, seem strangely uninvolving (although I felt the same way initially about "A Salty Dog"), and Keith Reid's lyrics strike me, for the first time ever, as downright uninspired (notable exception: *Fresh Fruit*, a hilarious paean to the delights of "the finest food on earth," which should be pulled as a single and quickly). But I'm beginning to get glimmers from things like the luscious fade-out to *New Lamps for Old*, so like I said. I'm going to hedge. Buy it anyway—Procol Harum is a remarkable band, and even when they're operating at less than their best, they're still worth hearing.

Steve Simels

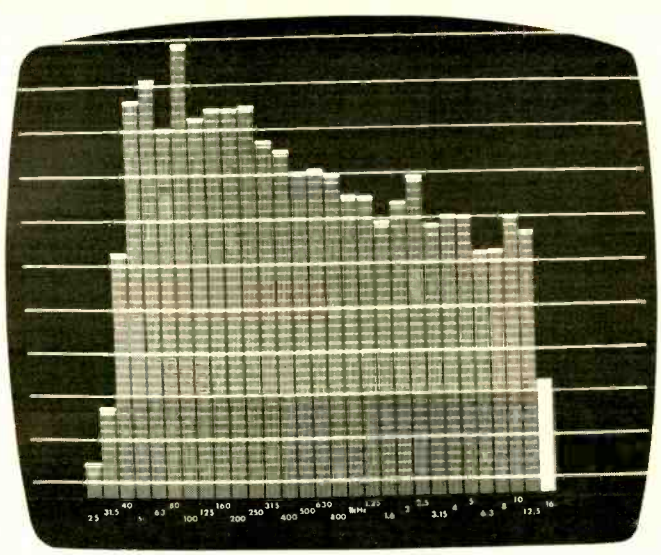
BURT REYNOLDS: ***Ask Me What I Am.*** Burt Reynolds (vocals); orchestra. *Childhood; Till I Get It Right; Slow John Fairburn; Ask Me What I Am*: and seven others. MERCURY SRM-1-693 $5.98, ⑧ MC8-1-693 $6.98, © MCR4-1-693 $6.98.

Performance: **Okay**
Recording: **Tailored**

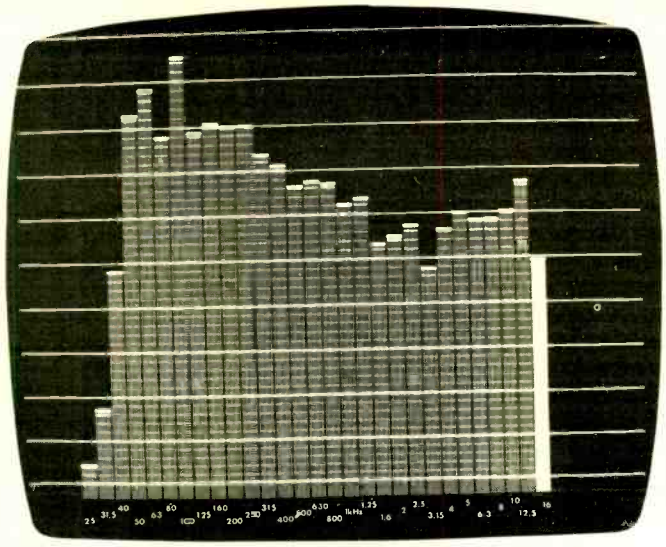
Super Stud sings! Who said you can't get to be a star by taking your clothes off? Burt Reynolds, who had been around for years as a sort of poor man's Brando, doffed his duds for Helen Burley Girlie (or whatever her name is) and posed for the centerfold of her magazine. Oh frabjous day! The offers came pouring in. This album is simply the latest spin-off for what is now one of the hottest commercial properties in the business.

But, since I like and admire the lack of seriousness with which Reynolds views himself, I'm glad to report that this recording is a thoroughly professional job. Reynolds seems to have spent a lot of time and care on it, and the album is *not* one of those casual rip-offs that the suddenly celebrated are apt to commit on

(Continued on page 100)



Compare this one minute test of frequency response from "Theme from Shaft" on "Scotch" low noise tape . . .



with this frequency response on new "Scotch" Special Classic Series tape. White marker bar above indicates one-third octave between 12,500 and 16,000 Hz.

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Example: Compare the one minute test of frequency response on the B & K Analyzer above. On the left, we used "Scotch" low noise tape in the Wollensak 8075. On the right, new "Scotch" Brand Special Classic Series tape in the 8075 brings you higher frequency response in the 16,000 Hz range. A frequency response never before reached in 8-track sound that equals the finest cassette quality and approaches reel-to-reel quality.

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an eager public. Much of what is good here is a result of sensitive and evocative production by Bobby Goldsboro and Buddy Killen, which cushions Reynolds over the rough vocal spots. The songs form a loose sort of autobiography (I would guess), and Reynolds tries to act them out as best he can. He is best in *Childhood* and *A Room for a Boy Never Used*, which have a gruff sincerity and a rather poignant mood. *She's Taken a Gentle Lover* is the big surprise: it recounts the tale of a lady who gave up Burt for—are you ready?—another lady. The last band, *I Like Having You Around*, features Burt and an unidentified Southern woman who ought to be making albums of her own.

The giant poster included with the album shows Reynolds in a cowboy suit and with his hat on. That may come as a disappointment to his fans, but I don't think that these performances will. This is a thoroughly creditable job by a likable actor. *P.R.*

CHARLIE RICH: ***Behind Closed Doors.*** Charlie Rich (vocals, piano); the Nashville Edition (backing vocals); the Jordanaires (backing vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Behind Closed Doors; If You Wouldn't Be My Lady; You Never Really Wanted Me; A Sunday Kind of Woman; Peace on You; The Most Beautiful Girl; I Take It On Home*; and four others. EPIC KE 32247 $5.98, ⑧ EA 32247 $6.98.

Performance: **Precision pap**
Recording: **Excellent**

Bob Tubert's liner notes, heavy with drugstore profundity on the subject of fame, push the idea that Charlie Rich would rather hide away in Benton, Arkansas, than enjoy all this notoriety as one of the real big studs of country music. There's something to that: many country stars, with such a success as *Lonely Weekends* under their belts, even if it *was* back in the Fifties, would be blind from flashbulb glare by now. But Charlie did take the trouble to answer some inane questions for the making of a little "bonus" record stuck in with this album, and I saw an article somewhere recently in which Charlie apparently said he'd always thought of himself as a *jazz* singer, or something like that, and I believe he even showed up in such places as Bobby Goldsboro's syndicated television show, which I suspect is secretly being produced by Bobby Goldsboro's hair designer. So watch out when dealing with simple country folk, lest they pull some sly old-boy stuff on you.

The thing about this album, coming as it does in the thick of Rich's winning three Country Music Association awards for 1973, including Male Vocalist of the Year, is that it isn't a country album at all. Rich swings at the keyboards a time or two, and his singing has a textural integrity that won't be denied, but the whole thing is much too polite and frilly and slick. The fact that Rich, who's into this kind of thing, and Roy Clark, who's into it even worse, were the big country-music award winners of the year must mean something about where "official" Nashville's head is during these troubled times in which nobody seems to know just what the country-music audience wants. This album is flat, predictable, and innocuous—which is not at all like my impression of Rich himself. Come on, Nashville, get a grip on yourself. *N.C.*

TEX RITTER: ***An American Legend.*** Tex Ritter (vocals and guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle; Jealous Heart; There's a New Moon over My Shoulder; I've Done the Best I Could; I'm Wastin' My Tears on You; Green Grow the Lilacs; I'm Gonna Leave You Like I Found You*; and twenty-four others. CAPITOL SKC-11241 three discs $12.98, ⑧ 8X3K-11241 $11.98.

Performance: **Easygoing and endless**
Recording: **Good**

Tex Ritter, described in the literature accompanying this three-record set as a man who believed in "the virtues of flag, God, home and personal courage," died on January 2 of this year. It was an event for which Capitol records was ready, having assembled this spoken and sung autobiography in the nick of time. As a tribute, it almost does itself in by sheer bulk.

Ritter was a folk singer who first came to

Capitol Records

TEX RITTER
Country music's ambassador to the world

attention in the Theatre Guild production of Lynn Riggs' *Green Grow the Lilacs* on Broadway in 1931, before it became *Oklahoma*. He played the lead cowboy and sang four Western ballads. In 1932 he was starring on WOR radio, New York, in *The Lone Star Rangers* as Maverick Jim. Later he went to Hollywood and made sixty Westerns, introducing songs like *Rye Whiskey* and *Bad Brahma Bull* and riding a white horse. His pictures were rated, year after year, among the top ten money-making Westerns. He went on from there to the Grand Ole Opry, but didn't make it to the U.S. Senate: he ran and lost in 1971.

But what about the album? Mr. Ritter's hits, early and late, from *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle* to *Blood on the Saddle*, *High Noon*, and *I Dreamed of a Hill-Billy Heaven* are all on hand. But Capitol also has plundered its vaults to dredge up a good deal that can only be described as filler. And only the most devout of Bible Belt fundamentalists will be able to bear with equanimity Mr. Ritter's World War II religious recitation *Deck of Cards* or his pious rendition of *The Pledge of Allegiance*. Then, too, Mr. Ritter had a pleasant but not particularly wide-range way with a song. He is heard singing thirty of them on these three discs, and there is not a remarkable distinction in tone from one to the other.

According to the liner notes, Ritter really wanted to be a lawyer. One suspects that what he wanted deep down to be was a raconteur; before every single number he drawls out some rambling autobiographical chapter in his long career as minstrel, actor, singing cowboy, and ambassador of country music to the world at large. This takes a good deal of time, and is rather stupefying, like a talk show with no commercials and no end. Too much of a fair thing. *P.K.*

DEL SHANNON: ***Live in England.*** Del Shannon (vocals, guitar); instrumental accompaniment. *Runaway; Little Town Flirt; Hats Off to Larry; Swiss Miss; Coopersville Yodel; Handy Man; Kelly; Hey, Little Girl; Keep Searchin'*; and five others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA151-F $4.98, ⑧ UA-EA151-G $6.98.

Performance: **Evocative**
Recording: **Okay**

I haven't had a good tribal memory in years, but Del Shannon gives me an extended flash. He conjures up Illinois nights, speeding along the highway in my father's Thunderbird, contemplating the five-kiss date I had that night—and on the radio Shannon is singing *Runaway*. (I think the girl must have lived in Kenilworth.)

This recording was made "live" during Shannon's 1972 tour of Great Britain, where he is much admired (London is the headquarters for this international fan club). It is good to have these facsimile versions of Shannon's hits available again, for the original issues (cut for the defunct Big Top label) have long been out of print or scattered in various "golden goodies" retreads. I say "facsimile" versions because John Mac's Flare Band, which backs Shannon, has entirely re-created the sound of the originals; it is commendable mimicry. Shannon had and still has a flexible voice, cool and clean in the middle register, with a Midwestern accent (he is from Grand Rapids, Michigan). He does a showpiece *Coopersville Yodel*, with its accelerated tempo, and *Hats Off to Larry* and *Runaway*—for which the audience keeps yelling—both have the musitron solos that were part of their original appeal. He does very well with Roger Miller's *Swiss Miss* and not too well with Roy Orbison's *Crying* (the tune and Orbison's performance are a little too hammy for Shannon's style). The recording does not have the balance of the originals: the sax section is sometimes lost and the drummer is too much up front, but these faults may be due to the technical limitations of taping in the Princess Club where he was performing.

There's nothing novel about this collection, but there doesn't need to be: Shannon is singing his hits and other material as well as or better than he ever did. (I wonder if that girl still lives in Kenilworth.) *J.V.*

GRACE SLICK: ***Manhole.*** Grace Slick (vocals, piano, rhythm guitar); David Freiberg (guitar, keyboards, vocals); Paul Kantner (guitar, vocals); Craig Chaquico (guitar); John Barbata (drums); other musicians. *Jay; Theme from the Movie 'Manhole'; ¿Come Again? Toucan; It's Only Music; Better Lying Down; Epic (#38).* GRUNT BFL1-0347 $5.98 ⑧ BFS1-0347 $6.98, © BFK1-0347 $6.98.

Performance: **Faking it?**
Recording: **Good**

It's titles and lyrics like this that prompted the

(Continued on page 102)

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old wives in my neighborhood to claim that anyone who listens too closely to Grace Slick will grow hair on the palms of his hands. Of course I don't think such primitive nonsense could inhibit me when I'm alone with this consenting adult album, but I'm not satisfied with it. Our relationship leaves me sort of *smothered*, you know? I don't think Grace gave her best in creating it; she does a whole side of music written by other Jefferson Airplane crewmen—and even stays out of one selection, *It's Only Music*, altogether, letting Paul Kantner sing and other people play—and their melodies never were as interesting as her own, and still aren't. The Spanish trappings of her own fifteen-minute title song are awkwardly grafted on, and her vocals too often lazily pull out old tricks that have already been used too much in too little time. The voice is still gorgeous, of course, and full of promises too intriguing to just walk away from, so I'm hanging around to see if this album has a sister. *N.C.*

SONNY & CHÉR: ***Live in Las Vegas, Vol. 2.*** Sonny & Chér (vocals); orchestra. *Superstar; I Got You Babe; You and I; Where You Lead;* and eight others. MCA MCA2-8004 two discs $9.98.

Performance: **In a rut**
Recording: **Poor**

Listening to four sides of Sonny and Chér ambling through their Vegas act on a ramshackle and clacking live recording isn't exactly my idea of a fun evening with TV's leading fun couple. How many more of Sonny's jokes about Chér's nose or Chér's jokes about Sonny's lack of endowment am I supposed to laugh at? How does one make up for the visual element, lost in a recording, of Chér's bizarre but amusing costumes and her wonderfully delayed long-takes? How does one overlook the plain fact that they really don't sing very well? And, most of all, where is their early charm? At one point, in one of their "comedy dialogues," Chér spits at Sonny, who has been toying with her Indian costume, "If you do that again I'll deck your ass, and I *mean* it!"—and, unfortunately, she sounds as if she does. Lamely, Sonny picks it up with "That's an old nautical expression," and the show goes on. There are several other sections where the needling seems to turn into mutual harpooning. For all I know this is their customary language of love, but it makes me uncomfortable. Their singing remains only an adjunct to what's known in the business as a "flash act." I still like them on TV, but there too I notice a creeping kind of malice in their exchanges. I am sure that such other professional fun couples as Lucy and Desi or Burns and Allen had their difficult moments, but they never came out in performance.

The recorded sound here is a mess—at times so closely miked you can hear ice cubes rattle, at others as if it were done from the parking lot. There is also a persistent crackle that even the inanely laughing and cheering audience never quite blots out. Overall, this is an album for marriage counselors and Sonny & Chér's staunchest fans. *P.R.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

IKE AND TINA TURNER: ***Nutbush City Limits.*** Tina Turner (vocals); Ike Turner (keyboards, arrangements); instrumental accompaniment. *Nutbush City Limits; Make Me Over; That's My Purpose; River Deep, Mountain High; Daily Bread; You Are My Sunshine*; and four others. UNITED ARTISTS UA-LA180-F $4.98, ® UA-EA180-G $6.98, © UA-CA180-G $6.98.

Performance: **Tough and true**
Recording: **Good**

Ike and Tina Turner seem to be the Nick and Nora Charles of rock-and-roll. If the reference is hazy to those under thirty, the Charleses are the main characters of Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*, which is supposedly a detective novel (and a good one) but is really the story of one of the world's most successful marriages. The Charleses are bright, witty, funny, tough, professional, and fascinated with one another, and they have a talent for living. That is also, I think, a fair description of the Turners.

I was a little confused about this album. The advertisements for it say it is autobiographical, and in an interview Tina Turner revealed her belief that she is a reincarnation of several other people. I could not understand how they could devote a whole album to both thrusts. It turns out they haven't done either completely, but have included a little of both. *Nutbush City Limits* is about Tina Turner's small hometown in Tennessee. *Make Me Over*, written by Ike (who produced, arranged, and plays keyboards and synthesizer), is about Tina's ambition to get out of the sticks and into something better or to be reincarnated as something better. *That's My Purpose*, written by Tina, is about reincarnation and the direction of life by a higher power.

(Continued on page 104)

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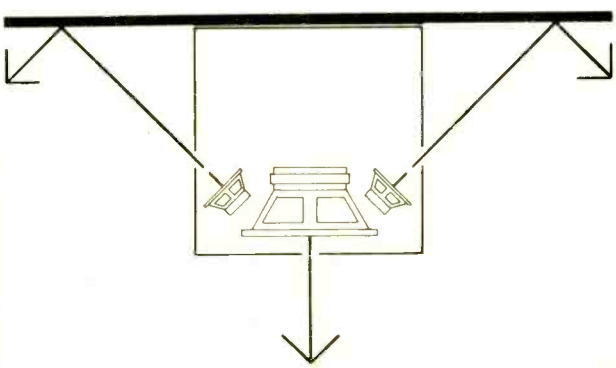

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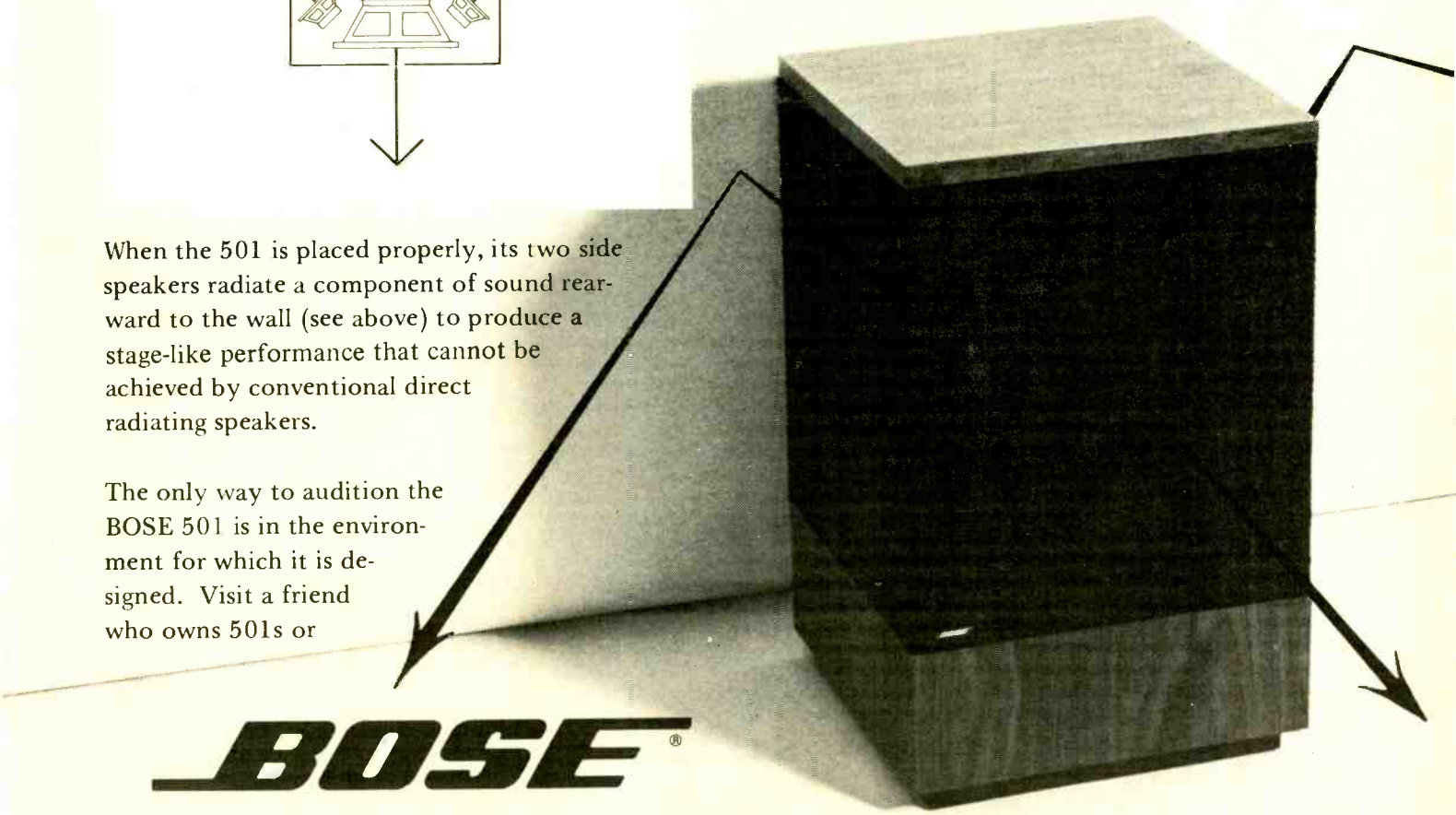

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The rest of the album is more or less a collection of tunes assembled to make up an album's worth. Not that the material is bad or the renderings helter-skelter—a Turner(s) performance is always interesting because Ike is a great organizer and director and because Tina has one of the most remarkable voices in pop music as well as a scorching personality.

River Deep, Mountain High, which they originally recorded in the Sixties under Phil Spector's direction (its failure to be a *smash* hit, though it was a hit, caused Spector to remove himself to England in one of his famous huffs) shows that the tune itself and Tina's vocal never depended on Spector's now-worshipped "wall of sound" concept, which was really aural overkill, a Hollywoodish big-for-big's-sake approach.

To go back to the Charleses for a minute, and as an example of the Turners' chemistry: I was sure that *Get It Out of Your Mind* (about a woman who wants her man to respect her and will not be his sometime thing) was written by Tina; I was equally sure that *Daily Bread* (about just getting along), which is almost Cole Porterish in its sophisticated savvy about everyday worries, was written by Ike. Nope. Just the opposite is true. It reminds me of the scene in the *The Thin Man* where Nick and Nora are confronted by a gun-waving doper. Nick bops Nora on the jaw to get her out of the line of fire and simultaneously lunges for the goon, whom he decks. The cops pile in, and wake up the goon and Nora, who says on being revived: "You damned fool, you didn't have to knock me cold. I knew you'd take him, but I wanted to see it." Just that kind of give and take is what makes a Turner album worth hearing. *J.V.*

COLLECTIONS

BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA: ***Salute to Disney.*** Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler cond. *Mickey Mouse March. Robin Hood: Medley. Mary Poppins: Medley. Song of the South: Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs: Fantasy. Pinnochio: When You Wish Upon a Star. The Happiest Millionaire: Medley.* POLYDOR PD 6021 $4.98.

Performance: **Cheerful earful**
Recording: **Big Sound**

Sugar and spice and everything nice are the ingredients of this latest piece of cake from Arthur Fiedler's musical confectionery: the music is so sweet you can practically eat it. The parade of tunes from Disney movies is served up brightly decorated by a team of arrangers who employ the orchestral equivalents of those tubes the pastry chefs use to squeeze out pink and green rosettes on the icings of birthday cakes, and a party atmosphere prevails. It's fun, but after a while all but the littlest listener's teeth are liable to ache from the sweetness of it all.

Snow White and her dwarfs call forth the best-arranged medley in the album, a fantasia put together by Frank Churchill that stands out like the best-dressed little girl at the party. It starts out with *Heigh Ho* as the dwarfs march off to work and concludes with *Whistle While You Work*, and it twinkles all the way. The rest of the contents range downward from there to Richard and Robert Sherman's score for *The Happiest Millionaire*. A medley from that amusing movie concludes the proceedings, but the music was not its strong point, and the buttercream in it seems to have soured. *P.K.*

FOLK

ANDALUSIAN TONADAS. *Los Reyes de la Baraja; Canción de Belisa; Café de Chinitas; Tres Morillas; Zarabanda; La Tarara; Zorongo; Los Cuatro Muleros*; and seven others. Manuel Cano (guitar). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1684 $2.99 (plus 75¢ postage from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

THE ART OF THE FLAMENCO GUITAR. *Alegrías de Córdoba; De Levante; Bulerías Cortas; Zambra Mora; Patio Cordobés; Cantes por Bulerías; Tristeza Gitana Seguirillas*; and three others. Paco Peña (guitar). LONDON SPC 21083 $5.98.

Performances: **Cano cool, Peña hot**
Recordings: **Cano subtle, Peña spectacular**

The flamenco *tonadas* heard in the Musical Heritage Society collection played by Manuel Cano stand somewhere between folk music and art music (a *tonada* is a tune set to the words of a Spanish poem for dancing; here we have the tunes without the poems). It takes years for a flamenco guitarist to develop his skills, first as an accompanist to singers and later as a soloist. His playing must express *duende*—soul, deep emotion—and that blend of fire and ice that simultaneously warms and chills. Cano certainly qualifies in skill, and his playing of the fifteen traditional Andalusian pieces in this collection is marked by restraint, elegance, and steely virtuosity. Indeed, his playing is so classical in its restraint that it is hard to associate it with the origins of these *tonadas*, which once were the music of gypsies and the Spanish poor. Some items, such as *El Vito*, *La Tarara*, and *Los Cuatro Muleros*, are familiar through long popularity. Others, also taken from the music played and danced in the cafés of Andalusia, are less familiar but more haunting. They express all the moods and longings of gypsy life and gypsy music, translated by the player with a controlled refinement and tension that hints at a smoldering passion beneath the introverted approach of the playing. The recorded sound is clear but unspectacular. There's a slight mix-up in the listings—*El Vito* turning up where *Los Cuatro Muleros* is indicated—but no matter.

The playing of Paco Peña on the London recording "The Art of the Flamenco Guitar" is quite the opposite, a far more flamboyant and visceral affair, and the recorded sound is commensurate with the fire of the performance. Mr. Peña's improvisations are more dashing than Mr. Cano's, heating up the rhythms of melodies from Cadiz, Triana, Granada, and a few from the north of Spain until one's pulses must respond to the passion and virtuosity of that playing. His rhythms are far bolder, his variations more intricate, his whole approach more extroverted. The ap-

peal of this collection, therefore, is more immediate and arresting, yet equally valid as an expression of the soul of flamenco. The recorded sound on Phase Four may be exaggerated, but hearing it is an intoxicatingly sensual experience. *P.K.*

IVAN REBROFF: ***Memories of Russia.*** Ivan Rebroff (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. *Cossacks Must Ride; My Russia, You Are Beautiful; Hey, Andrushka; Troika Along the Volga; Gypsy Drinking Song; Play, Gypsy*; and six others. COLUMBIA M 32503 $5.98, © MT 32503 $6.98.

Performance: **Redundant memories**
Recording: **Stunning**

In the world of Ivan Rebroff—the Russian basso with the three-octave voice—it's always 1861 and Alexander II has just freed the serfs. The Cossacks ride along gaily on their horses. A troika jingles beside the Volga. The gypsies play, the vodka flows, Natasha is beautiful, the mother sings her son to sleep. Utopia has come to the motherland. They will never assassinate this good and kindly Czar. But they *did*, and on this, which I estimate to be his fourth record of songs from "old Russia" since he came to our shores in 1970, Mr. Rebroff is beginning to repeat himself in all three octaves. True, he went back and added luster to his reputation by playing Tevye in the Paris production of *Fiddler on the Roof*. He also formed his own balalaika ensemble and toured Europe with it. And I have no reason to doubt that he could still turn in a creditable performance in the title role of *Boris Godunov* should he be called upon to do so. Meanwhile, he keeps coming back to Columbia to record songs like *Hey, Andrushka* over and over again. There's really nothing at all wrong with this album (the sound on the cassette is almost as brilliant as on the disc), but it's time for a change. How about a couple of 1917 revolutionary numbers? Or a trio in all three octaves of *The Internationale*? *P.K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SONGS AND SOUNDS OF THE SEA. Tony Barrand, Gordon Bok, Jeff and Gerret Warner, Michael Cooney, Joe Hickerson, Tony Saletan, David Jones, others (vocals); Aly Bain and Rodney Miller (fiddles); Dave Richardson (mandolin); John Roberts and Michael Cooney (banjos); whistles, plank, concertina, laudo, various other instruments; Tony Saletan dir. *Along the Pier; The Dreadnought; Money in Both Pockets; Blow, Ye Winds; Boston Harbor; Jolly Roving Tar; Patsy Campbell; The Whale Catchers; Wheat in the Ear; The Little Beggar Man; Johnny Todd*; and twelve others. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY 705 $5.55 (from National Geographic Society, Dept. 100, Washington, D.C. 20036).

Performance: **Bracing**
Recording: **Superb**

When "The Music of Greece" was issued by the National Geographic Society a couple of years ago—music recorded on location throughout that country with a marvelous booklet containing full-color photographs, maps, and a text that was both literate and utterly absorbing—it seemed impossible that the Society could ever equal it. They did, however, with "The Music of Trinidad," which featured the sounds of a parade recorded in stereo at carnival time in Port of Spain, and now they have managed to do it again with "Songs and Sounds of the Sea."

This one is a little different. The Society did not send its intrepid engineers roaming the seven seas on sailing ships in the hope of encountering some fellows singing sea chanties aboard. Instead, they rounded up—or, for all I know, shanghaied—some of the best singers of salty songs in the British Isles and sent them for a trip on the Shenandoah, a craft modeled faithfully after a mid-nineteenth-century passenger vessel, through North Atlantic seas off the New England coast. The producers recorded the authentic material that makes up the program partly on deck amid the cries of gulls and the swoosh of the waves, and partly in the ship's salon. The clippermen really knew hardship, as the graphic notes put together ably by Tony Saletan and James A. Cox for this beautiful album testify. (The booklet, as before, is replete with maps and magnificent color photos of the nautical life.) But it is the songs that give these experiences a soul: the pirate ballads, the reels strummed out on banjos, and the lyrics that tell of bitter experiences.

What with the sea sounds and the real instruments played the way they really were in clipper-ship days on real voyages, and the lusty voices of singers who clearly know their way through this material, there's never a dull moment. When the sailors join in for the capstan chantey that was always sung last—*Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her*—this vicarious voyager left their company, I must say, a little reluctantly. *P.K.*

SPOKEN WORD

CHEECH & CHONG: *Los Cochinos.* Thomas Chong and Cheech Marin (comedians); instrumental accompaniment. *Sargent (sic) Stadanko; Pedro and Man at the Drive-In; White World of Sports/Basketball Jones; Don't Bug Me; The Strawberry Revival Festival; Evelyn Woodhead Speed Reading Course*; and four others. ODE SP 77019 $5.98.

Performance: **Shabby**
Recording: **Good**

Since the Rock Experience Division of the American Youth Cult takes itself very seriously, it is not surprising that Thomas Chong and Cheech Marin, as Cheech & Chong, are one of the very few comedy acts to come directly out of the Experience. Nor is it surprising that, like the most hysterical partisans of the Experience, they have very little wit, depend on material that is vile more often than not, indulge in low clowning, and are loud, loud, loud.

Bathroom humor, homosexual routines, jokes about dope, and low-grade racial giggles are not my mug of beer. Cheech & Chong often are dirty for the sake of being dirty because (1) they think it is hip or (2) they think their audience thinks it's hip. If (1) is true then they are living examples of the no-talent lounge-comic type mercilessly and accurately satirized by Lenny Bruce. If (2) is true, that is, if Cheech & Chong *know* they should be giving their audience something better but aren't, then they betray their audience and themselves. They are hypocrites.

Among the other performers whose motives are suspect, or who are just being naïve, are the stellar personalities who participate in a long, bland routine called *White World of Sports/Basketball Jones*. The "White" in the title is a flimsy excuse for Cheech & Chong to indulge in some low-grade racial humor about a black athlete. Racial humor is valuable and funny only when it is done with affection, of which Cheech & Chong are in short supply. This dreary routine seems to prove that bad racial humor is okay so long as it's done by certified "Third World" people (Orientals and Chicanos). Compounding the sin in *Basketball Jones* are those persons, among others, providing the musical backing: George Harrison, who is given these days to holding onto what must be his considerable monies while counseling us to reject the material world; Ms. Carole King, a talented damsel in distress who is wont to sing of brotherhood; and Mr. Billy Preston, who is wont to play sidekick organ for famous names. It all registers 1000-plus on my Disgust-O-Meter. *J.V.*

CREDIBILITY GAP: ***A Great Gift Idea.*** Richard Beebe, Michael McKean, Harry Shearer, David L. Lander (comedians). *Kingpin; A Date with Danger; You Can't Judge a Book by Its Hair; Public Service Announcement; Lance Learns to Box*; and four others. REPRISE MS 2154 $5.98.

Performance: **Very Good**
Recording: **Good**

The Credibility Gap put out an album a few years ago called "Woodschtick," about a festival of bad comics at a resort hotel, which did not hold up through the twenty minutes of performance given it. This time out the group has confined itself to shorter bits, and some of them are hilarious.

I rubbed my hands in glee when I heard *Kingpin*, a deserved gutting of blaxploitation films, complete with a castrato imitation of Curtis Mayfield singing the "title tune." *In Someone's Sneakers* is a dissection of Rod McKuen, but it runs into the problem of how to make puff-bladder mediocrity amusing instead of annoying. *An Evening with Sly Stone* is an embarrassingly funny chop at the image-making of intellectual public-service TV. The longest piece is *Where's Johnny?*, a frightening facsimile of the vulgarity of late-night TV talk shows. Everything is perfect, from the drum rolls and shouts of "Ho!" when an "accidental" dirty joke is made, to the theme music tailored to introduce each shabby guest. Sometimes it is *too* real to be very funny. The rest of the material is passable. It seems to me, though, that the Credibility Gap often fires cannons at gnats. They write and act well; what they need are new, more important subjects. *J.V.*

(Continued overleaf)

BILLY COBHAM: ***Spectrum.*** Billy Cobham (percussion); Joe Farrell (flute and soprano saxophone); Jimmy Owens (trumpet and flugelhorn); Ron Carter (bass); Ray Barreto (congas); other musicians. *Anxiety; Quadrant 4; Stratus*; and seven others. ATLANTIC SD 7268 $5.98.

Performance: **Impressive**
Recording: **Excellent**

I first heard Billy Cobham play in the Bahamas during the summer of 1970. He was propelling a group called Dreams in those days, and I wrote his name on a napkin as someone I should follow closely. Dreams shattered two albums later, but Cobham's name kept cropping up in album credits.

Now he has his own album, and he has not disappointed me. Highly electronic and percussive (Moog synthesizer drum and Moog sample-and-hold devices are employed on two of his solos), the set also displays Cobham's abilities as a composer, and he gives our minds plenty to absorb. In fact, this music is more for the mind than for the feet, and stereo headphones will give you a nice, legal high.

There are really no solos to single out. Bill Cobham remains at center stage throughout, and so integrated is the work of his colleagues that when they *do* solo it seems as if they hadn't. It's rather like a perfect movie score: you feel it, but you don't realize you're hearing it. *C.A.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BUDD JOHNSON AND QUINTET: ***Blues à la Mode.*** Budd Johnson (tenor saxophone); Charlie Shavers (trumpet); Vic Dickenson (trombone); Al Sears (baritone saxophone); Ray Bryant (piano); Bert Keyes (piano and organ); Joe Benjamin (bass); Jo Jones (drums). *Foggy Nights; Destination Blues; Used Blues*; and three others. MASTER JAZZ RECORDINGS MJR 8119 $5.98. (Available by mail from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10021.)

Performance: **Fine and mellow**
Recording: **Fifties stereo**

When you review records as regularly as I do, it becomes increasingly difficult to find something new to say, especially when the artists are as well established and consistently excellent as the ones appearing in this album from Stanley Dance's Felsted sessions.

I can say that the album stems from two 1958 sessions, that the performers all get a chance to be heard individually as well as collectively, and that the recording quality—albeit sans middle—is very good. You may then add up what I say, put five dollars and ninety-eight cents in the mail to Master Jazz Recordings, and go about your business with the knowledge that you have ordered a superb set of performances for your collection. *C.A.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MARIAN McPARTLAND: ***Plays the Music of Alec Wilder.*** Marian McPartland (piano); Michael Moore (bass); Rusty Gilder (bass); Joe Corsello (drums). *Jazz Waltz for a Friend; Why?; While We're Young; Lullaby for a Lady; Inner Circle; I'll Be Around; Trouble Is a Man; Homework; Where Are the Good Companions?; It's So Peaceful in the Country.* HALCYON HAL 109 $4.98 (from Halcyon Records, P.O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017).

Performance: **Airy and agreeable**
Recording: **Very good**

Alec Wilder arrived on the musical scene late in the 1930's, ignoring the strict formulas of the day to offer the world ditties that were lean and spare and deliberately unleavened.


Atlantic Records

BILLY COBHAM
Music for the mind

Even his most popular songs—*While We're Young* and *I'll Be Around* and *It's So Peaceful in the Country*—have never been all *that* popular, but he is deservedly admired by an admiring coterie—a kind of songwriter's songwriter. Miss McPartland, meanwhile, has been making pianos do marvelous things forever, it seems. One time a few years ago she was playing in the composer's home town of Rochester, N.Y., when he turned up at the place with a waltz he had written just for her. Since then, she has played it everywhere, and he has written piece after piece for her—until they had assembled enough for this album. Some of the things she plays are Wilder's earlier hits, and they hold up well. Others, like *Jazz Waltz for a Friend* and *Lullaby for a Lady*, were written specifically for the pianist. Limned on the keyboard with just enough colorful accompaniment from a bass and drums, they add up to a charming concert. For once, in fact, a piano record quits while it's ahead. I wish there were more like it. *P.K.*

RUSSELL MOORE: ***Russell "Big Chief" Moore's Pow Wow Jazz Band.*** Russell Moore (trombone); Dick Wellstood (piano); Gene Ramey (bass); others. *Amazing Grace; Buddy Bolden's Blues; It's Tight Like That; Big Chief Stomp*; and seven others. JAZZ ART 520354 $5.98 (available by mail from Art Workshop, 553 Prospect Ave., River Vale, N.J. 07675).

Performance: **Spirited**
Recording: **Unbalanced**

"Big Chief" Russell Moore is an American Indian of the Pima tribe. His forty-year career as a trombonist started with Lionel Hampton's band in California in 1935, led him to Papa Celestin's band in New Orleans, Harlan Leonard's Rockets in Kansas City, a revivalist band in France, and Louis Armstrong's band in just about every other place. In between all these, he supplemented his experience with membership in various other bands, including Lester Lanin's Society Orchestra. Still, Moore is known only to a fairly small circle within the jazz circle, and that—as this record demonstrates—is a sad reflection on our promotion-geared music business. I can't say that I care for his Armstrong-inspired vocals—there are three in this set—but he is too skilled at his craft to be so overlooked.

This privately produced album is not without flaws: the drummer and cornet player are minor-league, though what they lack in proficiency they make up for in spirit. And Messrs. Moore, Wellstood, and Ramey elevate the affair sufficiently for the disc to rate a permanent place in my collection. As long as the established record companies continue to ignore a large segment of today's jazz performers, such private efforts as this should be encouraged. *C.A.*

DON SEBESKY: ***Giant Box.*** Freddie Hubbard (trumpet, flugelhorn); Hubert Lawes (flute); Harry Leahey and George Benson (guitars); Grover Washington Jr., Joe Farrell, and Paul Desmond (saxophones); Billy Cobham and Jack DeJohnette (drums); Airto, Rubens Bassini, and Ralph MacDonald (percussion); Milt Jackson (vibes); Jackie Cain and Roy Kral (vocals); Bob James (piano and organ); other musicians; Don Sebesky (electric piano, piano, organ, accordion, vocals) arr. and cond. *Firebird/Birds of Fire; Song to a Seagull; Free as a Bird; Psalm 150*; and four others. CTI RECORDS CTX 6031/2 two discs $10.98, □ RVG 87689/90 two discs $10.98, ⑧ CTX8 6031/2 $12.98, © CTXC 6031/2 $12.98, [8] CTSQX8 6031/2 $12.98.

Performance: **Trys to soar but can't**
Recording: **Sensational**

Don Sebesky is a dauntless fellow who likes to make adaptations of the classics, turning them into gigantic jazz pieces that call for the services of enormous performing ensembles. Apparently his ambition knows no bounds—and no demand of his is too large an order for CTI Records. In an interview that comes with the booklet of photographs supplied with this album, Sebesky outlines the dimensions of its production: "It took us six months. We spent about 150 hours in the studio. Count another three weeks for the writing, and that doesn't include the gestation of it. It was, really, a giant task." It certainly must have been: there are more than fifty musicians in the group.

And out of all this, what has Sebesky wrought? The first record may be described roughly as avian in nature, dealing with firebirds, seagulls, and other winged creatures. Never a man to blanch at painting a lily, he has taken Stravinsky's gaudy creature and daubed her in even brighter orchestral colors, juxtaposing the results with an equally blinding arrangement of John McLaughlin's *Birds*

of Fire. Later Joni Mitchell's *Song to a Seagull* and Sebesky's own *Free as a Bird* are added to the feathered forces. The sound, especially in four-channel, is marvelous.

Subjected to Sebesky's treatment, Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise* loses its ravishing simplicity of line, but Jim Webb's *Psalm 150* basks in the effect of some lovely unison singing. The last side is devoted to Sebesky's own compositions, including *Fly* (*that* theme again), followed by *Circles*, which goes round and round as you might expect, and *Semi-Tough*, inspired, I assume, by the current best-seller. None of it is thorough schlock; Sebesky is a competent musician and brings off brilliant passages. I just wish his instinct would lead him less often toward spectacle and more often in some genuinely musical direction. But if you're fond of fireworks, this album will reward your attention. *P.K.*

ROOSEVELT SYKES: ***Dirty Double Mother***. Roosevelt Sykes (piano and vocals); accompanying saxophone, guitar, bass, and drums. *Double Breasted Woman; Life Is a Puzzle; I Wanna Love*; and eight others. BLUESWAY BLS-6077 $4.98.

Performance: **Forward-looking**
Recording: **Very good**

This is the best Roosevelt Sykes album I have heard since 1960 when he returned to the recording studios after a nine-year absence. In sharp contrast to the recent, pathetic Delmark release ("Feel Like Blowing My Horn"), this set does not attempt to recreate sounds past. Not that the past is never present—it's very much in evidence, but now it is there as a natural ingredient of something that goes beyond it.

The material, all written by Sykes, is fresh and witty, delivered with a sparkle that makes the album seem far too short. Sykes' piano playing is also outstanding here, with less emphasis on boogie woogie than I have heard on previous recordings; there are even moments when he gives us a delicious taste of Fats Waller, an influence I have not detected before. It is hard to believe that this is the same artist who made the Delmark album, and producer Al Smith—a former dancer with the Silas Green shows—is to be congratulated for having brought out the best in Roosevelt Sykes. Let us hope that more will come from this union. *C.A.*

JOE WILLIAMS: ***Joe Williams Live***. Joe Williams (vocals); septet including Nat Adderley (cornet); Cannonball Adderley (alto saxophone). *Green Dolphin Street; Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow; Sad Song; Tell Me Where to Scratch*; and four others. FANTASY F-9441 $4.98.

Performance: **Homogeneous**
Recording: **Very good**

I have not always liked what Joe Williams offered on records, but this album will not be allowed to gather dust on my shelves. Backed by a group of fine musicians, Williams here treats a select studio audience to a set that is mostly good and at times superb. My particular favorites are *Sad Song* and *Goin' to Chicago Blues*, the Basie-Rushing number that has proved to be a crowd-pleaser over the years, and here gets a delightfully fresh treatment with a good rap intro. The accompaniment is tastefully discreet and the Adderley brothers are heard to advantage, but this is Joe Williams' show, and a good one. *C.A.*

The triumphant, if slightly overdue, return of

MR. JELLY LORD

Music Editor James Goodfriend samples two kettles of gumbo

JELLY ROLL MORTON was, as he himself firmly believed all his life, one of the authentic geniuses of American music. Whether he "invented" jazz, as he claimed, or actually composed all the pieces that bear his name (together with those that do *not* bear his name but which he claimed as his own anyway) will probably always be open to question, as will all the details he was so eager to supply of his genteel background, his accomplishments in a dozen fields apart from music, and the capabilities and qualities of his contemporary rivals. What will never seriously be open to question, though, for the recorded evidence is overwhelming, are his abilities as singer and pianist and, inferentially, as leader, arranger, and composer. The man was such a great jazz interpreter that it requires no great suspension of disbelief to accept that he was a great jazz composer as well.

The Jelly Roll Morton revival—if two simultaneous releases from major companies can be said to constitute a revival—follows hard on the heels of the rediscovery of Scott Joplin and is, no doubt, a direct result of it. Morton, being closer to our own time (born probably 1886) and an integral part of an on-going jazz tradition, might be thought to have been a more logical subject for rediscovery than Joplin, but the essence of the ragtime revival has been a new, nontraditional, and more classical approach to the music, treating it, as Eric Salzman has written elsewhere in this issue, more as an art form than as a vernacular expression. Something of the same approach could be taken to at least some of Morton's music (many of the piano solos are written out, and I can testify from firsthand experience that if the scores are played simply as written the results bear more than a passing resemblance to what Morton himself committed to disc). But when we get to ensemble jazz, with its alternations of arranged and improvised materials, strict musicological re-creation becomes impossible. Yes, the lines can be transcribed and performed with some accuracy, but the result is flat and expressionless, something like tracing another person's signature. Neither of the two new releases attempts such exact re-creation, but the approach of both of them is far different from what it would have been some years ago, when a recorded tribute to Morton would have involved no more than letting a bunch of musicians loose on a group of his tunes and encouraging them to produce what they would. Both new albums have picked up a certain musicological approach from the Joplin revival, although, apart from that and apart from the fact that they play a few of the same tunes, they do very different things with the music.

THE more "in-depth" research has been done for the Columbia album, for which Dick Hyman, who arranged the music and does all the piano playing, went back to the published sheet music and transcribed numerous Morton recordings as the basis for his own arrangements. Paradoxically, it is the Columbia album that ends up further away from the New Orleans jazz tradition and from what Morton's various groups would or *could* have played. There is no fault to be found with Hyman's piano playing. He is an all-around whiz musician, and he can play Morton's notes and Morton's style as if he had never played anything else (he has probably played *everything* else). His solo version of *The Finger Breaker* proves that, as well as his work in *Pep* and *Grandpa's Spells*. But as an arranger he calls for forces both greater than and different from what Morton worked with, and he therefore produces some peculiar results. There are some very hokey castanets in *The Crave*, flutes in *Grandpa's Spells*, and flutes with glockenspiel (presumably keyed) in *Black Bottom Stomp*, and the music sounds in places more like a Project 3 sound spectacular than any revival of traditional jazz. In addition, the big band in particular (Hyman uses a big band, a small band, and a trio in different numbers) feels the rhythm in a different way than Morton's original sidemen. There is a rounding off of accents, a smoothing of the jagged qualities, "the crooked straight and the rough places plain," so to speak. The musicians seem to take the rhythms tongue-in-cheek, and they sound just a little ricky-tick, whereas Morton's players took them dead seriously, even as they clowned with the melody.

Hyman's small band is better in this respect, and the trio is better still. I wonder, though, for all the jazz validity of Joe Venuti's contribution in the trio, what made Hyman want to use a violin in the first place. Morton, so far as I can remember, never called for one, and *his* trio recording of *Shreveport Stomp* had Omer Simeon on clarinet. All this, of course, is taking issue mostly with Hyman's aim. If you allow the aim, the record is beautifully done—very much arranged, tight, and in check, thoroughly professional and neat. There are occasional good solos by Vic Dickenson and Kenny Davern, and echoes of the styles of the Thirties and Forties (as well as the Twenties) that are entertaining if not historically apt. The recording puts more air around the musicians than I'm used to in this kind of music (but who is to say that the dry sound of the original 78's is what the *musicians* wanted?), but the sound is clear, nicely balanced, and undistorted. Quadraphonic playback adds a comfortable ambiance with occasional tasteful directionality.

THE RCA disc, led by pianist Bob Greene, is another kettle of gumbo entirely. It is, first of all, a souvenir of a concert performance, together with all the incomprehensible moments of applause that such an origin makes inevitable, and Greene's sentimental and only quasi-poetic (". . . and Jelly wrote a song about it . . .") introductions to each number, though fine in a concert, are stultifying after a few listenings on record. In addition, Greene, for all his enthusiasm, and for all the work he has obviously put into the project, is simply not a pianist in the same class as either Morton or Hyman, and after one has heard him use the same corny cadence four times in *Winin' Boy Blues* (I doubt that Morton used it four times in his whole recorded repertoire) one has a few doubts about his improvisatory abilities.

On the other hand, Greene's disc has certain undeniable things going for it: it is loose, it is serious, and it is *jazz*—in places, damned good jazz. Paradoxically, again, it leans less on what Morton actually wrote and played than the Columbia disc does (though Greene plays Morton's own piano opening to *Buddy Bolden's Blues*—without,

however, attempting the vocal to which it was originally only the accompaniment), but actually comes closer, far closer, to the *style* in which Morton's groups played. The occasional quotation of original material, then, meshes perfectly with what is being improvised by the musicians. Not everything works well (the rendition of *Grandpa's Spells* never establishes either the tune or the style), but a great deal does. A major part of the credit must go to clarinetist Herbert Hall, who, if I am not mistaken, is the brother of Edmond Hall and was born in Louisiana in 1907. If he wasn't, he sure sounds like it. He is unquestionably the outstanding soloist on either set (and he solos a lot), and the style is obviously very much a living thing for him. In almost the same class is the drumming of Thomas Benford who, for a time, played with Morton himself. His suitcase solo is a thing of beauty, but his drumming throughout sets things on the right track. Trumpeter Everett Carson is very Bix-influenced and a little less sure of the style, but quite good nonetheless. And Milt Hinton, who is the bassist in both sets . . . well, someday I must *see* him do some of the things I seem to hear here but cannot quite bring myself to believe. The only *real* problem with the RCA set is a sameness of approach to virtually all the material, but that's hardly serious over the course of a single disc. The recording is well managed.

In sum, then, two fine discs, arguable in concept and in minor details, but not in overall quality. Jazz purists will unquestionably prefer the RCA; those who have found no previous attraction in New Orleans-style jazz but like to investigate new things are urged to try the Columbia. Both will serve to advance the cause of Morton's music, but neither will replace him or his own recordings. One has only to listen to some of the originals to know that. I did and I do.

FERDINAND "JELLY ROLL" MORTON—TRANSCRIPTONS FOR ORCHESTRA. Mel Davis, Joe Wilder, Pee Wee Erwin (trumpets); Urbie Green, Paul Faulise, Vic Dickenson (trombones); Phil Bodner (flute, piccolo, clarinet); Kenny Davern (clarinet, soprano saxophone); Don Butterfield (tuba); Tony Mottola (banjo, guitar); Art Ryerson (guitar); Milt Hinton (bass); Panama Francis (drums); Joe Venuti (violin); other instrumentalists; Dick Hyman (piano, arranger, and conductor). *Grandpa's Spells; The Perfect Rag; The Crave; Fickle Fay Creep; Pep; Mr. Jelly Lord; Black Bottom Stomp; Buddy Bolden's Blues; The Finger Breaker; The Pearls; Shreveport Stomp; King Porter Stomp.* COLUMBIA M 32587 $5.98, □ MQ 32587 $7.98, ⑧ MA 32587 $6.98, Ⓒ MT 32587 $6.98, [8] MAQ 32587 $7.98.

BOB GREENE'S "THE WORLD OF JELLY ROLL MORTON." Everett Ernest Carson III (trumpet); Herbert Hall (clarinet); Ephraim Myron Resnick (trombone); Alan Cary (guitar); Milt Hinton (bass); Thomas P. Benford (drums, suitcase); Bob Greene (piano). *Mr. Jelly Lord; Someday Sweetheart; Wolverine Blues; Buddy Bolden's Blues; Steamboat Stomp; Sweet Substitute; Kansas City Stomp; Big Lip Blues; Grandpas's Spells; Winin' Boy Blues.* RCA ARL1-0504 $5.98.

CHOOSING SIDES

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE GERMAN TRADITION

For a conductor, a name such as Carlos Paita suggests certain immediate advantages. It defines, if not a precise national identity, a largely Mediterranean heritage, and it provides an indication—as do the names Fausto Cleva, Nello Santi, or Enrique Jorda—of a particular stylistic bent and musical predisposition. The fact is, however, that although Carlos Paita has just been honored by a second release on London, the two records, taken together, contain more Wagner than anything else, and no Italian or Spanish music whatsoever.

Part of the reason for this is that Paita's background is rather more cosmopolitan than his name indicates. He is a native of Buenos Aires, with Hungarian blood on his mother's side to balance the Italian heritage on his father's. In point of origin, at least, he is thus a co-equal of Daniel Barenboim and Carlo Felice Cillario among today's musicians, and, among yesterday's, of Ettore Panizza, who conducted many famous performances at the old Met. Considering the range and direction of talents covered by these names, one might assume that the culture of Buenos Aires is as widespread and diversified as that of New York—and one would be right. The city's official language is Spanish, but its electrical system was long operated by English engineers and technicians, and it has the largest German-speaking population of any community in South America.

I first encountered Paita's work on London SPC 21035, an early 1969 release devoted wholly to Wagner: the Prelude and *Liebestod* from *Tristan*, the overtures to *Meistersinger* and *The Flying Dutchman*. And it was indeed *wholly* devoted to Wagner, with little distracting intrusion of the conductor's personality as "intermediary." A close attention to his direction of the *Tristan* excerpts, for example, led to the discovery that Wagner's own directions have a sobering effect on him, that he takes seriously such admonitions as "*Nicht eilen*" ("Do not rush") and "*Sehr allmählich zurückhalten*" ("Very gradually held back"). The response of the New Philharmonia to Paita's direction left no doubt that he is a conductor with an intoxicating effect on an orchestra.

Such a combination of virtues argued that London had found something special in Paita, but the silence that followed the release of that first disc, among rumblings and rumorings of such complications as a monumental temper, the burdens of supporting a wife and six children, and other nonmusical considerations, led to the conclusion that he was perhaps *too* special for the sometimes inflexible requirements of the recording studio. Perhaps. But the recent arrival of the second London disc (SPC 21095), this one devoted to Beethoven's *Leonore* No. 3, the Berlioz *Roman Carnival*, the Brahms *Academic Festival*, and the Wagner *Rienzi* overtures, confirmed beyond doubt that, whatever else he may not be, Paita is a master of the German tradition.

This may strike some as wildly improbable for an Argentinian who first set foot on a German podium in the mid-Sixties as director of a program for the Stuttgart Radio. Much of his activity since has centered in the Lowlands, first in Brussels, where he was conducting at the time of his first London recording, and more recently in Holland. This, however, does not put him outside the German tradition, or cut off access to it, any more than his South American origins did, for the tradition can—and does—flourish almost anywhere. It can flourish in Denmark, for example, as well as it can in Germany itself, as a group of four recordings recently released by a company calling itself First Edition gives evidence: one of the recordings—by Fritz Busch—was made in Copenhagen, and the other three were made in Germany by Richard Strauss, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and Paul Hindemith.

As a warm admirer of Busch, in New York as well as in Glyndebourne, I would rate the disc devoted to him the most illuminating and welcome of the four. Phonographically, he is of course enduringly famous for his Mozart recordings from Glyndebourne, which have had world-wide impact. In America, he is best known for his post-World War II seasons at the Metropolitan, during which he organized memorable performances of Verdi's *Otello* and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, as well as of Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tristan* and Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*.

He did not, however, during several guest engagements as a conductor with New York orchestras, address himself to anything like such a pillar of the German tradition as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and if he did so elsewhere in this country—say, at the Cincinnati May Festival—it had no resounding aftermath. But he did in Copenhagen, and the echoes of that performance are now public property, thanks to First Edition FER-4. The date was September 9, 1950; the cast included the choruses and orchestra of the Danish Radio, soprano Kerstin Lindberg-Torlind, mezzo Else Jans, Tenor Erik Sjoberg, and baritone Holger Byrding. The soloists have no international fame of which I am aware, but they (or perhaps their descendants) can take pride in their participation in a performance that will give this generation of record listeners a rounder appreciation of Busch's abilities than was possible even while he was alive (he died, all too prematurely, in 1951 at the age of sixty-one). It is a performance noble in breadth, pulsating with emotion, and always responsive to the rigorous musicianship ingrained in all the brothers Busch—violinist Adolf and cellist Hermann as well as Fritz—and perpetuated by brother-in-law Rudolf Serkin.

The applause at the end affirms not only the audience's response to the performance's musical qualities but its origin as a live broadcast as well. Those versed in the new art of tonal restoration (a twentieth-century parallel to the older ones of painting and sculpture restoration) know that a pre-1960 orchestral-broad-

CONDUCTOR CARLOS PAITA: *he listens to Wagner*

London/Phase Four

cast recording almost inevitably yields better listening results than can be expected from a studio-made disc of the same period. Through the artful intercession of audio consultant David Sarser (a one-time violinist with the NBC Symphony who lent his recording skills to preserving the conductorless performances of that orchestra before it disbanded), First Edition has thus been able to rescue from limbo one of history's great performances of the Ninth. It belongs, among other famous "non-recordings" of the work, beside the celebrated version perpetuated on disc from the reopening ceremonies of Bayreuth in 1951, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Otto Edelmann being among the soloists under conductor Furtwängler.

Some may prefer the Busch Ninth to the Furtwängler, others the Furtwängler to the Busch, but no objective listener could deny that both are legacies of an on-going German performance tradition. Each propounds a point of view and articulates a hierarchy of musical values that were in being when the two men were growing up in the early years of this century. Thanks to the preservation of these live performances, each has been able to shed illumination on a subject that can never be wholly clarified by a single intellect or one individual's emotional resources. The results have everlastingly enriched our lives. (First Edition's FER-2 offers Furtwängler performances with the 1929-1933 Berlin Philharmonic of Wagner's *Tristan* Prelude and *Liebestod*, the first-act Prelude of *Lohengrin*, and Siegfried's Funeral Music from *Götterdämmerung*, plus Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overtures, but these have later, better-sounding counterparts. On FER-3, Hindemith conducts his Concerto for Orchestra as well as several others of his works; on FER-1, Strauss conducts *Till Eulenspiegel*, the *Japanese Festival Music*, and two others. First Edition Records can be reached at 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.)

In the Nazi upheaval of the Thirties, Busch renounced his conducting post in Dresden—though he was more "Aryan" than Hitler himself—and never returned to Germany, where Furtwängler maintained an uneasy position of prominence until his death in 1954. As it turned out, the German musical tradition has been more durable than its individual embodiments, great as they were. Paita, for example, acquired at least some of his touch by accidents of propinquity: Busch made his last visit to the Colón in Buenos Aires in 1946, and Furtwängler's travels took him to South America in the early Fifties. By then, Paita's early training as a pianist had led him into conducting aspirations, and he was an avid attendant at several Furtwängler concerts in Buenos Aires.

But just how much of Paita's capabilities can be deduced from a mere two discs bearing his name? Enough for me to venture the judgment that they are broader than the demonstrated capacity to direct half a dozen overtures well. In short, I hear enough to persuade me that Paita is not only a conductor aware of the German tradition, but a conductor *in* the German tradition. I would further risk offering the opinion that any manager intrepid enough to investigate would find that the rumored "temper" is probably greatly exaggerated, that he is a conductor who would yield rich dividends to any orchestra with which he performed.

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CIRCLE NO. 44 ON READER SERVICE CARD

CLASSICAL DISCS AND TAPES

Reviewed by RICHARD FREED • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS
PAUL KRESH • ERIC SALZMAN

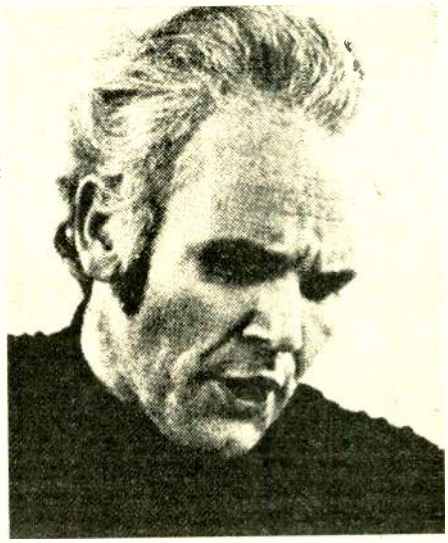
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BACH, J. S.: ***Mass in B Minor (BWV 232).*** Yvonne Perrin, Wally Staempfli (sopranos); Magali Schwartz (mezzo-soprano); Claudine Perret (contralto); Olivier Dufour (tenor); Philippe Huttenlocher (baritone); Niklaus Tüller (bass); Vocal and Instrumental Ensemble of Lausanne, Michel Corboz cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1708/09/10 three discs $10.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Radiant**
Recording: **Very good**

There have been all sorts of performances of this masterwork on records, some of them as solemnly "musicological" as others were solemn in their underscoring of the liturgical burden. There has been none, in my listening experience, that made it the sheer delight it becomes on these six sides. From beginning to end, the Mass here is alive with a radiant, dancing quality that makes it a sustained and convincing paean of joy. It sounds as if every singer and instrumentalist is in love with the music and exhilarated by the discovery of its wonders. There is an unparalleled vitality that has nothing to do with breathlessness: many of the tempos are on the brisk side, but always comfortable, never hard-driven; the choral lines are astonishingly clean, yet in no way "antiseptic," and Michel Corboz's unostentatious sense of architecture in the longer choral stretches is masterly. Corboz has not prepared his own performing edition, as Nikolaus Harnoncourt and some other conductors have done, but follows the *Neue Bach Ausgabe*.

The sheer weight one is accustomed to in the opening of the Credo may be missed here, and a stronger voice might have been welcome in the "*Quoniam*," but the general level of the singing is so high and the overall impression of joyous commitment so striking that these two complaints (the only ones I can register) amount to very little, and all the female soloists acquit themselves with considerable distinction. The orchestral playing is superb throughout, and here we encounter some familiar names: Hansheinz Schneeberger plays the violin solos, Maurice André leads the brilliant trumpets, Aurèle Nicolet's flute enhances the duet "*Domine Deus*," Georges Barboteu plays the horn in the "*Quoniam*," and the harpsichordist is Christiane Jaccottet. Erato's engineers have done a splendid job, and the MHS pressings are first-rate. This is a genuine bargain in the best sense: a recording that belongs at the head of the list regardless of price. *R.F.*



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MICHEL CORBOZ
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Explanation of symbols:

- Ⓡ = *reel-to-reel stereo tape*
- Ⓔ = *eight-track stereo cartridge*
- Ⓒ = *stereo cassette*
- □ = *quadraphonic disc*
- R = *reel-to-reel quadraphonic tape*
- 8 = *eight-track quadraphonic tape*
- C = *quadraphonic cassette*

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol Ⓜ

The first listing is the one reviewed; other formats, if available, follow it.

BACH, J. S.: ***Organ Works, Vol. I: Trio Sonatas Nos. 1-6 (BWV 525-530); Fugue in G Minor (BWV 578); Fantasia con Imitazione in B Minor (BWV 563); Praeludium in A Minor (BWV 569); Praeludium in G Major (BWV 568); Fantasia in C Major (BWV 570); Trio in G Minor (BWV 584); Fugue in C Minor (BWV 575).*** Michel Chapuis (Anderson organ of the Church of the Redeemer, Copenhagen). TELEFUNKEN BC 25098-T/1-2 two discs $11.96.

Performance: **Generally commendable**
Recording: **Excellent**

BACH: ***Lutheran Organ Mass (Clavierübung, Part III, BWV 552/669-689).*** Anthony Newman (organ); Boston Archdiocesan Boys Choir, Theodore Marier dir. (in chants and chorales); John Dunn (organ, in sung chorales). COLUMBIA □ M2Q 32497 two discs $13.96.

Performance: **Fast, virtuosic, didactic**
Recording: **Some overmodulation**

Add the name of the Frenchman Michel Chapuis to the list of those who have made an integral (more or less) recording of Bach's organ works, a list that currently includes Helmut Walcha on Deutsche Grammophon (his second complete recording is only partially available in this country), Walter Kraft on Vox, Marie-Claire Alain on Musical Heritage Society, Lionel Rogg on various labels (mostly imports and not as complete as the others), and Carl Weinrich on Westminster (now deleted and also not very complete). Chapuis has a number of excellent records to his credit; I am thinking in particular of the Couperin organ Masses on RCA Victrola. The present volume is the first of what will eventually amount to ten two-disc albums. Telefunken has dressed its package up to include miniature scores, an illustrated brochure with instrument specifications, and an excellent commentary folder by Georg von Dadelsen, thus copying the procedure used by that company in its notable Bach cantata series. The album is therefore a handsome affair and should prove attractive for most record libraries.

Chapuis brings to this first volume, which contains the six Trio Sonatas plus a variety of

THE AVANT-GARDE

A Pair to Draw To

Reviewed by Eric Salzman

Composer Frederic Rzewski

EVERY once in a while in this business of reviewing records something unexpected turns up from an unexpected source. Two unusual recordings that have just been released by a company that calls itself Opus One, for instance. Opus One operates out of Box 604, Greenville, Maine, and is run, no doubt, by charter subscribers of the Maine *Times*. More power to 'em.

One of Opus One's new discs contains three pieces by Frederic Rzewski, one of the most notable of the younger American composers. Rzewski, who lived and worked abroad for many years, has recently returned to this country, and, following a period of involvement in improvisation, his work has undergone a rather remarkable change in the way of simplification, directness, and, as the French has it, *engagement*. Two of the three pieces on this record use texts by inmates of Attica State Prison connected with the 1971 uprising. A fragment of a letter by Sam Melville, written a few months before he was killed, describes the passage of prison time and the evolution of his life as a convict. The other text is a quote from Richard X. Clark on his release from Attica a few months afterwards, and I can't resist quoting it here. Asked how it felt to leave Attica behind him, he replied, "Attica is in front of me." Both texts, read (or intoned) by Steve ben Israel of the Living Theatre, are highly ritualized, with cycles of verbal-rhythmic repetition interwoven with long, intense tonal-rhythmic instrumental patterns. The result—if you stay with the long, seemingly endless shifting patterns of repetition—is evocative and moving.

Les Moutons de Panurge (Panurge and his sheep are characters in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*) is a melodic piece built on a rhythmic cycle. Any number of instruments may play; they start out in unison until—this is the twist—the stitchwork begins to come undone. Inevitably one player, then another and another, gets out of synch with the others, and they continue the pattern in a kind of heterophony without any attempt to get back in unison again. Since the first piece on this disc is called *Coming Together*, this one could be called "Coming Apart." It works very well as a percussion piece (I have heard it in a piano version I do not like as much), and it is very well performed here. The recording, made at the University of Northern Illinois where the excellent Blackearth Percussion Group is located, is a little dry, but the performance is catchy. The other performances are effective, particularly if you dig the very special quality of Steve ben Israel's narrations, and the recordings are okay.

Of the four works on the other Opus One disc, Joel Chadabe's *Street Scene* is the grabber. This unlikely combination of disparate elements—an electronic sound that bubbles and boils throughout, a jazz collage, a solo for English horn, and a reading of Ferlinghetti's *The Long Street*—somehow makes a striking unity. In contrast to this unity out of variety, *Daisy* attempts variety out of unity: a single electronic sound in a state of programmed flux. The analogy to the programmed growth of a flower suggested by the title does not seem quite apt, for flowers have a complex functionality in their beautiful simplicity. *Street Scene*, although clearly an urban inflorescence, seems to me a better expression of a certain idea of growth. Good piece.

Newton Strandberg's *Xerxes* is an original and striking work for band. I don't know what the significance of the title is, but, like *Street Scene*, the piece is an ingenious collection of heterogeneous elements, including the singing and speaking voices of the players as well as extended instrumental possibilities. I'm not sure exactly how much of a unity is achieved in the end, and I'm not sure I care; I do know I like it very much.

Lawrence Moss' *Evocation and Song* is an attractive work for saxophone with multiple tape tracks that the composer describes as jungle-bird sounds (although they don't come across to me as very true to life). The work was recorded in live-performance fashion in a recital hall; it might have come off better as a studio mix. Otherwise the four pieces in this collection are all very well performed and recorded.

What is especially nice about these two discs is that they are made up of new music that is distinguished by diversity and wit and that seems rooted in some kind of reality about living in America in the late twentieth century. Yet this is music that does not rely exclusively on the ultra-personal expressionist anguish that seems to characterize so much contemporary American art. Both discs are well worth your attention.

RZEWSKI: ***Coming Together; Attica.*** Steve ben Israel (speaker); Karl Berger (vibraphone); Alvin Curran (synthesizer, piccolo trumpet); Jon Gibson (alto saxophone); Joan Kalish (viola); Garrett List (trombone); Frederic Rzewski (piano, electric piano); Richard Youngstein (bass). ***Les Moutons de Panurge.*** Blackearth Percussion Group. OPUS ONE 20 $4.98 (from Opus One, Box 604, Greenville, Maine 04441).

CHADABE: ***Street Scene.*** Patricia Grignet (English horn); electronic tape. ***Daisy.*** Electronic tape. **STRANDBERG:** ***Xerxes.*** Sam Houston State University Concert Band, Huntsville, Texas, David Worthington cond. **MOSS:** ***Evocation and Song.*** George Etheridge (saxophone); electronic tape. OPUS ONE 16 $4.98 (from Opus One, Box 604, Greenville, Maine 04441).

smaller and (with the exception of the "Little Fugue" in G Minor) less significant compositions, an admirable directness and a good feeling for such stylistic elements as correct execution of the ornaments. His technique is good (barring a few moments in the hazardously fast sonata movements, where the pedals speak a bit too late); his registration is colorful (although, whether the fault of the organ, the recording, or the player, the slow movements of the Trio Sonatas seem inordinately and penetratingly loud and undulcet); and tempos are lively and geared for forward-moving performances. There are a few faults here, however. Chapuis articulates in the manner common to so many organists in which notes of equal value, say a series of quarter notes, are all *played* with equal value so that, despite a lively tempo, the music has a tendency to emerge with a certain tedious, deliberate quality, even a kind of stodginess. This style is very far removed from the carefully detailed and varied articulation of Helmut Walcha, for instance, which helps so much to bring life to these scores. Also, Chapuis adds one curious bit of ornamentation to the first subject of the G Minor Fugue—not a bad idea, but he never bothers to add it to any of the other statements of the fugue theme; I find this inconsistency inexplicable. In sum then, these are good, reliable renditions, well recorded, but not ideal in all respects. It will be interesting to see how the remaining volumes come out.

To judge from Columbia's press information, Anthony Newman is gradually in the process of recording all (?) of Bach's keyboard works, though at the moment there does not seem to be any particular organization to the releases, most of the previous material having been mixed recital anthologies. However, the newest issues, including the present Organ Mass, appear to aim more for complete units. The third part of Bach's *Clavierübung* consists of a mighty Prelude and Fugue ("St. Anne"), formally involving symbol elements of the Trinity (the fugue, for example, is a triple fugue), and chorale prelude arrangements of the chorales of the Lutheran catechism, each piece being set in a version for organ with pedals, as well as another entirely different and smaller-scaled version for manuals alone. There is also a set of four duets, or inventions, which are rather more complex than the better-known collection of that name, but, as these duets are not strictly speaking connected with the Lutheran Organ Mass, they are omitted here.

The underlying production concept for this large-scale collection is quite admirable and serves an excellent didactic purpose. Before any chorale prelude is played, the chorale upon which it is based is sung, either in Bach's four-part harmonization or (before the smaller-scaled chorale preludes) in unison with organ accompaniment; in the case of those chorales whose basis is Gregorian chant (*Kyrie, Gott Vater in Ewigkeit*, for example, is derived from the plainsong *Kyrie, eleison*), the original Latin chants are sung first, followed on occasion by early German troped versions which represent the vernacular adaptation in that country of the Gregorian chants. Thus one is able to trace a tune from its earliest usage through Bach's handling of it in one of his complex fugal or canonic chorale prelude settings, a procedure which makes the recognition of the original tune far clearer than simply hearing the isolated chorale prelude. (I can report that I have tried some of

this recording in one of my Fairfield University music courses in attempting to explain the German chorale and instrumental pieces based on it and have achieved a fair measure of success with it.)

Regarding the performances themselves, Newman treats the music with his customary digital wizardry and with such interesting stylistic innovations as added ornamentation and adaptation of a homogeneous rhythmic scheme (as in the first setting of *Vater unser*). Unfortunately, he chooses tempos for the faster movements that in their speed often blur the notes and prevent the harmonies from making a proper aural effect. For instance, excess rapidity works against the best interests of the music, I feel, in both sections of the E-flat Prelude and Fugue, which simply lose grandeur (though Newman correctly double-dots the opening Prelude), in the first setting of *Jesus Christus unser Heiland* (a technical tour de force, but uncomfortably hyperactive at such a tempo), and in the Fughetta on *Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot'*, in which the gigue rhythm is so fast as to sound bizarre. The registration used throughout on the unnamed organ (St. Paul's Church, Cambridge?) is colorfully effective if at times a bit garish, but the organ reproduction suffers from constriction at the side ends, especially at the conclusion. The choir, which *is* well produced, performs very capably, with commendable Gregorian style, in the chants, and Columbia intelligently includes all the texts and translations. *I.K.*

BARTÓK: ***Concerto for Violin and Orchestra.*** Zoltán Székely (violin); Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Willem Mengelberg cond. QUALITON LPX 11573 $5.98.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **1939 radio transcription**

This is a transcription made at Holland Radio, Hilversum, on March 23, 1939, of the premiere of Bartók's Violin Concerto. The work was written for and is dedicated to Hungarian violinist Zoltán Székely, and he worked closely with Bartók preceding the performance. But, besides the documentary value of the recording, it is simply a superlative performance by a violinist better known in the West as a chamber musician (he became the first violinist of the Hungarian String Quartet) than as a soloist. The clarity, elegance, and force of the playing comes through the years quite remarkably. The orchestra does not fare as well—it lacks presence and often does not emerge clearly from the noisy surfaces. Nevertheless, this is an exceptional document, and it is certainly a fresh starting point for the study and future performance of one of Bartók's most accessible and rewarding works. *E.S.*

BEETHOVEN: ***Sonata for Piano and Violin No. 5, in F Major, Op. 24 (Spring); Rondo in G Major (WoO 41); Twelve Variations on Mozart's "Se vuol ballare," from Le Nozze di Figaro (WoO 40).*** Yehudi Menuhin (violin); Wilhelm Kempff (piano). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 205 $7.98.

Performance: **Disappointing**
Recording: **All right**

The set of works for violin and piano Menuhin and Kempff made for the Beethoven bicentenary of 1970 is being broken up and released on single discs now. The choppy performance of the *Spring* Sonata was not the strongest

constituent of that set, let alone the most persuasive recording of the work available. But the coupling here may enhance its appeal in some quarters, for it represents the only opportunity record-buyers have to obtain the two shorter pieces outside of a multi-disc set. The Rondo has less appeal in its original form than the better-known *Rondino on a Theme of Beethoven* which Fritz Kreisler based on it: the Variations offer a certain quotient of low-key charm, but nothing like that of Beethoven's two sets of Mozart variations for cello and piano, both on themes from *The Magic Flute*. More for archivist-type collectors, I would think, than for active listener types—and the archivists may be more intrigued by the very economical Vox Box SVBX-518, in which Aaron Rosand and Eileen Flissler offer the Rondo, the Variations, an even less substantial set of six German Dances, and decent accounts of the Sonatas Nos. 7-10. *R.F.*

BERG: *Lyric Suite; String Quartet, Op. 3.* La Salle String Quartet. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 283 $7.98.

Performance: **Old Vienna**
Recording: **Lush**

The highlight of this recording is the String Quartet, Op. 3. This work, a neglected older sister, has long remained in the shadow of the more famous and seductive Lyric Suite. But the Quartet has an expressionist beauty all its own. It gets its just desserts here, and its appeal turns out to be that of a simple, directly expressive work, beautifully performed and recorded.

The richer and denser Lyric Suite gets a richer and more symphonic performance and recording. While at first this might seem logical, it only serves to emphasize qualities that the piece already has in abundance. The performance is intense and, in many ways, very beautiful, but the piece needs more detail, a bit more of a chamber-music quality. I'm not sure that there is really all *that* much difference between the two recordings technically, but the Lyric Suite seems to have almost a string-orchestra sound. *E.S.*

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 14.* Boston Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 358 $7.98, ⑧ 89467 $6.98, ⓒ 3300316 $6.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Very good**

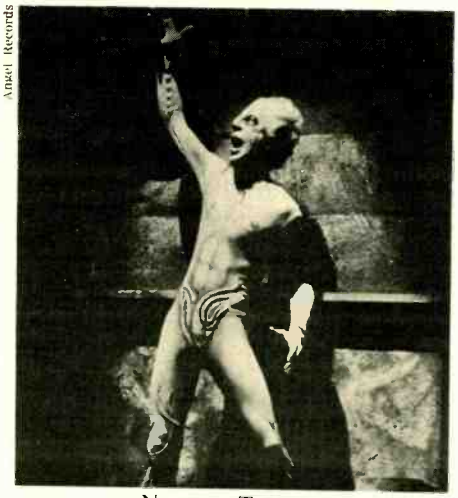
Ozawa has recorded the *Fantastique* before, but not with the Boston Symphony, and he has recorded with the BSO before, but not since becoming its music director. Like his earlier version with the Toronto Symphony (now on Odyssey Y 31923), this one has plenty of momentum—not to be confused with headlong drive or sheer frenzy, for it is a beautifully disciplined performance. There are, to be sure, few works to which the listener responds as subjectively as to this one, and some may tend to write off Ozawa's handling of it as merely efficient. Just as many, I suspect (especially after a second and third hearing), will prefer his approach to those that exaggerate Berlioz's already broad dramatic gestures. Perhaps the last two movements could do with a little more swagger, but there is a good deal of subtle tension in the shaping of the slow movement and no little elegance in the waltz. Deutsche Grammophon, for its part, provides a rich sonic frame for the great orchestra. *R.F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

BOITO: *Mefistofele.* Norman Treigle (bass), Mefistofele; Placido Domingo (tenor), Faust; Montserrat Caballé (soprano), Margherita; Josella Ligi (soprano), Elena; Heather Begg (mezzo-soprano), Marta; Tom Allen (tenor), Wagner; Delia Wallis (mezzo-soprano), Pantalis; Leslie Fyson (baritone), Nereo; Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Wandsworth School Boys Choir; London Symphony Orchestra, Julius Rudel cond. ANGEL SCLX-3806 three discs $18.98.

Performance: **Good; at times excellent**
Recording: **Very good**

In the fifteen years since its last complete recording (London OSA 1307), Arrigo Boito's highly individual *Mefistofele* has attained near-repertoire status in this country. Credit


Angel Records

NORMAN TREIGLE
A devil with authority, malice, and power

for this is due to the various stagings (mainly by the New York City Opera Company) built around Norman Treigle's imposing characterization of the title role. These productions have elicited much praise: surely the New York City Opera Company framed this fascinating work in a strikingly imaginative stage setting. The casting, however, has seldom been well balanced: Treigle's towering devil frequently has had to contend with Margheritas and Fausts of lesser stature. No such imbalance threatens Angel's new recorded version. If the casting of Montserrat Caballé and Placido Domingo followed an all-too-predictable pattern, surely no one can object to these interpreters on artistic grounds.

In the company of artists of such calibre, Treigle no longer looms colossus-like over the opera. He is nonetheless a commanding devil, oozing malevolence in a scowling, snarling manner, with lots of bite in his *parlando* and firm sonority in his arias. The voice becomes dry at times, but vocal suavity is not an essential element here. The real essentials—the authority, the malice, the power, and the expressiveness—are here in abundance.

Montserrat Caballé and Placido Domingo manage to create the illusion of two young lovers in the Garden Scene—an effect not achieved by the mature-sounding pair of Renata Tebaldi and Mario del Monaco in the earlier London set. Caballé is in radiant voice throughout. She does not convey a Muzio-like tragedy in the Prison Scene, but she is always deeply touching, and the *diminuendo* she delivers on a high B-natural in the phrase "*Ah! a questa moribonda perdonerai*" is stunning. Placido Domingo's artistically conceived and tonally refined Faust is the best on records. His Epilogue aria "*Giunto sul passo*," however, is too fast to be sufficiently poetic.

If the overall performance, which is decidedly a good one, misses greatness, this must be attributed to the solidly competent yet not really inspired leadership of Julius Rudel. Neither the Prologue nor the Epilogue achieves all the grandeur these powerful and ingeniously crafted pages contain, and the important choral passages are short on ultimate precision and finely graded nuance. There are also some tempo miscalculations: Rudel disregards the *allegretto* marking in the pact scene, adopting a rather headlong pace that is ultimately ineffective, and he turns the Garden Scene Quartet (*allegretto*) into a furious *allegro*. The latter is an awkwardly written bit of music, to be sure, but it does work better in Tullio Serafin's faithful treatment in the London set. There are also some crucial ensemble scenes in the Classical Sabbath (Act IV, Scene 2) and in the Epilogue that call for firmer definition than they receive in this performance.

Josella Ligi, a soprano newcomer, makes a very favorable impression as Elena, and the supporting singers are all fine. The Ambrosian Chorus is good but not really exceptional. Technically, there are some powerful effects imaginatively realized, and there are also a few that miss. Still, in view of the very fine singing of the three principals, the set is recommended. *G.J.*

BRAHMS: *Klavierstücke* **(see SCHUMANN)**

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 8, in C Minor.* New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer cond. ANGEL SB 3799 two discs $11.98.

Performance: **Chiefly for Klemperer buffs**
Recording: **Spacious**

It was a 1936 broadcast performance of the Ninth Symphony with Otto Klemperer conducting the New York Philharmonic that really opened my ears to Bruckner. The Judgment Day atmosphere conjured up by that reading still lingers in my memory. Ever since then, I have awaited eagerly each Klemperer recording of Bruckner (and Mahler) in hopes of hearing the magic of that performance again. I have been disappointed.

Most of the same failings that have marred parts of Klemperer's earlier EMI Bruckner recordings—a tendency toward stodgy pacing combined with what for my taste is overly soft-focused recording—afflict this reading of the Bruckner Eighth, the mightiest and most demanding of the nine, and are compounded by extensive cuts in the finale. In short, I can recommend this recording only to very sturdy fans of the conductor. *D.H.*

DEBUSSY: *Piano Music for Four Hands* **(see Best of the Month, page 83)**

DVOŘÁK: *Cello Concerto in B Minor, Op. 104.* Mstislav Rostropovich (cello); Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra of the All-Union Radio, Boris Khaikin cond. WESTMINSTER GOLD Ⓜ WGM-8245 $2.98.

Performance: **Splendid**
Recording: **Respectable mono**

DVOŘÁK: *Cello Concerto in B Minor, Op. 104.* SHOSTAKOVICH: *Cello Concerto No. 1, in E-flat Major, Op. 107.* Mstislav Rostropo-

vich (cello); Moscow State Orchestra, Kiril Kondrashin cond. EVEREST 3342 $4.98.

Performance: **Brilliant Shostakovich**
Recording: **Shostakovich bearable, Dvořák impossible**

In my estimation Janos Starker and Mstislav Rostropovich are the worthy and legitimate heirs (in their very different ways) to the mantle of the late Pablo Casals, and I find the performances of the young Rostropovich (recorded during the decade following his winning of the 1950 Prague competition) especially treasurable in terms of interpretive freshness and *élan*. There are, to the best of my knowledge, three Rostropovich readings of the Dvořák Cello Concerto that have been issued in the West from East European masters. The first, with the Czech Philharmonic under the late Vaclav Talich, was from the early 1950's or thereabouts; the second was with Boris Khaikin and the All-Union Radio Orchestra of the USSR, issued initially on MGM's Lion label in 1960, later on Monitor, and now on Westminster Gold as part of an arrangement with Melodiya in Russia. The third reading is on the current Everest issue, which credits Kiril Kondrashin as conductor.

The legitimate Westminster reissue, with proper credits—and with no monkey business by Westminster—presents a reading comparable in quality to the legendary 1937 Casals-Szell interpretation with the Czech Philharmonic. Yet the two readings are totally different in style, for Casals went all out for the drama of the piece, whereas Rostropovich extracts every last bit of lyric sweetness and expressive nuance. The sonics are primitive by modern standards, and the horns are marked by the saxophone-like quality common to Soviet performances of that period, but the recording is still adequate.

The Everest issue is tagged with the usual misleading and devious credits that have become the common language of this label when dealing with tapes of East European origin. Both the Dvořák concerto and the Shostakovich concerto with which it is coupled are from tapes taken over by the Everest Group from Period in the early 1960's when Period ceased independent operation. In the 1963 Everest-Period issue, the Schumann Cello Concerto occupied the opposite side of the disc, and a big chunk was tape-edited from the middle of the Dvořák slow movement to allow accommodation on a single side, but the conducting *was* correctly credited to Nathan Rachlin—the original performance having been issued in the USSR in the middle Fifties. (The material that was cut has not been restored in this Everest re-release.) The *complete* performance, by the way, was issued on LP in this country on the Hall of Fame label as HOF 523. In all instances, including the present Everest reissue, the sound is atrocious, like that of an acoustic 78-rpm recording being played through a gigantic echo chamber.

The Shostakovich concerto is something else again. Kondrashin evidently *was* the conductor for a USSR radio broadcast of a public performance issued around 1960 in Russia and put out by Period—hence the "Historic Cello Concert" title of the Everest package. The cello miking is very close-up, with the orchestra somewhat in the background but still reasonably present and accounted for (as is audience noise and applause at the close). Although the music itself is minor-league Shostakovich, it is a topflight virtuoso vehicle, and Rostropovich makes the most of it, even more in this public performance than in the much more polished recording-session performance done for Columbia in 1959 with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. *D.H.*

DVOŘÁK: ***Piano Concerto in G Minor, Op. 33.*** Michael Ponti (piano); Prague Symphony Orchestra, Jindřich Rohan cond. TURNABOUT TV-S 34539 $2.98.

Performance: **Sparkling**
Recording: **Good**

Criticisms of Dvořák's first fully realized work in concerto form have centered on its awkwardly written solo piano part, and a number of efforts have been made, notably by Vilém Kurz and Rudolf Firkusny, to make the G Minor Concerto a viable repertoire vehicle through redistributing the solo writing and bolstering the orchestral role. Firkusny has recorded his version twice, once with Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra in the middle Fifties and again in 1963 for Westminster. Now we have another pianist's reading of it, and whatever this concerto may lack in pianistic interest it certainly makes up in good tunes and lively rhythms. Backed by a Czech orchestra and conductor, Michael Ponti delivers a sparkling and thoroughly enlivening performance, enhanced by warm and spacious recorded sound. At $2.98, this disc is an excellent buy. *D.H.*

(Continued overleaf)

FAURÉ: *Ballade for Piano and Orchestra* (see SAINT-SAËNS)

FRANCK: *Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra* (see KHACHATURIAN)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

GOTTSCHALK: *Piano Music. Souvenir de Porto Rico, Marche des Gibaros, Op. 31 (RO 250); Columbia, Caprice Américain, Op. 34 (RO 61); The Dying Swan, Op. 100 (RO 76); Pasquinade, Op. 59 (RO 189); Murmures Eoliens, Op. 46 (RO 176); The Banjo, Op. 15 (RO 22); Danza, Op. 33 (RO 66); Hercule, Grand Etude de Concert, Op. 88 (RO 116).* Edward Gold (piano). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1629 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge, from the Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Appropriately romantic**
Recording: **Good**

To the extensive Gottschalk collections issued on the Desto and Turnabout labels, this Musical Heritage Society issue makes a fine supplement, for, along with the familiar *Marche des Gibaros, Banjo,* and *Pasquinade,* it includes four first recordings: the delightful proto-Ivesian *Columbia,* based on *My Old Kentucky Home,* two sentimental-romantic numbers, *The Dying Swan* and *Murmures Eoliens,* and a set of variations in the grandiose French virtuosic manner, *Hercule.* Brooklyn-born Edward Gold does a nice job here, both with the music and with the excellent sleeve notes. In contrast to the rather straightforward style of Eugene List or Jeanne Behrend, whose recorded Gottschalk collections were the best of the monophonic era, Gold leans toward a full-blown romantic manner, flexible tempos and all, but not disturbingly willful. His treatment of *Pasquinade* and *Marche des Gibaros* are instances in point.

Mr. Gold's program as a whole is a well-chosen one, effectively representing the Afro-Caribbean, sentimental, and virtuosic aspects of the Gottschalk idiom. The recorded sound is clean and intimate. *D.H.*

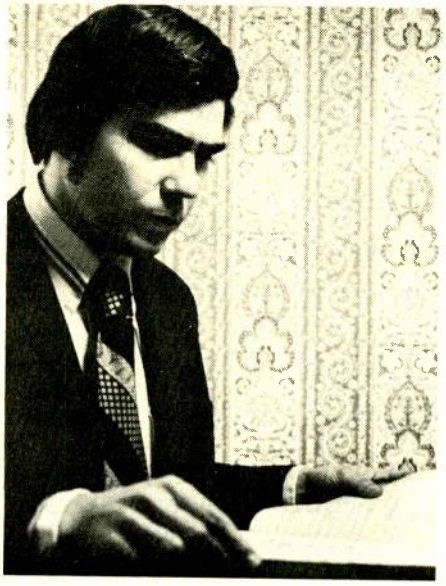
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HAYDN: *Trio No. 34, in B-flat Major (Hob. XV/20); Trio No. 38, in D Major (Hob. XV/24); Trio No. 31, in G Major (Hob. XV/32).* Beaux Arts Trio. PHILIPS 6500 522 $6.98.

Performance: **Vital**
Recording: **Flawless**

The Beaux Arts Trio (Menahem Pressler, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; and Bernard Greenhouse, cello) is, for me, just about the best in the business nowadays. And they are aided and abetted by the fine recording given their performances by Philips, which seems bent on recording the entire significant Classic and Romantic piano trio repertoire as performed by this ensemble.

Their latest Philips issue brings to fifteen their Haydn trio recordings, most of the works being from the Esterháza master's post-1790 output, the time of the greatest string quartets and symphonies. The fact that the trio in Haydn's day was generally a vehicle for amateur performance, more so than the string quartet, may explain the somewhat less weighty and lengthy character of the musical content. But it is also a fact that these late



NEELY BRUCE
Prodigiously musical

trios of Haydn did establish the character of the piano trio, which was subsequently expanded by Beethoven and his successors in the mainstream of music. There is delightful and sometimes poignant listening fare to be discovered here, too. The minor-major contrasts in the finale of the B-flat Trio anticipate Schubert, and they, as well as the light and dark harmonic chiaroscuro of the slow movement in the D Major Trio, are among the memorable aspects of the disc under review here. I also enjoy thoroughly the zest and sparkle of the little two-movement work in G Major, arranged from an earlier violin sonata.

As with most of the other Beaux Arts Trio recordings, this one offers playing flawless in technique and vital in execution, with beautifully balanced recorded sound to match. *D.H.*

HAYDN: *Trumpet Concerto* **(see The Basic Repertoire, page 61)**

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HEINRICH: *The Dawning of Music in Kentucky. Hail to Kentucky; The Young Columbian Midshipman; The Voice of Faithful Love; The Minstrel's March, or Road to Kentucky; Epitaph on Joan Buff; Gipsey Dance; The Musical Bachelor; Irradiate Cause; Barbecue Divertimento.* Neely Bruce (piano); American Music Group, Neely Bruce cond. VANGUARD VSD 71178 $5.98, ☐ VSQ 30028 $6.98.

Performance: **Good to very good**
Recording: **Good**

Anthony Philip Heinrich, born in Bohemia but transplanted to Kentucky, was known to his contemporaries – some of them, anyway – as the Beethoven of America. More modestly, he liked to refer to himself as the log-house composer from Kentucky or, more simply, as "the natural harmonist A. P. Heinrich." Neely Bruce, in his liner notes, evokes Ives, Satie, Debussy, Cage, Berlioz, Wagner, Max Reger, and a good deal of scepticism: Heinrich couldn't possibly be all that good, could he now? Well, not quite, but he *was* a fascinating figure. There is more than a touch of originality and eccentricity about this Central European playing Nature Boy in the American Wilderness and writing Beethovenesque key-

Neely Bruce

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH (1781–1861)
A quite American eccentricity

board music with titles like *Barbecue Divertimento* that ends up with "the Negro's Banjo Quickstep" consisting of ten minutes of free-association music which, among other whimsies, quotes *Yankee Doodle, God Save the King,* and Heinrich's own *Hail to Kentucky* in a kind of purposefully rambling, run-on sentence of melodic invention that may put you in mind of Padre Antonio Soler's great, and almost equally long-breathed, D Minor Fandango. The prodigiously musical Neely Bruce plays the, uh, dickens out of it. There is, of course, no tradition for performing this music, but Bruce has been able to establish one at a stroke with these two sides.

Heinrich's music is not merely quirky; it is all very accomplished and self-assured – almost cocky. *Hail to Kentucky* has a rather pompously naïve melody with a highly elaborated piano accompaniment that gets more grandiose and more elaborate on each succeeding verse. The *Epitaph on Joan Buff* tells us about a woman who sneezed herself to death after taking a pinch of snuff (!). It seems to get more serious, more expressive, and more elaborate as it goes on, with astonishing choral entries, sudden harmonic shifts, and a kind of understated wit that turns into something oddly touching and even beautiful. This is really quite a remarkable work, and, as Neely Bruce suggests, quite contemporary in its ambiguous attitude. It is unfortunate that texts are not provided; it is not always easy to catch the words.

On the whole, the performances and recordings are highly successful. Professor Bruce and his performers catch the spirit of the thing, and Heinrich emerges as a very competent, delightfully eccentric, and thoroughly original type in the very best American tradition. A real find. *E.S.*

HUMMEL: *Concerto in G Major for Mandolin and Orchestra, Op. 73; Introduction, Theme and Variations for Oboe and Orchestra, Op. 102; Adagio and Rondo de Société for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 117.* André Saint-Clivier (mandolin); Jacques Chambon (oboe); Anne Queffelec (piano); Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1701 $3.50 (plus 75¢ handling charge from

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

Performance: **Delightful**
Recording: **Excellent**

A pupil of Mozart and a pianistic rival of Beethoven, Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837) appears to be emerging just very slightly from undeserved neglect by the record companies. Perhaps the "Romantic revival" has something to do with this. While Hummel's work is not on a par with that of his better-known contemporaries, he was nonetheless capable of great charm, melodic invention, and imagination. Much of his output can be described simply as pleasurable. No better example of this exists, certainly, than the G Major Mandolin Concerto, written in 1799 for Venetian virtuoso Bartolomeo Bortolazzi and later arranged as a piano concerto by the composer; this work is an absolute delight in its liveliness and amazingly virtuosic writing for the solo instrument. The set of variations for oboe and orchestra similarly exploits the technical abilities of the soloist, whereas in the relatively brief Adagio and Rondo, one of Hummel's later works (1829), there are to be heard many of the same melodic figurations and harmonies that are present in the exactly contemporaneous concertos of Chopin. The performances here are scintillating, and they are enhanced by pristine, well-balanced recorded sound. *I.K.*

JANÁČEK: ***Youth, Suite for Wind Sextet.*** **MARTINŮ:** ***Sextet for Piano and Winds.*** **KABELÁČ:** ***Sextet for Winds, Op. 8.*** Prague Wind Quintet; Milan Slavík (oboe); Karel Bidlo (bassoon); Adolf Nachvátal (bass clarinet); Jan Panenka (piano). SUPRAPHON 1 11 1177 $5.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good enough**

It is the Janáček, not surprisingly, that is the most interesting music on this record—to such a degree that it seems rather unfair to the other two pieces. It is given a handsome, if somewhat understated, performance, as are the Martinů and Kabeláč. I have always had great admiration for Martinů, but I cannot pretend that every work of his is a masterpiece, and this Sextet of 1929 certainly is not. The wind complement is the conventional wind quintet, but with a second bassoon instead of a horn, and the accent is on jazz and the blues as then perceived by the composer—and this seems to have been entirely through Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. This makes for some probably unintentional humor, but not much else. The 1940 Sextet of Miloslav Kabeláč (calling for a total of ten instruments, with doublers playing piccolo, English horn, saxophone, and bass clarinet) is of such numbing vacuousness that the most brilliant show of virtuosity cannot save it. I deplore the practice of gratuitously splitting a fifteen-minute work for turnover (in this case the Martinů) in order to accommodate three pieces of equal length on a disc, but in this case it matters less because the Janáček would be my only reason for buying or recommending this record. *R.F.*

KABELÁČ: ***Sextet for Winds, Op. 8*** **(see JANÁČEK)**

KHACHATURIAN: ***Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.*** **FRANCK:** ***Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra.*** Alicia de Larrocha (piano); London Philharmonic Orchestra, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos cond. LONDON CS 6818 $5.98.

Performance: **Both start dull, but build**
Recording: **Very good**

Larrocha and Frühbeck give a downright poetic account of the slow movement of the Khachaturian concerto (in which the Flexatone player should have a solo credit for his beautiful contribution), and follow through with an ingratiatingly lighthearted one of the usually hard-driven finale. Their first movement, though, is a rather static affair. Better this way, I suppose, than the reverse, as in the Entremont-Ozawa version on Columbia M 31075, which starts off all aglitter and goes down from there. But if I really *had* to have this work I would settle happily for Loren Hollander and André Previn on RCA LSC 2801, for their version benefits from a consistency of approach throughout the piece and has the advantage of being packaged with the only recording of Bloch's interesting *Scherzo Fantasque*. The Franck on the new disc, curiously, repeats the pattern of the concerto performance: slow in getting up steam, unusually touching middle section, bright and convincing conclusion. The late Robert Casadesus' authoritative versions of this work and the D'Indy *Symphony on a French Mountain Air*, both with Ormandy, are recommended as a genuine bargain (Odyssey Y 31274). *R.F.*

(Continued overleaf)

LITOLFF: ***Scherzo from Concerto Symphonique No. 4*** **(see SAINT-SAËNS)**

LOCKE: ***Suites for Viols in D Minor, D Minor, G Major, and C Major; Second Galliard from "The Tempest"; A New Year's Song; Cantate Domino; Ne'er Trouble Thyself; Away with the Causes of Riches; A Dialogue Between Thirsis and Dorinda; The Song of Echoes.*** Golden Age Singers (Margaret Field-Hyde and Valerie Cardnell, sopranos; Andrew Pearmain, counter tenor; Ian Partridge and Alfred Hepworth, tenors; James Atkins, bass), Margaret Field-Hyde dir.; Elizabethan Consort of Viols (Dennis Nesbitt and Benjamin Kennard, treble viols; Jillian Amherst, tenor viol; Nancy Neild and Dietrich Kessler, bass viols), Dennis Nesbitt dir.; Roger Pugh (harpsichord continuo); Dennis Nesbitt (viol continuo). WESTMINSTER GOLD WGS-8242 $2.98.

Performance: **Very good**
Recording: **Excellent**

Aside from a disc devoted to his keyboard music by Colin Tilney on the British Pye label, the present collection of music for voices and viols is the only full record featuring the works of Matthew Locke (1630-1677). Composer in Ordinary to Charles II, Locke wrote in almost all the standard forms of the day, including sacred and secular vocal pieces, works for viol consort, and such theatrical endeavors as the masques *Cupid and Death* and *The Siege of Rhodes* and incidental music to Shadwell's adaptation of *The Tempest*. A conservative in many ways (he preferred the old-fashioned viol consort), Locke was nevertheless a highly expressive composer, and he had considerable influence on Purcell, who succeeded him in his court position: compare Locke's *Song of Echoes* from *Psyche* with Purcell's echo chorus at the end of Act I in *Dido and Aeneas*, for instance.

The selection here is an excellent one, and the performances by both instrumental and vocal groups are quite satisfying, except possibly for a disinclination on the part of the viol consort to add ornaments. The recorded sound, dating from ten years ago when this disc was first released (as Westminster WST-17082), shows not the slightest hint of age. In one respect, though, the older issue still has the advantage, for this new issue has had its texts partially excised (four verses and the refrain of *A New Year's Song*, for instance, are not printed on the jacket, and all except the first four lines of *A Dialogue Between Thirsis and Dorinda* has been deleted). Moreover, the reissue does not name all the participants, who are therefore listed above. *I.K.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MAHLER: ***Symphony No. 4, in G Major.*** Margaret Price (soprano); London Philharmonic Orchestra, Jascha Horenstein cond. MONITOR MCS 2141 $3.49.

Performance: **Special**
Recording: **Clear enough**

The Perfect Mahlerites among us have long espoused the Gospel According to J. Horenstein. In contrast to the endless flow of musically or sonically overblown Mahlerei—gorgeous impastos, thickly laid on—we have here the ultimate in clarity, restraint, and beauty of phrase. Orchestrally speaking, this playing can be beat, and in more than one place I feel the confines of a tight rein; for example, the second movement seems constantly to want to take off but never does. But Horenstein is the master of the most essential ingredient of all: the long line. Everything is built up in long, intense phrases that shape the larger flow. The orchestration sounds as transparent as Ravel; everything can be heard! And the last movement, gloriously sung by Margaret Price, is the gate of heaven itself.

The recording is said to be stereo, although I hear very little separation or depth. And, alas, the surfaces are noisy. No matter, I hear everything I have to hear, and that is more than I can say for a great many more spectacular Mahler recordings. Amid the well-known Mahlerian complexities, Horenstein has captured the essential naturalness and simplicity for which Mahler himself struggled so hard. He would have loved it. *E.S.*

James Goodfriend

MATTHEW LOCKE (1630–1677)
Purcell's more conservative predecessor

MARTINŮ: ***Sextet for Piano and Winds*** **(see JANÁČEK)**

MOZART: ***Songs, Vol. I. Das Veilchen; Als Luise die Briefe; Des kleinen Friedrichs Geburtstag; Sei du mein Trost; Der Frühling; Die Verschweigung; Der Zauberer; Abendempfindungen an Laura; Ridente la calma; Un moto di gioia; Oiseaux, si tous les ans; Ah! spiegarti, oh Dio; Das Kinderspiel; Die Alte; Die Zufriedenheit; Die kleine Spinnerin; Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge.*** Edith Mathis (soprano); Bernhard Klee (piano); Takashi Ochi (mandolin, in *Die Zufriedenheit*). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 319 $7.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Good**

This is the first of what appears to be a projected two-record set of Mozart songs. The total number of these songs is around forty, the exact figure depending upon one's definition of what constitutes a "song." Very few of Mozart's songs are "lieder" in the sense Schubert's are. They antedate the Romantic age and the German poets whose soaring imagery inspired the song composers of the generation that followed Mozart. Moreover, the roots of Mozart's songs are rarely embedded in German soil. They are related either to the French salons or to Italian opera, Mozartian or otherwise.

There are, however, many delightful pieces among them, and the best—*Das Veilchen*, *Abendempfindungen*, *Der Zauberer*—are quite well known. All three of these are on the present disc, but so are several lesser-known or completely unfamiliar gems eminently worth discovering. *Die Alte* (K. 517 from 1787) is a comic aria with an ageless message about the generation gap, while *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge* (K. 596) is a rollicking delight. It is built on the rondo theme of the B-flat Piano Concerto (K. 595) of the same year—1791, Mozart's last.

Edith Mathis is one of the most consistently pleasing performers before the public. She sings with artless simplicity, with a tone of appealing freshness and purity, and in a style that is always persuasive. Her expressive range has its limits, but few of these songs present a challenge to it. Still, the gentle tragedy Elisabeth Schwarzkopf could make of *Das Veilchen* is not at Miss Mathis' interpretive command, nor is her diction as pointed as that of a seasoned recitalist. Within its boundaries, though, this is a fine and enjoyable collection. The piano accompaniments are expertly played on what sounds like a period instrument of limited resonance. (According to the DG office, though, it's a modern Steinway.) *G.J.*

PENDERECKI: ***Utrenja.*** Delfina Ambroziak, Stefania Woytowicz (sopranos); Krystyna Szczepańska (mezzo-soprano); Kazimierz Pustelak (tenor); Wlodzimierz Denysenko, Bernard Ładysz (basses); Boris Carmeli, Peter Lagger (basso profondos); Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of the National Philharmonic, Warsaw, Andrzej Markowski cond. PHILIPS 6700 065 two discs $13.96.

Performance: **Hair-raising**
Recording: **Very good**

About halfway through this wallow of beefy bellowing—an Easter celebration that sounds like the last agonies of the damned—I stood up and addressed a personal plea to Pan Penderecki. The basso was groaning profundissimo, the sopranos and tenors were sliding up to E's and A's *in alt*, and the massed choirs of Warsaw had been screeching and gabbling nonstop *fortissimo* for a fearful quarter of an hour. Supressing the tendency to reach for a Polish joke, I gravely addressed my speakers in as dignified a tone as I could muster for the occasion: "Ah, shut up."

Utrenja is the morning service of the Eastern Orthodox Church. The Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki has chosen texts from the Easter Saturday and Sunday morning services in Old Slavonic—used in the Eastern rites more or less as Latin is (or was) used in the West. None of the choices here were particularly obvious. Poland is a strongly Roman Catholic country with tremendous cultural and artistic ties to the West. The kind of avant-gardism represented by Penderecki's slashing vocal-and-instrumental tone-cluster style is associated with Poland's break-out from Stalinism and Russian cultural domination in 1956. So Penderecki's choice of subject matter and language is a conscious and striking look Eastward—particularly ironic in that both parts of this work were commissioned and first performed in West Germany.

The work was composed in two parts. "The Entombment of Christ" is scored with a sledgehammer density that is particularly ferocious even for Penderecki. The solo parts, punctuated by ominous orchestral rumbles, slide constantly toward the greatest extremes.

The chorus, sounding more like the legions of hell than the heavenly hosts suggested by the texts, breaks into babbles, shouts, or (surprise) four-part harmony, Eastern Orthodox style. Part II, "The Resurrection of Christ," adds noisemakers—rachets and bells—a boys' choir, and lots more four-part harmony. Perhaps the tone is intended to change a bit, but somehow the single outstanding quality seems to be desperation.

As always, Penderecki's strokes are, in a certain sense, telling. As always, the effect is melodramatic, nearly unbearable, and, to me, completely insincere. I get the sense that the composer is consciously and constantly manipulating and jarring the listener to no purpose. There is no deeper message. Everything is on the surface, nothing is left to the imagination. The terror of existence is imposed on the listener like a sentence without appeal.

The album seems to be made up of two quite separate recordings with rather different casts. The performers, under the skillful direction of Andrzej Markowski, are impressive; I did not have the score to check them out, but they seem to know quite well what they are about. The recording, made in Poland, is excellent.

But what a racket! The old tricks are wearing thin; I hope for Penderecki's sake that, by his next piece, he thinks of some new ones. *E.S.*

RACHMANINOFF: ***Six Preludes, Op. 23, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8; Seven Preludes, Op. 32, Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 9, 10, and 12.*** Sviatoslav Richter (piano). MELODIYA/ANGEL SR 40235 $5.98.

Performance: **Good, but not great**
Recording: **Variable acoustic**

Rachmaninoff's rather *ancien régime* Romanticism has never had a particularly strong appeal for Soviet musicians, although (as in the case of the much more controversial Stravinsky) they do seem to have a rather ambivalent interest in him as a major *Russian* composer. Richter has played some of these preludes for many years, and his recorded centennial homage is apt and attractive. He clearly prefers to emphasize the Classical and heroic aspects of this music, which thus emerges with a strong Lisztian flavor.

The piano sometimes sounds curiously distant, although in general it has good presence. The splicing is not always very subtle, and I suspect that the recording was put together from different takes with slightly different microphone placements. *E.S.*

RACHMANINOFF: ***Symphony No. 1, in D Minor, Op. 13.*** L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Walter Weller cond. LONDON CS 6803 $5.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Excellent**

This is the third stereo version of Rachmaninoff's First Symphony—reconstructed in 1945 from a combination of orchestral parts and a four-hand piano reduction, since the composer apparently destroyed the score following its first performance fiasco in 1897—and by and large it is the most satisfactory yet. The Suisse Romande is not quite the equal of the Philadelphia Orchestra, but Walter Weller does avoid the occasional exaggeration of phrase that crops up from time to time in Eugene Ormandy's reading on Columbia. He also avoids the hysterical excess that Svetlanov inflicts on the closing pages in his Melodiya/Angel recording. The recorded sound is by far the cleanest and best balanced, though not as rich as Columbia's sound, which, however, is troubled by some excessive reverberation.

I have yet to hear a totally satisfying recording of what I consider one of Rachmaninoff's best symphonic works. Perhaps André Previn can do a better job, but this London offering is the best so far. *D.H.*

RAVEL: ***Piano Music for Four Hands*** (see **Best of the Month, page 83**)

SAINT-SAËNS: ***The Carnival of the Animals.*** **FAURÉ:** ***Ballade for Piano and Orchestra.*** **LITOLFF:** ***Scherzo, from Concerto Symphonique No. 4.*** John Ogdon (piano); Brenda Lucas (piano, in Saint-Saëns); City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Louis Fremaux cond. KLAVIER KS 527 $5.98.

Performance: **Over-housebroken**
Recording: **Brilliant**

SAINT-SAËNS: ***The Carnival of the Animals.*** Sir Noël Coward (narrator); Leonid Hambro and Jascha Zayde (pianos); orchestra, André Kostelanetz cond. **WALTON:** ***Façade.*** Dame Edith Sitwell and David Horner (readers); chamber orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz cond. ODYSSEY Y 32359 $2.98.

Performance: **Classic**
Recording: **Well-preserved**

Camille Saint-Saëns wrote his *Grande Fantaisie Zoologique* in 1886 for a Mardi Gras concert and apparently didn't think much of it. During his lifetime, he prohibited further performances—except for *The Swan*—and wouldn't have the score published. But *The Carnival of the Animals* has been putting up its tent for concerts all over the world since the time of the composer's death in 1921. On records, it has been a resounding success since Stokowski first put together an album for Victor in the 1930's, and there are a half-dozen versions in the current catalog. Now come two more.

John Ogdon and Brenda Lucas are delightful as the virtuoso pianists, roaring like lions and offering a rippling accompaniment to the gliding cello that limns out the famous, serene, noble melody of *The Swan.* Since the Saint-Saëns zoo also provides a cage containing pianists who rush up and down the keyboard practicing their scales, Ogdon and Lucas have much to do, and they do it brilliantly. The City of Birmingham Orchestra plays with virtuosity but somewhat circumspectly under M. Fremaux in a carefully buttoned, perhaps oversubtle, and too adult performance. Personally, I like my donkeys to bray less tastefully than they do in Birmingham, my roosters to crow with more abandon, my lions to roar more bloodcurdlingly. But the suite is quite beautifully played and recorded, and the orchestra really comes into its own for *Fossils,* made up of creaking nursery songs, the clacking bones of the composer's own *Danse Macabre,* and defunct clichés from French folk music to Rossini. On the other side of the record, there's a lovely version of Fauré's long, dreamy, pastoral *Ballade* with John Ogdon alone at the keyboard, as he is in most sparkling form for the Scherzo from Henry Litolff's Concerto Symphonique No. 4—the only work by that nineteenth-century Frenchman (who settled in London) that ever seems to get a hearing.

A *Carnival of the Animals* in more boister-

ous shape is available in a re-release by Odyssey of the long-admired version André Kostelanetz made many years ago for Columbia. And here the work has the advantage of Ogden Nash's verses, written for the record at the invitation of Goddard Lieberson, and recited in his very own mordant style by Sir Noël Coward. Mr. Kostelanetz takes numerous liberties with the music to make the suite dovetail with the delightful narration, and every bit of it works beautifully. Who knows?—even the modern child might like it. On the other side of the Odyssey release is Dame Edith Sitwell reading her *Façade* verses to William Walton's music at a historic Museum of Modern Art appearance in 1948, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Frederik Prausnitz. Dame Edith and Sir Noël stopped talking to each other early in their careers after he disparaged the lady's verses, walked out on the premiere of *Façade* in London's Aeolian Hall, and parodied the Sitwells in a sketch that was part of his 1922 Charlot Revue *London Calling*, so it's a bit ironic to have them back to back here. The poems deal with fossils—the pretension of outworn musical and poetical styles, the tourist's travel-poster Spain and Scotland and Switzerland—a world to which "man must say farewell" as he grows up. Walton's music is full of wicked parodies, too, half-concealed in his taunts of tangos, hornpipes, polkas, and rheumatic foxtrots. David Horner reads the *Tango Pasodoble* in a version that defies its tongue-twisting hazards but is otherwise a mite too precious in tone. Dame Edith reads the rest, and, except for an occasional fluff or muddled cue, is in excellent form. Missing, however, is the *Tarantella*, which she did read on a now-defunct London recording where she shared the platform with Peter Pears. The sound is dated, too, and a text would have helped, but what do you want for $2.98? The record is a classic. *P.K.*

SCHOENBERG: ***The Complete Works for Piano Solo. Three Pieces, Op. 11; Five Pieces, Op. 23; Suite for Piano, Op. 25; Six Little Pieces, Op. 19; Two Pieces, Op. 33.*** Marie-Françoise Bucquet (piano). PHILIPS SAL 6500 510 $6.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Very good**

When, some months ago, Marie-Françoise Bucquet gave an extraordinarily well publicized series of twentieth-century piano recitals in New York—Schoenberg, Stockhausen *et al.*—a contingent of cognoscenti apparently stalked out of the hall claiming that she was faking the music. On the other hand, reports have it that she is a charming stage personality and creates a good deal of enthusiasm among the (perhaps fortunately) less well-informed by carrying off the performance of supposedly forbidding music with great flair, filling it with color and drama.

In fact, these recorded performances do not reinforce either point of view. They are reasonably careful, not at all flashy, and reasonably well carried off. There is probably no contradiction here at all. In the heat of a live performance and in the effort to communicate some kind of drama it would be easy (although of course not to be condoned) to throw away whole fistfuls of Schoenbergian chromatics. But the forbidding microphone and the knowledge that every note will be permanently on display for posterity can (and probably should) prompt more care.

The merits of the case are really quite simple. These are good, not tremendously exciting performances of a repertoire that is, on the whole, not easy to carry off—especially all in bunch. The recordings are attractive (I'm overlooking a bit of background noise here and there). Perhaps Mlle. Bucquet should have insisted on more of her characteristically dramatic approach, though. *E.S.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHUBERT: ***Die Winterreise.*** Hermann Prey (baritone); Wolfgang Sawallisch (piano). PHILIPS 6747 033 two discs $13.96.

Performance: **Excellent**
Recording: **Excellent**

Schubert's *Winterreise* is to singers what his Ninth Symphony is to conductors: a challenge to be undertaken more than once in a lifetime. This is Hermann Prey's second recording of it. No less than three different versions by Hans Hotter have come and gone, but the catalog still lists two alternative versions by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore, and one by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten. I should state at the outset that Hermann Prey's ranks with the best.

The baritone's partner is Wolfgang Sawallisch, a sensitive accompanist with an eloquent touch entirely attuned to the singer's interpretation. The team's approach to this bleak and relentlessly pessimistic cycle tends to alleviate its gloom: relatively brisk tempos are favored, and the intimate style of communication—deeply involved, yet without bathos or overdramatization—produces effects that are more melancholy than tragic. This view seems eminently valid to me, but it may not meet with the approval of those partial to Hans Hotter's shatteringly dejected Traveler or Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's more theatrical one. Unquestionably there are songs in which more deliberate pacing might be more appropriate. Fischer-Dieskau and Moore seem to probe deeper in *Die Krähe* and *Der Wegweiser* and make even more of the sudden dramatic contrasts in *Rast* than Prey does.

In terms of pure vocalism, however, I do not recall a *Winterreise* since the classic old Gerhard Hüsch version that can match this one in control and refinement. Prey's tone, beautiful and perfectly equalized, allows him to manage the wide range without distortion at either end. His sense of dynamics is superb, and he sails over the subtle technical challenges—ornamentations and wide interval leaps—gracefully and effortlessly. Moreover, he sustains an undistorted vocal line throughout—no ranting or breaking up phrases in the passionate climax of *Auf dem Flusse* or in the harsh interjections of *Rückblick*.

Perhaps not all the depths of this profoundly moving cycle are plumbed, but Hermann Prey and Wolfgang Sawallisch have given us a beautiful interpretation of the fullest artistic refinement. It is captured in clear and natural sound. *G.J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHUBERT: ***Sonata in A Major (D. 959).*** Christoph Eschenbach (piano). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 372 $7.98.

Performance: **Exalted**
Recording: **Excellent**

During the last half-dozen years Eschenbach has made a number of recordings—Mozart,

Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Schumann—in which, despite his impressive sensitivity, his playing invariably seemed more fastidious than communicative. His first Schubert record is a different story—one of those happily predestined meetings between music and interpreter in which everything seems to work effortlessly, giving off an air of almost improvisatory spontaneity. Eschenbach's approach, however, is actually a good deal more subtle than that, and to some listeners it may seem austere. His is not cozy drawing-room Schubert, but an exalted statement of a great work, aristocratic in its restraint, elegant in its articulation; in its somewhat sober frame it achieves a degree of intimacy that enables both the poignant, bittersweet character of the music and its heroic proportions to register most effectively. It is not the *only* way, but it is an uncommonly convincing one, and the sound is as clean and crisp as could be. *R.F.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHUMANN: ***Bunte Blätter, Op. 99.*** **BRAHMS:** ***Klavierstucke, Op. 118: No. 1, Intermezzo in A Minor; No. 3, Ballade in G Minor; No. 6, Intermezzo in E-flat Minor.*** Sviatoslav Richter (piano). MELODIYA/ANGEL SR-40238 $5.98.

Performance: **Inspired**
Recording: **Excellent**

If any further proof were needed that Sviatoslav Richter is the foremost keyboard poet of the day, this recording should do the trick. The accumulation of fourteen piano pieces that Schumann composed over a nearly ten-year period and finally published as his Op. 99 poses a fantastic challenge to the pianist-interpreter in terms of its variety and its curious unevenness in musical quality. But Richter makes the whole thing into a unified and soulful experience. Wistfulness, passion, and virility are the hallmarks of the first three small pieces from 1839. The next five "varied leaves" include one (No. 4) on which Brahms based his Op. 9 Variations, another (No. 6) which evidently was first intended to be part of *Carnaval*, and the enigmatically brooding No. 7, built around a constantly repeated descending chordal sequence. Of the later pieces, most impressive are No. 11, suggestive of a funeral cortege, and the taut G Minor Scherzo, No. 13. I can't imagine a finer realization of this music than what has been achieved here. I do wish, however, that there were banding between the numbers.

Richter's way with the Brahms G Minor Ballade is rather brisk, but his A Minor Intermezzo is imbued with vital passion, and the great E-flat Minor Intermezzo spins out its plangent lament in poignant accents that have been matched by only two other recorded performances that I can remember—those of Backhaus and Cliburn. I'm happy to say that the piano sound is flawless in balance and body from beginning to end, with careful attention being accorded Richter's subtle dynamic gradations. *D.H.*

RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

SCHÜTZ: ***Kleine Geistliche Konzerte, Books I and II.*** Maria Friesenhausen, Rosemarie Adam, Adele Stolte, Herrad Wehrung, Gundula Bernat-Klein (sopranos); Emmy Lisken, Eva Bornemann, Frauke Haasemann (altos); Johannes Hoefflin, Rolf Bössow, Hans Joachim Rotzsch (tenors); Wilhelm Pommerien, Carl-Heinz Müller, Johannes Kortendiek, Jakob Stämpfli (basses); Heinrich Haferland, Hans Koch (viola da gamba); Arno Schönstedt (positive organ, harpsichord); Walter Gerwig (lute); Ferdinand Conrad Recorder Ensemble; Otto Steinkopf (dulcian); other instrumentalists; Westphalian Kantorei; Wilhelm Ehmann dir. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1553/58 six discs $21.00 (plus 75¢ mailing and handling, from the Musical Heritage Society Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

SCHÜTZ: ***Kleine Geistliche Konzerte, Book II.*** Vocalists and instrumentalists as above, Wilhelm Ehmann dir. NONESUCH HD-73024 four discs $13.92.

Performance: **Ideal**
Recordings: **Both excellent**

The record subsidiary of the German publishing house Bärenreiter originally issued the complete Schütz *Kleine Geistliche Konzerte* on six discs in Europe several years ago. The first book, the 1636 collection, was released in this country about four years ago by Nonesuch on two discs (HB-73012); now Nonesuch has issued the second book (1639), and simultaneously Musical Heritage Society has released the complete two books in one integral six-disc package. Thus it is possible to obtain the same performance on two different labels.

The *Little Sacred Concertos*, which are concertos only in the sense of the inherent elements of contrast in the writing, a technique Schütz picked up in his Italian studies, are really a collection of motets, twenty-four contained in Book I and thirty-one in Book II. They are scored for one to five solo voices (a choir is called for in only three concertos), with accompaniment restricted to continuo instruments. The lack of more lavish instrumental and vocal forces in this music was a direct outcome of the ravages of the Thirty Years War, during which both war and plague decimated the ranks of church and court performers. Schütz's writing during the 1630's and 1640's was therefore a matter of expediency, but having to write for little more than solo voices elicited from the composer more than merely an economy of means. Schütz managed within each of these relatively brief works (most are under five minutes) to adapt the new monodic Italian style to his native German language and incorporate it into a series of highly expressive, intense, and personal commentaries on his faith. There is anguish in the chromaticisms, but along with the despair over the external miseries of that period there are also a quality of hope and a striving for an afterlife that are expressed with an almost metaphysical sweetness and fervor.

These varied characteristics are superbly set forth in the performances under that marvelous Schütz specialist, Wilhelm Ehmann, and his experienced vocal and instrumental soloists. This is an important recording, and no Schütz lover should be without it. It remains only to decide whether the integral MHS album at $21.75 has any advantage over the two separately issued books on Nonesuch costing just about the same, less the handling charge. Obviously those who already own Nonesuch's first volume will want the second. Both companies' sound is highly satisfactory (that on Nonesuch is a little higher-level and just a bit fuller in the bass), and both supply texts and translations and

(Continued on page 128)

Conductor Gunther Schuller with the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble.

THE SECOND ANNUAL RAGTIME ROUNDUP

Eric Salzman reviews the genre once more, with feeling

SOMETIME before 1900 black musicians in America began to develop a way of syncopating the melodies of the then-popular marches, cakewalks, and two-steps. What started out as a *way* of playing, a style of interpretation or transformation, ended up as a new music in its own right, the grandaddy of the whole later evolution of Afro-American "popular" music.

One of the crucial factors in the turning of this vernacular style into a new kind of music was the appearance of a major creative genius. Scott Joplin did not invent ragtime, but he did turn it into an art form. Joplin devoted his life not merely to composing great ragtime but to legitimizing it. His music, as rich melodically and harmonically as it is rhythmically, was carefully notated and published for sale to a large public, white as well as black. He composed a large-scale dance score as well as two operas, and he encouraged an excellent group of younger players and composers. He brought ragtime out of the brothel and into the concert hall.

Ragtime—"Joplin ragtime," one should say—swept across the face of North America and, almost as quickly, Europe. Classical composers—Ives, Debussy, Stravinsky—put it into their "serious" compositions. And, even after its heyday had passed, ragtime never really disappeared. It not only continued to influence the evolution of jazz and blues, but, in one form or another, it has always been around.

Nevertheless, Joplin thought he had failed. America was simply not ready to recognize a black man as an artist or ragtime as a legitimate *art* form. Joplin, disappointed in all his higher aspirations, died insane in 1917 at the age of forty-nine. Black music, for better or for worse, continued to evolve as a vernacular rather than a classical art, and the ragtime tradition was preserved only in a highly altered form as good-time music from those golden olden days of brothels, out-of-tune uprights, and rinky-tink player pianos and piano players.

Ragtime eventually became a kind of cult with a small number of *aficionados* who collected old editions and kept the flame alive, most notably Rudi Blesh (who, with Harriet Janis, wrote *They All Played Ragtime*, the only serious attempt to document the period) and Max Morath (who helped repopularize ragtime with his television programs, recordings, and reprints of old editions). The *re*-revival of ragtime dates from the late 1960's, when younger musicians like Bill Bolcom and, later, Joshua Rifkin took up the old swinging syncopation. I feel some pride in having helped to make this happen, since the ragtime jamborees that started in my living room and were shortly transferred to the Free Music Store were directly responsible for the Rifkin Nonesuch recordings, for helping to create a new audience for old rags, and even for the New York *Times*' rediscovery of this indigenous art form.

THE essential point about the new ragtime revival is that the younger musicians, divesting themselves of any real or spurious tradition, went back to the sources to *re-create* ragtime. In effect, they took Joplin seriously as an artist. Here is what Joplin says about playing ragtime in his own *School of Ragtime* of 1908: "It is evident that, by giving each note its proper time and by scrupulously observing the ties, you will get the effect. . . . Play slowly until you catch the swing and never play ragtime fast at any time. . . . 'Joplin ragtime' is destroyed by careless or imperfect rendering, and very good players lose the effect entirely, by playing too fast. They are harmonized with the supposition that each note will be played as written, as it takes this and also the proper time divisions to complete the sense intended."

Ragtime was originally but not exclusively piano music. Nearly all of the popular pieces were issued in various arrangements, and it was only a matter of time before some of these would reappear. The collection known as "The Red Back Book" is a set of orchestrations of "Fifteen Standard High Class Rags" issued by Joplin's St. Louis publisher John Stark. Gunther Schuller's performances of ten of these with the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble on Angel was one of the more delightful musical surprises of 1973 and a STEREO REVIEW Record of the Year. Now both Angel and Schuller—but no longer in tandem—have followed up on their earlier success with more Joplin orchestrations.

Schuller's new album for Golden Crest is a completely successful follow-up to "The Red Back Book." Eight more old and wonderful arrangements have turned up, including such gems as *Magnetic Rag*, *Gladiolus Rag*, and *Scott Joplin's New Rag*. Four others have been arranged—a bit more subtly but perfectly convincingly—by Schuller himself: these include the beauteous *Bethena*, a concert waltz, and *Solace*, Joplin's one excursion into Latin Americana.

But the new recording has more than variety to recommend it, for it is one of those rare cases of the sequel's being the equal or perhaps even the superior of the original. The earlier performances stressed rhythmic energy and vitality, often at the expense of the expressive and romantic qualities of this music. Joplin's poetry has a special *wistful* quality—the comparison that comes to mind is invariably Schubert—that is far better captured in these performances than it was in the earlier effort. Instead of just high spirits and good times, we get a bit of the Joplin magic. The performances always remain faithful to those "proper time divisions" and "sense intended," yet there is a mellow swing that is just perfect.

THE new Angel collection is entirely made up of new orchestrations by "Red Back Book" producer George Sponhaltz. These orchestrations—"in the style of 'The Red Back Book'"—are clever and have the excellent piano playing of Ralph Grierson to recommend them. But there is a whiff of the

recording studio about them both in sound and in spirit, and this puts something of a damper on the proceedings. A good effort, but not as good as Schuller's.

On a London recording, Eric Rogers plays ragtime in the vernacular tradition, most of his versions actually having been played on an upright piano with little or no attempt to dress up the rather dry, close sound. There is nonetheless something quite appealing about much of the playing—its very awkwardness, its hesitations and rhythmic quirks. In fact, of four versions of Joplin's *Bethena*, Rogers' is closest, I think, to the way the piece should sound both in tempo and in style. And Rogers' slow tango tempo for *Solace* also has a lot going for it. Nevertheless, he has many technical limitations as a pianist, and his distinctive mannerisms get tiring after a while.

MAX MORATH is a still more difficult case. In a sense, he is trying to bridge the gap between ragtime's vernacular tradition and its new, "neoclassical" revival. When Morath is working *with* the music, he is very good; when he is quirky and showing off, he is merely perpetuating the old misapprehensions about rag. An attractive feature of the Vanguard recording is the inclusion of some excellent rags by Joplin's contemporaries and protégés—Arthur Marshall, James Scott, and Joseph Lamb—as well as a pair of curious and rather touching contemporary rags by Morath himself.

JOPLIN: ***More Scott Joplin Rags.*** *Original Rags; Elite Syncopations; Bethena, a Concert Waltz; Wall Street Rag; Magnetic Rag, a Slow Drag; Solace, a Mexican Serenade; Euphonic Sounds, a Syncopated Novelty; Peacherine Rag; Scott Joplin's New Rag; Pine Apple Rag; Gladiolus Rag; Palm Leaf Rag.* New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, Gunther Schuller cond. GOLDEN CREST ☐ CRS 31031 $6.98.

JOPLIN: ***Palm Leaf Rag and Other Rags and Waltzes.*** *Palm Leaf Rag; A Breeze from Alabama, March and Two-Step; Bethena, a Concert Waltz; The Favorite, a Ragtime Two-Step; Stoptime Rag; Gladiolus Rag; Solace, a Mexican Serenade; Pine Apple Rag; Pleasant Moments, a Ragtime Waltz; Wall Street Rag.* Ralph Grierson (piano); Southland Stingers; George Sponhaltz arr. and cond. ANGEL S 36074 $5.98.

JOPLIN: ***Great Scott . . . The Music of Scott Joplin.*** *Maple Leaf Rag; Swipesy Cake Walk Rag; Harmony Club Waltz; Pine Apple Rag; Magnetic Rag; Scott Joplin's New Rag; Bethena, a Concert Waltz; Paragon Rag; Solace, a Mexican Serenade.* Eric Rogers (piano). LONDON SPC 21105 $5.98.

THE WORLD OF SCOTT JOPLIN. Joplin: *Reflection Rag, Syncopated Musings; Palm Leaf Rag, a Slow Drag; A Breeze from Alabama; Search-Light Rag; The Chrysanthemum, an Afro-American Intermezzo; Maple Leaf Rag.* **Scott:** *Frog Legs Rag; The Ragtime Oriole; Broadway Rag, a Classic.* **Marshall:** *Kinklets, a Two-Step; The Pippin Rag.* **Morath:** *Golden Hours; One for Amelia.* **Lamb:** *Top Liner Rag.* Max Morath (piano). VANGUARD EVERYMAN ☐ VSQ 30031 $6.98, SRV 310 SD $5.98.

individual commentary. The MHS text booklet, however, is more detailed in its annotations for the individual concertos as well as in providing greater information about the composer; Nonesuch uses essentially the same Bärenreiter annotations but reduces the commentary somewhat. *I.K.*

SHOSTAKOVICH: ***Cello Concerto No. 1, in E-flat Major, Op. 107*** **(see DVOŘÁK)**

TIPPETT: ***Symphony No. 3*** **(see Best of the Month, page 84)**

VILLA-LOBOS: ***Bachianas Brasileiras: No. 2, for Orchestra; No. 5, for Soprano and Eight Cellos; No. 6, for Flute and Bassoon; No. 9, for String Orchestra.*** Mady Mesplé (soprano); Orchestre de Paris, Paul Capolongo cond.

Bert Smith Associates

Lauritz Melchior (center) and Giulio Gatti-Casazza (left) admiring the hand-forged sword presented to the great tenor by Fiorello LaGuardia (right), mayor of New York City, in February 1935.

ANGEL S-36979 $5.98, ® 8XS-36979 $6.98, © 4XS-36979 $6.98.

Performance: **Medium**
Recording: **Good**

This was a nice idea for a record. Villa-Lobos' Brazilian Bachery is delightful stuff. Here is No. 2, which ends up with that little train of the Caipira but has many other charms *en route;* No. 5 is, of course, *the* Bachianas Brasileiras – for soprano and eight cellos. No. 6 is for flute and bassoon only – quite enough, though – while No. 9 is a neo-Classical prelude and fugue for strings (and, in my opinion, the least interesting). That this recording originated in France is not without a kind of logic, for Villa-Lobos spent much of his creative life in that country, where he was published and rather well appreciated.

These are good but not knock-out performances. The sensuousness of No. 5 really escapes Mady Mesplé, whose voice seems strangely distant, notably on the return of the main tune where she seems to sing off-mike, an effect which is the exact opposite of the close, intimate sound requested by the composer. Otherwise, the recorded sound is okay. *E.S.*

WAGNER: ***Arias and Lieder*** **(see Collections – Lauritz Melchior)**

WALTON: ***Façade*** **(see SAINT-SAËNS)**

COLLECTIONS

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

SAMUEL BARON: ***Music for Flute and Tape.*** **Korte:** *Remembrances.* **Davidovsky:** *Synchronisms No. 1.* **Kupferman:** *Superflute.* Samuel Baron (flute), with prerecorded tapes. NONESUCH H-71289 $3.48.

Performance: **Spectacular**
Recording: **Excellent**

Superflute, the title of the Kupferman work on this disc, would have been an appropriate heading for the entire package, for in these three pieces Samuel Baron makes his instrument yield every sound dreamed up for it and then some – in addition to having contributed to the electronic portion of the Kupferman by doing the actual tape splicing for a section he had recorded. These are not just the bloop-bleep sounds that make up so many electronic pieces: all three composers have shown imagination that is not only rare but genuinely musical in their combining of the live flute with prerecorded ("synthesized processed") sounds. Davidovsky's brief 1962 *Synchronisms* has become a classic of its kind, while the two longer works, both composed for Baron in 1971, go still farther in exploring the possibilities of such a format; they exhibit some fascinating sonorities, several of which – whether intentionally or accidentally – evoke both the sound and the spirit of Japanese classical music. As a thoroughly musical argument for the validity of the use of synthesized sounds, and for a staggering demonstration of what a superflutist can do, this album is a knockout. *R.F.*

ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. Alwyn: *Four Elizabethan Dances.* **Berkeley:** *Symphony No. 3.* **Bush:** *Music (1967) for Orchestra.* **Maconchy:** *Proud Thames.* London Philharmonic Orchestra, William Alwyn cond. (in Alwyn), Lennox Berkeley cond. (in Berkeley), Vernon Handley cond. (in Bush and Maconchy). MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1672 $3.50 (plus 75¢ shipping, from Musical Heritage Society Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: **Authoritative**
Recording: **Good**

MHS, having given us several intriguing recordings of music by Bax, Holst, Ireland, *et al.* taken from the English Lyrita catalog, has drawn on the same source for this assortment of works by four contemporary Britons whose names are less likely to be familiar in this country. The best-known is the seventy-three-year-old Lennox Berkeley, whose powerfully wrought Third Symphony, composed in 1969, is both the newest and the most substantial part of this package. The one-movement work emphasizes color and thrust more than melodic interest (themes appear for the most part only in fragments, and there is none of germinal importance), and in those terms sustains its quarter-hour brilliantly. Geoffrey Bush, the youngest of this foursome (born 1920), might have called his *Music (1967)* a symphony, too, for it is laid out much like the Berkeley, in a single movement with four clearly separate sections, but it is really more in the nature of a concerto for orchestra, an imaginative display piece written on commission for a school orchestra in Shropshire.

The disc is well worth its modest cost for these two works – or for the Berkeley alone – and the other two are easy to take, if not especially memorable. Elizabeth Maconchy (born 1907), known primarily for her chamber music, won the London County Council prize for a coronation overture in 1952 with her *Proud Thames*; it is a fine title, but the six-minute work itself is rather undistinguished, except perhaps as an example of Maconchy's craftsmanship as an orchestrator. Alwyn (born 1905) combines that virtue with more imagination and a bit of charm in his *Elizabethan Dances* – Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 4 from a set of six relating to the times of *both* Elizabeths.

The two composer-conducted performances must be regarded as authoritative, and the other two sound no less so; all four are up to the London Philharmonic's current high standard, and the recording does them full justice. *R.F.*

LAURITZ MELCHIOR: ***Heldentenor of the Century.*** **Wagner:** *Parsifal: Amfortas! Die Wunde! Nur eine Waffe taugt. Lohengrin: In fernem Land; Mein lieber Schwan. Die Meistersinger: Am stillen Herd: Prize Song. Siegfried: Nothung, Nothung: Schmiede, mein Hammer. Tannhauser: Dir töne Lob! Rome Narrative. Die Walküre: Finale of Act 1. Götterdämmerung: Zu neuen Taten. Tristan und Isolde: Love Duet. Wesendonk Lieder: Schmerzen; Träume.* **Leoncavallo:** *Pagliacci: Vesti la giubba; No! Pagliaccio non son.* **Richard Strauss:** *Zueignung; Cäcilie; Traum durch die Dämmerung; Heimliche Aufforderung.* **Wolf:** *Schon streckt ich aus im Bett; Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen.* **Brahms:** *Auf dem Kirchhofe.* **Grieg:** *En Svane; Ich liebe dich; Eros.* **Sibelius:** *Svarta Rosor.* **Sjöberg:** *Tonerna.* **Trunk:** *Mir träumte von einem Königskind; Stilles Lied.* **La Forge:** *Into the night.* **Jordan:** *Hører Du; Drick.* Lauritz Melchior (tenor); Helen Traubel (soprano, in *Die Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung*); Kirsten Flagstad (soprano, in *Tristan und Isolde*); Ignace Strasfogel (piano, in various songs); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond.; NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini cond.; San Francisco Symphony, Edwin McArthur cond.; other orchestras, Edwin McArthur and Fausto Cleva cond. RCA CRM-3-0308 three discs $11.98.

Performance: **Exceptional**
Recording: **Fair to fairly good**

After a steady stream of record releases, there is an unprecedented abundance of Melchior facing today's buyers. Such a rich representation is eminently deserved, but my own contentment would be greater if I did not know how much the artist would have enjoyed it *while he was alive*. Heaven knows, he waited long enough for it: he died a few days short of his eighty-third birthday, in 1973.

I have mixed feelings about RCA's newly

(Continued on page 130)

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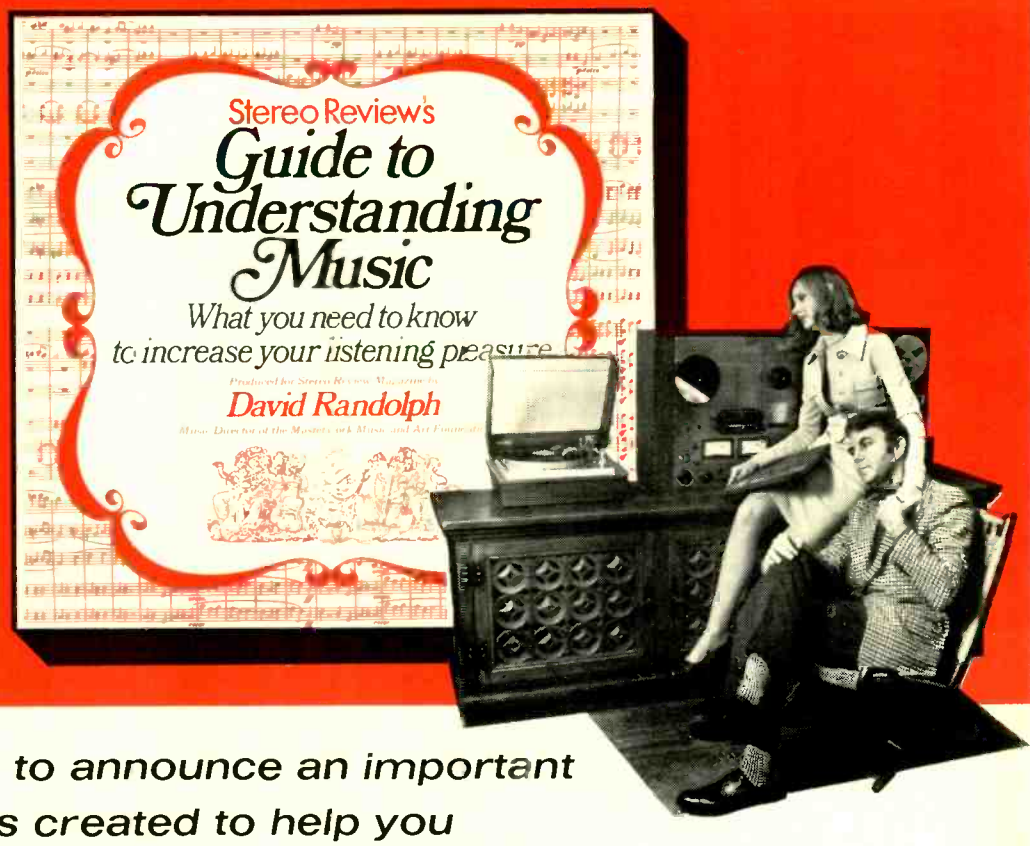

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released collection, also. It contains much important and representative material, and even offers a few previously unpublished items. On the other hand, it duplicates many selections that are not only already in the catalog but also available on RCA's own bargain Victrola label.

Naturally, none of this should be held against the artist, and, in any case, I am unable *not* to recommend a Melchior collection, however it is merchandised. The sheer *sound* of the man, the opulence of the voice, the ample reserve behind it, the unstinting yet wise and skillful use of it—all this must be at hand for the knowledgeable collector to keep his bearings straight and his standards high.

The much-reviewed Wagner material needs no new comment. The Strauss songs (dating from 1937 and 1938 and long unavailable) are a bit too operatic, yet who knows if the composer did not have Melchior's kind of resources in mind for the challenges of *Cäcilie*. The previously unreleased Wolf and Brahms songs disclose some tonal imperfections, but not enough to becloud their value. The Grieg and Sibelius items (from 1937-1941) are hard to duplicate on records: they are all lusciously vocalized, with a lovely mezza-voce floated in *En Svane*. There are some minor songs by minor composers to round out the collection, as well as two *Pagliacci* arias. Though originating in 1946, the singer's fifty-sixth year, the latter still reveal an imposing voice, managed with a firm command if not in a fully Italianate style.

The technical work is satisfactory. (Nothing will ever really undo the acoustic horrors of the old NBC studios. . . .) Although a worthy appreciative essay by Irving Kolodin comes with the set, the album packaging (labeling, sequencing, clarity) is faulty and ill-organized. *G.J.*

SHERRILL MILNES: ***Great Scenes from Italian Opera.*** **Rossini:** *Il Barbiere di Siviglia: Largo al factotum.* **Bellini:** *I Puritani: Ah, per sempre Io ti perdei.* **Donizetti:** *La Favorite: Léonor, viens.* **Verdi:** *Ernani: Oh de'verdi anni miei; Oh sommo Carlo. Don Carlos: Oui, Carlos, c'est mon jour suprême; Carlos écoute. Otello: Brindisi; Credo in un dio crudel.* **Ponchielli:** *La Gioconda: Pescator, affonda l'esca.* **Puccini:** *La Fanciulla del West: Minnie, dalla mia casa.* Sherrill Milnes (baritone); supporting singers: Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Wandsworth School Boys Choir; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Silvio Varviso cond. LONDON OS-26366 $5.98.

Performance: **Uneven**
Recording: **Excellent**

These are indeed "Great Scenes from Italian Opera." Although *La Favorite* (1840) and *Don Carlos* (1867) were composed to original French texts and introduced in Paris, this is *Italian* music, and it should surprise no one that both operas have had more success in their subsequent Italian versions. Just the same, Sherrill Milnes deserves praise for having chosen these arias with the unfamiliar French texts. If they do not sound very different from "*Vien, Leonora*" or "*O Carlo, ascolta*," it is possibly because they are delivered in a forthright, Italianate manner which, frankly, is all right with me. Since the annotator (William Weaver) finds the Italian text of *Don Carlos* "mediocre," I would have liked to have the French original for comparison, but no texts are supplied with the disc.

The renditions are in the characteristic Milnes manner: vigorous, opulent, all-out singing, idiomatic in style and intelligent in characterization. The *Don Carlos*, *La Gioconda*, and *Otello* excerpts are particularly effective. Much of the singing, however, is tonally unrefined and carelessly articulated—a notable flaw in Rossini and Bellini. Intonation is another problem that has plagued this artist in all his recordings, but apparently not enough to be of any concern to him or to his producers. (The opening of "*Oh sommo Carlo*" is the most damaging example; it should not have been passed for release.) For those who cherish this sort of thing I should add that Mr. Milnes caps the conclusion of his *La Favorite* aria with a high B-flat (!!), but the final note, alas, is a very unsteady F.

The vocal blessings, then, are mixed, but the contributions of orchestra, chorus, and supporting singers, especially the fine Cassio of John Dobson, are on a consistently high level under Silvio Varviso's lively direction, and the sound is exceptionally rich. *G.J.*

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

O VILANELLA—SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN POPULAR MUSIC. Anon./Pacoloni: *La Gamba.* **Azzaiola/Phalèse/Johnson:** *Chi passa per sta strada.* **Anon.:** *Dance Suite.* **Pacoloni/Azzaiola:** *Street Songs and Dances.* **Anon./Nicholson:** *The Bergamasca.* **Lasso/Adriensen:** *Madonna ma pieta.* **Ruffo:** *Fantasias on Popular Tunes.* **Pacoloni/Ortiz:** *The Passamezzo Antico.* **Waelrant:** *O Vilanella.* Consort of Musicke, Anthony Rooley dir. L'OISEAU-LYRE SOL 334 $5.98.

Performance: **Thoroughly entertaining**
Recording: **Excellent**

This intelligently conceived program revolves around a variety of popular sixteenth-century Italian tunes in a variety of settings and arrangements. The album title is taken from Hubert Waelrant's *O Vilanella (O little peasant girl)*, and its treatment provides an idea of the varied instrumentation throughout: it is first presented by four solo voices, then by two rebecs and two violins, and last by voices, two rebecs, two violins, and three lutes, a spectacular assemblage. Filippo Azzaiola's four-voice *Chi passa per sta strada (Whoever walks along this road)* similarly is presented in a vocal version, then in a two-lute setting by Pierre Phalèse, and again in an arrangement with violin divisions by John Johnson. All kinds of favorite tunes, serious as well as frivolous, are handled this way, a system that allows one to follow a popular bass pattern such as the *Bergamasca*, for instance, and immediately recognize what would account for the popularity of any composer's setting of it. The instrumental playing throughout is exceptionally lively and marvelously precise (the several pieces played on three lutes are especially delectable), and the voices are very accurate, though vibrato-less and dynamically rather flat. An exception to that style of singing, which admittedly is a controversial musicological affair, is the Lasso madrigal, *Madonna ma pieta (My lady, have mercy)*, which is quite beautifully rendered and is followed by another one of those intriguing settings for lute trio. The sound is excellent throughout, and L'Oiseau-Lyre has provided all the texts and translations as well as multilingual annotations. *I.K.*

VICTORIAN SONGS (see Best of the Month, page 85)

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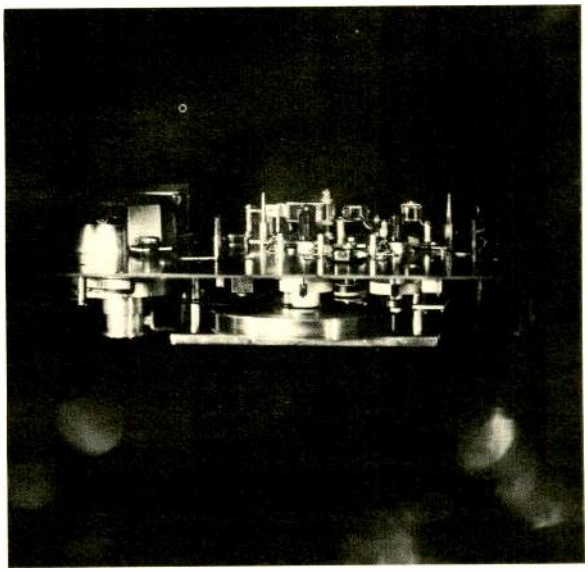

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TAPE HORIZONS

By CRAIG STARK

DON'T JUST DUB

For many owners of tape-recording equipment, its primary use is to record live music or dub discs. But there are dozens of other ways to use tape, and perhaps it's time for you to pay some attention to them. What brings this to mind just now is the abundance of battery-operated cassette recorders, some with built-in microphones, that you can hold in your hand to record with.

The ease with which these units can be carried about and operated has led many students to record professors' lectures instead of taking written notes. As a college teacher, I am often approached by students requesting permission to tape my remarks. Done openly, with explicit permission, this is a high form of flattery. But except for very special lectures (or perhaps taping for a friend who may have to miss class), I do not think such tapes are very effective study aids. It is true that students' notes often bear no recognizable relationship to what was actually said in class, but it takes just as long to hear the lecture again on tape as it did to listen to it originally, and few students can afford to double their lecture-listening time in order to get more accurate notes.

Making recordings for "shut-ins," however, is an entirely different matter. Tapes of the religious services from the parish or synagogue where an ill or aged person has deep personal ties will mean far, far more than any basket of flowers from the Altar Guild or its equivalent. And "service" tapes are so easy to provide. In a small congregation all you need do is sit in the front row with a C-120 cassette in your machine, and you'll be amazed at how good a recording you can make, completely unobtrusively. And in any large church there will be a public-address system that you can almost always tap into to provide a feed to the high-level (line or aux) inputs of your recorder. You won't even need a mike.

What you want for this sort of work is a cassette machine with some sort of automatic volume-control circuit. On the machine's spec sheet this feature is called AVC or ALC (automatic loudness control), and most of the better cassette portables have it built in. With hanging microphones, a multi-input mixer, large-scale VU meters, and all the trappings, you could no doubt get a "better" recording. But for the purpose at hand all you want is to make a soft-spoken prayer audible and a large choral "Hallelujah!" undistorted, and that is precisely the function of an ALC circuit. It automatically raises the recording level of low-volume sounds and lowers that of high-level signals, keeping the range within the limits of machine and tape.

Another interesting project, perhaps closer to home, is to record your children's voices, year by year. The record becomes, as it were, a sonic photo album in which you can trace a youngster's progress in speech all the way from coo's to conversation. And, of course, a newborn's first sounds at home are as individual as his first steps. I've often thought of submitting my daughter's tapes to Bell Labs to prove she could hit a high C an octave above that of any known operatic soprano—a sound far more precious to me now than when first heard some years ago at 3:00 A.M.

Then there are the sightless. What could be more rewarding than to give the gift of education by reading onto tape for a blind student? You can make local arrangements, work through a tape club, or through a national organization. Although the American Foundation for the Blind uses only professionals, Recording for the Blind, Inc., has studios in eighteen cities nationwide for volunteer readers. Write to Mr. Gilbert Field, 215 East 58th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. And if you have good open-reel equipment and can pass a voice audition, you can even record at home on tape supplied under a program administered by the Library of Congress. Contact Mr. Bill West, Coordinator of Tape Volunteers, 1291 Taylor St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20542, for information.

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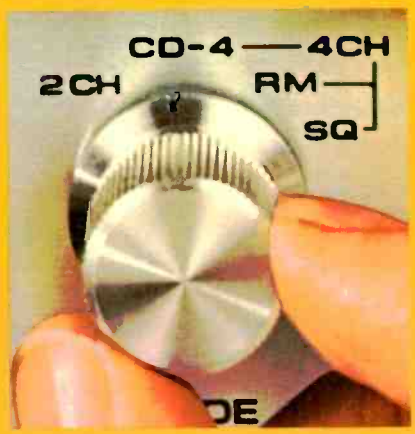

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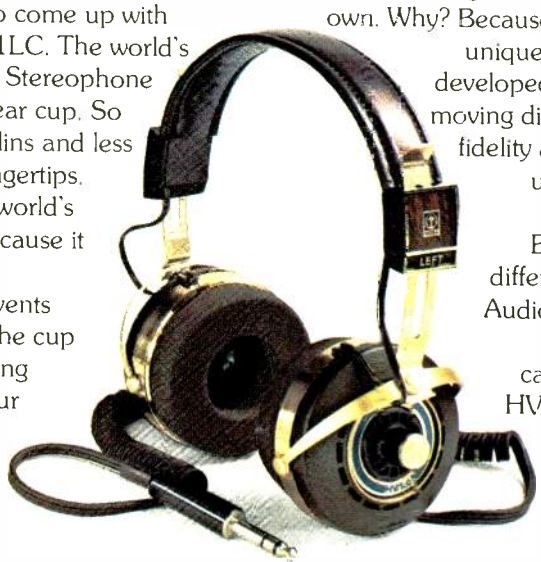

And speaking of sound, the HV/1LC is in a class all its own. Why? Because Koss engineers not only created a unique new ceramic magnet, but they also developed a way to decrease the mass of the moving diaphragm assemblies. The result is a fidelity and wide-range frequency response unmatched by any other lightweight, hear-thru Stereophone.

But there's only one way to hear the difference the HV/1LC makes. See your Audio Specialist for a live demonstration. And write for our free full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm. The new HV/1LC in ebony teak and champagne gold with rosewood grained inlays should add a beautiful twist to your favorite music.

KOSS stereophones

from the people who invented Stereophones.

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