DECEMBER 1971

HIGH FIDELITY®

DECEMBER 1971 75¢

Stereo Gifts For Under $23

t Records of the Year

T wport Jazz Disaster

quipment for Your Car

including directory of 250 cassette, 8-track and quadraphonic units

IANNEL COMPONENT.

The AM tuner section also has ceramic filters and combines wide-band performance with exceptional sensitivity.

In addition, the Fisher 40 features truly sophisticated controls to make sure that precisely the right signals are fed through those four separate amplification channels. Front and rear volume

are adjustable with separate slide controls resembling studio-console faders. Bass and treble controls are of the greatly superior Baxandall type. There's also a balance control for the front and rear channels, plus many others that fall into the convenience category. But one set of controls requires special mention:

2 + 2 stereo.

This control switches in the matrix decoder of the Fisher 40, which makes possible two kinds of 4-channel playback. Pre-matrixed 4-channel program material (i.e., four original channels encoded into the two walls of a record groove or two magnetic tracks on tape) can be played back with excellent 4-channel separation and localization. Or, hidden ambience information in ordinary 2-channel stereo material can be extracted to produce a quasi-4-channel effect.

All this, of course, is in addition to the discrete 4-channel capability of the Fisher 40, for which it has its own built-in source:

3. The 4-channel tape cartridge player.

This beautiful little tape player will play back any cartridge in the standard 8-track format, 2-channel or 4-channel.

But, of course, its performance is considerably more advanced than what you'd expect from ordinary 8-track players. Flutter is completely inaudible and playback equalization is accurate. The player automatically switches between the 2-channel and 4-channel modes and indicates the mode being used by means of red jewel lights. The program controls also have their associated jewel lights.

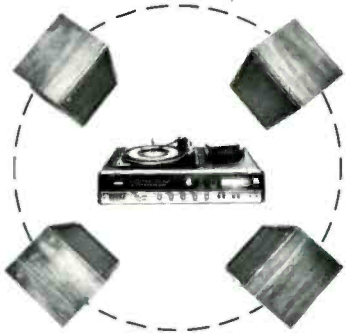
As you probably know, discrete 4-channel reproduction is the only kind that retains full channel separation at all frequencies, and the current repertory of 4-channel tape cartridges represents the primary commercial source of this ultimate form of 4-channel sound.

What about speakers?

The Fisher 40 is priced at $499.95, without speakers. Your choice of speakers for it is virtually unlimited, but the sensible thing would be to select four speakers that are good enough to take full advantage of its inherent sound quality, yet not so expensive that the whole concept is negated.

Your rock-bottom choice might be four Fisher XP-44B two-way bookshelf speakers at a total price of $178.00. Or you may go as high as four Fisher WS-80 three-way omnidirectional floor speakers at a total of $399.80. In between, you have many other choices. You may even want to go higher or lower for your own special reasons.

One thing is certain though. The world's first all-in-one 4-channel component is good enough to deserve speakers of Fisher quality.



Fisher

We invented high fidelity.

2.

THE FISHER 40.
THE ALL-IN-ONE 4-CH

Now that it's obvious even to the skeptics that 4-channel sound reproduction is here to stay, the next step is equally obvious:

There's an immediate need for a high-quality 4-channel system that takes up less space and is less expensive than the more complex equipment that started the trend.

Luckily, Fisher recognized this need many months before it became obvious. That's why you won't have to wait for the world's first all-in-one 4-channel component. It's here.

Introducing the 4-channel Fisher 40.

The basic idea of the Fisher 40 is simple and logical.

Take an automatic turntable, a 4-channel AM/FM receiver and a 4-channel tape cartridge player. (Together they represent all the available 4-channel program sources and all the necessary electronics.) Put them together on a single chassis, to save space and weight and to avoid redundant inputs, outputs and wiring. Pass the savings on to the end user, but give him his own choice of speakers to suit his listening room and budget.

Good idea, isn't it? But in the wrong hands it could have resulted in a sleazy "hi-fi compact" of indifferent performance.

Therefore, to make sure that the Fisher 40 would be worthy of its name, Fisher stuck to an inflexible ground rule in its design: The three major components that went into it had to be of *separate Fisher component quality,* so that any enthusiast would be proud to own each one of them if they were available separately. Entirely new designs were drawn up and new circuits engineered to satisfy this requirement.

Let's look at the end result:

1. The 4-speed automatic turntable.

There's nothing specifically "4-channel" about any turntable design, but 4-channel information in the record groove certainly requires precise tracking plus freedom from wow, flutter and rumble if it is to come through accurately. The 4-speed automatic turntable

of the Fisher 40 gives you component-quality performance in all those areas. The high-quality magnetic cartridge has a diamond stylus, and both stylus force and anti-skating force are adjustable. There's a cueing control for setting the stylus down gently on any groove of the record. And the motor shuts off automatically at the end of the last record.

2. The 4-channel AM/FM receiver.

Fisher is particularly proud of this new receiver design, since it's undoubtedly finer than any medium-powered 4-channel receiver available separately.

Power output is 100 watts, 25 watts per channel, which is enough to drive four main speakers and a pair of remote speakers without the slightest strain.

The FM tuner section features ceramic filters in the IF stage and the rated sensitivity is 2.4 microvolts. Not many separate FM tuners at any price offer significantly superior performance.

Fisher Radio
Dept. HF-12, P.O. Box 1367
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

☐ Please send me a copy of The Fisher Handbook, your fact-filled 72-page reference guide to hi-fi, stereo and 4-channel. I enclose 50¢ to cover first-class postage and handling.

☐ Please send me free literature on the Fisher 40.

Name _____

Address _____

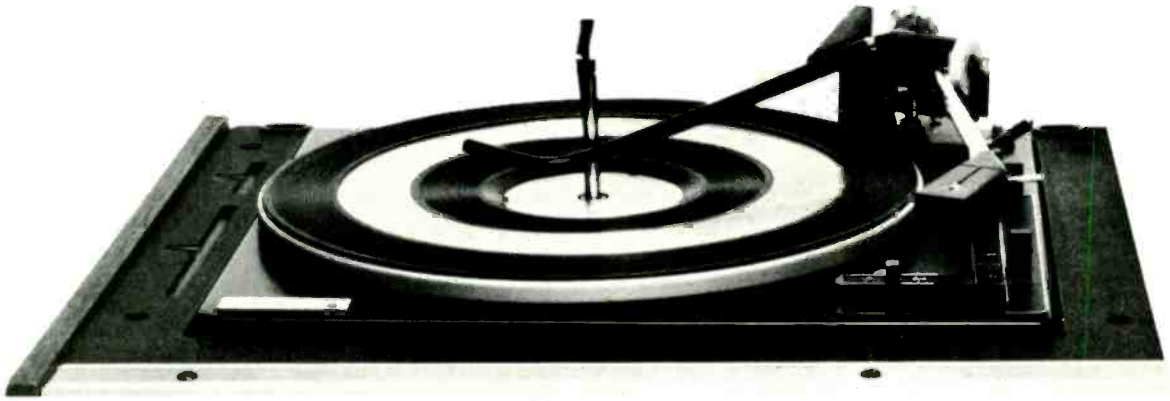
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

0112717

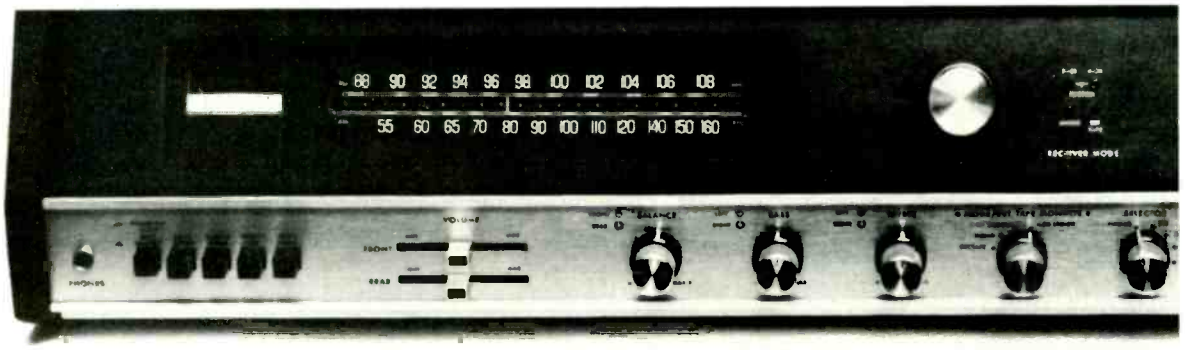
OVERSEAS AND CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE WRITE TO FISHER RADIO INTERNATIONAL, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST

Fisher is pleased to announce a unique and important new 4-channel development.

(Lift Flap) →



1.


88 90 92 94 96 98 100 102 104 106 108
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2.

3.


4-CHANNEL STEREO MUSIC CENTER

Choosing the wrong cartridge for a record player is like putting low octane gas in a high-performance car.

Here's how to choose the right cartridge.

Matching stereo cartridges to turntables and record changers is as important as putting the right kind of gas in your car. Low octane gas just won't work in a high performance car. And high octane gas in an economy car is a waste of money. It's the same with cartridges. In fact, a cartridge that's great for one system could be disastrous for another.

So, we've developed a simple way for you to precisely match one of our XV-15 cartridges to whatever kind of record player you have or plan to buy. It's called the Dynamic Coupling Factor—DCF for short.

DCF is a numerical index, like an octane rating, that our engineers have assigned to the XV-15 cartridges by pre-analyzing all the electrical and mechanical specifications of all major record changers and turntables. The more sophisticated the record player, the higher the DCF number.

But how we devised the DCF rating system isn't as important to you as knowing what it does. Using our DCF chart to choose your XV-15 makes sure that you get optimum performance when you play your records. And that you can walk into your high fidelity dealer and know just which XV-15 to ask for.

After all, you don't just drive into a gas station and ask the man to "fill 'er up", do you?

PICKERING

"for those who can hear the difference"

101 Sunnyside Blvd.,
Plainview, N.Y. 11803

Cut out this handy DCF Guide.

IF YOU OWN	MODEL NUMBER	Use a Pickering XV-15 cartridge with this DCF Number ELLIPTICAL	SPHERICAL
Acoustic Research	XA	750, 400	350
Benjamin Miracord	50H, 750, 770H	750	350
	40H, 40A, 40, 630, 620, 610, 18H, 10, 10F, 10H	400	
Dual (United Audio)	1219, 1209, 1019, 1215, 1015, 1015F	750	350
	1009SK, 1009F, 1009	400	
	1212, 1010A, 1010	200	150
Garrard (British Industries)	SL95B, SL95, SL75B	750, 400	350
	SL75, LAB80MK11, LAB80	400	350
	SL72B, 70MK11, A70, 60MK11, SL65B, SL65, SL55B, SL55, SP20B, SP20, A, AT60, AT6	200	150
	40, 40B, 50MK11, 50, 40MK11, 40Autoslim, Autoslim/P, T11, RC98, 210, 4HF, 301, RC80, RC88	140	100
Lenco	L-75	750, 400	350
McDonald (BSR)	600, 610, 500A	200	150
	510, 500, 400, 310	140	100
Pioneer	PL-30	750	350
	PL-25, PLA-25, PL-41C, PL40F, PL-41A	400	
Perpetuum-Ebner	PE-2018, PE-2038, PE-2020, PE-2040	750, 400	350
Sony	TTS 3000, PS 1800A	750, 400	350
Thorens	TD 125	750	350
	TD 150AB, TD 124	400	

Elliptical styli, because of the way they rest in the record groove, track with less radius distortion, and therefore are capable of playing records in good condition with less overall distortion.

Spherical styli are more rugged and can be used with higher tracking forces.

HIGH FIDELITY

December 1971
VOL. 24 No. 11

Best Records.
See page 24.

Music in the car. See page 55.

The Newport catastrophe.
See page 62.

Journey to Judgment—An Audiomusical Tour of Europe

DEAR DIARY:

BERLIN—*Sept. 2.* Wow! What a high fidelity show they have in this town! And the promotion! I left New York last evening—it was the first day at the lower rates—with the ultimate destination of Montreux, Switzerland, site of the international record awards. (I wonder how successful the Karajan *Fidelio* is. I'll have to hear it in Montreux, because it's up for a prize but hasn't been released in America as yet. Same thing with the Schubert piano music played by Gilbert Schüchter, whoever he is, on the Tudor label, whoever they are.) But what with the time differential, when I arrived in Berlin it was already this morning. No sleep of course—who can sleep on a plane from 6:00 p.m. to midnight?—and then the change at Frankfurt.

Even more overwhelming than Kodak at Grand Central was the high fidelity show at Berlin's Tempelhof airport: posters all over the walls and windows, balloons, huge red balloons hanging from the ceiling, and girls greeting visitors with pamphlets. I've never seen such promotion for an audio show in any American city.

A billion-to-one shot, but whom do I meet at the airport taxi stand, leaving Berlin on his way to audio shows and such in Zurich, Milan, Paris, Amsterdam, and Harrogate but Executive Editor Norman Eisenberg. Boy, what a cushy job *he's* got!

Sept. 3. The *Funkausstellung* is more than just a high fidelity show, although the high fidelity and recording industries make up one of the largest contingents. But the telephone company is there with its latest gadgets—videophones, direct-dial automobile phones (no need to radio a central switchboard to ask for your number), and similar miracles—and the TV and radio stations were broadcasting or taping their programs from the floor of the show for all to see. The Berliners have co-ordinated their high fidelity exhibition with exhibits of other high-quality communication products, and the result is obviously a great success. The *Funkausstellung* takes up twenty-three connected buildings, each with its own stand-up eating facilities, and the place is jam-packed, probably for all two weeks of it. There are half a dozen rock groups shouting their stuff simultaneously (but in different buildings), and in every hall there is at least one contest underway—for the prize of a telephone call to anywhere in the world, a trip, a TV set, or what have you. When you compare all this activity with modest American exhibitions struggling for attention out in the suburbs, you begin to wonder why the American high fidelity industry doesn't think big any more.

Too many products to write about now, but one with the most revolutionary potential was Teldec's color TV disc, making its debut here [see "News and Views" this issue for special report]. If Teldec used it for audio alone, they could take over the confused records/tapes market; if they wait until the market settles on a format, well. . . .

Sept. 4. Concluded a second day at the *Funkausstellung* with the Deutsche Oper last night. Lorin Maazel conducting Verdi's *Otello.* I hadn't seen Lorin since 1952, when I saw him off to Europe on the S.S. *Constitution.* We had been classmates at Tanglewood, and he had just received a Fulbright.

The performance over, I went to the stage door gate and sent my card back. A tuxedoed attendant soon came to the gate and called to the crowd. "*Herr Marcus*?"

"*Hier*" (or "Here"—choose your spelling), I replied, and he ushered me to a parked car. Lorin was inside.

"Nineteen years," he greeted me as I got in.

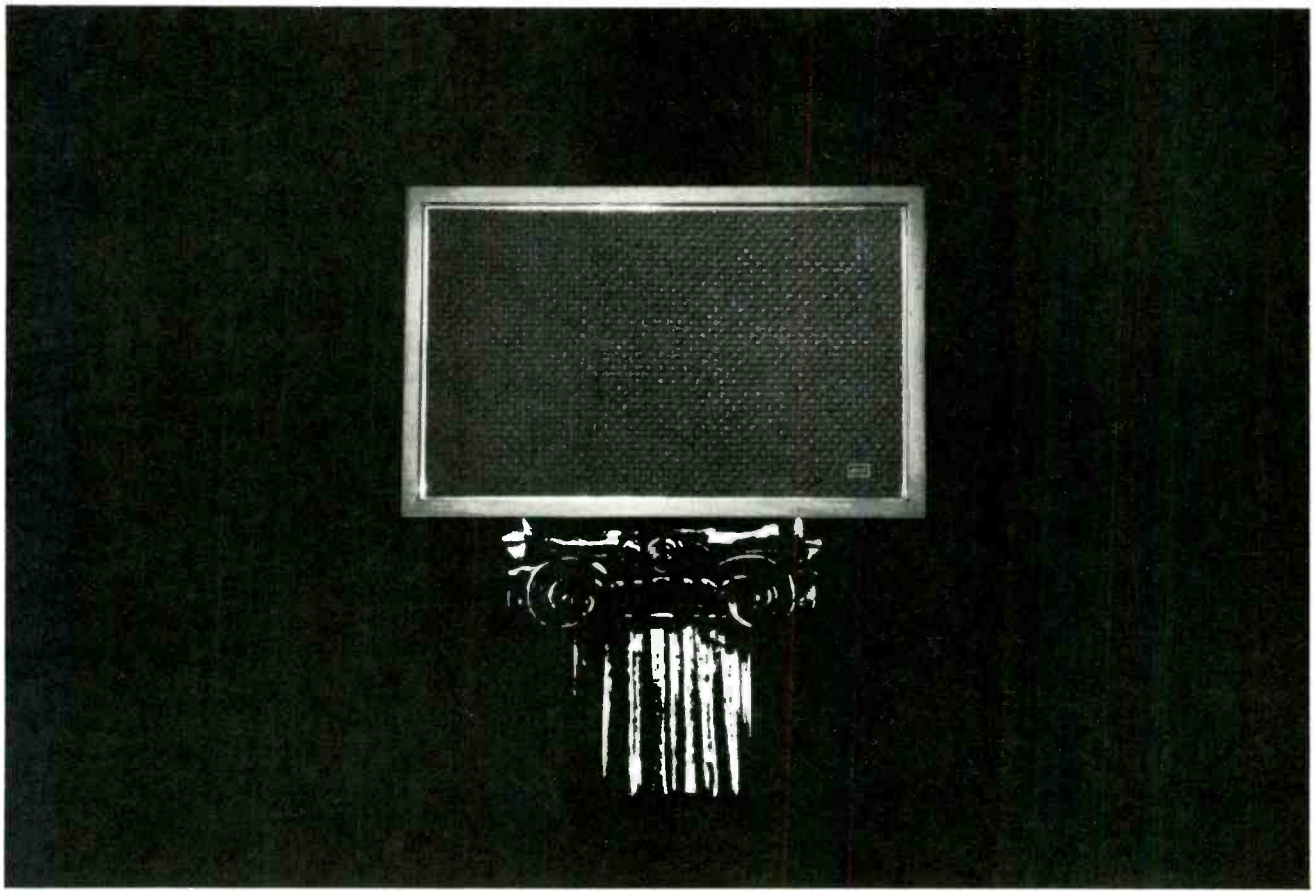
"You've hardly changed."

"Well, *that's* certainly a compliment." He didn't return it. "How did you like the performance?"

"The singing wasn't much, but the orchestra sounded good."

"I trained them myself," he laughed. "I'm not the music director here any more, but I agreed to come back for a month just to conduct five of my favorite operas. Then I'm off to London to take over the New Philharmonia." He had developed a sort of unidentifiable "European" accent since our Massachusetts days. "Musical life in the States has changed since we last saw each other—and certainly for the better. Not so concentrated. The

Continued on page 25



No need to Compromise

Bozak Quality Costs Very Little More

Of course you can always trade-in for a TEMPO 1, later. — But why?

When you buy a first-rate stereo system, you expect first-rate sound — rich, vibrant bass, smooth crystal-clear strings and voices, the open flow of all the music without tonal coloration.

For very little more you can have it to start with — in a Bozak TEMPO 1.

TEMPO 1 inherits the superior qualities of its larger ancestors. It is a true Bozak in every way. Every part that could make the slightest tonal difference is made only at the Bozak factory. Bozak, for example, is one of the very few manufacturers who make all of their own loudspeaker cones rather than settling for commercially-available units.

This fine three-way bookshelf loudspeaker has the same costly drivers found in the most luxurious Bozaks. The variable-density bass cone, developed by Bozak, is made from a unique highly-damped material processed into a lightweight but structurally-rigid piston that is free of coloration. In the midrange speaker there is a critically-damped aluminum cone with excellent transient response. The entire diaphragm of the treble speaker, of thin spun aluminum, rests on a bed of soft resonance-damping foam. All cones, together with their generous ceramic magnets and precision-machined pole structures, are assembled on solid cast frames — not sheet-metal stampings.

Bozak's traditional excellence in craftsmanship is further apparent in the smart enclosure, where the warm beauty of select wood grain is brought out by careful hand finishing.

Quality tells. TEMPO 1 gives you rich big-Bozak sound from a superbly engineered bookshelf system. The longer you live with this fine speaker the more you will appreciate what a difference true quality makes.

Not every dealer is permitted to sell TEMPO 1. If you can't locate your authorized Bozak Dealer, write for our list of the fine audio showrooms in your area. The R. T. Bozak Manufacturing Company, Darien, Conn. 06820, USA. Overseas Export by Elpa Marketing Industries Inc., New Hyde Park, New York 11040, USA.

Bozak®

CIRCLE 70 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

letters

Government and the Arts

I am writing to challenge the unstated premise of Byron Belt's article "The JFK Center for the Performing Arts" [September 1971]—that premise being that the federal government should be financing "the arts."

The subtitle to this article carries the phrase "a Federal commitment to the arts," adding an exasperated "at last." What can "a Federal commitment to the arts" possibly mean? In essence it can only mean that the federal government will embark on a program of extorting money (popularly known as taxation) from a segment of the population which did not voluntarily choose to support "the arts" to pay for the pleasures of those who choose to support "the arts" but did not have the money or were not willing to support them in the style they wished.

Of what possible benefit can this Center be to the man who can barely understand Burt Bacharach, much less *Le Transfiguration de Notre Seigneur* or *Elektra* and would prefer instead to spend his money on comic books? None, I daresay. "Culture" is a much broader term than Mr. Belt would permit us to think. Why is what Mr. Belt and friends want labeled "culture" and what someone else wants is not? Even if some benefit could be demonstrated, what right do the proponents of the JFK Center have to force their preferences on everyone else? The hypothetical "good" of this Center is not some transcendental Platonic "good" which exists apart from man and is to be forced on everyone by our modern-day philosopher-kings. For a thing to be good, even if it is objectively good, a man must *understand* why it is good, since only through his understanding can man ever hope to guide his actions.

And this, parenthetically, is my ultimate challenge to "a Federal commitment to the arts." The good is objective; it is not an out-of-context absolute. This Center or any of "the arts" can be of no benefit to anyone unless the individual mind comprehends and integrates into its view of things why such a project is good. If a man sees something as good (the arts perhaps), he will support it willingly; but what is reprehensible is that Mr. Belt and friends arrogate to themselves the position of "cultural czars" to decide what is "best" for everyone and then proceed to force it onto an unwilling population. (If it were not unwilling, private subscription would have paid the bill long ago.) Perhaps some day Mr. Belt and friends will understand that man too requires a climate of freedom, all men and not merely the much enshrined "artist," and that human lives and happiness cannot be treated as chattel to be exploited and discarded every time a new "Federal commitment" is found.

If this point of view makes me the "dullest of Philistines," so be it. Better to be a Philistine planted on this earth than the aesthete who has to employ human sacrifice to get his head into the clouds.

James Lee Brooks, Jr.
Dallas, Texas

Tracking the Warp

Thomas Hsu ["Letters," August 1971] says that RCA's Dynaflex discs "have warp to such a degree that tracking them with a light-tracking cartridge in a professional tone arm becomes impossible. (In one Dynaflex record, I have measured the stylus jumping about 4 mm. above the mean record surface while tracking at 1 gram.)" "Professional" is a vexing term, but I don't think Mr. Hsu can mean a rig any better than mine: Thorens TD 125 turntable, SME arm, Stanton 681EE cartridge. I track at less than a gram, verified by stylus gauge testing; and no matter how grotesquely warped the record, my stylus never once (in about 2,000 hours of playing time) has jumped a groove or has given the slightest sign it wanted to. Of course warp produces wow and so on, but my experience shows that *tracking* warped records need be no problem at all.

Jack Dalton
Columbia, S.C.

Regarding the recent correspondence about "slimmed-down" discs, I would like to second the comments by Thomas Hsu. Within the past few months I have bought RCA's complete Beethoven piano sonatas, a Chopin album by Rubinstein, two London discs, one London Stereo Treasury, and one Odyssey. The Chopin album and its replacement copy were both returned to the store because of warpage. More than half of the Beethoven records were returned to RCA for warpage or defective surfaces. Of the rest, the Odyssey and the London Stereo Treasury discs, ironically enough, had absolutely perfect surfaces, no warp, and sound superb!

I have a letter from an official of RCA in which he writes, "Since the adaptation of our new Dynaflex process, we have released over 13 million records and received less than 65 complaints, which, we feel, is an excellent return statistic."

My feeling is that RCA has created a significant problem via its Dynaflex discs and I hope they have the courage and the intelligence to reverse their policy before their fine reputation suffers.

David Adler, M.D.
Clark, N.J.

In the libretto included with RCA's new *Aida*, I read that Dynaflex is ". . . a new development in record manufacturing that provides a smoother, quieter surface and improved ability to reproduce musical sound. This lightweight record also virtually eliminates warpage and turntable slippage."

I am sad (and angry) to report that RCA's plug for Dynaflex contains more deception than truth. The new *Aida* is plagued with distortion at the earliest sign of Leontyne Price soaring into the heights. Not only is there distortion, but with any good set of headphones one can detect signs of pre- and post-echo—surely not indicative of 1971 recordings.

The distortion is caused by a warp, extending from near the record label toward the center of the record. While my Shure cartridge could track the record, there was still considerable distortion during loud passages. The recording, however, has a great deal of depth and should be praised for improvement in this area.

It is surprising to me, nevertheless, that while RCA notes its use of 8-track, 30-inch

Turn on whichever turns you on.

Among the "stereo set" it's pretty much a toss-up.

About half the audio enthusiasts to whom we've spoken say they still prefer their components separate.

The other half feel that if you don't sacrifice quality in either the receiver or the changer, why *not* wrap them up in one component package

Bogen, a leader in sound for just about 40 years, agrees. You should turn on whichever turns you on.

If you're a "separatist," we offer you the superb "best-buy" BR360 120 watt (IHF) AM/FM Stereo Receiver. Its many features include slides and push-buttons in place of conventional dials, handsome contemporary styling, and Crescendo Control . . . the exciting and exclusive Bogen feature that restores the dynamic range of music *as it was originally performed*. No other receiver has it!

For the compact lovers of togetherness, Bogen presents the BC360. Atop the exciting BR360 we've mounted a deluxe BSR 4-speed automatic turntable . . . with anti-skating, cueing, automatic system shut-off, Pickering mag cartridge with diamond stylus, and the many other features you look for in a precision automatic table.

Suggested list prices: only $299.95 for the receiver (walnut enclosure optional); $379.95 for the compact, finished in handsome walnut.

To round out your stereo system, Bogen offers a choice of superb "Row 10" speaker systems, cassette and 8-track tape decks, precision turntable and headphones. For details, specs, and "where-to-buy" information, write us today.

BOGEN

LEAR SIEGLER, INC. / ISi / BOGEN DIVISION
PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY 07652

tape as a technological first for their new *Aida*, they fail to realize that the vast improvement of this method (which is substantial) becomes of little concern for the record buyer when the record itself won't hold its own weight.

Brian Prows
San Jose, Calif.

The Centuries Speaker

One of your equipment reports has finally made sense to me. Your mildly critical appraisal of the JBL L-100 loudspeaker in the August 1971 issue should be construed by one and all as actually the highest objective praise. Having owned EPI 100s and listened extensively to virtually all the other readily available loudspeakers (AR, KLH, Advent, Rectilinear, Bose, Altec, ADC, Dyna, and on down the line), my mind is made up. The JBL is for me.

Let me elaborate. Almost every speaker review I can recall in HF makes mention of response smoothness at the crossover frequencies and the versatility of the treble controls; on the JBL not a word about the former and about the latter all you could muster was, ". . . the former [midrange control] should be expected to exert greater control [than the tweeter control] over what you hear, which indeed it does." Practically every other speaker is characterized as "neutral, uncolored, effortless, open, or even transparent"; the JBL has "personality."

To be even more specific, just remember exactly three years ago—your rave reviews of the Bose 901. I have never read more laudatory reviews than those for the Bose, and yours were not exceptions. Take away all the nonlinear excursion of the drivers, the mid-bass peak of about 12 dB, and the almost total lack of response above 10 kHz, and all the praise becomes *almost* justified. But I ask you just once to listen to the Schuman Violin Concerto (DGG 2530 103) through Bose 901s and then through JBL L-100s. With the former the solo violin sounds as if it were filled with still-warm oatmeal; with the latter Paul Zukofsky is sitting right in your lap.

The fact is that the Centuries, because of their excellent transient response, tightly controlled bass, and very low IM distortion, are the only loudspeakers anywhere near their size and price range that escape the confines of the "small box." "Big," as you describe them, is a totally inadequate word. As it now stands the only loudspeakers I should even consider for replacing the JBLs are Quads or Klipschorns, both of which have their own shortcomings. All the Centuries require is an Acousta-Voicette, which I dare say would improve any speaker-listening-room combination.

If at all possible, I should like a reply from whoever it was that panned my favorite speakers. At any rate I shall continue to enjoy your magazine and take "Equipment Reports" with a very large grain of salt.

William L. Politt
Winthrop, Mass.

This discussion proves something we've said for years: speaker evaluation is an inexact science—in terms of how measurements are made, how they are interpreted, and how they relate (and to what extent) to the subjective listening experience. No speaker report can possibly be as firmly documentable or as certain in its conclusions as, say, an amplifier or tuner report. We try to present fairly and objectively all that we can learn about a product through measurements and listening tests. We also are very careful to point out that there are some areas in which personal judgment becomes as important, or more so, than test data. This is particularly true of loudspeakers.

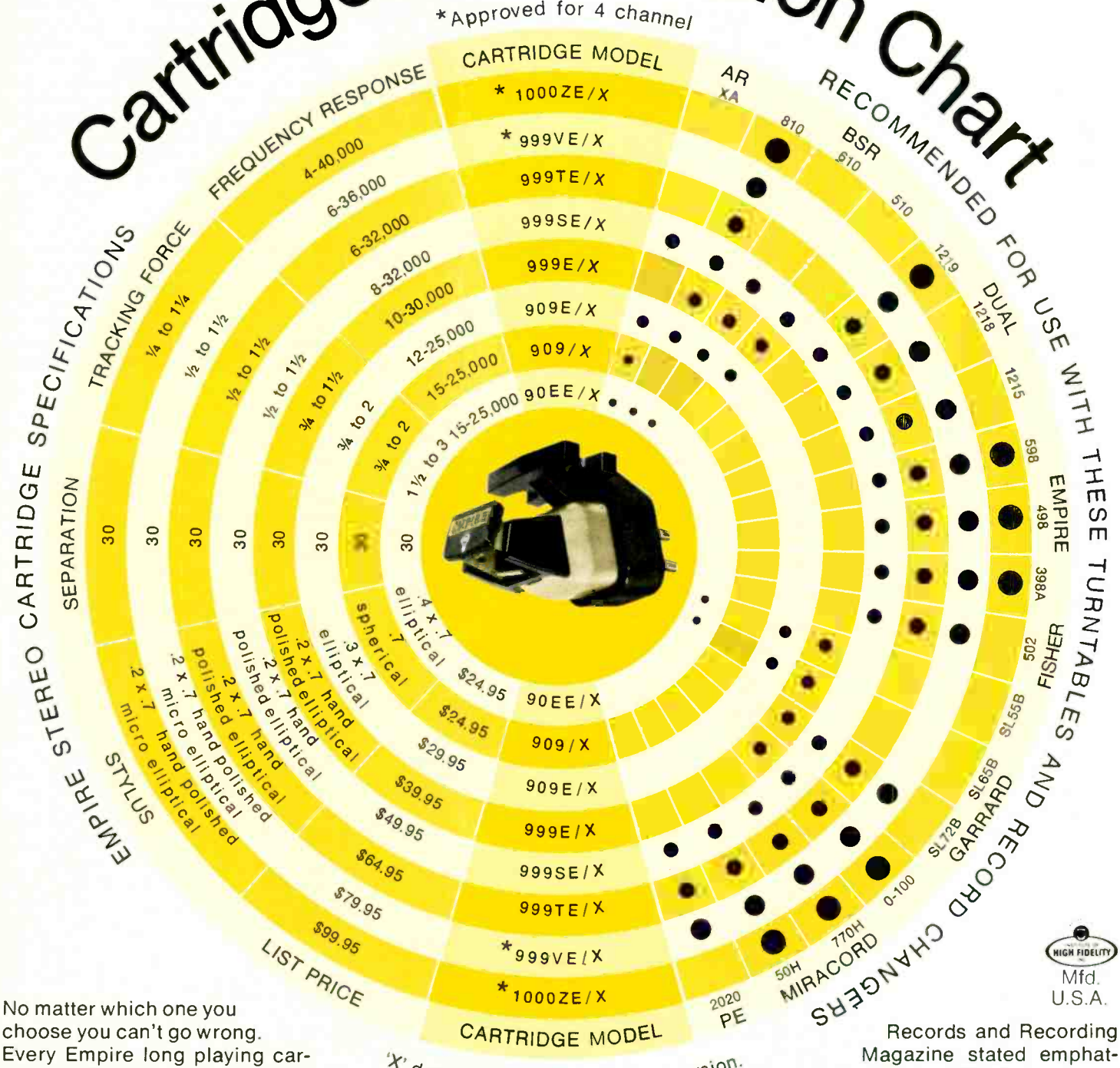
Mariette in Egypt

Dr. S. J. London's article, "Aida's Creator: Auguste Mariette" [August 1971] was interesting, but contained two inaccuracies. He states, "The splendid temple compounds of Karnak, now under the waters of the Aswan High Dam, and of Luxor are largely his . . . ." Karnak and Luxor are only two miles distant from each other, and if Karnak were inundated, then Luxor would also be. But the two are 150 miles below the Aswan dams, and thus cannot be flooded ". . . as are the tombs of many of the great XVIII and XIX dynasties." There are *temples* of Seti I and Ramses II (both of the XIX dynasty) at Abydos, but their *tombs*, as are those of nearly all of the XVIII and XIX dynasty Pharaohs, are at Thebes. Dendera's temples are much later in origin, begun by the Ptolemies (XXXII dynasty) and completed by the Romans, notably Tiberius and Augustus. According to Leonard Cottrell in *The Lost Pharaohs*, the tombs at Dendera are of the VI and VII dynasties.

In George Movshon's feature review (in the same issue) of Leontyne Price's latest recording of *Aida*, he states that "*Aida* opened the Cairo Opera House in December of 1871."

Cartridge Identification Chart

*Approved for 4 channel



'X' designates newest improved version.

HIGH FIDELITY Mfd. U.S.A.

No matter which one you choose you can't go wrong. Every Empire long playing cartridge is fully shielded, with four poles, four coils, and three magnets (more than any other brand). Perfect magnetic balance, with a signal to noise ratio of 80 dB, they feature a moving magnetic element and stylus lever system .001 inch thick. The performance is phenomenal!

The Experts Agree — For example: Stereo Magazine who tested 13 different cartridges rated the 999VE tops in lightweight tracking ability.

Hi Fi Sound Magazine called the 999VE *"a real hi-fi masterpiece...a remarkable cartridge unlikely to wear out discs any more rapidly than a feather held lightly against the spinning groove."*

High Fidelity Magazine said of the 1000ZE *"The sound is superb. The performance data among the very best."*

Records and Recording Magazine stated emphatically that the 999VE stereo cartridge is *"a design that encourages a hi-fi purist to clap his hands with joy."*

FM Guide wrote *"...using the 1000ZE. It works beautifully...giving great results."*

Audio Magazine observing a remarkable 35 dB stereo spread between left and right channels in the 999VE said *"Outstanding square waves. Tops in separation."*

Popular Science Magazine picked the 999VE hands down as the cartridge for *"the stereo system I wish I owned"* designed by Electronics Editor Ronald M. Benrey.

empire

Write for free 1971 Guide to Sound Design: Empire Scientific Corp., 1055 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N. Y. 11530.

CIRCLE NO. 99 ON READER SERVICE CARD

It was originally planned that *Aida* should open the Cairo Opera House, but the opera was not completed in time. Both *The Oxford Dictionary of Opera* and the *Victor Book of the Opera* state that the Cairo Opera House opened in 1869, but without *Aida*. Neither gives the name of the opening opera. *Aida* was given its premiere there in December 1871.

E. W. Biles, M.D.
Houston, Texas

Directional Bach

Perhaps because I have been a professional church musician for thirty-two years, I cannot take some of the things I read in your magazine seriously. To be specific, in his review of the Concentus Musicus version of the *St. Matthew* Passion [July 1971], Clifford F. Gilmore has been carried away with Venetian enthusiasm in discussing how Bach must have had "two choirs (and their own soloists) on opposite sides of the building." Such antiphonal stereo was not the case in Leipzig; there were no facilities for it. Both the Thomaskirche and the Nicolaikirche had single choir lofts, and to have put the choirs on the floor of the nave would have been a breach of etiquette, not to mention the impossibilities Bach would have encountered as a conductor. We may safely assume that both choirs were under Bach's watchful eye, in the rear gallery (which was reconstructed after the 1729 premiere), but perhaps on different sides—a sort of stereo-in-the-rear. The congregation, of course, also joined in on the chorales, knowing the words by heart.

The opportunity for two choirs was not antiphonal in intention but the (rare) chance for Bach to combine two of the three choirs he directed in the hope of providing a "bigger" sound—quite the opposite of what our neoclassic enthusiasts favor (Bach was forever complaining about his small resources)—and extra lines of polyphony. Separating the two choirs in stereo channels is "an altogether new dramatic impact that, frankly" *Bach* never thought to look for.

Robert M. Strippy
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Mr. Gilmore replies: I would recommend to Mr. Strippy that he look into any account of Leipzig church music during Bach's time: it is hardly an obscure fact that the Thomaskirche had two organs placed in galleries on the east and west ends of the building. Furthermore, an account has come down to us from the sexton at the time, Herr Rot, that the second performance of the Matthew *Passion in 1736 was given in "St. Thomas's with both organs."*

I would next recommend that he look into Bach's score, which is perfectly explicit in its instrumental and vocal requirements and assignments. The notion that Bach combined two choirs merely to get a "bigger" sound is nonsense. Only in the chorales and in two other numbers do the two groups sing in unison—in every other number the choruses are notated on separate staves and very often sing music of a definite dialogic or antiphonal nature. More important, however, is the fact that Picander's entire text is in the form of a dialogue between the Daughter of Zion (an ancient Christian symbol or personification of The Church) and The Faithful. Bach has carefully assigned all the words of the Daughter of Zion to Coro I, *whether they be arias, recitatives, or choruses; this includes all of the Biblical-speaking characters except the two false witnesses. All of the words of The Faithful are then assigned to* Coro II. *Thus, a spatial separation of the two groups is a musical and dramatic necessity, and must have been very important to Bach for him to go to all the trouble of assembling so many performers. And it is this dialogic aspect of the work that the Concentus Musicus brings out for the first time so dramatically and effectively.*

One further point: the idea of writing for several choirs and orchestras placed in widely separated areas in the church was not limited to Venice but was a very popular concept throughout Europe, especially in the generations before Bach. Spitta describes several specific performances by Bach's predecessor, Johann Kuhnau, and others in which three and four choirs were stationed at different places in the church. We can only hope that in his thirty-two years as a church musician Mr. Strippy has avoided the music of Bach, for he seems to have a limited understanding of Bach's intentions, to say nothing of the irrefutable facts.

Fan Letter

I have been reading HIGH FIDELITY for just over a year now, and I think it contains some of the most intelligent musical criticism to be found in any publication of its kind. A great part of my enthusiasm is due to the superb contributions by David Hamilton who is the most knowledgeable music critic I have encountered.

His real understanding of vocal technique and quality is an extremely rare commodity in any critic today, and constitutes, to my mind, one of HIGH FIDELITY's strongest assets. In fact, his feature review of the Verdi Requiem [November 1970]—which was very perceptive in *all* aspects of the performance—prompted my subscription. It is also gratifying to see that he writes with equal authority about music of the twentieth century. The recent feature on *Pierrot Lunaire* was superb—even compelling.

Certainly, I do not think that your other reviewers suffer by comparison: the entire staff is good with more excellent contributions from Peter G. Davis, George Movshon—well, I needn't tell *you*. Keep up the good work. Please!

Dennis Chiapello
San Francisco, Calif.

Philips Imports

Philips' move to replace their records with improved pressings is all well and good—but where does this leave the collector who has spent a small fortune for the earlier, flawed discs? To say nothing of all those trips back and forth to the record store to exchange one defective Philips record for another. Now I'm stuck with a plethora of unplayable discs while the same excellent performances are now offered with sound and surfaces to match. All I have to do is buy them all over again.

The least Philips could do is to offer some sort of trade-in, new for old, with perhaps a small service charge for the exchange (I've already inquired—no deal). London Records once graciously allowed me to exchange my copy of *Rheingold* for a later, reprocessed version.

In short, Philips' reissues are great for their future customers and anyone else able to afford a second purchase. The rest of us can

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only lament what we might have had if Philips had done things right in the first place.

J. M. Johnston
Silver Spring, Md.

1944 Pastoral Was Taped

I'm afraid I've caught David Hamilton in a slip. The 1944 Furtwängler *Pastoral* (Turnabout TV 4408, reviewed in the August 1971 issue) is not from a broadcast or a live performance at all. The Germans were not using 78-rpm discs for such transcriptions by 1944; they were using tape. Furthermore, not only is there no audience noise at all in the recording, but one can hear in several places how slackening tempos herald the end of a record side (made even easier to detect by the engineer's crude splices in several places). No, this was a studio recording, made for commercial purposes but never issued—a fact which Vox kindly confirmed for me. The source was test pressings in the possession of Frau Furtwängler.

I disagree with Mr. Hamilton about the performance, too, but that's another story altogether.

Leslie Gerber
Phoenicia, N.Y.

Mr. Hamilton replies: Mr. Gerber is undoubtedly correct about the source of the recording, which is not included in the otherwise authoritative Furtwängler discography compiled by Henning Olsen and published by the Danish Nationaldiskoteket. In fact, somewhere in my correspondence with Mr. Olsen, the latter mentioned having heard rumors of such test pressings, and I should have put two and two together. Perhaps those ritards at the side breaks are responsible for the discomfort I expressed about tempo articulations in the performance!

Derailed

In his review of Arthur Fiedler's new album "Encore!" [September 1971], R. D. Darrell notes that the Maestro livens up the recording with several numbers, including *Do You Know the Way to Santa Fe?*

I'm sure that Maestro Fiedler knows the way to Santa Fe, and to any one of the hundreds of cities throughout the world in which he has performed; but the composer of the song, Burt Bacharach, was inquiring about the direction to San Jose and not Santa Fe.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has a particular interest in this Richard Hayman arrangement of the tune, for Maestro Fiedler had it specially arranged for a series of pops concerts we performed in San Jose a couple of seasons ago.

Although San Jose is among America's fastest growing cities, Santa Fe is not without its charms, including its excellent opera company. Perhaps Mr. Bacharach can be encouraged to write a song about Santa Fe, and if he does, I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that Maestro Fiedler had recorded it.

William Bernell
Production Manager,
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
San Francisco, Calif.

Here's to Zide

Hats off to Larry Zide and his excellent article in the August 1971 issue ["Tape Up to Date"]. As an experimenter who has no knowledge of electronics, I found that Mr. Zide helped clarify many things that had previously caused me problems.

In an age where rhetoric often takes the place of good writing, this article certainly provided an oasis.

Thomas Coane
Wallingford, Conn.

Mravinsky on Melodiya

In Royal S. Brown's review of the Melodiya/Angel recording of the Shostakovich Twelfth Symphony that appeared in the August 1971 issue, there is the statement, "Melodiya should really give us additional Mravinsky performances of comparable quality, for he is surely one of Russia's most gifted conductors."

I have just returned from a visit to Moscow, the purpose of which was to investigate the most recent recordings made by Melodiya, and at long last learned the real reasons for the sparseness of Mravinsky recordings in the Melodiya catalogue. It seems that this conductor is basically unsympathetic to the recording process. Mr. Mravinsky feels that the musical experience offered on the average phonograph record lacks the vitality and truth of a live performance. Even in the few recordings made by him that have been issued, Mr. Mravinsky has felt that the end results were not a true reflection of his art. Despite the efforts of Melodiya personnel over several years to persuade the conductor to take a different attitude, Mr. Mravinsky's position remained unchanged. There was only one

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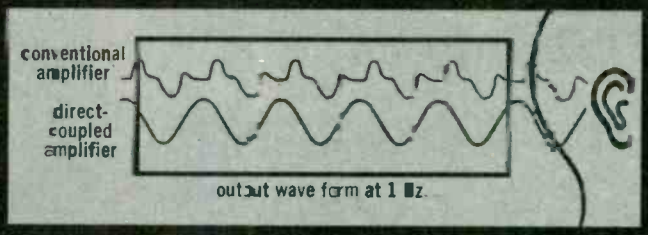

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course of action possible for Melodiya to follow and recently Melodiya took that action.

The Leningrad Orchestra under Mr. Mravinsky appeared in Moscow this past spring for a series of concerts and the Melodiya engineers recorded every concert in its entirety. It now appears that there will be enough approved material to permit the issuance of at least three LPs and perhaps as many as five.

It is not possible for me at this moment to give definite information as to which titles will be issued in the United States. The most difficult problem will be to find couplings that will make sense to American record buyers. But there will be more recordings of the Leningrad Orchestra under Mr. Mravinsky available on the Melodiya/Angel label within the next twelve months.

We would appreciate hearing from your readers as to their thoughts on the desirability of live-performance recordings. I can assure you that the tapes I heard in Moscow were quite extraordinary.

Robert E. Myers
General Manager,
Angel Records
Los Angeles, Calif.

Schwarzkopf and Svengali

I recall a great response when someone once wanted to know what music was sung in the wartime Universal remake of *Phantom of the Opera*. Well, I have another one that is driving me crazy. The other night I sat through a remake of *Trilby*, known as *Svengali*. As a picture it was rather discouraging, but it did have one great surprise: the voice of Trilby was really that of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf! Not much was done with that lovely sound, but enough to leave me going mad trying to identify one piece.

Actually, there was just one vocal montage—it began with Schubert's *Ave Maria*, melted into Brahms's *Lullaby* then burst out into a superromantic display by Schwarzkopf, complete with chorus and orchestra. It sounds familiar and I think at some point or other I've heard it before, but after listening to various pieces from my very extensive record collection, and wracking my brain trying to think what it could be, I'm no further ahead. Is it Strauss? Weber? It ought to be something written prior to about 1900, the period of the picture, but I have to find out. Everyone I know who ever saw the picture is equally ignorant. Can anyone help?

John J. Jantz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Consumer Speaks

In reference to Mr. Rimer's plea for a "consumer suggestions" service in the May 1971 "Letters" column—hear, hear! Far be it from me to tell the record companies what to do, but like everyone else I have my own pipe dreams and it's frustrating not to be able to carry them through. Here are my suggestions.

First, a complete professional stereo recording of *Porgy and Bess*. This is an opera with immense commercial appeal—everybody likes Gershwin—but the public has been forced to limp along with a cut, fake stereo version.

Second, competently performed excerpts from the following operas: *Der ferne Klang*, *Mona*, *The King's Henchman*, *Merry Mount*,

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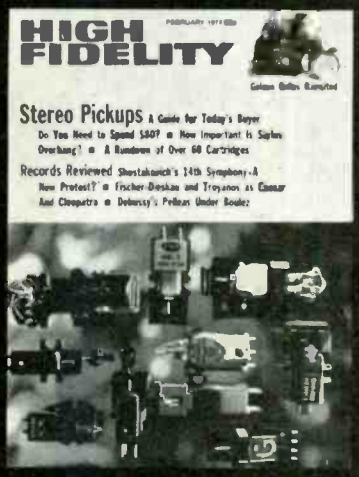
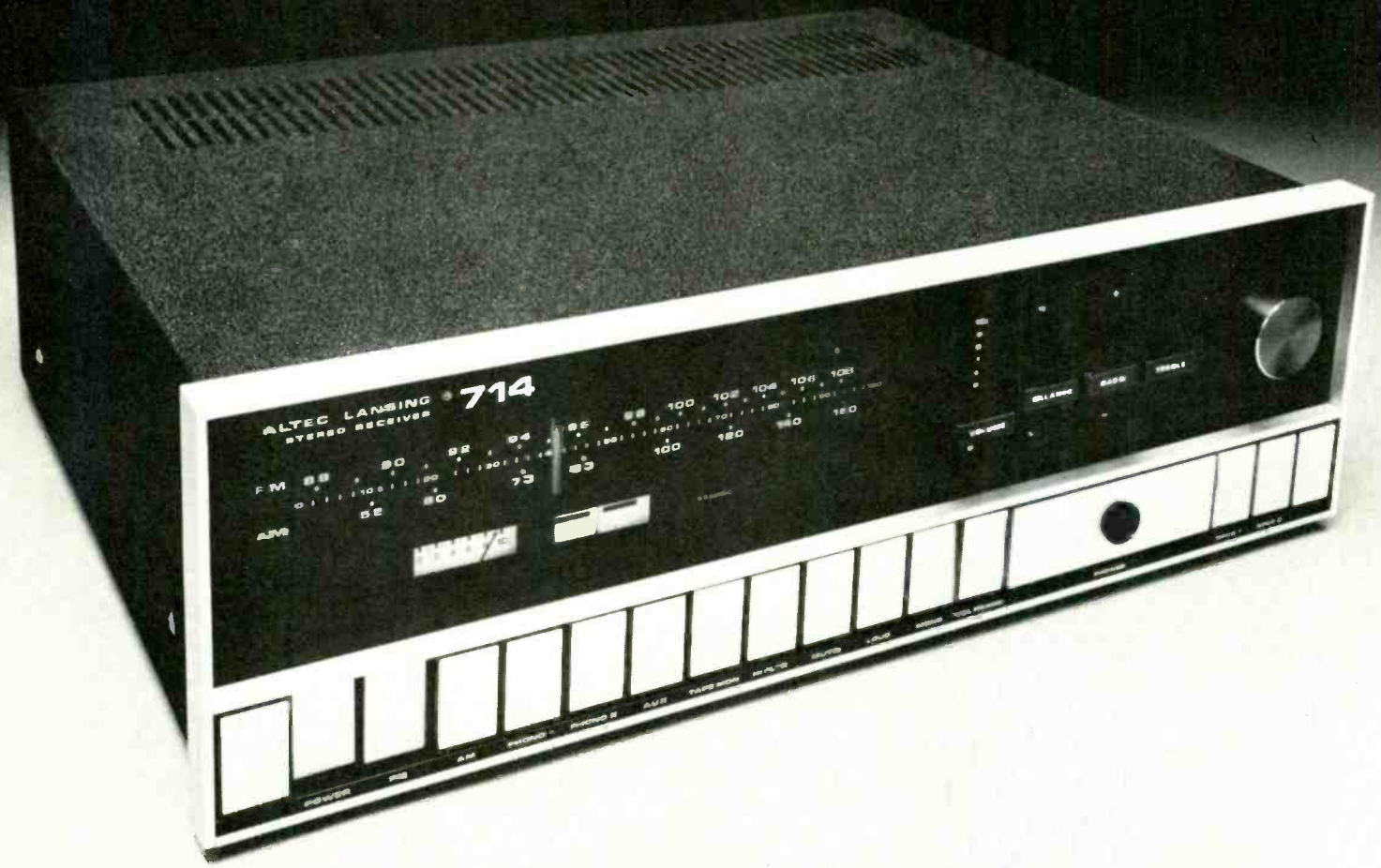


In February, HIGH FIDELITY magazine printed a detailed two-page test report (by CBS Laboratories) on the Altec 714A stereo receiver. The wrap-up comment read as follows: "All told, the 714A is one beautiful piece of audio machinery that should be given a long serious look by anyone in the market for a new high-quality stereo receiver". And in January STEREO REVIEW'S equipment test report (by Hirsch-Houck Laboratories) stated, "In its general performance and listening quality, it is comparable to the best we have tested .."



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Montezuma, A Village Romeo and Juliet, Sadko, and *Russlan and Ludmila.*

Third, a good recording of any of Schubert's operas—any at all! Lyrichord's *Häusliche Krieg* simply won't fill the bill. In an age where people go bananas over the discovery of one Schubert fantasia, this famine of Schubert operas is insanity.

I have neglected to include *Moses und Aron* because I assume that Robert Craft is already gathering up the considerable forces necessary and will soon be busily recording it. *He'd better be!*

Gary Ralph
Norman, Okla.

Sorry, Mr. Craft has no immediate plans to record Moses und Aron. *Are there any other takers?*

Death of a Record Club

Several years ago, responding to advertising which appeared in your magazine and others I joined UniClub's mail-order service. At first orders were filled quite promptly. But during the last year I couldn't even get them to reply to my letters.

Because of their failure to ship records ordered or to make a refund, I suspected that perhaps they were out of business. Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz has confirmed this. His office was also successful in getting me a check to cover a credit balance due.

It occurred to me that others have perhaps been put in the same position. The Attorney General's office says that while the firm is no longer operating they do have an account open for refunds. But from my experience they will have to enlist the support of the Consumer Frauds and Protection Bureau to get action. This Bureau is located at 80 Centre Street, New York, N. Y. 10013. Communications should be addressed to the Hon. Louis J. Lefkowitz, Attorney General, attention of the Bureau, if you can't get action by writing UniClub.

I realize that you cannot guarantee performance by your advertisers, but it does seem that your readers should be advised of the demise of this record club which was so extensively advertised in your pages.

Russell Selkirk
The Assembly,
State of New York
Albany, N.Y.

The Walter Syndrome

Musical criticism is a sufficiently inexact process without a record review stooping to gratuitous insults. I refer to Harris Goldsmith's review [January 1971] of Giulini's performance of the Brahms Fourth Symphony, in which he states that, "the opening movement suffers to a degree from the Bruno Walter Syndrome." For those of us who were exalted in live performances and on records by Walter's Brahms (and other) performances, this use of a disease metaphor points to a pitiful lack of feeling for warmth and expressiveness.

Walter's performances display scrupulous attention to the dynamic and phrasing markings of the composer. He was reputed to have studied the scores for six months prior to recording them. By following generally moderate tempos, and utilizing touches of rubato, Walter added a degree of intensity, subtlety, and varied expressiveness which some of us find lacking in many other conductors. Besides, if Giulini utilizes Bruno Walter as his model, he would be following the example of one of the most historically important and beloved conductors.

Rolland S. Parker, Ph.D.
Consulting Clinical Psychologist
New York, N.Y.

Mitropoulos Reissues

It has been gratifying lately to see various record companies reissuing vast numbers of recordings by dead or nonactive artists such as Schnabel, De Sabata, etc. But from all these names, I find one conspicuously absent: Dimitri Mitropoulos. At the moment there are only a handful of discs available by this sometimes erratic but often very inspired conductor. Surely Columbia could see fit to reissue more of his records. I am thinking in particular of such discs as the Shostakovich Third and Fifth Symphonies, the Borodin Second Symphony, the Beethoven *Emperor* with Casadesus, and the tremendous performance of *Wozzeck.*

Certainly Mitropoulos deserves more prominence in Schwann than he now receives.

John D. Richmond
Dallas, Texas

Second Thoughts

In your August 1971 issue you have a review (if it can be called that) of "The Compleat Tom Paxton," which constitutes a complete disservice to your readers. This album, which unquestionably contains the finest songs of this gifted composer-singer, was dismissed by your John Gabree with a wave of his apparently prejudiced hand. I grant any reviewer his personal opinion, since that is what music and life are all about, but why not assign someone more favorably disposed to the talents of Mr. Paxton? The album deserves a review, something it did not get in your current issue. In fact, I question whether Mr. Gabree ever listened to the album. I think he prejudged with preconceived notions, and until I am told otherwise, I shall look forward to a review of the album in a forthcoming issue.

Eugene D. Kline
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sorry, we are not able to tell you that you do not *think Mr. Gabree "prejudged with preconceived notions." However, we are not planning to publish a second review of "The Compleat Tom Paxton."*

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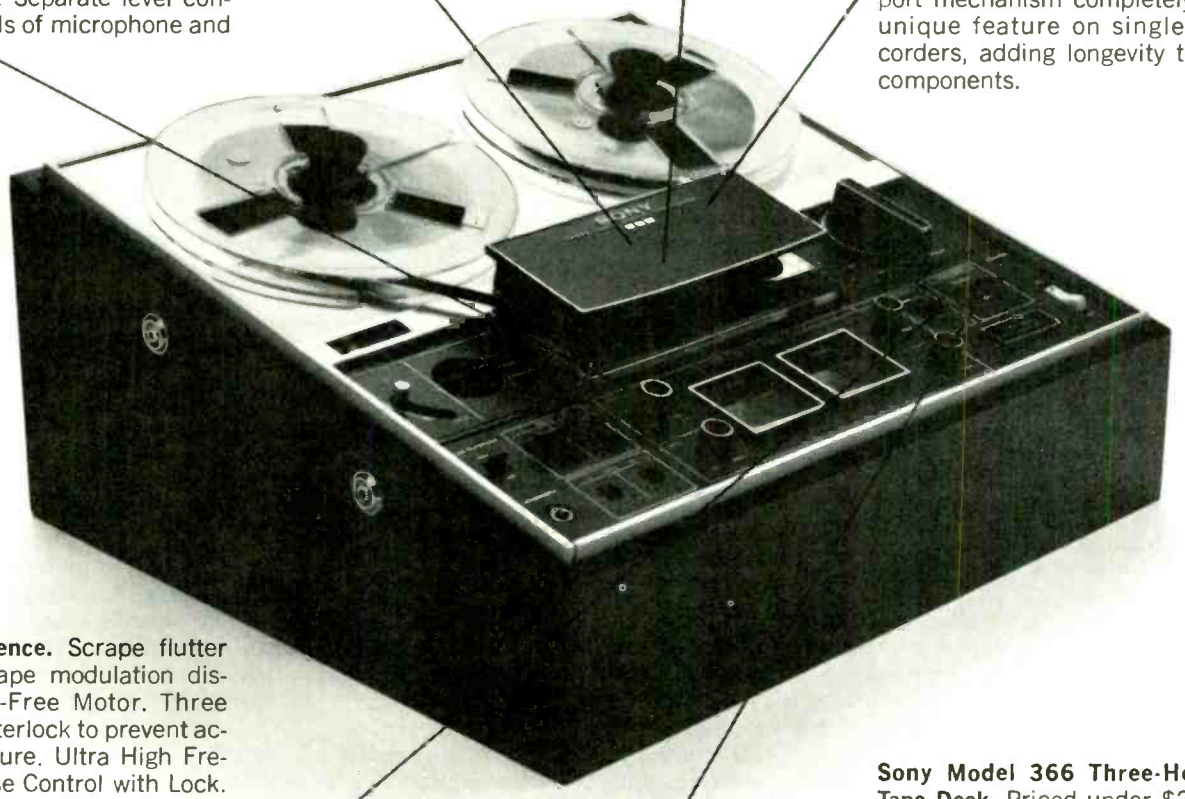

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VIENNA

The Chicago Symphony In Vienna

At the tolling of noon on August 30, in the shabby Sofiensaal building south of the Danube Canal, Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra began to record Mahler's Eighth Symphony as a prelude to the players' first European tour in an eighty-year history. Four days later, with fourteen hours of music on tape, the project was wrapped up—except to add the organ part, played by Mary Sauer on Bruckner's own instrument no less, at St. Florianskirche in Linz (taped between the orchestra's concerts in Edinburgh and Brussels).

Solti initiated his integral edition of the nine completed Mahler symphonies a decade ago in Amsterdam with a Fourth he has agreed to let stand—without apology if not without interpretative afterthoughts. Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 9 were made in London during his regime at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Numbers 5, 6, and 7 are contemporary products of a Chicago tenure that began in November 1969.

The supreme challenge of the Eighth, however, in the matter of performing numbers and technical complexity, he and Decca/London saved for last. These sessions in Vienna followed concert performances last May in Chicago's Civic Opera House, which served to prepare the orchestra; the choral portions were sung on that occasion by the finely honed Symphony Chorus that Margaret Hillis founded (at Fritz Reiner's invitation) in 1957.

In the wake of this long-planned Vienna recording of No. 8, it was lamented by several on the staff that Krannert Center in downstate Illinois had not been discovered sooner by London's scouts, who despaired a year ago of ever finding a sonically suitable site in the Chicago area. Otherwise the Eighth might conceivably have been done in the States, although surely at costs vastly greater. Not only an augmented orchestra but hundreds of singing adults and children would have had to be transported 150 miles to Urbana, housed for four days, and paid American chorus scale.

The soloists, too, would have encountered transatlantic commuting problems—sopranos Heather Harper, Lucia Popp, and Arleen Auger; mezzo Yvonne Minton; contralto Helen Watts; tenor René Kollo (unexpectedly free on short notice as a replacement for Robert Tear, although he knew not a note or word of the music one week prior to the actual recording); baritone John Shirley-Quirk; and bass Martti Talvela. With Vienna as the recording site, however, all were within easy traveling distance of their divers summer festival engagements.

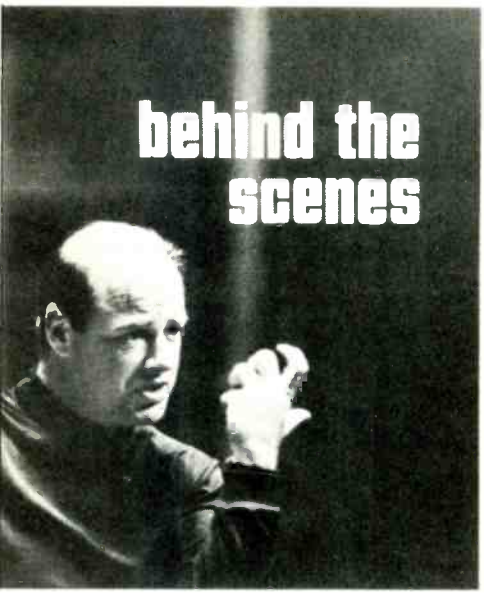
The success of these four major sessions in the main salon of the Sofiensaal stemmed from Solti's organizational genius and on-call inspiration, expedited by a recording team (Gordon Parry, David Harvey, et al.) with whom he has worked productively for many years to win all those Grand Prix du Disque awards.

From an Italian holiday, Solti arrived on Saturday prior to the first session and immediately began rehearsing solo singers and the choruses. Seventy-five of the Vienna Choir Boys were primed in advance and furthermore maintained impeccable discipline during actual working sessions. However, 270 members of the State Opera chorus and Singverein arrived for rehearsals somewhat casually prepared and seeming not to care that much if an attacca here, a note value there, pitch elsewhere, or merely approximate dynamics missed the Mahlerian target. If *Schlamperei* is a strong word, the Viennese did after all coin it.

By the time Solti had finished drilling them—not only before but during the sessions—the choruses were summoning gorgeous congregational sound edged with fervor. Solti, ever the canny psychologist, started recording within the second part only those portions for soloists and orchestra at the opening session. When next day the choruses took their station on risers behind the orchestra (with the soloists interposed, in back of transparent plexiglass screens), Solti moved into the finale by unleashing a brass ensemble whose tonal brilliance and power, invariable precision, and storied nuances altogether astonished the choristers.

"Never like zis do ve hear blasen in Wien!" a senior spokesman volunteered. Working in long takes, Solti used his second and third taping sessions to complete the *Faust* movement. His fourth and final session took on all of *Veni, creator spiritus* but the forces were still dismissed ahead of schedule. Off-stage fanfares were recorded quickly—using auxiliary brass that the Chicago Symphony carried to Vienna on its charter flight—in a smaller Sofiensaal chamber, at the tag end of a rehearsal for the regular orchestra's September 4 debut in Edinburgh.

Decca/London had rigged in advance of this entire project a complex of thirty-eight microphones for the Eighth: seventeen for soloists and chorus, twenty-one for orchestra. A separate team simultaneously taped a quad-stereo version in their own specially set up studio, regretful only that the chorus could not have been divided, half at each end of the hall with the orchestra in between. But Solti ve-



toed a *divisi*; perhaps with his Chicago chorus such a deployment might have been risked, but not in Vienna at this time—and not with an American orchestra of 115 players recording at American scale on a tight schedule.

It remains only to be said that, widespread fiction to the contrary, Chicago was not the first U.S. orchestra to record in Europe. In 1956 with the late Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Columbia recorded a Beethoven *Emperor* Concerto by the New York Philharmonic Symphony and pianist Robert Casadesus in Paris. Also, a Cleveland Orchestra quorum is reported to have recorded Mozart in London for CBS. But Chicago has been the first American orchestra to record in Central Europe, and furthermore a work on as vast a scale as Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand*: well —465, not counting soloists, who proved to be sufficiently sonorous and adept for recorded posterity. ROGER DETTMER

AMSTERDAM

The Concertgebouw in Amsterdam

Everyone was so calm it was hard to appreciate that this was a historic occasion at all. Philips flew us in—a small party from all over Western Europe—for the seventh of eight sessions devoted to Mahler's Eighth Symphony, the culmination of Haitink's Mahler cycle with the Concertgebouw. Apologizing because only about 500 of the 600-plus performers were present that night, Philips officials explained that their schedule worked on a "dwindling" plan, gradually dismissing more and more performers, soloists, choristers, and extra brass as work proceeded. The final session, the eighth, after we had left, was to be a brief epilogue for the orchestra alone, filling in one or two purely instrumental gaps.

Dutch phlegm was at first disconcerting. Bernard Haitink appeared, and with the quiet patience of a schoolmaster rehearsed choirs and orchestra in some of the central hinterlands of the second movement, the setting of the concluding scene of Goethe's *Faust*. The choirs were obedient, but on the face of it unenthusiastic. The playing was lackluster. But against all appearances Haitink was getting the results he wanted. It was a full forty-five minutes before a note was recorded, and then the take was monumentally long, a full twenty minutes. The difference in tension was electrifying. When he was given the green-light, Haitink launched his forces with the concentration demanded by a live performance. Unmistakably, one now knew that this was to be a performance ripe for the recorded annals after all.

Haitink explained afterwards that his easygoing attitude at the start had been deliberate, if only because performers cannot be kept at their peak for a sustained three hours of recording. Like so many other recording artists these days, he prefers the long take. With his regular recording manager, Jaap van Ginneken (his Philips colleague for the last fifteen years), he often has a double-length arrangement for takes. The first aim will be to record a take of moderate length, and then if things are going particularly well Haitink has the option of running straight on, allowing a pause of a couple of seconds if necessary.

The relationship between Haitink and Van Ginneken is one of complete rapport, yet curiously, when they address each other in Dutch they still use the second person plural—a touch of formality also reflected by Van Ginneken in his well-tailored formal suit. He wears it throughout, without apparent thought for lapsing into shirt sleeves. The older players in the orchestra too refuse to take off their jackets, though on this particular weekend of recording the hall was like a Turkish bath (to a Britisher at least). Haitink himself has to change up to three times per session. For all his economy of gesture he gets very sticky. Yet there he was within five minutes of the last take, cool and immaculate in suit and tie, eager to hear a playback from earlier recording sessions—the first rough edit of the monumental first movement, the *Veni creator spiritus*.

What surprises technicians in Van Ginneken's recording technique at the Concertgebouw is his mode of playback. He listens at a comparatively low volume —far lower than is customary in control rooms—and he uses Quad electrostatic

loudspeakers which he feels have minimum tonal coloration and less critical directional response than most. Equally surprising, he combines the jobs of recording manager and panel engineer. I had expected that in this of all works, when forty-six separate microphones were being used to record many hundreds of performers, he would delegate his knob-twiddling duties to someone else in favor of checking the performance against the score, but not a bit of it. He had one discreet assistant who was allowed very occasionally, and then only on meticulous instructions, to modify a few of the more distant knobs in the biggest tuttis, but otherwise Van Ginneken did everything. It was a virtuoso performance, executed with a quizzical coolness that took one's breath away. People who know him say he was nervous, but I failed to notice a single sign.

The Concertgebouw control room is in a cloakroom under the front facade of the hall. Our tidy Dutch friends apologized for what they regarded as chaos, but by the standards of most control rooms it was a model of orderliness. The surprising thing is that though Philips engineers record in the hall many times a year, often for longish periods, they still bring their equipment specially each time, setting their gear up informally in this out-of-the-way cloakroom. Never has a special control room been set up as DGG recently did at Symphony Hall, Boston. At least in the Concertgebouw the hat-check counter acts as a useful barrier against visitors like ourselves, who are a confounded nuisance to men in the throes of recording. One strange point of the layout is that the tape engineers are relegated to another part of the cloakroom, not quite in sight of the main control panel and more than far enough away for them to need a stereo playback circuit of their own, complete with a duplicate pair of electrostatics. With such competition it is just as well that the playback level is low.

The layout problems in the auditorium itself, even for this most monumental of symphonies, were remarkably few. The orchestra was able to stay in its usual position on the gently stepped stage, and the massive choirs were stretched up behind them, with the two attendant choirs—of young angels and children—pushed up to the side balconies. The only man who seemed to be given undue problems was the second timpanist. The timpani—presumably for reasons of balance—were placed high up by the organ console, which meant that the poor man had to keep dashing up and down the steps between the timpani and his other kitchen instruments.

All these proceedings were spied on from the control room by two closed-circuit television cameras—equipment made not by Philips itself but by Sony, which produces a camera far smaller and more discreet than the Philips model. One camera was trained on the row of soloists. Only three of the soloists were left for our session, and they were dominated by the Doctor Marianus of William Cochran, who impressively clapped both hands over his ears while singing, as though he didn't want to hear (among singers I have heard recording, both Fischer-Dieskau and Pavarotti use a one-hand technique for providing an acoustic cup for the ear, but two is extraordinary). Besides Cochran the other soloists who remained for this seventh session were Ileana Cotrubas and Birgit Finnila. Those who had departed earlier were Heather Harper, Hanneke van Bork, Marianne Dielman, Hermann Prey, and Hans Sotin.

The session finished twenty minutes early. Haitink thanked all his performers for their ardent co-operation. There were three amateur choirs from the Amsterdam area plus two children's choirs (twelve girls among fifty boys), and he particularly thanked the children. After all, he had kept them up very late three nights running. Somehow they looked rather pleased at spinning out their bedtimes in the cause of Mahler.

EDWARD GREENFIELD

NEW YORK

Bernstein's Broadway Mass

"There she goes—Miss America," caroled Leonard Bernstein as a chorus girl strolled across the recording studio. "I never miss that television show—it's always a masterpiece of low comedy." The moment brought a welcome note of comic relief during the tense sessions for Bernstein's new Mass, the controversial premiere offering at the recently completed Washington, D.C. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Although most of the traditional text of the Latin Mass is used in Bernstein's setting, the presence of a full orchestra, rock band, blues band, street chorus, choir, dancing acolytes, singing altar boys, and a hippy celebrant turn this Catholic ritual into an extravaganza as complex and tricky as the latest Jesus-rock Broadway musical. Less than a week after the first performance on September 8, the various on-stage bands and street chorus (each member of which has a solo) had gathered in one of Columbia's New York studios to tape the work (the discs should be in the stores as these words appear). The choir, orchestra, and passages involving the celebrant (Alan Titus) were to be added later at sessions in Washington—obviously involving some troublesome mixing problems for producers John McClure and Richard Killough. Fortunately all three men are long-time colleagues in the studio, and McClure's recent experience at recording rock groups clearly was coming in handy with this multilevel challenge.

The session I attended entailed the tail end of the Credo and the "troped-in" rock song, *I Believe in God, but Does God Believe in Me?* After working on the nervous choral lead-in ("We oil the seas, soil the breeze; Amen! Amen! Amen!"), Bernstein wanted to plunge right into the song without stopping. McClure was doubtful since no balance levels had yet been considered for the combination of soloist, chorus, and three accompanying bands; when consulted, the recording engineer shrugged and opined that a miracle could well result, so the red light went on.

The prophesied miracle did not occur, but Bernstein went over the playback carefully with his producers, pointing out the various elements that he felt should be emphasized. Several further takes improved matters, but the untrained voice of the rock singer was showing signs of strain, especially at "I believe in F sharp, I believe in G. . . . How do you like A flat, Do you believe in C?"—a high C of course. Sounding like a cross between a smooth Bob Dylan and a rough Paul Simon, he reached the double-bar "Who'll believe in me?" with an exhausted, tear-stained break in his voice. Everyone agreed that this "accidental" effect was a heartbreaker, and the take was allowed to stand.

It would be impossible for any visitor to get a full impression of the Mass's scope and vitality from this snippet; in fact, without previous visual exposure to the work, the record listener might find himself a bit bemused by the rapid transitions and juxtapositions of musical elements. There is a central thread—the celebrant's spiritual journey from simple faith to despair and mental collapse—but even this would be difficult to perceive in such a visually conceived theater piece. A full text is promised with the discs though, and this, together with the spatial "staging" of the Mass (Columbia hopes to have a quadraphonic version available in the future), should help the home listener recapture some of the excitement of the live Washington performances.

PETER G. DAVIS

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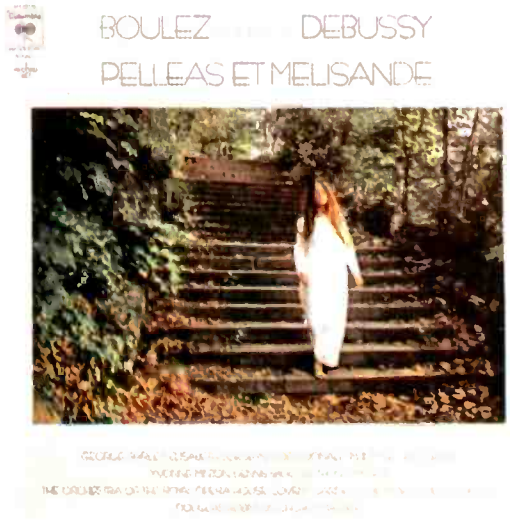
speaking of records

First Prize

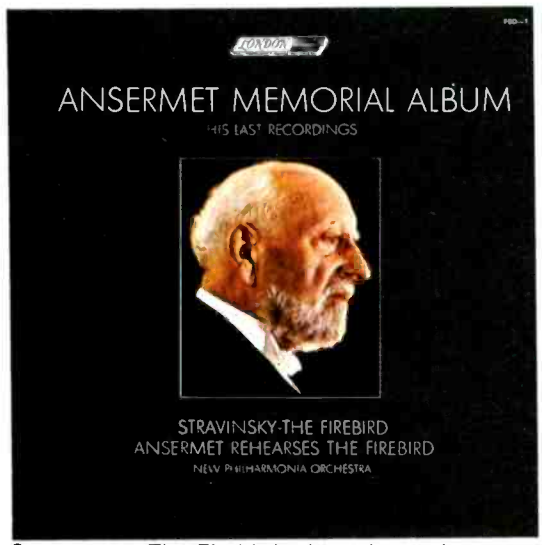
SCHUMANN: Kreisleriana, Op. 16 (Horowitz) Columbia MS 7264.

First Prize



DEBUSSY: Pélleas et Mélisande (Soederstroem, Shirley, Boulez) Columbia M3 301 19 (three discs).

Special Prize



STRAVINSKY: The Firebird, plus rehearsal disc (Ansermet, New Philharmonia) London FBD-S-1 (two discs).

The Best Records of the Year

BACH: St. Matthew Passion. Karl Ridderbusch, Max van Egmond, Paul Esswood, Nikolaus Harnoncourt. Telefunken S 9572/5 (four discs).

BEETHOVEN: Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Piano. David Oistrakh, Mstislav Rostropovich, Sviatoslav Richter, Herbert von Karajan. Angel S 36727.

BEETHOVEN: Fidelio. Helga Dernesch, Jon Vickers, Zoltan Kélémen, Herbert von Karajan. Angel S 3773 (three discs).

BEETHOVEN: Piano Trios (complete). Stern-Rose-Istomin Trio. Columbia M5 30065 (five discs).

BEETHOVEN: Egmont. Pilar Lorengar, Klausjürgen Wussow, George Szell. London CS 6675.

HANDEL: Julius Caesar. Tatiana Troyanos, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Franz Crass, Karl Richter. DGG 2711 009 (four discs).

HAYDN: Symphonies 65-72 (Volume I). Antal Dorati. London Stereo Treasury STS 15135/8 (four discs).

IVES: Three Places in New England. **RUGGLES:** Sun-treader. Michael Tilson Thomas. DGG 2530 048.

JANACEK: Sinfonietta; Taras Bulba. Rafael Kubelik. DGG 2530 075.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 5. Georg Solti. London CSA 2228 (two discs).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 6. Georg Solti. London CSA 2227 (two discs).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 9. Bernard Haitink. Philips 6700 021 (two discs).

MASSENET: Manon. Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, Julius Rudel. ABC ATS 20007 (four discs).

MONTEVERDI/SCARLATTI: Arias. Janet Baker. Odeon 063-02-058.

MOZART: Die Zauberflöte. Pilar Lorengar, Cristina Deutekom, Stuart Burrows, Georg Solti. London OSA 1397 (three discs).

PENDERECKI: The Devils of Loudon. Tatiana Troyanos, Helmut Melchert, Andrzej Hiolski, Marek Janowski. Philips 6700 042 (two discs).

SCARLATTI: 32 Sonatas. Luciano Sgrizzi. Musical Heritage Society MHS 1230/31.

SCHUBERT: Piano Works. Gilbert Schüchter. Tudor 0903/17 (fifteen discs).

SCHUBERT: Piano Works. Wilhelm Kempff. DGG 2530 090 (nine discs).

SCHUBERT: Lieder (Volume II). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. DGG 2720 022 (thirteen discs).

STENHAMMAR: Piano Concerto No. 2. **LISZT:** Totentanz. Janos Solyom, Stig Westerberg. HMV Svenska E 063 34284.

WAGNER: Die Götterdämmerung. Helga Dernesch, Helge Brilioth, Karl Ridderbusch, Herbert von Karajan. DGG 2716 001 (six discs).

Jury

Bengt Pleijel, *Musikrevy*, Sweden, President
Gabriele de Agostini, *La Suisse*, Switzerland
Felix Aprahamian, *Sunday Times* and *The Gramophone*, England
Karl Breh, *Hi-Fi Stereophonie*, Germany
Michel Hofmann, *Diapason*, *O.R.T.F.*, and *Journal musical français*, France
James Lyons, *American Record Guide*, U.S.A.
Leonard Marcus, HIGH FIDELITY, U.S.A.
Laura Padellaro, *Radiocorriere*, Italy
*Felix Schmid, *Der Spiegel*, Germany
G.H.J. Verlinden, *Elsevier Weekblad*, Holland
Edith Walter, *Harmonie*, France

*unable to attend due to illness

Preselection Committee

William Anderson, *Stereo Review*, U.S.A.
John Ardoin, *Dallas Morning News*, U.S.A.
Claude Bandieri, *Le Dauphiné libéré*, France
Luigi Bellingardi, *RAI*, Italy
Jacques Bourgeois, *Elle*, France
Jay Carr, *Detroit News*, U.S.A.
Georges Cherière, *Diapason*, France
Marcel Doisy, *La Revue des disques*, Belgium
Gerold Fierz, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Switzerland
Edward Greenfield, *The Gramophone* and *The Guardian*, England
Ingo Harden, *Fono Forum*, Germany
Roy Hemming, *The Scholastic Magazines*, U.S.A.
Donal Henahan, *New York Times*, U.S.A.
Pierre Hugli, *La Gazette de Lausanne*, Switzerland
Paul Hume, *Washington Post*, U.S.A.
Carl-Heinz Mann, *Hamburger Abendblatt*, Germany
Ornella Zanuso Mauri, *Discoteca*, Italy
Philip Miller, U.S.A.
Louis Nicholas, *Nashville Tennessean*, U.S.A.
Alan Rich, *New York Magazine*, U.S.A.
Donald Steinfirst, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, U.S.A.
Heuwell Tircuit, *San Francisco Chronicle*, U.S.A.
Ivan Vojtech, *Hudebni Rozhledy*, Czechoslovakia
Daniel Webster, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, U.S.A.
Tilden Wells, *Columbus Dispatch*, U.S.A.

Michel Hofmann defends a recording as, from his left, other jurors Edith Walter, Leonard Marcus, Gabriele de Agostini, James Lyons, Bengt Pleijel, secretary-general Nicole Hirsch-Klopfenstein (mostly hidden), jurors Felix Aprahamian, Karl Breh, Laura Padellaro, interpreter Martha Schuricht, and juror G. H. J. Verlinden listen.

JOURNEY TO JUDGMENT

Continued from page 4

most interesting things are happening outside the big cities. You never heard about Santa Fe twenty years ago. We'll be in New York in the fall. Why don't you give me a call?" He told me the name of his New York hotel. "I'd take you for a pizza, but I've got a two-month-old baby, and my wife is expecting me. I married again, you know. How long are you here for?"

"I leave for Sweden tomorrow. Do you ever see Jeannie?," his former sister-in-law and, like Lorin, a fine violinist. "Is she still playing?"

"I saw her about five years ago. She gave up the fiddle for kids and a husband—he's a psychiatrist on the Coast." Even in Germany "the Coast" meant California. "Hope it's not another twenty years," he called as I got out of the car.

His car was stopped at the gate by autograph seekers. For that, wives and babies have always waited.

STOCKHOLM—*Sept. 6.* Arrived at my hotel yesterday to find a note from Bengt. My first visit to Scandinavia and he's off somewhere in Zurich. Well, I'll see him in Montreux. It will be the third time we've been together there as record judges, and I thought we might have traveled together.

Went to the high fidelity show here today. Relatively small—nothing I didn't see in Berlin, of course—but unlike the Berliners, everybody in Stockholm speaks English, and the girls are so beautiful. Tonight I go to the opera at Drottningholm to see *Orpheus and Eurydice*.

Sept. 7. It was *Orfeus och Eurydike*. In Swedish! (Barbro Ericson as Orfeus. An insane actress. But what a voice! Never heard of her before, but I'll have to remember the name. The opera house is a rediscovered eighteenth-century theater. Not restored, mind you, rediscovered. When it was found again in 1921, all that was needed was to replace the ropes that worked the stage machinery. Must have been a marvel of the 1700s too. Last night everybody applauded and giggled with joy whenever the scenery was changed mechanically. The whole production in fact was eighteenth-century, including a *Zinke* instead of a trumpet. Even the ticket-takers and ushers wear white wigs. But it's all done straight—nothing campy. Talk about *No, No, Nanette*.

MONTREUX—*Sept. 8.* Arrived last night just in time to catch the last movement of the *Archduke* by the Beaux Arts Trio in the Casino, opposite the roulette tables. The program identified the group as "*à New York*" but when I met them at an after-concert party, violinist Isadore Cohen assured me that only he lives in New York. Pianist Menahem Pressler lives and teaches in Bloomington, Indiana, and cellist Bernard Greenhouse has his home on Cape Cod, in Wellfleet. By coincidence, I told Greenhouse, just a few weeks earlier I had vacationed with my family there, but I had to come to Switzerland to meet a native Wellfleeter. Greenhouse mentioned that the Beaux Arts was planning to record the Schumann trios.

That single Beethoven movement I had heard really made me regret missing the rest of their concert. Full of fire, and the group's ensemble was as close to perfection as any-

thing I'd ever heard. I guess the other movements were just as good, for I overheard a couple of Prussian musicological types saying as they left the hall that the Beethoven performance was "*besser als*" anything they had ever heard before too. And from such a source, such a compliment to three Americans, touring Europe, playing Beethoven, in an ensemble with a French name, simply had to indicate an extraordinary performance. When Nicole—our secretary-general and a former French music critic—told me that they had also played the best Ravel *she* had ever heard, I swore I would get to concerts on time from now on even if I had to leave my bags unpacked.

Sept. 9. Was late again to a concert last night. Krips and the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. But from what I heard I didn't miss much, although Pierre Fournier played the Schumann Cello Concerto like a dream—if only his tone were bigger. This time I was late because as I arrived at the hotel for dinner I bumped into Jim Lyons—who had just arrived from New York for the judging—and his wife, Paige. Bengt too was in the dining room, with some people I didn't recognize.

"It's the Swedish ambassador," Jim explained. Ah ha! I'd say hello later.

I had spent the afternoon in the listening room. When I arrived there I saw an unfamiliar face. It was Gérard Verlinden of Holland, a first-time judge. Fortunately, he was about to play the Schüchter/Schubert. I soon appreciated his fine reputation because during the very few times I felt something wrong with the performance, *he* made a face. "Quite good, really," he later commented, "but hardly the best record of the year." Exactly.

After he left, I put on *Fidelio.* A strange mixture of the excellent and the ludicrous. Karajan the accompanist is extraordinary, but when the orchestra is alone, as in the overture, the players are not together. Also Jon Vickers' voice is not what it used to be, yet he is so intelligent, so moving in his dramatic projection that his Monologue is a master performance. Yet as in a Charlie Chaplin movie, laughter could follow tears—only here it was unplanned. As Pizzaro is about to stab Florestan, Fidelio reveals herself as the latter's wife and goes to protect him with her body. My tears have often flowed at this point. Yet on the Karajan recording, while the two men are on the right, Fidelio's "*Zurück!*" comes from way over on the left channel—and worse, she stays there during the following altercation. Even Joe Columbo's bodyguards could have done better. I'll probably vote for Ives's *Three Places in New England,* a transcendental work that's clearer in the stereo recording than it is live.

The Krips concert had its beneficial consequences; after it, I was met by Martha Schuricht, the conductor's widow, who serves as the record judges' interpreter. She pointed to the front of the auditorium as the audience filed out. "Look. There's Joseph Szigeti and Nikita Magaloff," the pianist and Szigeti's son-in-law. She didn't mention the man with them: Peter Ustinov.

"So it is," I remarked. "I've been corresponding with him for years, but I've never met him."

"Would you like to?" asked Mme. Schuricht.

Indeed I would like to meet the violinist who has been making recordings since 1908. We went to the foyer. Szigeti is a ramrod-straight man, pushing eighty. He looks like an old prince—too gentle and nonaggressive for a king; indeed he never was a king among violinists, but a prince. In his old age he is even handsomer than he was in his middle years—Paul Henried, I thought; maybe better-looking.

"But we've known each other for a long time," he said as Mme. Schuricht introduced us. "Through letters. Even now we're writing back and forth about the Kreisler stamps. [Readers of our "Letters" column may remember a recent proposal by Szigeti that the Austrian government issue a stamp honoring violinist Fritz Kreisler.] And now I have another Kreisler proposal for you. But a different Kreisler, the one in E.T.A. Hoffmann's *Kreisleriana,* which inspired Schumann's piano piece. I think it's on your preselection list, a recording by Horowitz. Have you read the book?"

"I haven't read the book," I replied, and then joshed, "but I've seen the show."

Szigeti laughed politely. "You mean Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*? It's not the same thing. But this isn't really even Johannes Kreisler, it's Johannes Brahms."

I said I didn't understand.

"Practically nobody knows about it. But you'll have to come to my house tomorrow. I have things I want to show you. I have a pupil at five. Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"Could we make it earlier? I've got meetings tomorrow night."

"How about the morning? Say, ten-thirty."

Magaloff, who along with Ustinov was still standing nearby silently, now interjected, "Oh, you'd never be up in time for that. Better make it eleven-thirty."

We did. As Szigeti wrote down his address and phone number, his hand shook. "I can hardly write these days, my hand is so uncontrollable. I never play any more. My only reward for old age is meeting young people who remember my Beethoven, my Bartók, and who seem to have gotten the message. In Japan I've even become a symbol."

As we departed, Ustinov extended his hand to the Russian Magaloff and in mock formality clicked his heels hard—then in a beautiful bit looked down at his heels in pain. "*Dos v'danya,*" he said. "I only know three words in Russian." Somehow that surprised me. I was also surprised that the multitalented Peter Ustinov really seemed a very shy man.

Sept. 10. Last night we held the elimination contest, our preliminary voting procedure. *Three Places in New England* fell by one vote. Eliminated! Anger and frustration expressed by the member from HIGH FIDELITY. The record had been on more preselection lists [the "Twenty Best" lists submitted by the preselection committee members] than any other one-disc recording. I also pointed out that Ansermet's *Firebird* recording was ineligible, having been released in the United States too early—incredibly, a full year before it was released in Europe. Last year I hadn't chosen it as my "personal" choice—a privilege extended each juror—and of course it did not receive enough nominations then. But who knew that both Ansermet and Stravinsky were to die within the year? In the end I went along with the majority decision to bend the rules and let it stay on the list. After all, what are rules for, as Beethoven probably said at one time or another.

This morning, of course, I went to Szigeti's. The main reason he had invited me, he said, was not the "Kreisler" business, but because he was anticipating his death. Szigeti's house in Clarens, "Le Crépon," contains a treasure of material. He has saved everything from his contacts with other notables, from Edison on, for over half a century. A scholar could spend a lifetime at Le Crépon, and Szigeti was concerned that the material might be ignored after his death. "I just wanted you to see it once. It's very important. I may not be around when you are next here."

I wonder whether he knows that he is up for consideration for next year's *diplôme d'honneur,* which we award each year to someone who has made a significant contribution to the art and science of recordings.

As for the Brahms/Kreisler matter, he said that Brahms was an unschooled, self-educated man. He used to read voraciously, and wrote down all the things he wanted to retain. In this he identified himself with Hoffmann's creation and would sign himself "Johannes Kreisler, Jr." A fascinating story, and Szigeti wanted to write a short piece for us about it. I commissioned it on the spot.

Sept. 11. Ansermet's *Firebird* recording made it! It will have to be a special award, of course. The two "nonspecial"—i.e., eligible—first prizes (we voted to give equal prizes, as we had last year) are both Columbia recordings. It would be embarrassing to any other award-giving body, but we all gloated over this further show of our uncommercial honesty. I'll bet the "Grammy" judges will be green with envy at our independence.

At the wire, the other final contenders were both Beethoven recordings, the Trios and the Triple Concerto, with *Götterdämmerung,* the Mahler Sixth, and Schubert's piano music by Schüchter having just fallen by the wayside.

We voted Szigeti the 1972 *diplôme.* Georg Solti will be arriving here tomorrow to pick up the 1971 award at ceremonies in Chillon Castle.

AMSTERDAM—*Sept. 13.* Flew here with Gérard Verlinden and Jim and Paige Lyons today. I still love this city. The high fidelity show here had some interesting products that I had overlooked in the enormous Berlin show. For instance, there was the new version of the deluxe Revox A-77 tape recorder incorporating Dolby B circuitry, which I had heard about [see October issue, page 56] but not yet heard. Then there was Dual's extensive line. In the U.S. Dual is known for its changers. But here I saw Dual amplifiers, speakers, tape recorders, and multiband tuners and receivers. I understand there are no plans for American distribution.

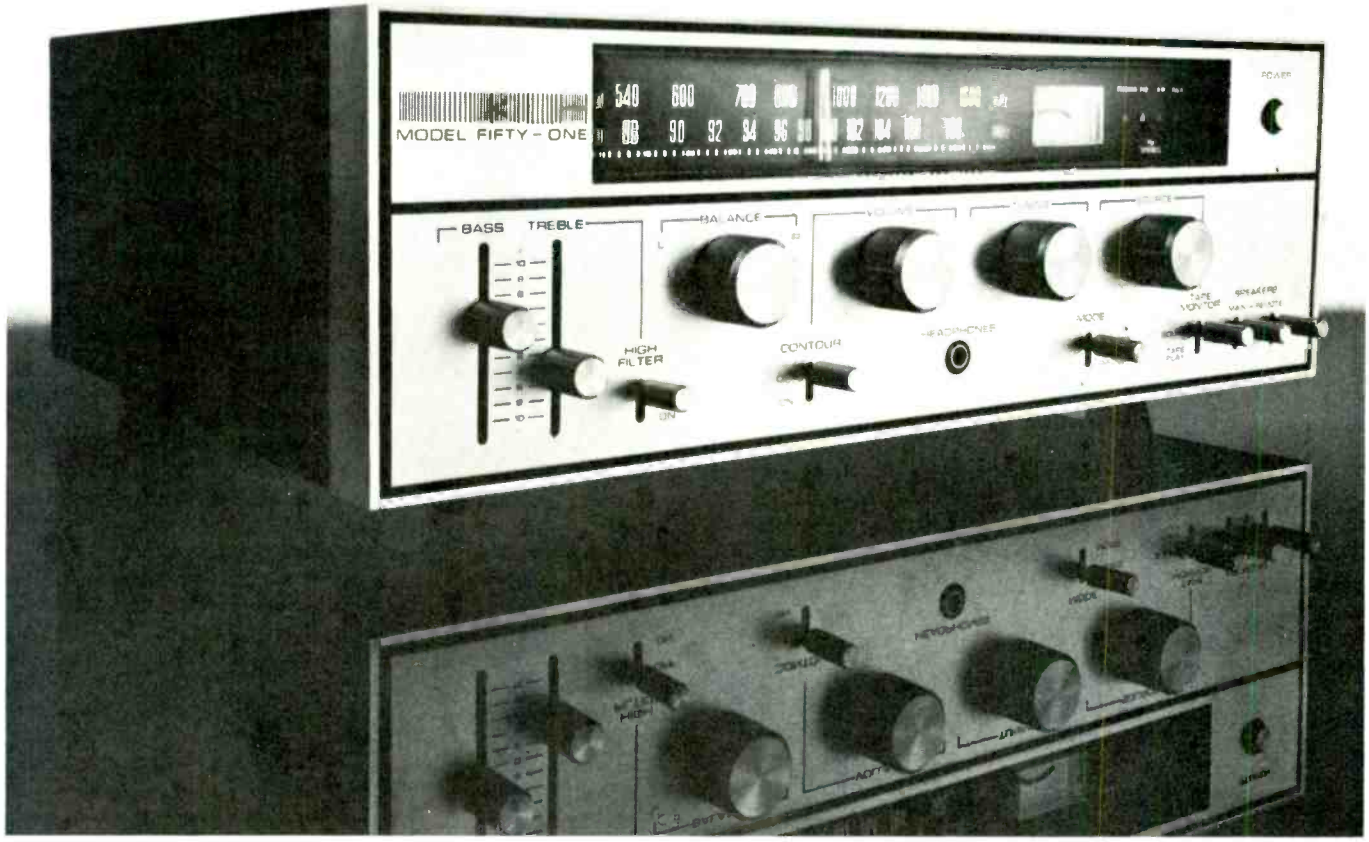
Perhaps the most startling fact about the show in Amsterdam is that there is not a single four-channel demonstration here.

LONDON—*Sept. 15. Dear Mr. Szigeti: Please accept my apologies for not returning the enclosed incredible document to you sooner. It was very gracious of you to lend me this evidence of Bartók's anti-Fascist activity in 1931, and I know I promised to return it the same day, as soon as I had it photocopied after I left your charming house, but I really did not have the time to.* . . . no, that's no good. I'll try again later.

I'd better get over to our offices here. They're on Carnaby Street, in the middle of Soho, where all the action is. I'll certainly find the time before I leave for home on the 18th to write of my London activities. L.M.

For $239.95 we think you deserve something more than just another stereo receiver.

KLH introduces something more.



Most stereo receivers that cost between $200 and $250 don't sound half bad. Some even look kind of nice, if not exactly sexy. And they usually work more times than not. Perhaps they can best be described as predictably adequate.

To us, that doesn't sound too thrilling.

We figure a couple of hundred dollars or so entitles you to something more. Something like our new Model Fifty-One AM/FM Stereo Receiver. For one thing, it has big dependable power; it'll drive loudspeakers that leave lesser instruments gasping. It looks more expensive than similarly priced stereo receivers. And it *feels* more expensive too. Each knob, switch and sliding control gives you a real sense of authority. Stations literally lock in when you turn the dial. The controls are crisp and flawless. No mushiness here. Also, *both* the AM and FM sections will pull in stations you didn't even know were on the dial. But most important, the Fifty-One has the overall quality that most people expect from KLH. And you get it all for just $239.95† (including walnut-grain enclosure).

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For more information on the Model Fifty-One, write to KLH Research and Development, 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Or visit your KLH dealer.

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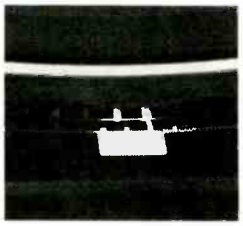
Now we've improved it.

Announcing... the 50H II

The original ELAC/Miracord 50H hasn't just proved itself. It's proved to be a classic.

So we've improved it. With the new 50H II.

We gave it new flexibility in speed control. Not just by letting you adjust your records' speed and pitch by 6% (a semitone), but also by building in an illuminated stroboscopic speed indicator that lets you return to absolute pitch accuracy at will. Because without that stroboscope, a pitch control would have you listening more often at the wrong speed than at the right one.



And we improved the rack-and-pinion counter-weight adjusting system to make it even more convenient and easy to adjust.

But when we added these improvements, we kept everything else that had made a classic of the original 50H:

The Papst hysteresis-synchronous/motor, proved in thousands of 50H's—and in more thousands of professional studio tape recorders around the world. Because hysteresis motors keep their speed up even when the power goes down (in brownouts, for instance).

The metal cam that holds its precision, unchanged, through thousands of hours of play.

And the leadscrew tracking-overhang adjustment, still the simplest and easiest in the field.

The 50H II is priced at $199.50.

And for those who still cherish it, the original 50H is still available at $175.

Another quality product from Benjamin.

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BENJAMIN
ELAC

CIRCLE 14 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

too hot to handle

Consider me a dissatisfied consumer. For a long time the Dual 1219 has been advertised in all the audio magazines. Why should a unit that, we're told, has so many good things to offer go on the blink? Like many other military men I have to do a lot of traveling, and I and my Dual 1219 have gone through a lot of moves. But the unit's changing mechanism is at fault. The turntable won't stop rotating and the change cycle engages constantly. How many complaints do you get about this unit? For the record, I also own a Garrard SL-95B and have encountered no problems of this type with it. How can I get the Dual to work the way it should?—SP4 Daniel La Rossa, Jr., APO New York.

Your complaint about the 1219 is the first of its kind we've ever received. We can't rule out the possibility of a manufacturing defect, of course, though if it behaved as you described when you first bought it we don't understand why you didn't have it repaired under the warranty provisions. And repair is the obvious course of action now. None of the finer changers—including the SL-95B—is made for traveling, however. In other words, we're struck not by the Dual's failure, but by the Garrard's continued operation after "a lot of moves." Perhaps the military is more considerate of one's personal effects than the civilian carriers tend to be, but we can't imagine traveling with anything as delicately crafted as a record changer and not encountering a malfunction sooner or later.

I'm surprised to find that the low-frequency response curves for the KLH Thirty-Three [August 1970], Dynaco A-50 [May 1971], ADC 450 [April 1971], and Wharfedale W80A [June 1971] are nearly identical. All these speaker systems begin to roll off at about 80 Hz and are down 6 dB at 50 Hz. Do you think the similarity could be a property of the CBS Labs test room or do the loudspeakers in question really have identical frequency-response characteristics? I would not expect all those manufacturers to embrace the same design philosophy, given large price differentials.—Charlie Cooper, Baltimore, Md.

What you're apparently being misled by is typical woofer roll-off in a typical enclosure. Even in this part of the range the four speakers do not behave identically (compare the distortion data for example), and there are important differences elsewhere in the curves. Furthermore, you've omitted mention of some speakers that are strikingly different in the bass end. If you'll unrivet your attention from that corner of the lab data and read the text as well as the numbers, you'll find all the evidence you want of differing design philosophy and response characteristics.

In your August issue's equipment reviews the Velvettouch Record Cleaner was judged inferior to the Watts Dust Bug because its cylinder does not rotate, among other things. But the cylinder on my Dust Bug has never turned at all; the cylinder can only be turned by hand. Does my Dust Bug have a bug?—James C. Patrick, Atlanta, Ga.

Not at all. It can be turned by hand when one area gets gummed up. The Velvettouch can't. We didn't say that the Dust Bug's cylinder will rotate all by itself, and our samples don't either.

I had been looking for High Fidelity's report on the Teac A-24 cassette deck for some time before it appeared in the September issue. You called it "a first-generation cassette model" from Teac. It is in fact second-generation, the A-20 having been the first. Your review generally agreed with those that had appeared earlier, but I was surprised at the flat record/playback response curve that resulted from your tests. All previous reports show a consistent rise in response from about 2 kHz to about 9 kHz. One curve in particular went up to about +9 dB at 9 kHz with TDK type SD tape. What's going on?—Robert L. Boutilier, Midwest City, Okla.

Maybe the term "first generation" is something of an oversimplification in the light of all the changes Teac has made since its first prototypes of a few years ago. We put it that way since all the decks through the current A-23/A-24/A-25 series have been similar in appearance and basic design approach. The 350 is the true second generation to our mind since it represents an obvious redesign (to say nothing of the added Dolby circuitry). But the A-24 went through several stages before it reached its present, apparently final, form. Since we don't like to review products that will be changed by the time our readers can buy them, we postponed our review until we could test that final form. One sample was returned on the verge of testing because of a bias change to standardize on tapes like TDK SD, for example. We don't know which reviews you have read, but it sounds as though you've seen one on an interim unit, biased for standard tape, that had been tested with SD tape.

Can you help me? I own an Acoustech I amplifier and an Acoustech II preamplifier. Both are in need of repair. My repair man says he has written to Acoustech in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but that they will not reply to him. What can I do?—Carlos Rohl, Caracas, Venezuela.

Koss Electronics, Inc. (4129 N. Port Washington Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53208) bought out the company and has since discontinued the Acoustech electronics line. But if you write to them they may be able to supply the repair man with the schematics or parts he needs.

In your October article on the new products you mention a turntable with straight-line tracking and wireless (RF) signal transmission from the cartridge. An English company introduced an arm with wireless, mercury-contact connections some years ago. It seems that there is some objection to the usual wire connections. What is it? —Eli Sammett, Flushing, N.Y.

If wires could be made with no stiffness whatever, there would be none. But since they can't, they impose a certain amount of drag on the arm. As a study of the bearing-friction figures in our test reports will show, this drag is negligible on any good modern turntable; but it is not nonexistent. Sound Systems International has sought to eliminate it altogether with the wireless design. Hairsplitting?

It seems odd that so many new "American-made products" are hard to find now that we're talking about currency adjustment and a more favorable balance of trade with Japan. One I've been waiting for particularly is the new Dyna tuner. Could it be that some of these products are actually made on the q.t. overseas?—Donald Rich, Green Bay, Wis.

Our information is that last-minute design modifications have held up the tuner. But a great many products have been delayed by the West Coast dock strike—not because the units themselves are made in Japan but because certain parts come from the Orient.

Santa's Favorite Hang Up

Turn on to AKAI for Christmas—with a complete new line of audio and video equipment *you'll* get hung up on.

You'll find over 20 superbly engineered tape decks and recorders—highlighted by AKAI's GX-365D stereo tape deck with the exclusive AKAI glass and crystal ferrite head . . . dust and wear-free—lifetime guaranteed.

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To get all the inside information on the complete line of Koss Stereophones, write for our free full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm, Dept. HF-3.

Or, if you just want to get outside, go to your favorite Stereo Dealer or Department Store. There you can learn how to live and let live . . . from $19.95 to $150. Then go home and face the music.

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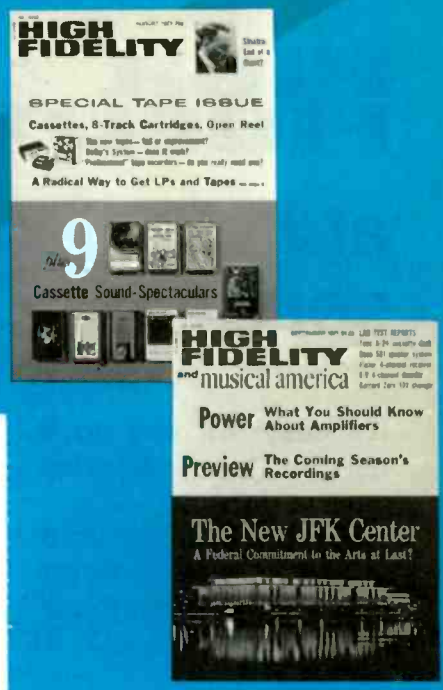

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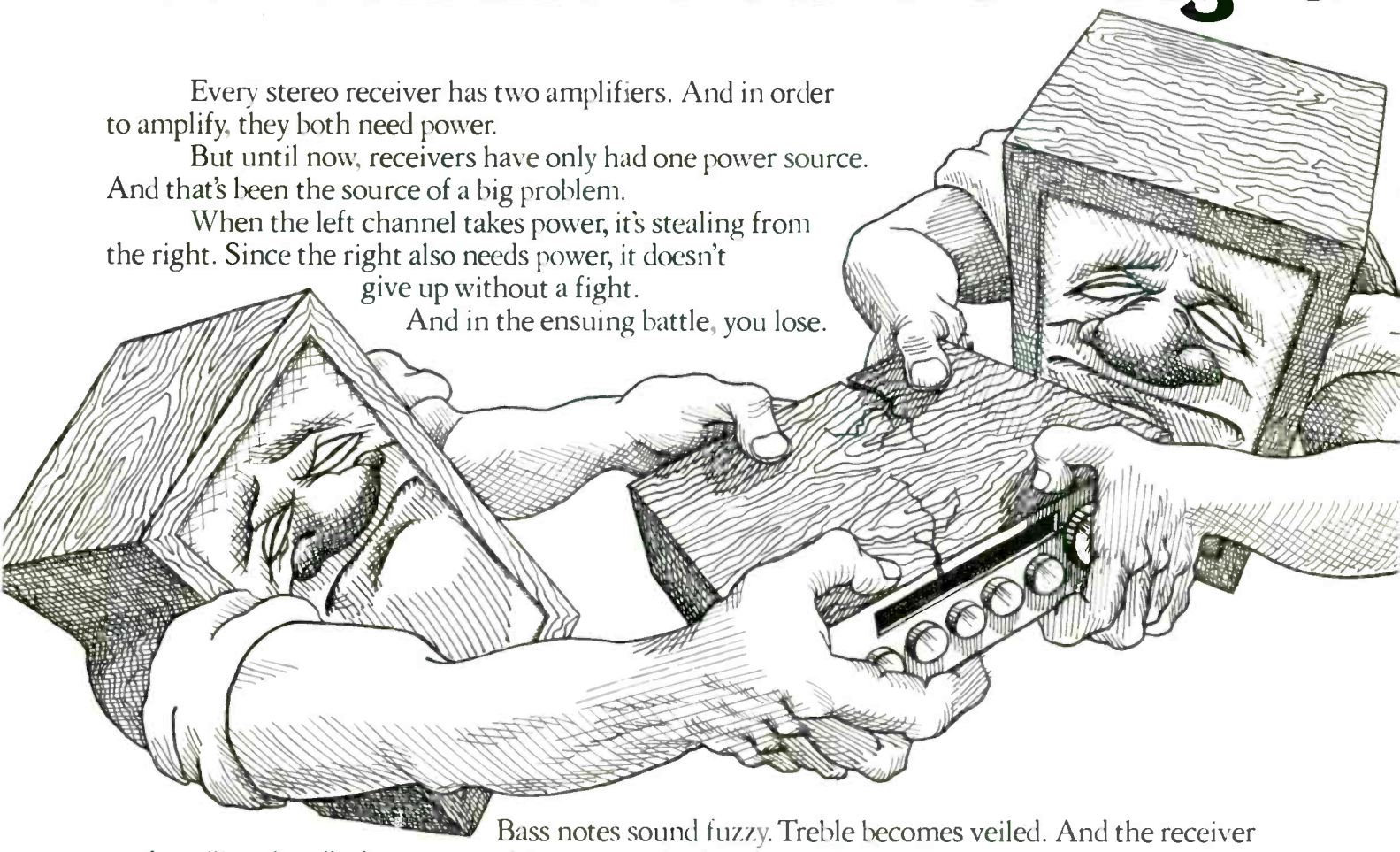

Every stereo receiver has two amplifiers. And in order to amplify, they both need power.

But until now, receivers have only had one power source. And that's been the source of a big problem.

When the left channel takes power, it's stealing from the right. Since the right also needs power, it doesn't give up without a fight.

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Bass notes sound fuzzy. Treble becomes veiled. And the receiver tends to "break up" when you need it most—at high volume.

To put an end to the struggle, Harman-Kardon designed a new kind of receiver: the 930.

The 930 is the first receiver with twin power. It has two entirely separate power supplies: one for the left channel and one for the right. That way, they peacefully coexist.

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As a result, the 930 can handle enormous tone bursts at full volume without straining. In fact, its distortion curve isn't even a curve. You can draw it with a straight edge. (Total harmonic distortion remains below 0.5% from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz—at full rated output, 45/45 watts RMS, both channels driven simultaneously into 8 ohms.)

The 930 costs $369.95. Which is about what you'd pay for a good receiver without twin power.

So, the only question is which you'd rather have:

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For complete information, write: Harman-Kardon, Inc., 55 Ames Court, Plainview, New York 11803. harman kardon

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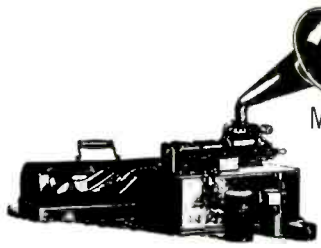

A nostalgic romp through the pages of High Fidelity, Musical America, and Billboard

those were the days

60 Years Ago

Anton Bruckner's Symphony No. 5, in B flat, is premiered at Carnegie Hall, by Josef Stransky and the Philharmonic. It is "pitiful to contemplate" how labored the symphony is; "it smells of gallons of midnight oil. . . ."

The Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera reveals, in confirmation of an item which originally appeared in these pages, that the opera house at 39th Street and Broadway will be abandoned for a new home north of Grand Central Station.

40 Years Ago

The National Broadcasting Company begins broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Saturday afternoon performances with Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*. The programs will be relayed by both chains of NBC. The network has announced a new type of microphone, capable of focusing the voice of a singer moving about the stage. Deems Taylor will be the commentator for the broadcasts.

Stravinsky's *Symphonie de Psaumes*, written last year for the Boston Symphony jubilee, has been issued in a three-disc Columbia Masterworks album. Stravinsky conducts, the orchestra is that of the Straram concerts, the chorus that of one Alexis Vlassoff. We do not like the symphony one bit better after playing it repeatedly than we did when we heard Koussevitzky do it last winter. Ten measures of *Petrushka* or *Firebird* mean more than this whole symphony, with its inconsistencies and its bitter sonorities.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has announced the engagement of Eugene Ormandy as permanent conductor. Mr. Ormandy, who has now led four concerts, was taken at once to the collective heart of his audiences and that of the orchestra. The new leader has orchestral technique at the tips of his fingers, conducts with exceptional verve and grace, and has given interpretations that are both authoritative and temperamental.

20 Years Ago

The tape recorder of choice for many built-in high fidelity systems is the Concertone. Response at 7½ ips goes as high as "9,000 cycles," and by choosing dual-track heads instead of single-track you can get two hours of recording on a 10½-inch reel. New Yorkers, with access to the FM signal direct from Carnegie Hall (no fidelity-robbing long-distance land lines) can record the CBS broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic—and Jim Fassett's intermission features—at 15 ips, increasing response to 15 cps and keeping wow and flutter to only 0.1 per cent.

Pablo Casals has refused to accept an invitation to appear at a United Nations music festival here. The cellist, living in voluntary exile from his native Spain since the beginning of Generalissimo Franco's regime, said that his rejection of the invitation was made as a protest against the General Assembly's decision to revoke the ban against ambassadors to Spain.

New York City Opera concertmaster, Alfred Breuning, accused the company's artistic director, Laszlo Halasz, of having become angry with mistakes from the violin section at a performance of *Madama Butterfly* and hurling his baton at Mr. Breuning, striking him in the face with it. James C. Petrillo, AFM president, investigated the charges saying: "If that guy throws one more baton or anything else, out he goes. I'll throw him out myself." Mr. Halasz maintained that the baton flew from his hand as it often does; he plans to conduct without one to avoid future misunderstandings.

Musical life in Vienna has been enlivened by the rivalry between Wilhelm Furtwängler, the intellectual and scholarly old master, and the most gifted of the younger generation of conductors, Herbert von Karajan, a sort of wizard who enchants both orchestra and public . . . particularly the feminine public . . . with his baton.

Westminster's new disc of Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kijé* Suite, with Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, is "the best orchestral recording ever made."

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So we didn't just engineer our circuits and our switches. We human-engineered them. For instance, in normal FM-stereo operation, all the 6065's levers make a neat row, and all its knob indexes point straight up; any control that's out of place shows up immediately.

You, who have no doubt adjusted to the crotchets of your current equipment (and perhaps even love them), may not think this much. Julian Hirsch, who must re-adjust to every new component that he tests, commended it: "Most receivers and amplifiers are surprisingly deficient in ease of use. Sony is to be congratulated."

With performance this accessible, the 6065 had better perform. And it does: 2.2 uV IHF sensitivity ("1.9 uV," says Julian Hirsh) gets you the weak FM signals; an FET front end prevents overload from strong ones. And our high selectivity makes tuning easier. If you find those stations easier to listen to, you might also credit our direct-coupled amplifier circuitry. It's supplied with both positive *and* negative voltages (not just positive and ground), so we don't have to put a coupling capacitor between the speakers and the amplifier. And, so that we can maintain full power (255 watts IHF, 160 watts RMS into 4 ohms; 220 watts IHF, 140 watts RMS at 8 ohms) or all the way down to 20 Hz at 50 watts RMS per channel.

Which brings up another way we made the 6065's performance more accessible to you: the price. And if its moderate price isn't accessible enough, we also make a lower-priced model, the 6055. Its power is a little less (145 watts rather than 255 watts) as is its rated sensitivity (2.6 uV instead of 2.2). But its otherwise almost identical.

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Teldec Shows Its Color Video Disc

In the November 1970 issue, News & Views reported on the video disc developed by Telefunken, British Decca, and, primarily, their jointly owned company: Teldec. At that time, the disc system could reproduce only black-and-white images. But as Horst Redlich, Teldec engineer and one of four inventors of the system, later pointed out, "We knew that we had by no means exhausted the dense storage technique we had developed. So we managed to find a way to add further information to the sound and image points already housed: color points!" Last August, at the Berlin Funkausstellung, the center of the Telefunken exhibit was devoted to a new, improved video disc, one with the "color points" added—in other words, a color video disc system.

The idea of a video disc is by no means new. The earliest attempt at such a system that we know of is one invented by John Logie Baird, a Scotsman working in the Soho district of London who demonstrated his "Phonovision"—using a record player and an aperture disc—in 1927! The image, reportedly, was recognizable, but that was about all. In August 1965 we reported on the Westinghouse system, which reproduced only a series of still pictures comparable to those from a slide projector. The Teldec system seems to be the first viable nonmagnetic disc medium for the reproduction of video images and sound.

We saw it and were highly impressed. By any standard, it was comparable to the best broadcast-transmitted color pictures, and was far better than what we had previously seen at the gremlin-plagued black-and-white demonstration in New York last year.

It is expected to become commercially available sometime in 1973. Although there is no definite price yet of course, the discs are expected to sell for the cost of audio discs; black-and-white players will cost about $120, single-play color cartridge players about $270, and color cartridge record changers about $350.

Cartridges? Changers? Yes, but not the kinds you are used to. The black-and-white disc can hold about twelve minutes of material; the color disc, in order to contain the extra information, had to be cut down to five minutes. So Teldec also developed a cartridge, one that could hold up to thirty of the paper-thin discs and thus allow as much as two hours' playing time or more. The change cycle will take less than one second.

But consider this: In order to pack all the information representing color picture plus sound into a single groove, the system has a bandwidth in the millions of hertz—it can actually be pushed up to over 5,000,000 Hz! Because audio program material requires much less bandwidth than color video, it has been suggested that hours of stereo or even quadraphonic music might be recorded on a single, paper-thin, damage-proof Teldec disc, and this idea raised hopes for a discrete four-channel disc at prices competitive with today's LPs. But, critics protest, the binary digital recording system used by Teldec requires far more bandwidth for an audio channel than the usual 20 kHz needed for conventional (analogue) recordings, and it remains to

Paying absolutely no attention to the color television image reproduced by the prototype of their color video player are the four inventors of the system, from the left, Gerhard Dickopp of Telefunken, Horst Redlich and Hans-Joachim Klemp of Teldec, and Eduard Schüller of Telefunken. Schüller, by the way, is sometimes considered the "inventor" of the tape recorder, since in 1935, as a thirty-one-year-old engineer for the Allgemeine Elektricitäts-Gesellschaft (now part of AEG-Telefunken), he produced the first such machine (later called "magnetophone"), after first having invented the magnetic scanning head about a year earlier.

Three color video disc cartridges. The largest cartridge contains some thirty discs, or over two hours worth of, presumably, Caterina Valente. Despite its size—the records are 8¼ inches in diameter—the package weighs only about one ounce. The change cycle between discs takes less than one second.

Your record vs. our cassette deck. We challenge you to hear a difference.

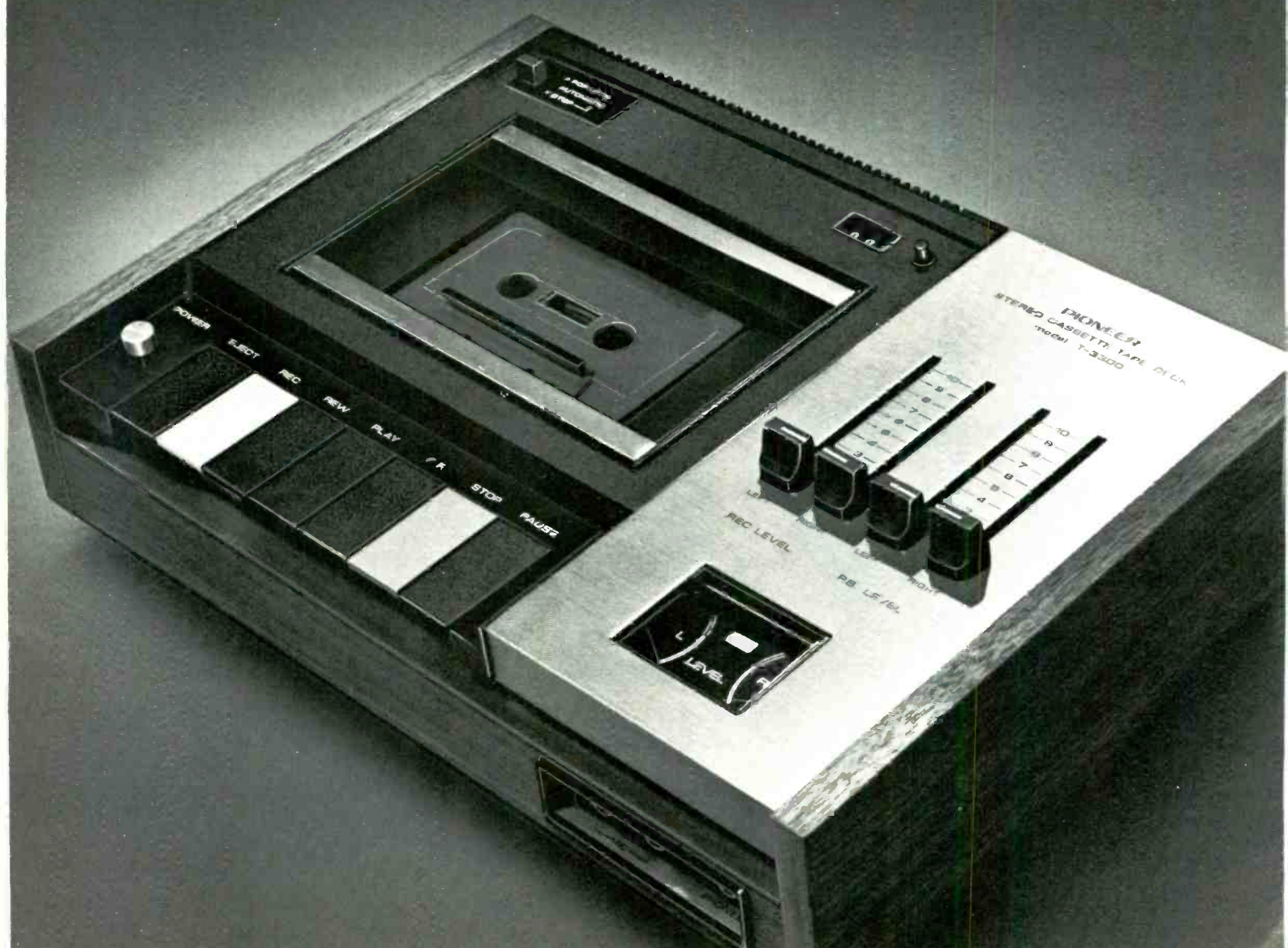
Cassette deck technology has come a long way. Case in point. The new Pioneer T-3300 4-track, 2 channel stereo cassette tape deck. It has everything you need for quality recording and playback on tape. With a ruggedly dependable hysteresis synchronous motor, wow and flutter is an infinitesimal 0.2%. Proof of its excellent dynamic range is its distortion-free reproduction of loud passages and virtual quiet in soft ones.

The T-3300 offers superb performance with an array of meaningful features that Pioneer is celebrated for: Automatic shutoff at end of tape . . . automatic cassette "pop up" at end of cassette . . . pause control . . . individual record/playback sliding level controls . . . 3-digit tape counter . . . dual lighted recording level meters . . . front panel microphone and headset inputs . . . simplified piano-key type controls . . . a fail safe device which prevents accidental tape erasure . . . handsome walnut and brushed aluminum cabinet.

Bring your favorite record to your Pioneer dealer. Ask him to record it on the Pioneer cassette deck. Then listen to it. We challenge you to hear a difference between the T-3300 modestly priced at $149.95 and the original record.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

PIONEER®
when you want something better



WEST: 13300 S. ESTRELLA AVE., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90248 • CANADA: E. H. PARKER CO., ONTARIO

Price quoted excludes applicable surcharges

be seen whether the Teldec people can manage both the duration (say 30 minutes per side) and the sound quality of conventional LPs on their discs—meaning stereo, let alone quadraphonics.

Will they try? According to our information yes, but possibly not in time to take advantage of today's fermenting market. Teldec is now concentrating almost exclusively on creating a TV-disc market, rather than on grabbing an already existing billion-dollar audio market. And the company's thinking is this: To play a Teldec audio disc, a consumer will have to have three separate players—one for standard LPs, one for the TV discs, and a third to play Teldec-system audio discs. But—the company *is* planning to show a compatible TV disc/audio disc system. In 1974! There are, of course, no marketing plans as yet.

And Now, a C-120 in Chromium Dioxide

In case you hadn't noticed, the race to chromium-dioxide cassette tapes is on for real. Until last spring, Crolyn—as it usually was called in deference to the Du Pont trade name under which it was first manufactured—was little more than a pot of golden sound at the end of the cassette rainbow. Advent had begun marketing chromium-dioxide cassettes under the Advocate name to service the relatively few recorders (from Advent and other companies) equipped to achieve the extra frequency response and lower noise that the chromium-dioxide magnetic coating promised; but there was far more talk than action on the CrO_2 front.

Then Memorex decided to enter the consumer tape field, and one of the products it introduced was a Crolyn cassette. When Norelco was one of the major manufacturers to unveil chromium-dioxide cassettes in June there could be no doubt. It had arrived.

Among the rash of chromium-dioxide cassettes that we have seen so far, the most radically different comes from BASF, whose trade name for their coating is Chromdioxid. Three types are available: the usual C-60 and C-90 lengths, plus a C-120—the first we know of with the new coating.

If you look at a sample, you'll see a "Special Mechanism" logo on Chromdioxid cassettes. Among the refinements implied by that phrase are a pair of hinged arms within the cassette to guide the tape and keep the "pancake" of tape on the hubs even and snag-free. At the far side of the C-120 cassettes only—that is, away from the head openings—is a plastic spring that presses gently against the outer edge of each pancake and acts as a holdback device to prevent the tape from slackening and skewing on the feed side. These improvements, according to BASF, will end jammed tape and uneven feed—woes that have caused some recorder manufacturers to caution users against previous C-120s and even, on occasion, C-90s. The mechanism may also be adopted in regular ferric-oxide cassettes in time.

There's one other feature of the SM cassettes that's particularly interesting. Next to the knockout used to prevent accidental erasure is an extra recess in the shell. According to BASF, this will be used to trigger automatic switching for Chromdioxid bias and equalization in recorders that are yet to appear on the market. Insert a standard iron-oxide cassette, without the recess, and the machine will behave normally; but drop in Chromdioxid and a microswitch similar to that for erasure prevention will trip, and the unit automatically will adjust to the new tape.

CIRCLE 147 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

equipment in the news

Cassette changer/recorder from Benjamin

Based on the cassette-transport mechanism designed by Belgian Theo Staar, the RAC-10 is built by Lenco, a Swiss-Italian company, and is now offered as a component deck by Benjamin Electronic Sound. The recording/playback deck, which is expected to sell for less than $300, can be programmed to play both sides of all cassettes in a removable tray, which holds up to ten cassettes. The automatic-change/automatic-reverse programming operates in the record mode as well as in playback.

CIRCLE 148 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New E-V/Game headphones

The HP-30, shown here, is the top model among those newly announced by the E-V/Game division of Electro-Voice. It incorporates two-way drivers with ported earpieces for extended bass response and lists at $67.50. The HP-20, at $42.50, includes a control box with left and right volume controls and a mono/stereo switch. A new mod version of the HP-4 has redesigned ear cushions and is available in orange or purple at $16.50. All have 25-foot coiled cables.

CIRCLE 149 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

NEW DYNACO AMPLIFIER

SCA-80Q
$169.95 kit
$249.95 assembled

BUILT-IN 4-D CIRCUIT ...AT NO EXTRA COST

The most logical choice for a compact, powerful control amplifier is the new Dynaco SCA-80Q. The SCA-80Q not only is a one-piece stereo preamplifier and power amplifier, but it includes built-in Quadaptor™ circuitry for 4-dimensional stereo. No decoder is required.

The SCA-80Q is the same price as the SCA-80 which already has established a reputation for unexcelled value. The SCA-80Q has all the features as its predecessor and exactly the same performance. And you can connect either two speakers to it for conventional stereo, or four speakers for 4-D sound now (or later).

The best results are obtained when the SCA-80Q is used with speakers that have small impedance variations. The most accurate front-to-back separation is achieved when the impedance of the back speakers remains as close as possible to 8 ohms.

All of the different Dynaco speakers have been designed for uniform impedance. They are a most sensible choice for 4-D playback with the SCA-80Q. Their similar efficiency and sonic characteristics permit them to be used together in the same 4-D system. The larger A-50 ($179.95 each) as well as the compact bookshelf types A-25 ($79.95 each) and the new A-10 ($99.95 **the pair**) are appropriate for the front. The compactness and light weight of the bookshelf models, particularly the A-10, render them ideal for unobtrusive mounting on a back wall.

A 4-D system including the SCA-80Q and four full-range Dynaco speakers is the most economical and compact way to realize the full potential of your existing stereo library and FM stereo broadcasts. And as recordings made specifically in the 4-D format become more available, your enjoyment will be greatly increased.

SPECIAL DIRECT OFFER ON 4-DIMENSIONAL DEMO RECORD

DYNACO INC.
3060 Jefferson Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19121

Enclosed is my check or money order for $2.95. Please send me the new Dynaco/Vanguard 4-D demo record postpaid. Limited to USA residents only. Offer expires January 31, 1972.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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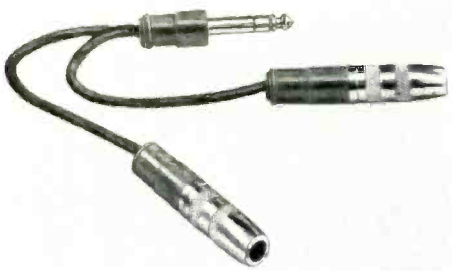
dynaco INC. 3060 JEFFERSON ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19121

CIRCLE 18 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Bogen "stereo center" with Crescendo Control

In essence the BS360, which Bogen describes as a stereo center, is a compact system less speakers. Its $379.95 list price includes the equivalent of Bogen's BR360 receiver, a BSR record changer with a Pickering cartridge, and a walnut-finished case. The receiver features AM and stereo FM tuning, an output rating of 45 watts continuous power per channel, and Bogen's Crescendo Control—a compressor/expander that can be used either to reduce dynamic range for background music listening, or to increase it for maximum dramatic effect, as in listening to broadcasts or commercial recordings, which normally exhibit varying amounts of compression.

CIRCLE 150 ON READER-SERVICE CARD



Switchcraft "Y" for headphone outputs

Two stereo headsets can be driven from the headphone jack on receivers or other equipment through the 353CP1 adapter made by Switchcraft. At one end of the adapter is the usual headphone plug; the other has two headphone connectors (female) attached to short lengths of cable. The adapter carries a list price of $5.25.

CIRCLE 151 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Pioneer adds premium turntable

The PL-41D, described by Pioneer as a broadcast-quality turntable, is a dual-speed unit (33 and 45 rpm) in which a 4.6-lb. platter is driven by a synchronous motor. The relatively slow motor speed, together with its isolation suspension and the polished polyurethane drive belt are credited with unusual speed accuracy and low rumble. The built-in tone arm tracks at forces from 0.4 to 12 grams and is equipped with antiskating and an oil-damped cueing device. An overhang adjustment indicator that doubles as an adapter for 45s, an induced-magnet cartridge rated at 10 to 25,000 Hz, and an oiled walnut case are included in the $220 price.

British speaker debuts here

Linear Devices of New Brunswick, N. J. is offering B&W's 70CA loudspeaker, one of a series known as the Model 70 in its native England. The top element of the system houses an electrostatic midrange/tweeter driver array. Crossover to the infinite-baffle, 13-inch woofer in the lower section is at 400 Hz. Frequency response is listed at 25 to 18,000 Hz within 3 dB; impedance at 8 ohms. The manufacturer recommends it be used with amplifiers delivering at least 50 watts per channel. The model is available at $660 in either the white finish shown here or in walnut.

CIRCLE 152 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Cassette motion indicators

Graph-Pacific is offering a pair of little plastic gadgets that fit over the drive hub of a cassette recorder and turn when the tape is moving, making it easy to see when the cassette side has run out. One (shown on the cassette unit) stands up; the other is flat and can be used with the recorder's cover closed. Price: $1.29 per pair postpaid from the manufacturer at 12222 Bristol Dr., La Mirada, Calif. 90638.

CIRCLE 153 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

ONLY $120 MORE FOR 4-DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Add the new low-cost Dynaco Speakers and Quadaptor™

Converting your present stereo system to 4-dimensional sound need not be expensive at all. The inexpensive Dynaco Quadaptor™ ($19.95 kit, $29.95 assembled) is inserted between your present receiver or amplifier and the four speakers. Your present two speakers remain in front. Add two matched, 8-ohm speakers in back. That's it. No second stereo amplifier is needed. Now you can enjoy 4-dimensional stereo from today's FM stereo broadcasts and tapes as well as discs.

The most satisfying results are derived when high quality, full-range speakers are used in back as well as front, since it is faithful reproduction of all audio frequencies that provides the greatest sense of spatiality and directionality.

The new Dynaco A-10 aperiodic speaker system has been designed to provide this desired reproduction—yet they cost only **$99.95 per pair.** They use the same tweeter as the highly rated A-25 and the A-10's 6½" woofer incorporates the same magnet structure as that of the 10" A-25 woofer. Their compactness (8½"x14¾"x7¾" deep) and light weight (12 lbs.) make them ideal for unobtrusive mounting on a back wall. And this mounting is simplified by the hanging brackets built into the rear surface of each A-10.

The sonic and efficiency similarities between the A-10 and other Dynaco speakers permits them to be intermixed in the same 4-dimensional system. Since they also have about the same efficiency as conventional acoustic-suspension speaker systems, they can be intermixed with them as well.

The new A-10 and Quadaptor™ permit you to realize the full potential of your present equipment and library—at minimal extra cost.

SPECIAL DIRECT OFFER ON 4-DIMENSIONAL DEMO RECORD

DYNACO INC.
3060 Jefferson Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19121

Enclosed is my check or money order for $2.95. Please send me the new Dynaco/Vanguard 4-D demo record postpaid. Limited to USA residents only. Offer expires January 31, 1972.

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Address_____

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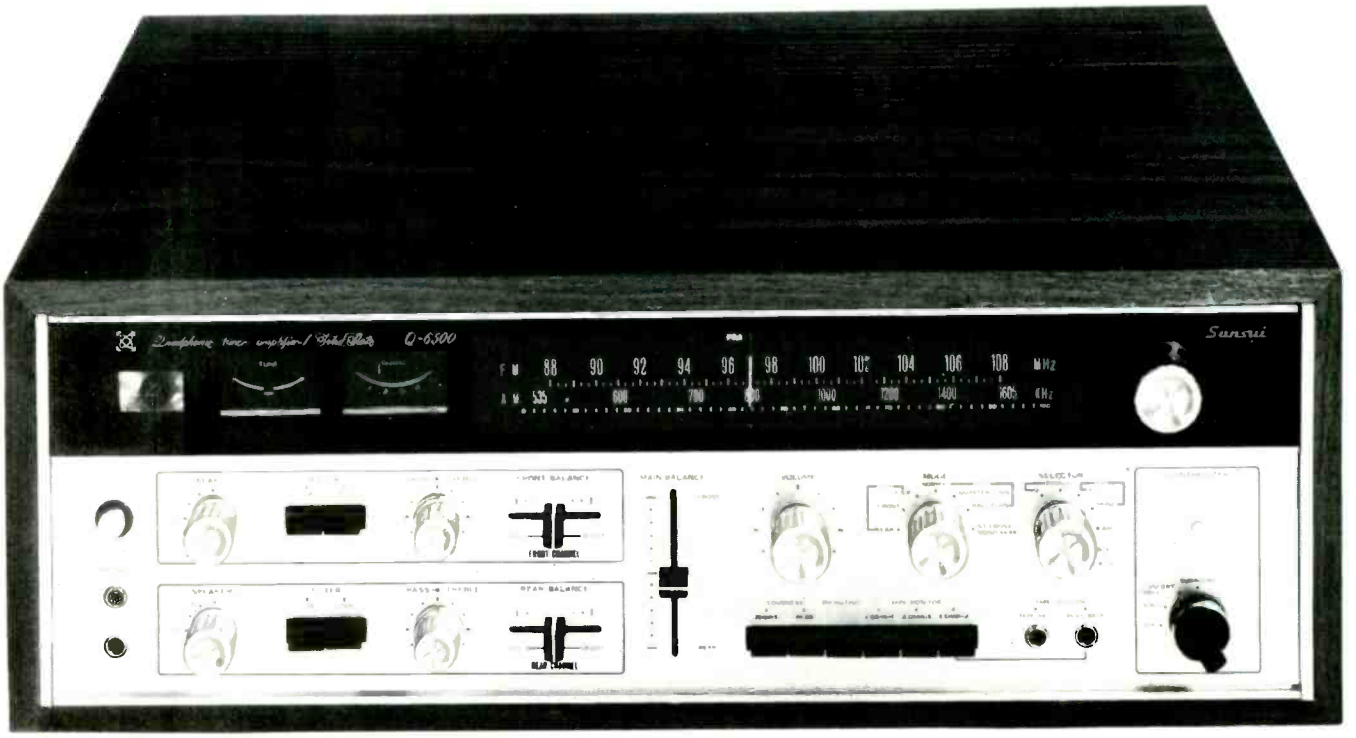
dynaco INC. **3060 JEFFERSON ST., PHILA., PA. 19121**

CIRCLE 29 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

THE FOUR-CHANNEL EVERYTHING.



Sansui's Model QR6500

SANSUI BREAKS THE BOTTLENECK.

The "wait-and-see" period is over. You can go ahead and overwhelm yourself with the awesome power of the total four-channel sound field right now. And tomorrow too.

Sansui's QR6500 Four-Channel Stereo Receiver makes it possible. Actually it's an AM/FM Two-Channel and Four-Channel Stereo Receiver-Synthesizer-Decoder-Amplifier and Control Center. Add four speakers (you probably have two of them already) and live. That's all there is to it.

As a synthesizer, it can ferret out the ambient signals already present in most two-channel stereo recordings and broadcasts and process them for astonishingly realistic rear-channel reproduction. Enhancing this effect is Sansui's exclusive phase-modulation technique, which moves the sound about the listening area the same way nature propagates the live sound field.

As a decoder, it can accurately reproduce the four original channels of any compatibly matrixed four-channel recording or FM broadcast. And such discs and broadcasts are here *now*, past the experimental stage, becoming increasingly popular. In this mode, Sansui's original phase-shift circuitry prevents the sound dropouts and lost sound-source localization that plague many matrixed systems. And the phase modulators are also at work to build up that "live sound field."

As a straight-through four-channel stereo center, it can handle open-reel or cartridge four-channel tapes, or any other discrete four-channel source. It features 280 watts of total IHF music power (50 watts continuous per chanel at 4 ohms; 37 watts continuous per channel at 8 ohms). Normal-level response is 20 to 30,000 Hz ± 1 dB. Distortion at rated output is less than 0.5%. IHF sensitivity of the high-performance FET FM tuner is 1.8 microvolts.

It has slide controls for front-rear and right-left balance, illuminated digital indicators for two- and four-channel modes, and a full complement of controls and accessory circuits for any two-or four-channel function you can think of. You can even "dial" the best speaker arrangement — four-corner style, front 2-2, or what have you.

It's Sansui's embodiment of the four-channel era. Model QR6500.

Sansui®

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

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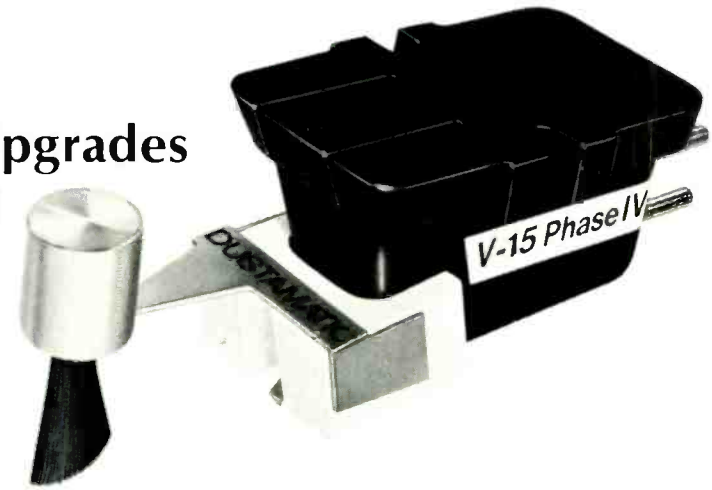
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan • Sansui Audio Europe S. A., Antwerp, Belgium

CIRCLE 58 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

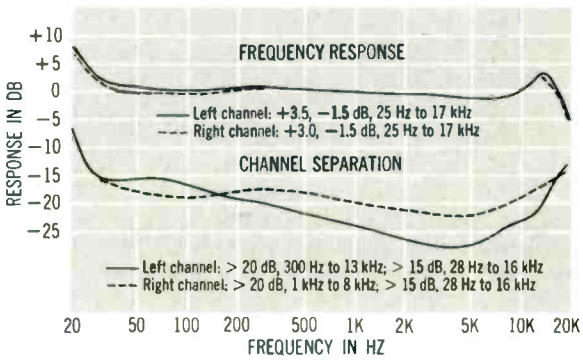
Pickering Upgrades a Middle Model



The Equipment: Pickering V-15 Phase IV-ATE, a magnetic stereo phono cartridge with elliptical stylus. Price: $39.95 including Dustamatic brush. Manufacturer: Pickering & Company, Inc., 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

Comment: Pickering has been upgrading its V-15 pickup cartridges that are designed for use with middle-to-top record-changer models. The change consists in the use of the Phase-IV series of styli, and the two most recent are the AT (spherical) and ATE (elliptical). All the cartridges are delivered with the Pickering "E" mounts (a slotted plastic slab that holds the upper surface of the cartridge and is itself mounted to the arm shell), the stylus assembly with its Dustamatic dust brush to clean the record during play, and a small plastic clip that covers and protects the stylus.

The ATE model reviewed here has a stylus whose tip the lab measured at 1.0 by 0.4 mils, with good geometry. Compliance was measured at 10 (x 10^{-6} cm/dyne) both laterally and vertically, vertical tracking angle at 20 degrees, and output (for a 5 cm/sec groove velocity at 1 kHz) at 5 millivolts. These all are good, comfortable figures—as were those for distortion. The response curves show a visible peak at the high end of the audible range, though it is close to 15 kHz where most speakers have begun to roll off and is not severe. The lower end of the curves show the beginning of the rise toward the 12-Hz resonance measured in the SME arm. With the shorter arms of modern changers, which tend to reduce this resonance, we could detect no tendency toward mistracking or excessive rumble. The channel separation, while only moderate in the midrange, holds up well even at higher frequencies where many cartridges lose separation.



The V-15 Phase IV-ATE went through the tracking test to which CBS Labs subjects all cartridges at 0.9 grams with the Dustamatic removed. According to Pickering, the brush weighs exactly 1 gram, and if the arm is balanced with it in place, the tracking force must be increased by that amount since the brush is dead weight during balancing but supports its own weight when the cartridge tracks a record. Sure enough, with the Dustamatic restored the cartridge required just 1.9 grams for the tracking test. The brush was left on for the other tests and the tracking set at 2.0 grams—1.0 gram for the cartridge and 1.0 for the brush. The Dustamatic also affects antiskating, since it, like the stylus, creates friction with the record surface. CBS Labs found that proper antiskating compensation was applied when the bias was set for the equivalent of a spherical tip tracking at 2½ to 3 grams.

In listening tests the cartridge behaved very well indeed. The high end was smooth, with no peakiness or harshness evident in the range close to the high-frequency peak. The sound was judged well balanced and clean, with adequate detail even in heavy modulation. The latest Phase IV should be a strong contender for use with the better changers.

CIRCLE 141 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

A Great Preamp from Crown International

The Equipment: Crown IC-150, a stereo preamplifier. Dimensions: 17 by 5½ by 8½ inches. Price: $269; optional walnut enclosure, $33. Manufacturer: Crown International, 1718 W. Mishawaka Rd., Elkhart, Ind. 46514.

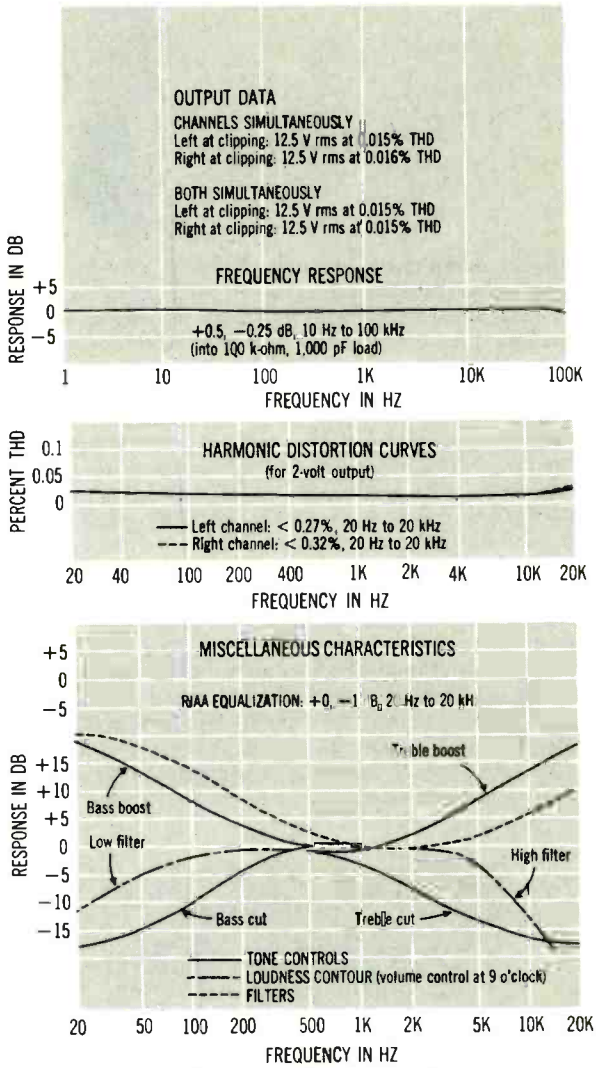
Comment: In March 1969, when we reported on the Crown DC-300 amplifier, we found it impossible to avoid superlatives. With its new unit, the companion preamp, Crown has done it again. The unit is simply superb: absolutely top quality in its performance characteristics, and a joy to work with.

Understandably, since Crown is best known as a manufacturer of professional-grade tape recorders, a great deal of care has been taken for the needs of the recordist. There are input and output connections for two decks, with both source-selector positions and monitor switches so that a tape can be dubbed from either one with complete freedom of monitoring options. In addition there are two phono inputs, a tuner input, and two aux inputs. The phono preamp section can be adjusted (via separate screwdriver adjustments for each channel, located next to the phono inputs on the rear jack-panel) to match signal levels to those of other inputs. The controls are delivered set for a 40-dB gain, according to Crown, 20 dB below their maximum and appropriate for most modern cartridges. Outputs, in addition to those for the two tape recorders, are doubled, allowing use with two stereo amplifiers or one stereo amp and a headphone-monitor amplifier.

The omission of the usual headphone jack may appear odd at first. We have found several cases where otherwise excellent headsets—particularly the electrostatics—will not perform properly given the relatively limited output from a preamplifier. Barring an accessory headphone amplifier, you can use headphone jacks on other equipment in the system—the power amplifier or one of the tape recorders. But the omission of this feature on the IC-150 itself is the one fault we could find with the unit.

The input selector is at the left of the top section on the front panel. To its right are knobs for volume, channel balance, "panorama," bass, and treble. Between the selector and volume controls is an on/off loudness button; between panorama and bass is a similar button that defeats the tone controls. CBS Labs found that when this "flat" button is pressed the response is indeed flat: within +0, -0.5 dB over the entire audible range.

The panorama control requires a word of explanation. In its normal counterclockwise position it functions like the usual stereo mode selector. Advanced towards 12 o'clock it progressively reduces separation until a left-plus-right mono signal is reached. Continuing



toward the maximum clockwise position increases separation once again, but this time with the channels reversed. It thus functions as a stereo/mono mode selector, a blend control, and a channel reverse control.

The lower rank of controls—all pushbuttons—includes the two tape-monitor switches, high and low filter on/off switches, and AC power on/off. To repeat: The apparent redundancy between the tape monitor switches and the tape input selector positions—a type of design that has all but disappeared from home equipment, where the monitor switch *is* the tape selector—is necessary if you are to have utter freedom in dubbing from

one deck to the other ad lib and monitor the newly recorded signal while you dub.

At the rear of the unit, in addition to the connections already described, are five convenience AC outlets—four switched and one unswitched—and connections for an optional external muting switch to shut off output to the power amplifiers in special applications.

The silken luxury with which the unit performs reminds you of its quality every time you turn a knob or press a button. The lab findings more than confirm this impression. While the signal-to-noise figures are particularly spectacular, distortion and frequency response also are in the champion class. Contributing to the latter figures, surely, is Crown's avowed design objective of extremely low phase shift. Their success in this respect is confirmed by the square-wave photographs.

There are mighty few pieces of equipment available for home use today that fall into this class. Using the IC-150 has reconfirmed our belief that if you can afford it, the best really is worth the price.

CIRCLE 143 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

Square-wave response.

Crown IC-150 Preamp Additional Data

IM distortion	0.01% at 2.5 volts RMS	
Inputs (for 2.5 volts out)	Sensitivity	S/N ratio
Phono 1, 2	0.75 mV	65 dB
Tape 1, 2	225 mV	85.5 dB
Tuner	225 mV	85.5 dB
Aux 1, Aux 2	225 mV	85.5 dB

Panasonic Recorder: Some Interesting Extras

The Equipment: Panasonic RS-736, an open-reel three-speed (15, 7½, and 3¾ ips) quarter-track stereo tape deck (including input preamplifiers, recording amplifiers, and playback preamps, but no monitor amplifiers or speakers). Dimensions: 17 by 19½ by 8 inches overall, including wood case. Price $299.95, including reel hold-down knobs and dust cover. Manufacturer: Matsushita, Japan; U.S. distributor: Matsushita Electric Corp. of America, 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Comment: If your first reaction to the RS-736—or the RS-736US as the U.S. version is sometimes styled by Panasonic—is that it offers the 15-ips professional speed at an astoundingly low price, you're on the wrong track. Panasonic has begun with its regular consumer deck and added the 15-ips speed to it by way of a replaceable capstan sleeve and pinch roller. And this is only one of the many features by which the company has sought to add "extras" to what is basically a good home recorder.

Basically it is a two-speed deck. The speed control between the two reels is marked for 7½ and 3¾ ips. In parentheses are the speeds with the capstan sleeve in place: one notch higher in each case. The tape-threading path goes through two damped tensioning members—one to the left of the head cover, the other to the right of the capstan. The head cover flips up for cleaning or tape cueing, and the hot-pressed ferrite heads are individually identified by function with gap-position markers for erase, record, and playback. Also included under the head cover are a cleaning pad to remove loose oxide from the tape, an automatic shutoff switch that trips when the tape loses tension for any reason, and a tape lifter. When the function control to the right of the pinch roller is turned to the record/play position, the lifter retracts and shields rise in front of

the three heads to protect them from stray magnetic fields and consequent hum.

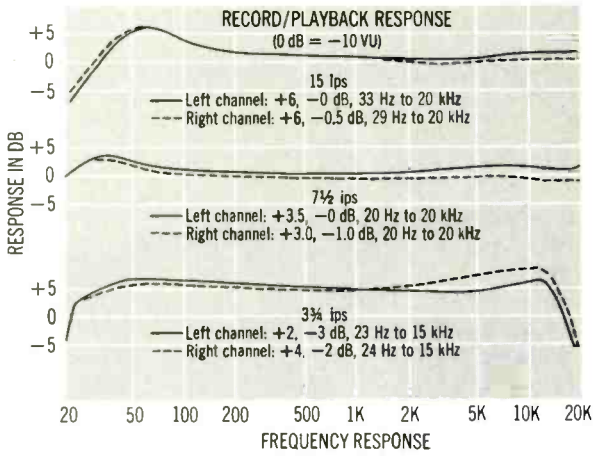
The function control has five positions: rewind, stop, play (and record), pause, and fast forward. A small cue button below the pinch roller will retract the tape lifter manually, allowing precise cueing. It has no latch, making the job awkward since it must be held in place while the two reels are rocked. The cue control also permits output during fast wind as an aid to locating a particular selection or an unused portion of the tape. To the left of the head cover, below the tension idler, are a four-digit counter and the two recording interlocks.

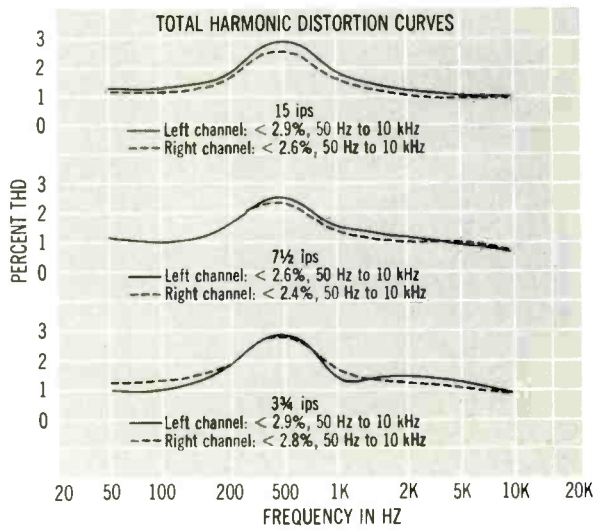
A pair of large VU meters will monitor either source or tape (depending on the position of the monitor switches) and can be used to read incoming signal levels even when the deck is not in the record mode.

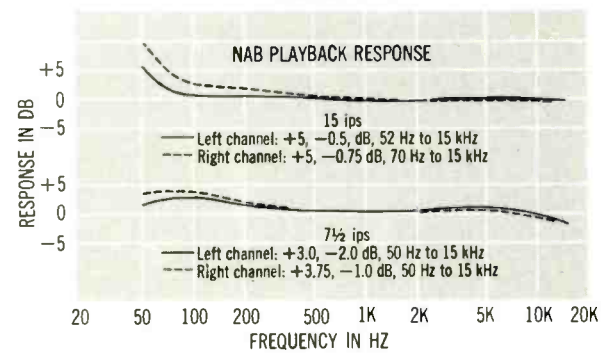
To the right of the meters are dual recording-level sliders, dual output-level sliders, the monitor switches (one for each channel), the NFD noise-suppression-circuit on/off switch, and the tape bias switch: low-noise or normal. The NFD circuit's action is rather abrupt: A trailing pianissimo may suddenly drop to silence. We suspect that most users will want to save this feature for speech tapes where the intermittent program signal makes the NFD action less noticeable. Below the NFD switch is the power on/off button.

Across the bottom are the stereo headphone jack, mike input jacks, mike/phono input level control, mike/phono selector (with two phono positions, to be explained presently), aux 1 and aux 2 input level controls, equalizer switch (with positions for each of the three speeds), sound-on-sound and echo-level control, sound-on-sound on/off switch, sound-on-sound feed-direction switch (right channel to left, or left to right), and echo on/off switch. Each of the input level controls has an on/off switch built into its extreme counter-clockwise position, and a pilot light tells you when the control is on—a feature we liked, since it reminds you to shut off what is not in use to prevent hum pickup and helps you sort out what would otherwise be a rather complicated array. The equalization switch is needed because the deck can't tell whether or not the speed-change sleeve is on the capstan, and precludes automatic equalization switching.

In a well at the right side of the case are an unusually diverse array of inputs and outputs. There are the usual stereo pairs of RCA phono jacks for crystal phono in, magnetic phono in, aux 1 ("low") in, aux 2 ("high") in, line out 1 (fixed level), and line out 2 (controlled by the front-panel output sliders). In addition, there is a European-style DIN socket for line input and output connections and two AC convenience outlets, one switched and one unswitched. Either of the regular line (aux) inputs may be used with most systems, though aux 1 parallels the DIN socket, preventing simultaneous use. The aux 2 input, rated by Panasonic for a 10-volt overload point, produced plenty of gain in our test setup.







Panasonic RS-736 Tape Recorder Additional Data

Speed accuracy, 15 ips	105 VAC: 0.2% slow	
	120 VAC: 0.2% slow	
	127 VAC: 0.2% slow	
7½ ips	105 VAC: 0.1% slow	
	120 VAC: 0.1% slow	
	127 VAC: 0.1% slow	
3¾ ips	105 VAC: 0.2% fast	
	120 VAC: 0.2% fast	
	127 VAC: 0.2% fast	
Wow and flutter, 15 ips	record/playback: 0.10%	
7½ ips	playback: 0.10%	
	record/playback: 0.15%	
3¾ ips	playback: 0.12%	
	record/playback: 0.20%	
Rewind time, 7-inch, 1200-ft. reel	1 min., 35 sec.	
Fast-forward time, same reel	2 min., 47 sec.	
S/N ratio (ref 0 VU, test tape)		
playback	L ch: 54.0 dB	R ch: 53.0 dB
record/playback	L ch: 52.0 dB	R ch: 51.0 dB
Erasure (400 Hz at normal level)	61.0 dB	
Crosstalk (400 Hz)		
record left, playback right	61.0 dB	
record right, playback left	61.0 dB	
Sensitivity (for 0 VU recording level)		
aux 1 (low) input	L ch: 28.0 mV	R ch: 33.0 mV
aux 2 (high) input	L ch: 110 mV	R ch: 110 mV
phono 1 (cer.) input	L ch: 110 mV	R ch: 120 mV
phono 2 (mag.) input	L ch: 1.7 mV	R ch: 1.8 mV
mike input	L ch: 0.38 mV	R ch: 0.42 mV
Accuracy, built-in meters	Left: 2 dB high (red area)	
	Right: 2 dB high (red area)	
IM distortion (record/play)		
15 ips, −10 VU recording level	L ch: 2.3%	R ch: 2.0%
7½ ips, −10 VU recording level	L ch: 2.8%	R ch: 2.9%
3¾ ips, −10 VU recording level	L ch: 3.9%	R ch: 4.4%
Maximum output, preamp or line (for 0 VU)	L ch: 1.3 V	R ch: 1.2 V

The aux-input level controls on the front panel make it possible to preset the signal levels so that the record-level sliders are working in their midrange, with plenty of leeway for change as program levels fluctuate. Note also that the input-level controls make it possible to mix and match mike or phono signals with those from either or both of the aux inputs. In this respect the versatility of the RS-736 is outstanding for a recorder in its price class.

At the back of the unit (the bottom if it is facing upward) is another recess to hold the spare pinch roller and the capstan sleeve.

The performance characteristics documented by CBS Labs, using TDK type 150-H7 tape supplied by Panasonic and the low-noise setting of the bias switch, were generally very good. Speed accuracy is excellent and is unaffected by changes in line voltage, presumably because the motor is of the hysteresis type. Wow and flutter figures are similarly excellent. Most of the other figures vary appreciably with tape speed, of course. As you'll note, they are generally very impressive indeed, although those for 15 ips in most cases don't establish it as much better than 7½ ips. The low-end peak in the 15-ips response curves may even make that speed less desirable for some uses. There are two respects in which the high speed shines, however: It continues flat to beyond audibility, and it allows more headroom—that is, it permits more signal level without overload. When signals were raised from −10 VU to 0 VU, IM distortion actually dropped slightly (to 1.8%) in the left channel. At the slower speeds, IM at 0 VU showed the usual rise to the 5-to-10% range.

Three classes of users should appreciate the 15-ips speed: those who do live recording, tape composers who want to play back at half speed and still have a good high end in the sound, and old-timers or professionals who own 15-ips recordings and need a new home deck to play them on (though if they're on the large NAB reels they will have to be cut in half and respooled). But even if you never plan to use its fastest speed, the RS-736 is one of the most versatile recorders available in its price class, of interest to the tape hobbyist and the relatively casual user alike.

CIRCLE 144 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

New Record-Cleaning Device

The Equipment: Discwasher, a record-cleaning "brush" with wood handle housing a squeeze bottle of solvent. Dimensions: 5 by 2¼ by 2 inches high. Price $12.95 (replacement bottle of Discwasher solvent: $1.95). Manufacturer: Discwasher, Inc., 13 S. Sixth, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

Comment: The Discwasher, with its natural-grain wood handle and shiny black fabric pad or "brush," is a handsome product. It also is an efficient one. To use it you must first remove the solvent bottle from its hollow compartment in the handle. (We particularly liked that feature since the whole system stores as a single unit.) Observing a large gold arrow on one end of the brush, you apply solvent to the leading edge of the pad (the one to which the arrow points). With the record on a moving turntable (or, somewhat awkwardly, handheld) this edge is put in contact with the playing surface first, moistening it. Then, as the cleaning action continues, the brush is rocked slowly backward so that the dry side of the pad comes in contact with the record, picking up solvent and dirt. (The pad is manufacturer-replaceable at $5.00.) The word "brush" as we've used it here describes the first-glance appearance. Its "bristles" are the nap of the velvetlike fabric that covers an absorbent pad. The cleaning action is against the grain of this fabric, causing the pile to reach down into the groove.

Discwasher claims three properties for its solvent: It will leave virtually no deposit or residue on your records; it will not only remove foreign matter from the record surface, but will kill microorganisms that can subsist on atmospheric moisture and vinyl alone, and ultimately will damage records if not removed; and it will control static electricity. A chemist to whom we submitted the fluid confirmed traces of what appeared to be a fungicide, plus silicone—presumably the antistatic agent. Evaporation tests on a highly polished chrome surface left a very slight residue. Comparable amounts of the fluid and ordinary tap water left similar-looking deposits; but whereas that from the tap water consisted of a hard ridge of mineral matter, the Discwasher solution left only a thin, smearable ring of what appeared to be silicone. Using the Discwasher as one would on a record, we were able to reduce the solvent stain, and with some scrubbing the tap-water stain was removed altogether.

We concluded that, depending on technique, the Discwasher might produce a gradual buildup of residue, but at such a slow rate that only the most compulsive of dust-chasers need worry about it. In fact the Discwasher instructions warn against excessive use on the grounds that the pad's pile is somewhat tougher than vinyl and could wear the record's surface with repeated hard scrubbings. In normal, moderate use, then, we consider the Discwasher to be a really significant addition to the record-care arsenal.

CIRCLE 146 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

V-M's Top Receiver

The Equipment: V-M Professional 1521, a stereo FM/AM receiver. Dimensions: 17⅞ by 13⅝ by 7 inches. List price: $500 including wood case. Manufacturer: V-M Corp., P.O. Box 1247, Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022.

Comment: The Professional Series was begun recently by V-M (which also makes Voice of Music equipment) specifically for those interested in component high fidelity. The 1521 is the premier receiver model in a new series, which also includes turntables and speaker systems.

One is struck immediately by its substantial appearance. It is somewhat larger than average for today's receivers, with a large, clearly marked tuning dial dominating the front panel. The dial divisions are uncalibrated until the AM or FM selector button is pushed; then calibration markings light up only for the selected band. Illuminated green stripes, which again light up only for the selected band, extend from the left of the dial to the point at which it is tuned—a design that makes visibility simpler than it is with the conventional pointer, even where scale divisions are very close together.

To the right of the tuning dial are two windows and two knobs. The upper window announces stereo stations by lighting up when a subcarrier is detected by the multiplex circuitry. The lower window hides the center-channel tuning meter and lights up only when FM is selected. The left-hand knob selects speaker systems: off, 1, 2, or 1 & 2; at the far right is the flywheel-loaded tuning knob.

Controls across the bottom of the front panel include a stereo headphone jack (live at all times), then the on/off power switch. Next are a series of buttons: FM muting, FM selector, AM selector, aux, microphone, magnetic phono cartridge, aux 2, and low filter. Then comes a microphone jack (which, being mono, feeds both channels). The next three knobs are coupled to push/pull switches. First is the loudness/volume control (in for loudness, out for volume). Then comes the balance control, which also switches the set to the mono mode when its knob is pulled out. Then there is the treble control, which introduces a high filter when it is pulled out. Last is the bass control.

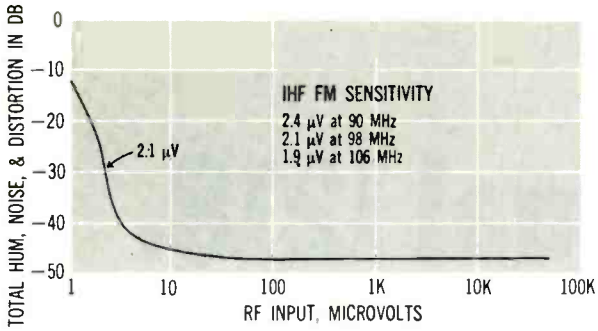
Except for the microphone and headphone, all connections are made at the back of the set. Beginning at the left, there are four pairs of phono jacks: low-level phono, high-level phono, aux 2, aux 1, and output for tape recorder. Both of the phono inputs are intended for use with magnetic cartridges. A cartridge producing an output of 2.5 millivolts or more at peak modulation can drive the 1521's power amplifier to full output through the low-level input; the high-level input requires 8.2 millivolts for full output from the amplifier section. Next are the antenna connections for 300-ohm FM twinlead and a long-wire AM antenna. For high-signal areas there is a third wire built into the power cord and terminating in a spade lug at the receiver end. When this lug is connected to one of the FM connections the AC cord becomes an FM antenna. (The other end of the wire does not, of course, connect to the AC power source; it simply picks up FM signals by induction from the power line.)

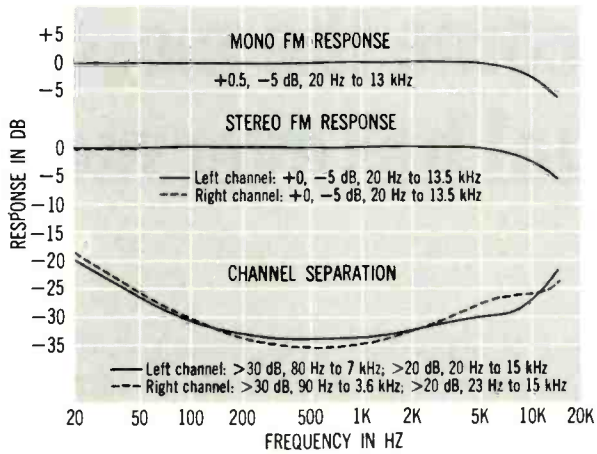
Below the antenna connections is a binding post for grounding associated equipment—the turntable or a tape recorder for instance. Moving further to the right we come to the speaker binding posts, arranged in two ranks. First are the right-extension and right-main hot terminals with the right ground-return terminal below them, then the two left hot terminals with the left ground below. Finally there are an accessory outlet (unswitched), fuse, and AC cord.

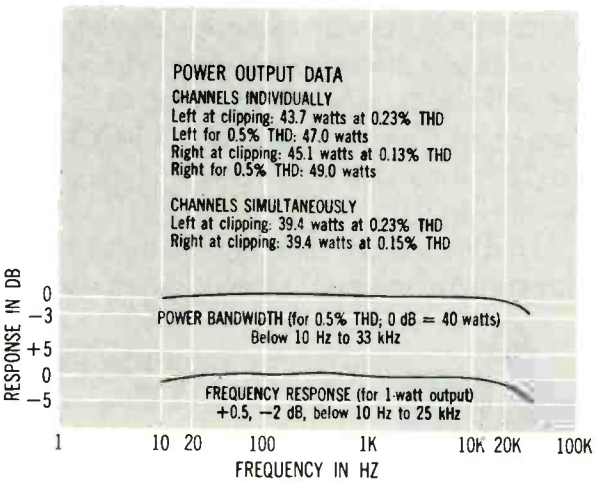
The power-line FM antenna system picked up ten stations, of which half were received well, even in the sub-suburban area where our home-use tests are carried out—about par for this type of built-in antenna, which can be quite adequate in urban areas. In our cable-FM tests we logged thirty-three stations, of which twenty-five were suitable for long-term listening or taping. No record, but satisfactory. IHF sensitivity meets V-M's specification of 1.9 microvolts—a par figure for the better receivers these days. As signal strength increases above this minimum, quieting drops to 45 dB, which is attained by the time signal strength has reached 25 microvolts. Harmonic distortion of the FM signal generally is under 1%, though it shows some rise at the top of the audio spectrum, particularly in stereo. Signal-to-noise ratio was measured at 62 dB, a figure better than FM programs themselves are likely to exhibit.

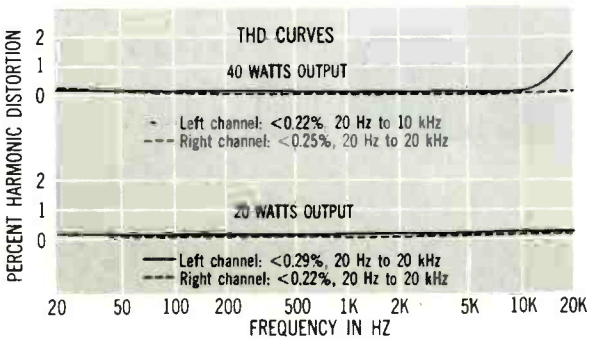
The amplifier section meets V-M's specification of 40 watts per channel at less than 0.5% distortion into 8-ohm loads. With 4-ohm loads it may be rated at 30 watts per channel for 0.5% THD. The figures at 16 ohms, which are not as impressive, are of relatively little interest since few 16-ohm speaker systems are available today.

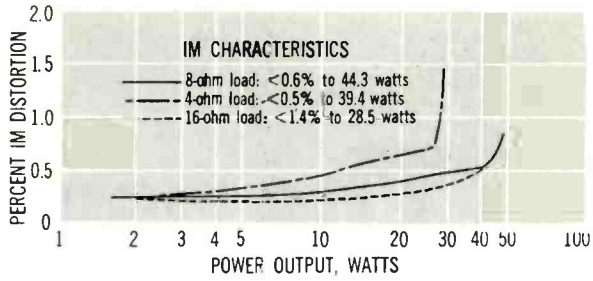
In performance and features the 1521 is fairly typical of current receivers—with one exception: there is no tape monitor switch. This will be no disadvantage in working with cassette equipment or open-reel recorders with combined record/play heads, since they do not have a monitor-while-recording capability anyway. If you have a monitor-head recorder you can still use it with the 1521 by connecting the recorder's output to one of the 1521's aux inputs, but you won't be able to monitor from the tape via the 1521 during recording. The point is a quibble perhaps, but it will surely be of interest to tape recordists.

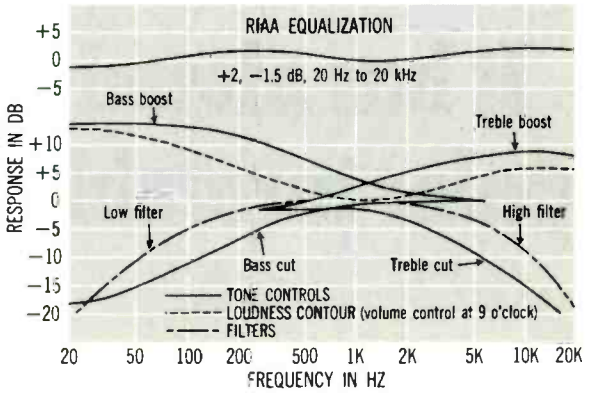


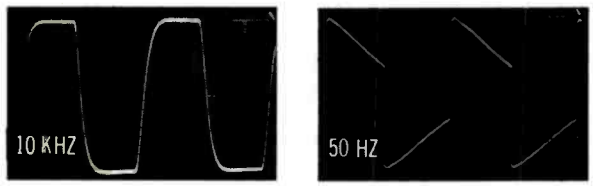












Square-wave response.

V-M Professional 1521 Receiver Additional Data

Tuner Section

Capture ratio		2.5 dB	
S/N ratio		62 dB	
IM distortion		0.2%	
THD	Mono	L ch	R ch
80 Hz	0.40%	0.80%	0.73%
1 kHz	0.31%	0.52%	0.52%
10 kHz	1.2%	4.1%	3.8%
19-kHz pilot		−52.0 dB	
38-kHz subcarrier		−53.0 dB	

Amplifier section

Damping factor	57

Input characteristics (for 40 watts output)

	Sensitivity	S/N
aux 1	85.0 mV	70.0 dB
aux 2	85.0 mV	70.0 dB
phono (high)	8.2 mV	58.5 dB
phono (low)	2.5 mV	64.0 dB
microphone	11.0 mV	69.0 dB

The new Dual 1218.

It has already become the most popular turntable Dual has ever made.

The Dual 1219 has been the most widely acclaimed turntable we have ever produced. As measured by the published results of the independent test labs. And the many high fidelity professionals who use it in their personal systems. As well as by the thousands of music lovers who made the 1219 the best selling quality turntable of all time.

All in all, the total performance of the 1219 made a tough act to top. But we believed the new 1218 might well do it.

The 1218 offers most of the features that have earned such high acclaim for the 1219. For one example: the twin-ring gimbal suspension of the tonearm that lets it pivot just like a gyroscope. For another example: perfect 15° tracking in single play. Plus all these: Pitch-control. Separately calibrated anti-skating. One-piece cast platter. Tracking force applied at pivot. Rotating single-play spindle. Click-stop counterbalance. Cueing damped up and down. All contribute importantly to performance, convenience and versatility.

Actually, unless you saw the 1218 and the 1219 side by side, you might not tell them apart. (The 1219 at $175 with its full-size 12" platter and 8¾" tonearm remains the ultimate.)

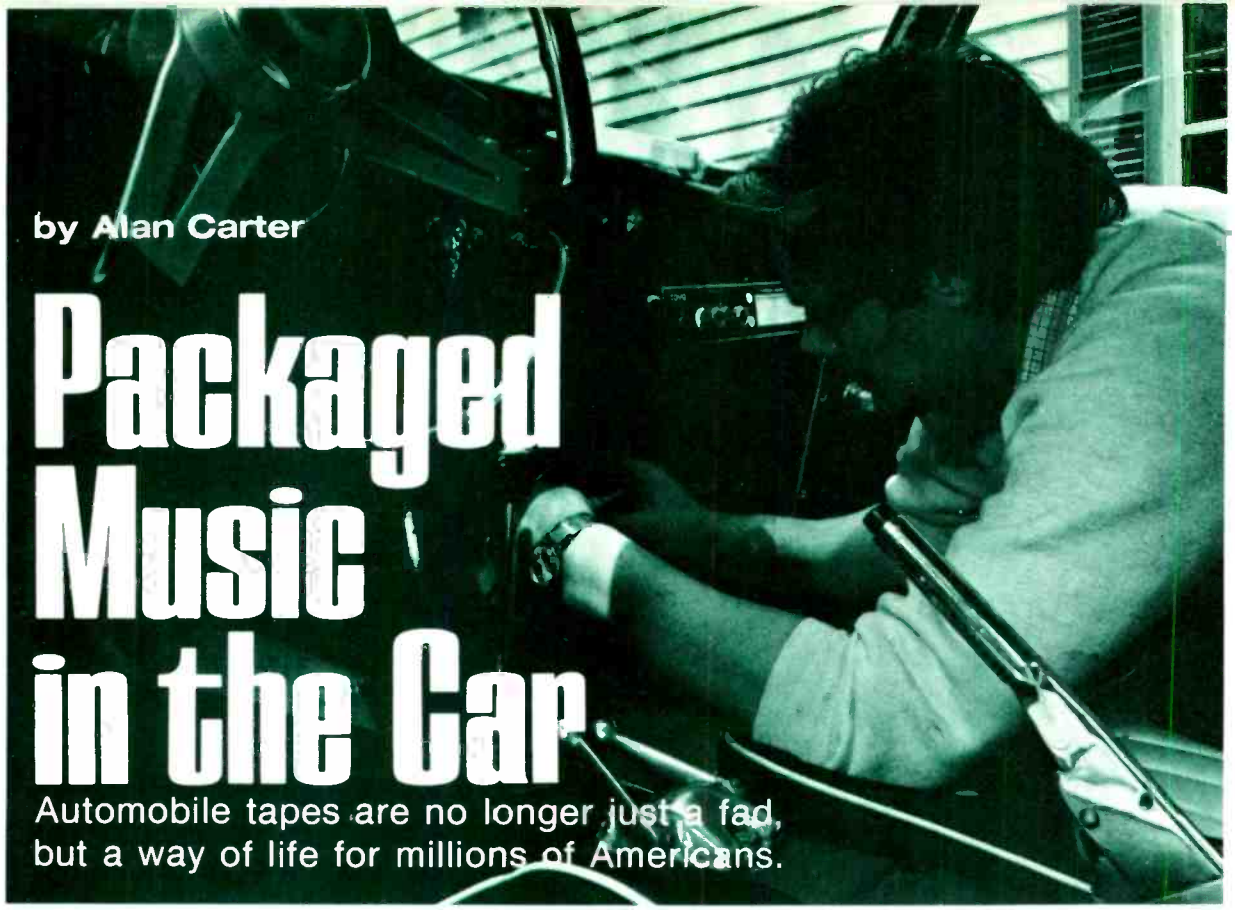
But there is one difference that you may consider important: the 1218 is priced at $139.50.

And when you consider that not one of the 1218's precision features is shared by any other turntable at its price, you'll know why it did not take long for our prediction to come true.

Shown on DCB-5 which includes matching dust cover (not shown) $39.95.

Dual

United Audio Products Inc., 120 So. Columbus, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553.
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual.



by Alan Carter

Packaged Music in the Car

Automobile tapes are no longer just a fad, but a way of life for millions of Americans.

MANY OWNERS of component rigs are in the habit of treating music the way Victorians treated their wives: They either confine music to the home, consorting with it as whim dictates, or speak of the social merits of packing it off by itself on a radio wave. The young (or young at heart) have a different attitude and transport music—their own kind of music—about with them. Are the lures of the open road, the pleasures of flying a light plane, of guiding a motor-sailer, really in accord with the civilized values of good music? Herbert von Karajan drives a Ferrari, so why not the Vienna Philharmonic in your Volkswagen or Jefferson Airplane in your Cessna?

The best way of letting stereo interact with the experiences we encounter during casual trips or carefully planned travels is to purchase a car tapeplayer and some 8-track cartridges or cassettes. FM may be fine for the suburbs, but its antenna often suffers dietary ills elsewhere: a surfeit of signals in the inner city, malnutrition in the mountains, and drearily repetitive fare in between.

You may have been hesitant to put tape into your car however. The capacities of the new second-generation vehicular sound systems are clouded by the fact that the 12-volt automotive product most in evidence during the past decade—the stereo 8-track player—has suffered from its popular success, and thus from the banality of some record companies' cartridge catalogues. Despite news about innovations that have increased the 8-track's ability to emphasize musical values, despite increased diversification of listings, despite recent improvements in the re-entrant cartridge, despite the appearance of the familiar, flexible, fully compatible cassette on many dashboards—despite all this, some music lovers continue to view any cartridge machine not in the component or professional class with the same degree of enthusiasm that admirers of aeronautical elegance reserve for the blimp.

Automobile cassette players fit more neatly into the lives of component owners, extending the value of rigs and carefully selected record collections by permitting music to be re-recorded easily and played back in a vehicle. And further along we will show how multichannel 8-track vehicular systems may play a similar role by offering their particular virtues equally to the home and to the automobile. In the larger areas of life, however, various new types of mobile players promise a revolutionary effect in that they allow us to integrate, on a simultaneous basis, the world we move through with the music we have brought along.

Three for the Road

A reliable adage for journalists tells us that when we want to mirror the universal, we must do so with specifics. My specifics for this article were an Ampex Micro 44 cassette player, a Lafayette Stereo 88 8-track cartridge player, and a Toyo CS 721 "four-channel/two-channel" stereo system—each of which I obtained and installed (successively) in two different cars.

The combination of a light, stiff car and a bad road surface was not very pleasant for the driver,

Alan Carter is a novelist and short-story writer with a special interest in technics.

yet none of the machines showed any evidence of tape-speed instability or crosstalk in my four-mile back-road test, using an ultralight coupe. It is to be noted, however, that in rapid succession four discount 8-track cartridges released tape into the innards of their player. All cartridges and cassettes obtained from well-known labels operated smoothly under the trying conditions of the test.

Next, each player was tested at changing battery-drain levels. None of the players showed any evidence that its transport action, solenoid action, or sound quality deteriorated at unusually high or low ammeter readings. Finally, each unit was tested for a week in a conventionally sprung sedan that generated a background-noise sound-pressure level at normal speeds of approximately 70 dB (or a 70-phon loudness level). An assessment of the three tape-players' features and abilities will be found below.

While each machine was different from the others, they nonetheless shared certain attributes. Each was wired for 12 volts, negative ground (a practice that is now virtually an industry standard), and each was designed for easy installation by its owner.

Don't pay too much attention to power specifications listed for these or competing units. They normally are "music power" ratings that are meaningless in high fidelity terms. And although the car (except for the windows) is crammed with sound-absorbent material, its limited space can be filled by far less power than you would need in your living room.

Cassette Equipment

The Ampex Micro 44 car stereo cassette player with stereo FM uses the Staar slot-loading system. It costs $170 and is of elegant design, matte black and silver with a neatly faceted "jaw" holding the radio dial. The player's weight is about 7 pounds and its approximate dimensions are 9 by 9 by 4 inches. Included in its carton is a Y antenna connector, making it possible to interconnect an AM radio with the same whip antenna that serves the 44; also included are a full wiring harness and a mounting bracket.

The Micro 44's thumb-wheel controls for volume, balance, tone, and radio tuning are large, accessible, and sensible—up for more gain, down for treble cut, up for left channel. The radio section has a local/distant switch, AFC, a unified on/off and FM mode switch. But convertible-owners should note that in bright sunlight I found it impossible to tell when the stereo-FM indicator lamp was lit.

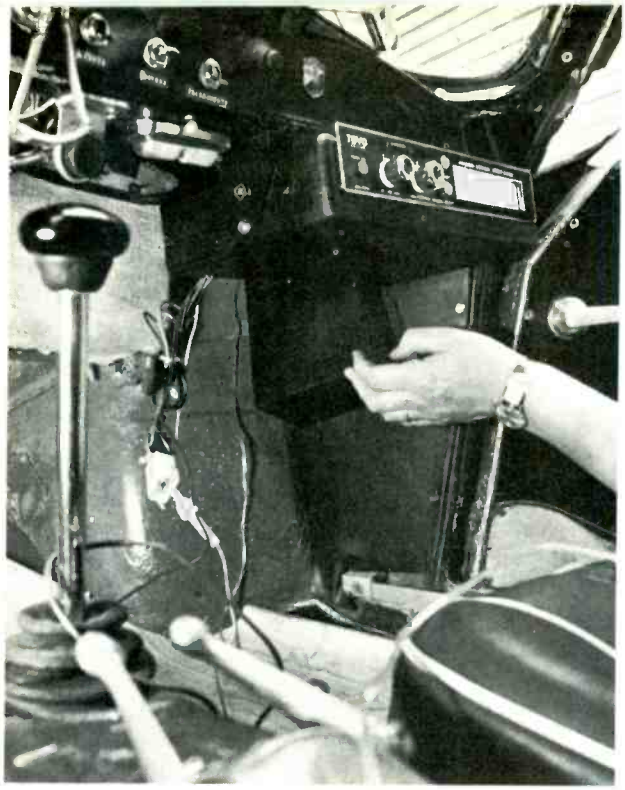
In the Staar system, as it appears in this machine, the drive spindles are recessed under the floor of the loading slot. When a cassette is inserted, its case bears upon two spring-loaded pins. These pins act upon the drive assembly in such a way that the pair of splined shafts rise up into the countercut cassette hubs and carry forward with the cassette to the lock-up point. There is automatic ejection at the conclusion of one direction of play, accompanied by power shutoff unless the radio section happens to be turned on. This is a desirable and fairly common feature. Automatic reverse at the end of Side 1—a relatively new development—requires either a four-element playback head and rather complex switching or a movable head comparable to those in 8-track players.

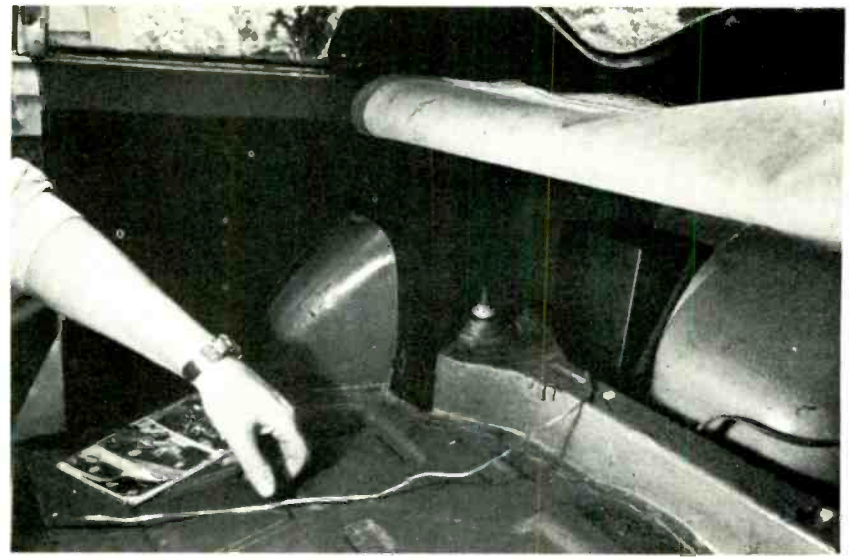
With the Staar system the cassette side to be played is inserted in the *down* position and the direction of tape travel is right to left. Output levels of radio and tape sections in the Micro 44 are well matched prior to the control stage, so that the automatic mode transfer with the radio on takes place smoothly. Tape travel direction is controlled by a short press-bar below the loading slot, which also is used to eject the cassette or may be deflected to right or left toward a latch-up point for rewind or fast forward. Unlatching can be accomplished manually but occurs automatically at the end of the tape, followed by automatic ejection and shutoff.

Operating with 6-inch speakers, the Micro 44 produced an effect similar to wearing headphones and almost the full potential of its output (listed as "20 watts total peak music power") could be used to mask the boiler-factory racket of the closed sportscar in which it was initially tested. While the sound has little of the full-bodied qualities we are used to from component rigs, and while acoustics are less than ideal within the confines of an upholstery-lined tin can, the Micro 44 was nonetheless impressive. Its sound quality was well above the semicritical threshold necessary for listening in a situation where certain critical standards are generously—and unconsciously, I think—allowed to lapse. Car speakers with a fairly wide range cost about $20 each and are perhaps the least expensive that should be used if players in this class are to demonstrate their abilities.

Problems associated with orthodox mechanical engineering make themselves felt within the structure of a car. Minute imbalances in rotating masses can set up forces that transmit themselves indiscriminately. Cassette transports moving a delicate tape hardly more than ⅛-inch wide at 1⅞ ips are inherently susceptible to oscillations in the 8-to-16-Hz range. Sophisticated means apparently have solved the the matter of sympathetic oscillation for most manufacturers of car cassette players. Invariably, however, the techniques used were developed with the assumption that owners would purchase high-quality cassettes.

As the accompanying table shows, many firms besides Ampex offer cassette/stereo-FM combinations. Some are capable of recording—usually via microphone or the built-in tuner section—but often, though they will play stereo cassettes or FM, the





Left, author installing four-channel/two channel player in his sports-car. The Toyo CS 721 player comes with a full-length negative lead which simplifies its installation in vehicles in which the structure is not used as ground side of electrical circuitry (some cars, all boats, and aircraft). Two speakers were mounted under the car's rear deck (above photo), and two more were installed under the dashboard.

recording feature is mono only. Stereo FM can be too skittish in a moving car for good recordings, and most companies seem to assume that the mike will be used primarily for dictation on the go.

While the Staar system of loading is used in most car cassette units, the Teac AC-7 uses a somewhat similar system for which superior head alignment characteristics are claimed. This advanced unit costs $130 and uses contrarotating flywheels to achieve a purported tape-speed stability in the area of +2, -0 per cent. It also features automatic tape reverse at the conclusion of one direction of play—as does the Bell & Howell 3700, a conservatively rated machine of unusually compact design, selling for $100. The $100 Sony/Superscope TC-20 is switchable for negative or positive ground.

The Hitachi TRQ-206 (also $100) can be removed from the car and used as a portable unit operating with an internal power supply. The TRQ-206 is also capable of AC operation and has provision for interconnection with a component stereo rig, as do several competing models. There are several shades of convertibility represented among current models. Some go under the dash on a bracket with a lock so that you—and only you—can slide it out for portable use with a built-in battery pack. Others are delivered with a cigarette-lighter power adapter but no bracket; they must be placed on the seat, dash, or transmission console. Many models that are basically hand portables can be used with an optional accessory cigarette-lighter power cord.

Stereo Cartridge Equipment

In its February 1971 edition, Schwann's *Record and Tape Guide* began listing recorded cassettes and 8-track cartridges, recognizing them as contenders within a hierarchy in which disc and open-reel recordings still hold the prestige positions. You won't find 4-track cartridges listed there, since the format has atrophied badly in recent years following the success of its eight-track sibling. It is possible to build players that handle both formats interchangeably without too much trouble. If you find yourself stuck with a stock of 4-track cartridges, the 8/4 player is a good way to keep them in service while opening up the potential of the burgeoning 8-track catalogues.

In either form, cartridge tapes must take a much rougher beating than those in cassettes. The plastic ribbon is looped, folded, squeezed, cinched, and yanked as it makes its trip from the center of the storage spool to playback head to capstan and back again to the outside of the storage spool to work its way gradually toward the center and the next playing. To wend its way successfully through this mechanical nightmare the tape must be lubricated; but lubrication can introduce its own problems by allowing slippage at the capstan and weakening the splice that joins the tape into a continuous loop. Making the system work—and it does work—is a neat juggling act indeed.

The splice is the organizational element that serves as a master of-ceremonies for the four "programs" in the Stereo-8 cartridge (or two in Q-8). A typical stereo tape loop takes some ten minutes to run past the head and ooze through its backstage Yoga exercises. During Program One the head elements are in contact with tracks 1 and 5. Now imagine the splice being hauled up out of the roll. Now it is running over a plastic ramp that is turning its edge through ninety degrees; vertically oriented,

TAPE

Simplest units, like that above, deliver mono sound from stereo cartridges via the amplifier and speaker of car's AM radio. Most units mount on a bracket below the dashboard. . .

. . . but this Craig/Pioneer model is intended for console mounting. It includes a built-in FM tuner, a feature of the fancier units—both cartridge. . .

. . . and cassette. Some cassette units (like this Sony) have record feature. Double-purpose players (below, left) handle both formats; adapters (below, right) play cassettes in 8-track cartridge units.

More than 250 models are represented in the listings at right—a staggering number when you consider how recently the eight-track cartridge (and with it, the whole idea of a truly national market for automotive tape equipment) was introduced. The listings are based on as-delivered equipment. Where FM is listed as "available," for example, it is built into the tape unit. (Any eight-track player can play FM broadcasts if you buy one of the many accessory FM-tuner packs that slip into the cartridge slot.) Most portables can double as auto units—though often they can't be mounted under the dash with any real success—but are listed only if the model includes a power adapter for use with the car's electrical system. Similarly, Automatic Radio's "Gidget" adapters let you play any 4-track cartridge in the company's 8-track players; since it is an accessory, we haven't listed Automatic Radio for the 4-track playback capability.

The listings also presume normal interchangeability. For example, all the cassette adapters should fit any 8-track player. (Panasonic makes one for Panasonic players only; it is omitted here.)

Recording in a moving automobile—or even while the picnic spread is being laid out—poses some problems. Automobile cassette recorders usually are designed with (mono) dictation use in mind, as noted in the accompanying article, though some will allow recording from the car's AM radio or a built-in FM tuner section. Because of the timing problem, 8-track cartridges are even more problematical for casual recording. Automatic Radio does make two home/auto recorder/players (not listed), however, and one of the convertible car/portable units listed for the Westbury Division of Mercury Electronics includes a record feature.

Prices generally do not include speakers. (The Motorola listings are an exception.) In some cases—the Toshiba cassette player, for example—a model may be available with or without matching speakers. Accessory speakers are available from most of the listed companies and from loudspeaker manufacturers like Utah, Electro-Voice, and many others.

An "n.a." indicates that no selling price had yet been announced at press time for the model in question.

EQUIPMENT FOR YOUR CAR

CARTRIDGE EQUIPMENT

Stereo 8-Track Players	Models	Approx. Price Range	FM Tuner Available	4-Track Play Available
Alaron	3	$ 30-70		
Allied Radio Shack	4	50-100	*	
Ampex	1	90		
Automatic Radio	16	50-150	*	
Boman Astrosonics	11	20-100	*	*
Car Tapes	12	40-120		
Channel Master	4	60-130	*	
Craig	11	60-155	*	*
Eastern Specialties	5	40-130	*	
Hitachi	7	60-100		
JVC America	2	60		
Lafayette Radio	8	40-150	*	
Lear Jet Stereo	8	50-225	*	
Mikado	5	30-40		
Milovac (Selectron)	2	50-60		
Montgomery Ward	5	50-140	*	
Motorola	4	60-120	*	
Muntz	8	25-140	*	*
Olson	1	35		
Panasonic	6	50-120	*	
Ranger	6	40-120	*	*
Rhapsody	1	30		
Roberts	5	60-160	*	
Sanyo	4	50-120	*	
Sears Roebuck	5	50-120	*	*
Sony/Superscope	2	150		
Tenna	4	50-130	*	*
Toshiba	3	70-100		
Toyo	2	50-160	*	*
Webcor	3	30-45		

Quadraphonic 8-Track Players	Models	Approx. Price Range
Allied Radio Shack	1	$100
Automatic Radio	2	190-200
Boman Astrosonics	1	60
Car Tapes	1	n.a.
Channel Master	1	170
Craig	1	140
JVC America	1	120
Lafayette Radio	1	75
Mikado	1	120
Motorola	1	160
Ranger	1	n.a.
Roberts	1	160
Sony/Superscope	1	150
Tenna	1	n.a.
Toyo	2	130

Convertible Car/Battery-Portable 8-Track Players	Models	Approx. Price Range	AM or FM Tuner Available
Allied Radio Shack	2	$80-100	*
Boman Astrosonics	1	20	
Car Tapes	2	30-70	*
Channel Master	4	70-140	*
Lafayette Radio	3	80	
Lear Jet Stereo	5	50-120	*
Toyo	12	50-160	*
Webcor	1	60	
Westbury Div., Mercury Electronics	3	100-130	*

CASSETTE EQUIPMENT

Stereo Cassette Players	Models	Approx. Price Range	FM Tuner Available	Automatic Reverse Available
Aiwa (Selectron)	2	$50-100	*	
Allied Radio Shack	2	70-100	*	
Ampex	3	140-200	*	*
Automatic Radio	1	100		
Bell & Howell	2	100-140	*	*
Boman Astrosonics	1	60		*
Car Tapes	1	80		
Channel Master	2	120-160	*	*
Craig	2	130-140		*
Crown Radio	1	100		*
Hitachi	2	80-120		*
Milovac (Selectron)	1	60		
Montgomery Ward	1	65		
Muntz	2	90-120	*	*
Panasonic	1	90		
Ranger	1	80		
Roberts	3	80-140	*	
Sanyo	2	80-100		*
Sony/Superscope	3	100-140		*
Teac	1	130		*
Toshiba	1	90		

Cassette Player/Recorders	Models	Approx. Price Range	AM or FM Tuner Available
Aiwa (Selectron)	1	$80	
Ampex	1	120	
Automatic Radio	2	130-160	
Car Tapes	1	120	
Crown Radio	2	80-135	*
Eastern Specialties	1	100	
Hitachi	1	120	
Montgomery Ward	1	90	
Roberts	1	100	
Sears Roebuck	1	90	
Toshiba	1	90	
Webcor	1	70	

Convertible Car/Battery-Portable Cassette Players	Models	Approx. Price Range	AM or FM Tuner Available	Recording Feature Available
Bell & Howell	4	$55-90	*	*
Hitachi	1	120		*
Montgomery Ward	1	40		*
Sony/Superscope	1	170		*
Toyo	3	120-150		

CARTRIDGE/CASSETTE EQUIPMENT

Cassette Adapters for 8-Track Players	Models	Approx. Price Range
Boman Astrosonics	1	$20
Eastern Specialties	1	30
Muntz	1	45
Mura	1	30
Toyo	1	30

Players Handling Both Cartridges And Cassettes Without Adapter	Models	Approx. Price Range	Automatic Reverse Available
Aiwa (Selectron)	1	$100	*
Car Tapes	1	150	
Muntz	1	n.a.	*
Sanyo	1	140	

it comes down around into the working face of the cartridge where it passes over a pair of contacts. The half-inch of metal foil built into the splice shorts out these contacts, causing a solenoid to rack the head down into contact with tracks 2 and 6—which of course represent the two channels of Program Two. So it goes until all tracks and programs have been played.

In that form follows function in an exemplary way in the electronics industry, our look at the 8-track cartridge has told us a good deal about straightforward 8-track players. The Lafayette Stereo 88 is one of these, and while it is a classic of its type and good value at $60, it is relevant here partly because this class of equipment has a lot to do with the present success of the eight-track cartridge and the dramatic broadening of available program material that has accompanied it. There are even lower-priced players on the market, of course. Wally's Stereo Tape City in New York has one model under its own label (the J-1, also sold through other dealers) that costs $25. It uses the audio section of your car's AM radio and therefore reproduces the music in mono only. But it allows newcomers to get a taste of cartridge listening at minimum cost. If this type of player's salient advantage is price, however, one should by no means attempt to carry over one's desire for savings into the purchasing of cartridges. A satisfactory 8-track cartridge cannot be produced cheaply.

The Stereo 88 is a sturdy machine with approximate dimensions of 7 by 2½ by 7½ inches and a weight of 6½ pounds. Its etched black and chrome front panel contains the large loading slot with its self-closing cover. Above the slot are four program-indicator lights, while to either side of the slot are a pair of superimposed controls. The left inner chrome ring controls balance; the outer knob—which is made of a soft black antislip material of tactile attractiveness (particularly in the event of an accident)—is the volume control. The inner ring to the right controls tone while the knob is a press-button program selector that operates the head-solenoid and allows one to skip manually from program to program. The player's specifications list it as a 7-watt unit and also draw attention to the fact that it incorporates a burglar-alarm circuit that blows the horn if one of the mounting bolts is loosened.

This problem—burglarization with costly movables as the booty—is one to which a locking steering column doesn't address itself. Manufacturers of tape players and other electronic equipment for the automobile have begun filling the void. Lockable mounting brackets are only a halfway measure. If the trend toward automobile alarms continues, you may soon be able to buy a selection of tape equipment that will include alarm mechanisms for every door in the car—plus the hood and trunk or tailgate.

The Stereo 88 offers satisfactory sound quality at moderately high gain. However it cannot be pushed beyond this quite adequate level without revealing some evidence of distortion. Consequently it perhaps is less likely to benefit from use with expensive speakers than a higher-priced machine with more linear amplifiers might. In the quality of its finish, in the adequacy of its wiring harness, and in the sturdiness of its mounting arrangements, the Stereo 88 is the peer of many a much more expensive machine, however.

There is a tendency for manufacturers of 8-track players to attempt to gild the lily with paraphernalia that means little or nothing in terms of performance. More than a score of companies market such units, but if you want to buy quality it is safer to select a player made by a firm with audio experience. Prices of the more basic 8-track stereo car players cover a fairly narrow range—say from $40 to $100.

Until the day arrives when some bright lad equips 8-track tapes with a Teflon-reinforced lower edge, a head-adjustment control (often referred to as a fine tuner) will remain useful in that it adjusts for tape-edge wear. The Alaron B-895 has such a feature, as do the Ranger RR 71T and other models. Automatic Radio makes one suitable for installation in Volkswagens from 1955 through 1966. With the necessary 6-volt adapter, it costs approximately $90. The $15 adapter is not necessary in VWs manufactured after 1966. Roberts, Panasonic, and Ampex all make mobile players with emphasis on solid quality rather than gimmickry.

Some may think that I have slighted the compatibility of 8-track players by not mentioning until this moment that some living-room models have recording capability and thus allow an owner to re-record music for use in his car. It has to be remembered, however, that the patience required to find pieces of music that will fit into the program cycle of the 8-track tape in any very comfortable or satisfactory way is a wearisome task even when you're dealing with pops rather than music of greater significance and duration. Perhaps it's better to be able to blame a record company for expert compromises than oneself for shoddy ones.

Quadraphonics in the Car

The Toyo CS-721—which, like the preponderance of proposed quadraphonic units, also plays regular stereo cartridges—makes few compromises, has no frills, and reproduces music in a way that strikes one with the force of a brisance. The player costs $130 and comes equipped with the usual wiring harness, mounting bracket, and hardware. It measures approximately 11¼ by 2½ by 7½ inches and weighs about 7 pounds. This slim machine has the

lower half of its front panel padded. Above, surrounded by a deep chrome frame, is the control section with the cartridge slot to the right and the controls in a group to the left. The controls consist of rotary volume and tone knobs, felt-backed, plus three pushbuttons. The two right-hand chrome buttons are the program selector and the four-channel/two-channel selector. To the far left is a balance button. In the protruded position it produces a speaker balance that favors the driver; pressed in, it moves the focus of the sound to a more central point within the car. There also are the usual program-indicator lights with an appropriate inscription to identify quadraphonic and stereo indices. The output of the CS-721 is stated as 7.5 watts minimum: 1.25 to each front speaker and 2.5 watts at each rear speaker.

In a four-channel 8-track player there are four "stacks" or individual transducer elements on the head and they initially trace all four odd-numbered tracks, then all even-numbered tracks. Naturally there are only two four-channel programs in quadraphonic cartridges, which are not stereo-compatible—a stereo player will reproduce only the front *or* the back channels, not the entire sound. Four-channel recordings are being released by RCA under its Q-8 label, by United Artists under the Liberty label, Project 3 as WrapAround Stereo, and so on. Columbia is the most recent of the major labels to announce plans for quadraphonic cartridges.

The sound of this Toyo is clean and skillful and the amplifiers have more than adequate heft. The fact that the system has four discrete channels adds to the sound a musical value that only the uniquely flexible cassette format can challenge on the basis of yet another value—an unexampled talent for at-home recording. And who will doubt that this ability is a potent musical value?

The truth of four-channel car tape-players seems to be, however, that they are capable of enhancing musical values in a way that is far out of ratio with any loss of sound quality below, let's say, living-room norms. The four—admittedly somewhat gimmicked—channels lend such an impression of musical liveliness, of ebullience, of attack, of the sidle and chant of personality, of one's intimate involvement with the musicians, that unless you are in the habit of listening for sound quality first the tendency is not to notice the undeniable sonic deficiencies that are part and parcel of a mobile environment. Is four-channel sound distracting in a car? No more so than a cop on your tail. But perhaps the novelty of either can wear off in time.

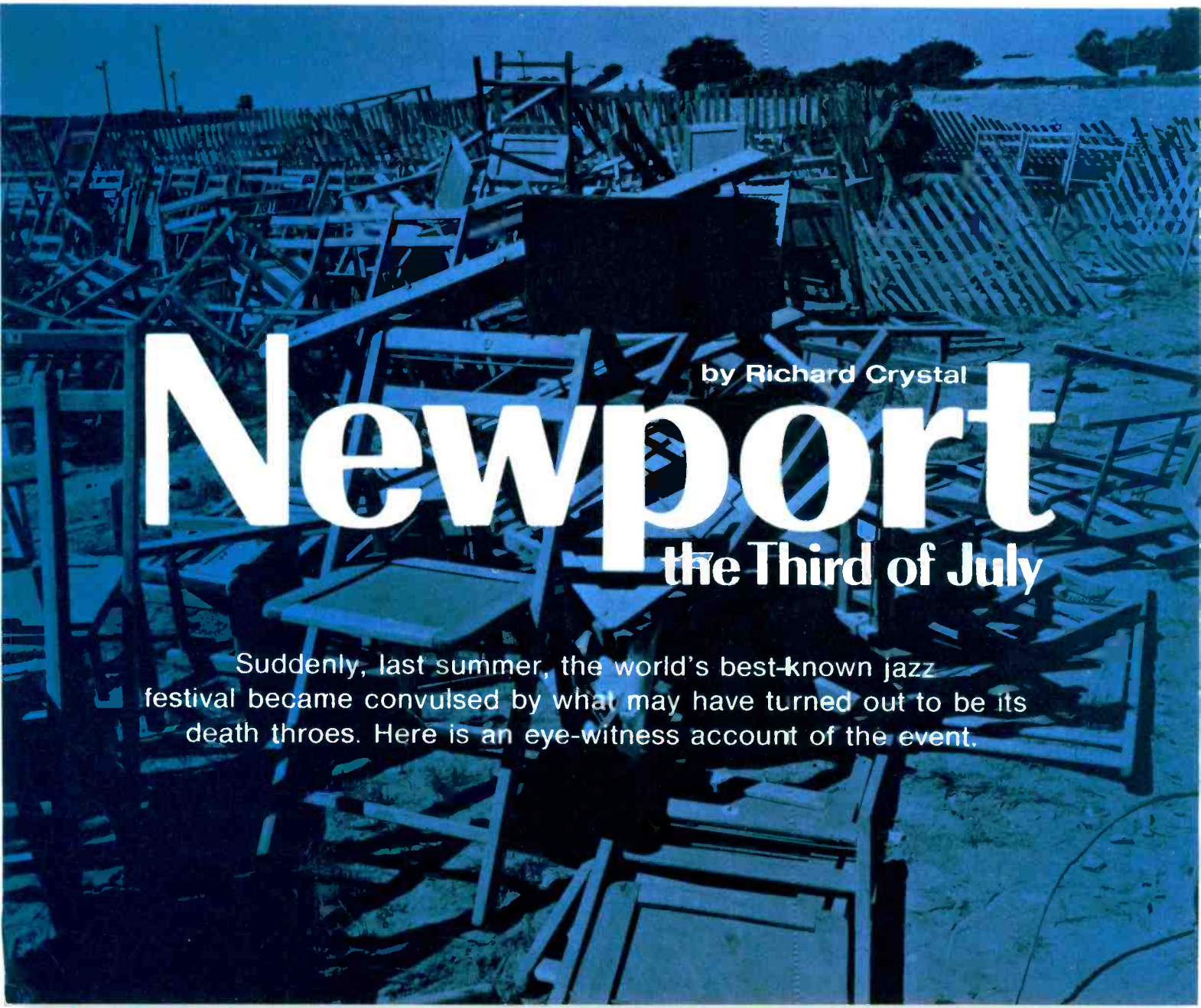
All of this, as I suggested at the beginning, opens up the nice question of whether pursuing reproduced sound quality beyond already established top-end component parameters is now useful in terms of gaining the greatest return in musical value per dollar spent. And obviously—if we are to believe our ears—the lesson implicit in four-channel 8-track mobile players will shift the balance point of the component-owning world away from a preoccupation with such words as *quadraphonics* and back toward musical values that have always resided, no matter how uneasily at times, in the term *high fidelity*.

I personally tend to think we can assume four-channel 8-track mobile players are here to stay even if gussied-up living-room versions will be here but briefly. This is not to say, however, that the musical values inherent in the cassette's flexibility may not give mobile four-channel units such as the Toyo and the $140 Roberts Q-84 some stiff competition. How stiff may depend on whether RCA's Q-8 label continues bravely upward from a promising beginning that features, among others, Ozawa, Reiner, Rubinstein, and Bream; several stellar Broadway-show and opera-highlights albums; and some live-concert recordings (José Feliciano and Harry Belafonte for instance)—a much broader mix than the usual quick-buck hit-album/background lists that have been the bane of cartridge-equipment owners with a taste for more adventurous program material.

Having Your Cake

Matters are being made more exciting by the appearance of adapters and special designs that allow cassettes and stereo cartridges to be played on the same equipment. This is an attractive way of having both formats with a single auto installation. If the idea appeals to you, look first at the double-slot models. They're the bulkiest, but by having separate slots for cassettes and cartridges they simplify the mechanical problems involved. The double-purpose, single-slot variety may work just as well, but its internal construction tends to be more complex and may prove crankier when problems do arise. And then there are the cassette adapters. Generally they're harder to use at 60 mph than the simple Staar slot, since the cassette must be inserted (usually from the top) into the adapter and the adapter slid into the 8-track player; and several manufacturers have discontinued adapters because they couldn't build adequate reliability into them. But the adapters are fairly inexpensive and will allow you an extra degree of flexibility, and therefore extra freedom to make your own kind of music on the road.

It takes a climate of freedom to nourish genius or ingenuity, just as it takes music and art and shared landscapes to create a climate in which divided peoples can be reunited. Perhaps the encapsulation—even the isolation—represented by an auto interior wired for sound isn't quite in keeping with that objective, but at least it helps us enjoy ourselves along the way.



Newport

the Third of July

by Richard Crystal

Suddenly, last summer, the world's best-known jazz festival became convulsed by what may have turned out to be its death throes. Here is an eye-witness account of the event.

NEWPORT has been the home of a jazz festival for the past eighteen years. In an age when music festivals are being shut down and prohibited, it was a comfort to know there was Newport. The 1971 Jazz Festival on paper seemed to be a historic one in that it covered the jazz world from 1920 on. Eubie Blake and Willie "the Lion" Smith, ragtime stride pianists, and Charlie Mingus, Freddie Hubbard, and Ornette Coleman were on the same afternoon concert. That's a history course of jazz music in itself.

Newport is a great place for an outdoor anything. It's a picturesque seaside resort and its surrounding waters are filled with sails, seagulls, and swimmers. The festival field is situated in a small valley and the speaker system faces a rather large hill at the back of the outdoor auditorium. There is no problem hearing the concerts from the hill although you can't see—as a matter of fact, as I wandered around the hill and listened to some of the groups testing the sound system last July 3, shortly before the Saturday night concert was to start, I found the acoustics to be surprisingly clear.

The hill was also the home of hundreds of campers who were able to pitch tents and spend the weekend free of any hassles. The police didn't hassle the kids and the kids didn't hassle the police. But wandering through the hill's campsites, I noticed things that would later take on larger significance: the kids who weren't there for the music, but who were there to get stoned with friends, to be with a lot of people, to party; the kids who never heard of Eubie Blake and Fats Waller and Jack Teagarden and Charlie Parker; kids as young as twelve trading drugs as if they were baseball cards. It wasn't three Tony Kubeks for one Willie Mays any more; it was two tabs of mescaline for one tab of acid. Their teeth were rotting, they looked extremely pale and unhealthy, and their eyes—those eyes stared ahead at nothing.

I walked back down the hill at 7:30 and everyone around the festival gates seemed to be excited about the music they were to hear that night. I took my seat in the last row of the press section, which was toward the front of the field and separated from the general audience by a flimsy wooden fence.

The new rock jazz group, Chase, opened the concert with some driving contemporary music. Their four trumpets were piercing and their selection varied. Bill Chase had some fine solos and, as always, hit those phenomenal high notes as only he, Cat Anderson, and Maynard Ferguson can. Chase was followed by the Dave Brubeck Trio with guest soloist Gerry Mulligan. Brubeck was up—he was great, as great as I had ever heard him. Mulligan, one of the few musicians who can claim an instrument as his own (for the baritone saxophone and Gerry Mulligan are synonymous), played as cool as ever and comfortably took over Paul Desmond's role. Mulligan's phrasing during improvisations is classic. I'm a big fan. It seemed many were great fans for the response was wonderful.

Then Dionne Warwicke started to sing. First opening offstage with *Close to You*, she came onstage and thrilled the audience. Dionne was phenomenal. I had never heard her work live before; she truly has a marvelously rich and unique sound. She is a complete pro and was in great voice that evening. After a few numbers, I heard wood cracking and a general rustling in the audience behind me. I turned around to the fence, but noticed nothing much out of the ordinary. Dionne went into a small medley of some of her hits and I became aware of a little more noise, some individual voices, and a lot of movement. Suddenly, as she was singing some rich high tones in *Alfie*, I heard a loud crack from the end of the fence. I again turned around. A sea of eyes. I recalled the kids I had seen earlier. All those eyes, again staring aimlessly ahead, all staring at the stage in a desperate way. I thought of scenes from two pictures. One was *Suddenly, Last Summer* when Elizabeth Taylor comes out of the ocean in her white see-through bathing suit and there is a close-up of the townspeople staring at her through the fence that separated the private beach from the public beach. Another was Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* when the birds assemble on the monkey bars outside the school ready to attack at the slightest stimulus. That eerie feeling that something bad was going to happen. I looked at the kids stacked against the fence ready to spring at any instant, and had this horrible image of my body wedged under the picket fence with hundreds of feet stampeding over me. "Move clear of the fence. Get your ass out of there." That was it. The next instant the young people broke the fence behind me and poured through it. I was sure they didn't want to

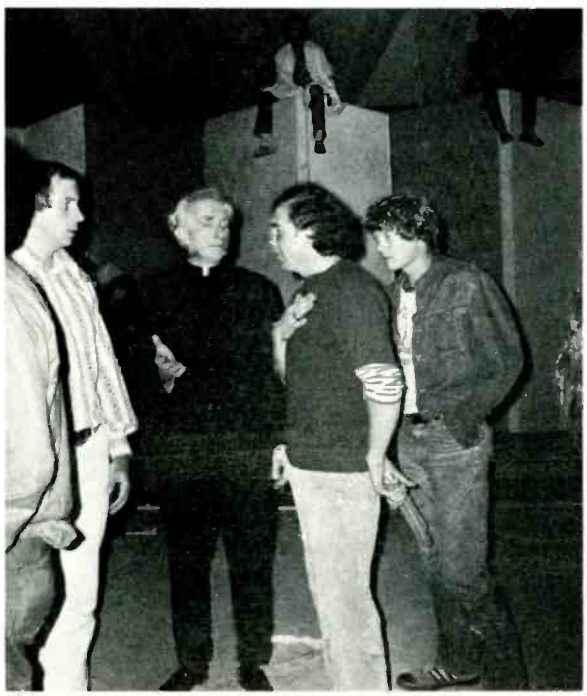
"Bill Chase had some fine solos . . . ."

"Gerry Mulligan played as cool as ever. Dave Brubeck . . . was great . . . ."

Photos by David Redfern

"Dionne Warwicke started to sing . . . ."

"George Wein tried to calm them down...."



"'Jazz Priest' Father O'Connor . . . pointed out that this was the only jazz festival in the East . . . to please cool it . . . ."

hurt anyone but I knew I damn well better not try to stop them. I could think only of saving myself from injury. I knew they weren't going to stop their rush to the stage to avoid stepping on my head. All that had to happen was for me to be jostled, knocked down, just thrown off balance. Once you're on the floor, forget it.

As Dionne was trying to be heard singing *What the World Needs Now is Love*, George Wein, the producer, took the microphone and announced that, regretfully, the concert was being canceled in the interests of safety.

The kids wouldn't listen and the pandemonium grew worse. Wein brought out his wife in an effort to arouse sympathy but it only seemed to infuriate the kids more. People seated in back started to chant, "We want Dionne, we want Dionne"; they felt Wein was ripping them off. What did they expect? They could see this tidal wave of people in front of them. But the press section was caught in the peak. All I knew was that I wanted to split—fast. "Just keep moving toward the exits," I said to myself, "just keep those feet moving." I was scared.

If you've ever walked down a street late at night and come face to face with a drunk, you know the feeling of a rush of adrenalin in your body because of the unpredictability of his behavior. You can imagine the feeling of being trapped in an enclosed area with hundreds of uncontrollable people whose purpose is to destroy. They weren't only drunk or stoned; many were on bad trips. There's a lot of

"When something like this happens, everyone loses."

bad dope around. I thought of the effects of bad drugs as I watched them knock down chairs, step on the torn-down fences, and destroy anything that stood in their way. I wanted to tell them that music festivals are important because they allow us to escape from these troubled times, taking us away to some other place for a few hours—don't ruin them any more. I kept repeating this to myself as they rushed the stage.

Again Wein tried to calm them down explaining that the performance was being terminated and a chorus of obscenities answered him in a rhythmic chant. "Jazz Priest" Father O'Connor, who was acting as master of ceremonies that evening, took the microphone and pointed out that this was the only remaining jazz festival in the East, that all the others had been ruined by similar situations, and to please try to cool it and salvage the remaining concerts on Sunday and Monday. It was too late. The kids *couldn't* listen. They were now a mob, more animal than human. No thought process at all, only violent instincts.

The jazz lovers were now vacating the festival area. Police quickly directed cars out of the adjacent parking lots, and the kids were left alone sitting, suddenly relaxed, around the empty stage. Now that they had stopped the music, their work was finished.

As I waited nervously in the parking lot I began to breathe a little easier and many thoughts flashed through my mind. I looked at the crashers through the eyes of a cop for the first time. I realized at that moment the human responses that go on when a cop is faced with this type of situation—those feelings of self-preservation. To my amazement, I realized that law and order is a necessary part of life in today's world. Just then some kids came by and responded to my dejected expression: "Music is free, man, music should be free!"

At first it sounded great. But who, I thought, is going to pay for the musicians, the sound men, the technical directors, the advertising space, the rent, the equipment, the transportation for the performers, their clothes, their room and board, their arrangements? I looked closer into their troubled faces. I saw my friends in those faces. I saw myself in those faces. Many things were written on those faces: the fear of being drafted because your number might be picked, and told to fight in a war that you felt was immoral, unjust, and none of your business; the hostility of living in an acquisitive system; the frustrations of graduating from college and finding that you couldn't get a good job because of the state of the economy, and of realizing that you learned more about life in one year out of college than all your four years in it—I had read all of those feelings on their faces before they wandered on their way, for I too had had them.

After they had left, another young man who had seen the exchange came up to me. "They know no reality," he said. "We were lucky, we knew ours. We may have used drugs, but thank God, we were able to come back." He added, "They can't."

Approximately thirty-five were arrested, pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct, paid $10 fines, and were told to leave the Newport area. Once again a small minority had ruined the music and reputations of a lot of good young people.

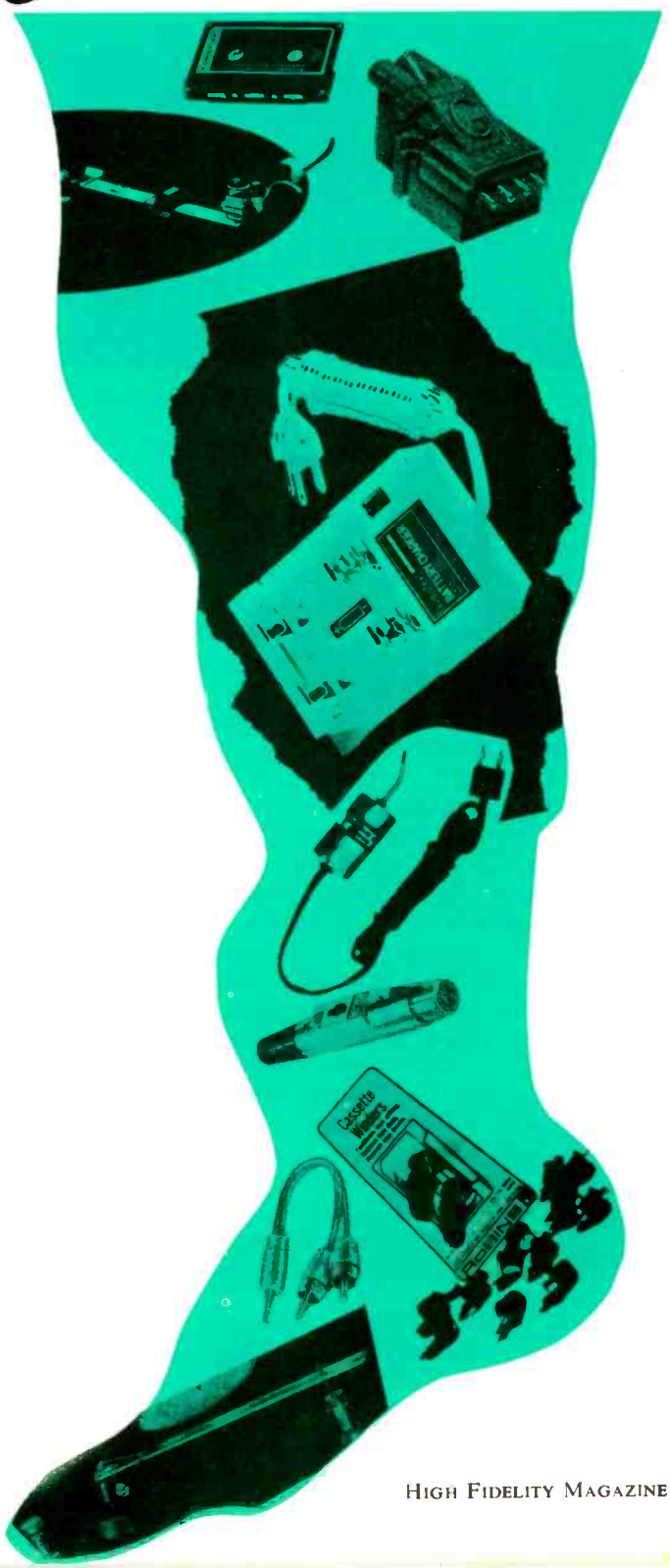
When something like this happens, everyone loses. The kids lose another place to have a weekend of music. Jazz lovers, who travel from all over the world to come to Newport, lose. It's a shame, for jazz lovers are a strange breed of devoted music listeners. There aren't many places to hear good jazz any more, and knowing there's a festival each year in Newport is reassuring. It's also a great way to catch up on sounds you haven't been able to hear all year. George Wein, who's done a great service to the jazz world by keeping Newport alive, certainly lost financially—and emotionally as well. But the greatest loss of all is the one suffered by the musicians themselves. There are only a handful of jazz clubs left in the whole country. Newport is a steady gig. There's always the festival—to make some bread, to see the old friends, hear what the other guys are doing, jam with musicians you haven't seen or heard from all year long—and another chance to play music before big crowds and turn them on.

For all our sakes, I hope somehow, someway, Newport will be back next year. Its continuation is more important than we think.

STEREO STOCKING STUFFERS

by Robert Long

fillers for under $23



Santa—well, my wife actually—always seems to be at a loss when it comes time to fill that old ski sock that I tack up by the fireplace each December 24. She needn't be. If she listened more closely to my mutterings every time I hook up a new component she'd know that interconnect cables, in assorted lengths, always will come in handy sooner or later. Or a glance at the empty spade-lug boxes in the wastepaper basket would clue her in to another continuing need. And (are you listening, honey?) there's an almost-empty bottle of solvent hidden inside my Discwasher.

If—like my wife—you're looking for little yuletide goodies to put intriguing lumps into an empty stocking, this article is for you. As we go, I'll give you some approximate (or typical) prices as a guide to what your largess may cost. Naturally you don't want to spend *too* much on a stocking stuffer—less than $25, anyway. So let's make $23 our limit.

Odds and Ends

Inveterate browsers (I'm one) are way ahead in this business. Along New York's Canal Street (or any similar "radio parts row" elsewhere), for example, you may be able to pick up some real bargains; but of course you must know what you're doing if you're to choose well among the clutter of remaindered items and seconds.

Canal Street, or its counterparts elsewhere, may seem a bit far afield. Then how about mail-order browsing? Unless you're looking for something specific and know how to tell a lulu from a lemon, I wouldn't suggest the surplus-equipment lists so much as the catalogues from the retail electronics parts houses. Allied Radio Shack, Lafayette Radio, and Olson Electronics probably are the best known because they operate chains of stores in addition to their mail-order operations, but there are others. For in-person browsing, the local parts store always is a good bet. Even a well-stocked hardware store can prove interesting.

All kinds of items may be found at these sources. How about a slow-speed, low-noise ventilating fan for around $15 to keep output transistors cool in tight places? An extra jeweler's screwdriver or a pair of long-nose pliers (generally under $5.00, even for the fanciest) always comes in handy. A

heavy-duty multiple-outlet AC extension cord will do nicely to get rid of some of the tangle behind a multiple-component stereo rig. Brands like Waber and Fedtro make good, sturdy units in considerable variety, most of them around $5.00 to $10. There also are battery rechargers or eliminators of many sorts and prices that will be welcome in a home-entertainment complex that includes portable equipment. And there are all kinds of low-cost maintenance supplies like aerosol cans of solvent for cleaning noisy potentiometers (volume controls that crackle when you adjust them, for instance), or tape-head cleaning solution. A good companion piece would be some cotton swabs from the nearest electronics store or discount pharmacy. (The cheapest swabs cost considerably less than the branded products, and I find them every bit as good for hi-fi purposes.)

Interconnect cables and adapters are a whole field in themselves. If the intended recipient has a lot of equipment and you're not sure of his needs, anything with a regular (RCA) phono plug or jack (male and female connector, respectively) on one or both ends will come in handy sooner or later. Best bets among the interconnect cables are phono-male to phono-male or phono-male to unterminated. The latter can be jury-rigged to all sorts of connectors in a pinch or used in a home-built interconnect system.

Among adapters, I think I'd put the various phono-to-phone combinations at the top of the list. Microphone connections (on the mike's own cables and at the input to tape-recorder or other electronic units) vary all over the place from the standard ¼-inch phone variety on which the double-conductor headphone connector is based to miniature and subminiature phone connectors. The traditional screw-on Amphenol-type mike connectors and Cannon-type three-pin connectors aren't used much in consumer audio equipment, so pass them by unless you know that they will be welcome. And if you sneak a look at the back of your recipient's receiver, you may find a DIN-style jack. An adapter to mate it with American-style phono connections might be a good choice in that case.

You'll find audio cables and adapters bearing a number of brand names, some of them proprietary to the electronics chain stores. Lines like Switchcraft and Audiotex have particularly comprehensive catalogues in these areas, and I have yet to buy a Switchcraft product that didn't perform as advertised. I can't say as much for some of the inexpensive imports, which every now and then turn out to have an open or intermittent connection.

For the Record Pamperer

Almost all stereo systems include record-playing equipment, so you're fairly safe if you choose something that will help the owner care for his records. If he's not a close friend, however, you might do well to try a bit of advance sleuthing. "Your records sound so beautiful; mine aren't nearly so quiet!" is a good come-on. If it triggers an ecstatic ode to the Watts Dust Bug, for example, you know that anything but a replacement bottle of Watts antistatic solution probably will go unappreciated. Fortunately, most phono-fans are less well equipped and less dogmatic in the matter of record care.

The Watts line includes quite a number of products, all within the price range covered by this article. The Dust Bug is one of the most attractive units, being efficient and fairly inexpensive ($6.50), though it is not designed for use with record changers (or "automatic turntables" to use the more pompous term).

If your friend has a changer, he can still use the Preener ($4.00) or Parastat ($15). If he has these Watts units already, you can get the antistatic solution for them for $2.50. The Watts products, sold in the U. S. by Elpa Marketing Industries, can be bought from any dealer carrying other Elpa products.

A new product in the same class is the Discwasher ($13). Like the Watts Parastat and Preener, it can be used on a moving turntable or, where it's a question of records to be stacked on a changer, with the record hand-held or resting on a dust-free surface. (The Discwasher is reviewed in this month's equipment reports section.)

Another name you may see in shopping for phono accessories is Schweizer Design, a company new to the American market, though it has been supplying European stores for some time. Schweizer makes a series of inexpensive record-care items that include the Record Cleaner (roughly

comparable to the Parastat and Discwasher), Record Fluid (distilled, demineralized water), Record Service (a nonimpregnated velvet cloth plus a stylus brush), and Record System (an expandable series of interlocking units for holding records upright).

Even more comprehensive are the Audiotex line from GC Electronics and that of Robins Industries—names that you'll see often when shopping for accessories. These lines include record-cleaning brushes and cloths, a record-cleaning arm similar to the Dust Bug, various cleaning and antistatic preparations, turntable-leveling kits, and so on. Most stores carry one brand or the other, sometimes both; but few stock the entire record-care line of either company.

A stylus-cleaning brush also is a useful device. I use a small red-sable artist's brush, but the stiffer bristles on the brushes sold specifically for this purpose presumably do a better job on heavy deposit of dirt. I'd recommend choosing a hand-held brush in preference to the kind that attaches permanently to the turntable's base plate. The latter seems handy—particularly on a changer where it cleans the stylus automatically—but it brushes the stylus sideways rather than longitudinally, and can damage it.

A variety of record-cleaning cloths and solutions are available. Some—particularly the spray type of antistatic solution—are better avoided. They can gum up a groove pretty badly if used indiscriminately, and you may be doing a disservice to the gift's recipient if you choose too casually.

A stylus gauge is a pretty safe (and inexpensive) choice. Audiotex has a springless model (catalogue No. 30-220, $3.50) that works like a letter scale, with the pickup suspended from a hook that grips its housing opposite the stylus tip—that is, at the same distance from the arm bearings. It has the advantage that you can suspend the pickup at playing height; some of the more conventional double-arm balance types that rest on the turntable hold the pickup somewhat higher, which may compromise the gauge's accuracy in measuring statically balanced tone arms. Some balanced-arm gauges—the $5.00 Shure SFG-2 for example—do hold the stylus very close to playing position, however.

Cueing devices and strobe equipment to check turntable speed usually are included with most modern turntables, but also can be bought as accessories. To make strobe-disc markings easier to see, Audiotex offers a small strobe light. Or you can make your own with a small 120-volt neon bulb and socket from an electrical store. And while we're on the subject of performance-checking, don't forget test records. Those from CBS Laboratories are among the best.

There are other accessories for the record fancier that—like the test records—won't fit very gracefully into any stocking that I'd want to wear. The paper-and-plastic protective inner sleeves that are sold to replace the plain-jane paper kind that some record companies put inside the jackets of their budget-priced discs protect the records well, particularly in multidisc boxes. And if your Christmas stocking is purely a figment of seasonal imagination, you might choose a dust cover for the turntable (or tape recorder). They come in various sizes in rigid "plexiglass"—meaning some sort of molded plastic. You also can find inexpensive covers made from soft plastic sheeting. This type is fine for tape recorders, but when you whip it off a turntable you may brush the arm, knocking it off its support and perhaps damaging an expensive stylus unless the arm has been securely fastened against such misadventure.

For the Recordist

The list of accessories for someone who's into tape recording—*really* into tape recording—is as long as Wilt Chamberlain's arm. But beware: Many of these items may not suit the needs of your particular recordist.

Take the matter of splicing units. Those few amateurs who do any real tape editing tend to have strong opinions on the subject of splicers. I'm firmly committed to the splicing block plus narrow (7/32-inch) splicing tape myself. The metal blocks are the best; Editall Type S-2 ($7.50) has a pressure-sensitive backing that will adhere to the top plate of the tape deck, while Type S-3 ($9.00) has countersunk holes for screw mounting. Either can be used as a movable accessory if you don't want to mount it permanently. There also are plastic editing blocks (Editall itself makes one), but they're not as true as the metal variety and the cheapest can be very poorly made.

Real splicing tape (Scotch No. 41 or equivalent)—*not* mending tape—is a must for a successful splice. Rolls of narrow splicing tape often are hard to find if you don't have a professional recording-supplies outlet handy. Being slightly narrower than the recording tape, it obviates the edge-trimming required with wider splicing tapes. There also are pretrimmed splicing patches available from Robins and Editall. They're attractive for those who only occasionally need to make a splice; but they cost more than roll tapes which, with a little practice, are just as easy to use.

But some users never seem to get the hang of using narrow splicing tape. For them, the self-trimming splicing units available from Robins, Duotone, and Audiotex are the solution. Several models are available below our $23 price ceiling. They hold

the tape in place, trim its ends, and trim the splicing tape; some models include a splicing-tape dispenser.

If you buy a block, you also should buy some single-edged razor blades to use with it. You also may want to get a grease pencil to mark edit points with, and perhaps some leader tape. Most tape manufacturers make it, sometimes in several colors or with a built-in timing scale (which means little for the nonprofessional user). To protect the ends of the tape, paper leader—which usually comes on a 7-inch reel—is the most economical and works fine. It's easy to write on for one thing.

This business of protecting the ends of open-reel tapes is a good reason for any recordist to have basic splicing supplies at hand—whether he plans to do real tape editing or not. The various sorts of tape-end clips also help, but they're more bother in the long run. If his tape equipment uses cartridges or cassettes rather than open reels, he may still need to mend a broken tape from time to time. Cartridges are filled with ¼-inch tape and require the same splicing equipment as open-reel audio recorders; comparable models are made for the narrow tape in cassettes. Robins makes "winders" ($1.50 per pair) for cranking the edited tape loop back inside the cassette.

Conductive foil tape trips the automatic-reverse or automatic-stop features of some recorders, and is a good bet as a stocking stuffer if you know that it will be useful with the recipient's gear. The foil comes in long adhesive-backed rolls (Scotch brand, for instance), short solid-metal strips (BASF), and even shorter stick-on patches (Sony is one of several manufacturers). They're about equally efficient in most recorders.

Bulk tape erasers will weight down a stocking, but several hand-held models come within our price range. So do head degaussers, though not all units work equally well with all recorders due to differences in head-cover construction. If you know which tape recorder model will be involved, ask the salesman whether he has a sample on hand so you can try the head-demagnetizer on for pole-piece configuration. Cartridge and cassette equipment offer special problems in this respect and you'll be well advised to buy degaussing units built for the specific type of machine. Those for cartridge units usually are AC operated and built into a cartridge case that goes right into the player slot. Some cassette degaussers are similar; the $5.00 Ampex 220, test-reported in March 1971, uses a revolving permanent magnet for degaussing purposes and also contains a cleaning tape to polish accumulated dust and oxide flakes off heads and guides. Similar cleaning tapes are available separately for cassette, cartridge, and reel equipment. Audiotex offers test tapes in cartridge, cassette, and open-reel form (the last two will be reviewed in next month's equipment reports). This company also markets strobe devices for checking speed accuracy. Several companies offer head-cleaning solution, sometimes as part of a recorder-care kit.

And don't forget those minor classics of amateur recording hardware, the Switchcraft in-line miniature mixers and preamps. The preamplified Mix-Amp series runs about $15 to $20; the passive Mini-Mix Mixer series $10. Shure also has a new series of in-line microphone accessories (filters, preamps, matching transformers, etc.) that sell for about $15 apiece. Other low-cost mono and stereo mixers are available at prices from about $15 and up, as are preamps that can be used for mikes, tape-head outputs, or magnetic phono cartridges. Although the best units generally cost more than our $23 maximum, the budget units can be very useful for the amateur. Microphones themselves can be bought for under $23, though as a class they lend themselves better to voice recording than to music. A mike stand for $5.00 to $10 probably would make a better gift.

For the Orderly

If, once again, your stocking is fictional there are caddies and carrying cases galore for cassettes and cartridges. They vary all over the lot in style, construction, capacity, and price. Some look like loose-leaf notebooks and hold several cassettes, shorn of their outer cases. Some are designed to hold cartridges or cassettes in a car.

There also are a good many systems for filing and finding recordings—on either tape or disc. A sense of order is a very personal thing, it seems to me, and I'd rather not try to pick a filing system for someone else. But here are some suggestions in case you're braver than I. For the recordist there are several devices for indexing the tapes themselves. Robins and Audiotex have offered the most varied line over the years: labels for boxes and reels, color-code cueing patches that stick on the tape backing to identify the starting point of individual selections, color-coded leader tape, stick-on cueing arrows for use on the reel, and so on. The 3M Scotch line, BASF, and other tape manufacturers offer some of these product types as well. Frankly I prefer to label all tapes on the leader (both ends) and the box, rather than the reel, as a hedge against having to rewind onto the correct reel before filing.

There also are relatively elaborate systems for indexing program content. The Bib system was reviewed in our June 1971 issue. Others tend to be similar in that they have some sort of index book or file in which you can look up the recording you

want to find, plus a numbering or labeling system by which discs or tapes can be filed serially. As I say, this is a largely personal matter. Every collection of any size will have certain types of recordings that are hard to locate for one reason or another. The ideal filing system would solve that problem with minimum fuss; if it solves problems that don't really exist, the filing system becomes more of a drag to keep up than the nonsystem was when you were hunting for one of those elusive recordings. Some people are compulsive filers, however, and will enjoy these systems for their own sake.

For the Tinkerer

The Siegfried-syndrome set—hobbyists who specialize in quelling electronic Fafners with a deft thrust of the soldering iron—opens up a whole range of possibilities, though it may be hard for outsiders to tell just which possibilities are most suitable in particular cases.

There are several lines of inexpensive mini-kits that include all sorts of handy-dandy gadgets. Eico's Eicocraft series is perhaps the most readily available; others come from Calectro-Amperex, RCA, Allied Radio Shack, and other companies. Typical models that can find general application might be a low-power amplifier for use in headphone monitoring, or preamps that could be used in converting a stereo tape deck to quadraphonic playback, or as mike preamps for an avid home recordist. Voltage regulators or battery eliminators (AC power supplies for battery-operated equipment) can come in handy. Or how about a low-power FM transmitter to allow wireless use of microphones?

The Eicocraft line includes the $10 Sound/4 adapter, a simplified device for deriving "four-channel" sound (through four speakers) from a (two-channel) stereo amplifier. The regular Eico line includes the fancier Quatrasonic Adapter QA-4 ($18) for the same purpose. Or you can buy the original model of this type, the Dynaco Quadaptor ($20). This last, particularly, will *really* put a lump in a Christmas stocking.

The relatively new Electro-Harmonix line includes kit versions of its LSB-2 stereo booster/attenuator ($16) and Stereo Tone Expander ($18), actually an inexpensive equalizer unit. (The units are available by mail order from the manufacturer at 15 W. 25th Street, New York, N. Y. 10010.)

Switchcraft, Mosely, Lafayette, Olson, and many others offer a variety of devices that can be used in hooking up extension-speaker systems: various kinds of switches, jack plates, level controls, and so on. Don't go this route, however, unless you know exactly what the recipient will want. Some models can't be used safely with transistorized equipment, for example, while others achieve correct impedance-matching only at the expense of a gross waste of power.

The Subcomponents

In addition to the preamps and mixers already discussed among the tape-recording accessories and the mini-kit devices we have just been talking about, there are odds and ends of hi-fi hardware that border on component status. In the astounding range of "psychedelic-lighting" products available today, for example, many sell for under $23. Particularly if you are interested in kits, there are many units that will turn audio signals into colored-light displays.

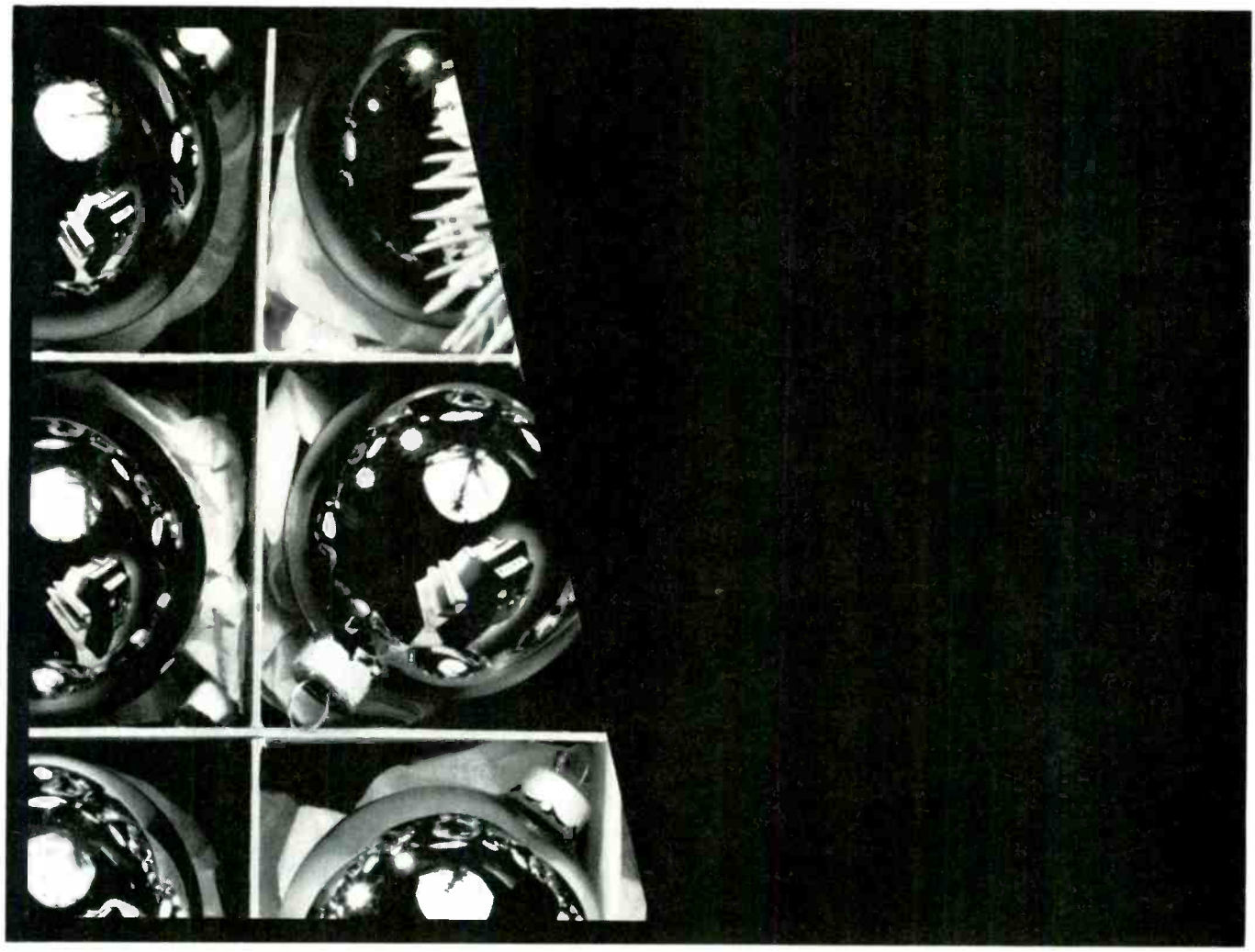
Most headphone manufacturers make junction boxes of one sort or another that will add an appropriate jack to components not already so equipped or make possible the simultaneous use of two or more headsets—often with individual volume controls. Simple, inexpensive headphone adapters are available from Switchcraft and some other companies that are not primarily in the headphone business.

Headphones themselves are a possibility as well. I've found that $23 is about the bottom of the range where any real quality can be expected in a headset; below that figure the reproduced sound tends to descend more rapidly than price. But for uses other than the private contemplation of pure sound quality they still may be appropriate. I've put them to work when I wanted to edit a tape without disturbing the neighbors, for example.

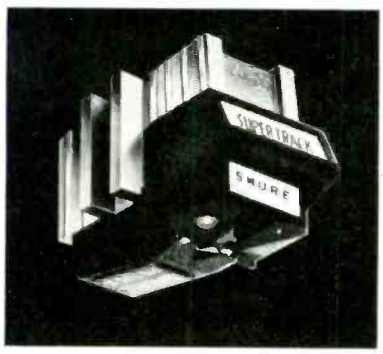
Speakers also are available for $23 and under, of course, as are phono cartridges. The speakers in this class may find application as extension units, though it's hard to take their claims as high fidelity reproducers very seriously. At background-music levels, particularly if there's a loudness control in the circuit, they can be surprisingly pleasant, however; but they won't fit in a stocking.

A cartridge will; and a $23 model should be much closer to state of the art than a $23 speaker. The $20 Shure M44-7, for example, was considered top quality not too many years ago. Most good systems today already contain a more costly cartridge, of course. Your best bet for gift-giving, if the recipient owns a cartridge in which the stylus is easily replaced, might be a 3-mil or 2.5-mil stylus for playing those cherished 78s that most collectors still have hidden away in a closet. Pickering and Shure are among the manufacturers that still make 78 styli for stereo cartridges, though few dealers keep them in stock. The price usually is around $10.

These are just suggestions. What you see when you go out to shop probably will give you additional ideas. (That's what showcases are for.) Just don't go overboard; a stocking will hold only so much. ●



A cartridge in a pear tree.



A gift of the *Shure V-15 Type II* Improved stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile who receives it. What makes the V-15 such a predictable Yuletime success, of course, is its ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, et cetera, et cetera. Stereo Review, in a test report that expressed more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, described the performance of the V-15 Type II Improved as ". . . . Unstrained, effortless, and a delight to listen to." All of which means that if you're the giver, you can make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)

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So far, though, only Sony's SQD-1000 and SQA-200 decoders have this logic enhancement. Because SQ's unique encoding (which shows up on records as a double-helical modulation of the groove) makes simple logic circuits practical.

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A musician plays no softer when he's behind you or to one side. With SQ he doesn't sound as if he did. No matter where in the 360° quadraphonic circle the musician sits, he will be heard at exactly the same volume as if he were sitting in front of you. And that's true whether you're listening to the SQ record in four-channel or just playing it on a stereo system without an SQ decoder.

Advantage #4:
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Sony offers you a choice of two SQ adapters. For the more demanding, there's a new SQD-1000 decoder. Its logic circuit enhances front-back separation by up to 6 db, so that front-center soloists (or rear ones, for that matter), stand out more clearly. The SQD-1000 lets you listen to four-channel sound from SQ records, or to discrete four-channel tapes on auxiliary players. It also lets you listen to normal stereo, or to stereo broadcasts and recordings enhanced with SQ ambience. Just plug the SQD-1000 into your tape monitor jacks (the SQD-1000 has its own), and add your choice of rear-channel amplifier and speakers.

If you want to get into SQ with a more modest investment, add Sony's new SQA-200 SQ decoder/amplifier to your system. It has all the SQD-1000's features (except the four-channel master volume control). But because the SQA-200 has a stereo amplifier built in, it saves you the expense of an extra amplifier for your rear channels.

Hear SQ at your Sony dealer. Or write Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

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Columbia Records

Popular

Lynn Anderson, *Rose Garden*
Blood, Sweat and Tears II
Johnny Cash at San Quentin
Chase
Ray Conniff, *Love Story*
Al Cooper, Mike Bloomfield & Steve Stills, *Supersession*
Miles Davis, *Bitches Brew*
Bob Dylan, *Nashville Skyline*
Percy Faith, *Romeo and Juliet*
Funny Girl, Original Sound Track
Janis Joplin, *Pearl*
Kris Kristofferson, *Silver-Tongued Devil and I*
Johnny Mathis, *You've Got a Friend*
Jim Nabors, *Help Me Make It Through The Night*
No, No, Nanette, Original Cast
Poco, Deliverin'
Ray Price, *For the Good Times*
Raiders, *Indian Reservation*
Santana, *Abraxas*
Sly and the Family Stone, *Greatest Hits*
Ray Stevens, *Greatest Hits*
Barbara Streisand, *Stoney End*
Ten Years After, *A Space in Time*
Andy Williams, *Love Story*
Tammy Wynette, *We Sure Can Love Each Other*

Classical

Bach, *Switched-On Bach* (Carlos)
Bernstein, *Mass* (Bernstein, Original Kennedy Center Cast)
R. Strauss, *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic)
Morton Subotnick, *Touch*
Verdi, *Requiem* (Bernstein, Arroyo, Veasey, Domingo, Raimondi, London Symphony)

Vanguard Records

Popular

Joan Baez, *Blessed are...*
Larry Coryell, *At the Village Gate*
Country Joe and the Fish, *From Haight-Ashbury to Woodstock (2 LP)*
Buffy Sainte-Marie, *Moonshot*

Classical

"P.D.Q. Bach," *The Stoned Guest* (Schickele)
Berlioz, *Requiem* (Abravanel, Utah)
Handel's *Messiah* (Price, Minton, Young, Diaz, Somary, English Chamber Orch.)
Handel, *Messiah highlights*
Mahler, *Symphony No. 3* (Abravanel, Utah)
Mozart, *Divertimenti* K287/138 (Blum, English Chamber Orch).
Tchaikovsky *Symphony No. 4* (Stokowski, American Symphony)
Tchaikovsky, *Serenade Op. 48;* Prokofiev, *Classical Symphony;* Arensky, *Variations* (Somary, English Chamber Orch.)
The Virtuoso Trumpet of Martin Berinbaum (Somary, English Chamber Orch).

Ampex Records

Popular

Anita Kerr Singers *Grow to Know Me*
Anita Kerr Singers with Royal Philharmonic, *A Christmas Story*
Bob Hinkle, *Ollie Moggus*
Melting Pot, *Fire Burn and Cauldron Bubble*
Mason Profit, *Last Night I had the Strangest Dream*
Purlie, Original Cast
Cris Williamson
Rome Philharmonic, *Classical Movie Themes*

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Orchestra: Vienna Philharmonic
Soloists: Christa Ludwig, Gwyneth Jones
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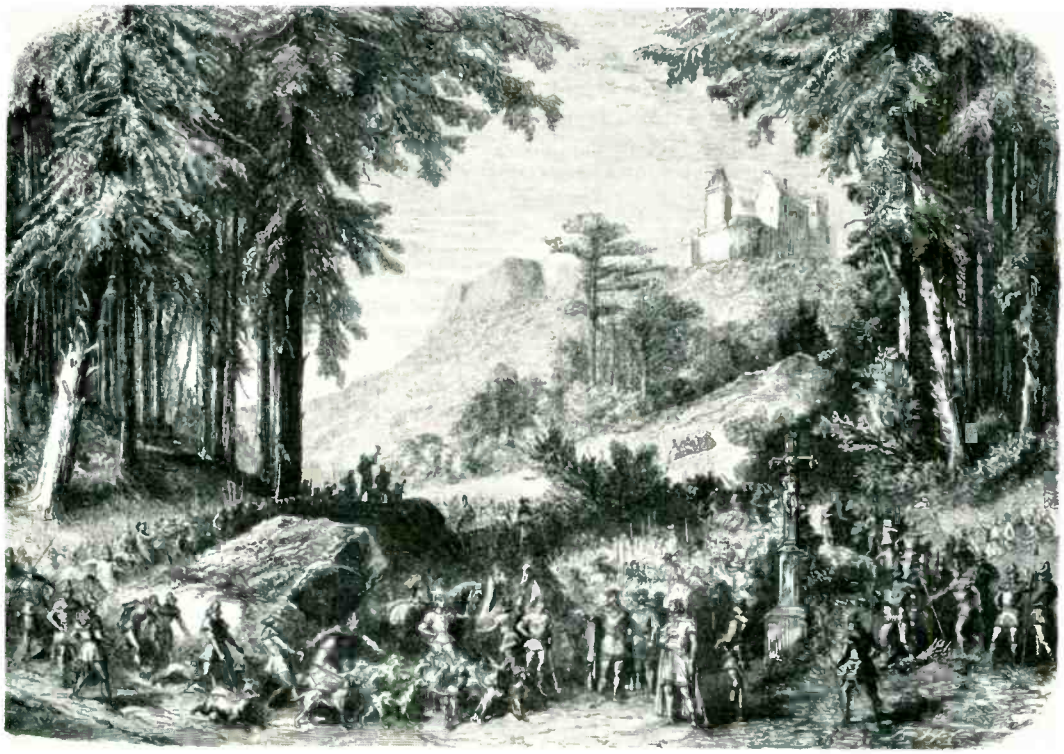
On Columbia Records

A BUMPER CROP OF WAGNER OPERAS



The Bettmann Archive

Tannhäuser, Act I, Scene II, at the Paris Grand Opera in 1861. Were the dogs an omen?

Solti's Tannhäuser—We'll Probably Never Do Much Better Than This

by Peter G. Davis

IN PREPARING a bit of background for this review, I fortified myself by sampling various complete *Tannhäuser* recordings from the past, ten in all, both the over- and under-the-counter varieties. While there were many treasurable ingredients in almost all of them—Varnay's Elisabeth and Venus, Fischer-Dieskau's Wolfram, De los Angeles' Elisabeth, Melchior's Tannhäuser, the work of Szell and Kempe on the podium—none of them delivered quite the over-all impact of London's new recording, whatever its shortcomings. The perfect *Tannhäuser* has probably never been heard outside of Wagner's own feverish brain, but I doubt if we'll ever do much better than this in the here and now.

The first important point to note on behalf of the current version is its consistent use of the 1861 revision that Wagner made for the infamous Paris production. It seems incredible that this music has been bypassed in favor of the weaker Dresden original in all previous commercial recordings (excepting the long-deleted 1930 Bayreuth set), for in the case of the largely rewritten Venusberg Scene we have been missing about twenty minutes of prime post-*Tristan* Wagner. Most defenders of Dresden speak piously of its greater stylistic homogeneity, but this strikes me as misplaced purism in view of the flood of sensuous musical beauty and the deeper characterization of Venus that emerges here—and how much more forcefully it contrasts with the open-air, verdant freshness of the following scene in the valley before the Wartburg. The other alterations are minimal but effective: a retouching in the orchestration here, a short elaboration of a theme there, and the elimination

of Walther von der Vogelweide's stanzas in the Singer's Contest (evidently the Parisian Walther was inadequate).

Many of the good things in this performance may be traced directly to Solti, who seems well on his way to completing a cycle of the ten canonical Wagner operas for London (and, one hopes, a *Rienzi* in due time). Solti's Wagner conducting has always been unmistakable for its athletic vigor, dramatic incisiveness, and general volubility—occasionally to the detriment of the overall view, and even here one notices transitional passages that are not managed as smoothly as they might be, particularly in the Overture and big Act II ensemble. In compensation, however, there are strokes of a master hand at every turn: the superbly shaped Dionysiac frenzy of the Bacchanal; the solid, weighty brass sonorities in the Act III Prelude; a firm grip on tempos once they have been established; and the vibrantly alive sound of the evenly balanced orchestral ensemble (the Vienna Philharmonic is in brilliant form). One may miss the structural cohesiveness of, say, Furtwängler, or the suave directionality of Karajan, but this is a vital, passionate, controlled presentation of the score that is continually absorbing.

Both ladies are excellent. It would be difficult to find a better Venus than Christa Ludwig: Her ripe, luscious mezzo wraps itself around this music with absolute security, conjuring up a vividly voluptuous and vindictive goddess of love. A really stupendous piece of work. Helga Dernesch is not the usual sexless, white-voiced Pollyanna one often hears as Elisabeth, but a genuinely tragic figure of warm, gentle Teutonic femininity—a far more suitable role for her voice and temperament than Brünnhilde. Perhaps she lacks the ultimate even legato repose for "*Dich, teure Halle*" (although the Prayer is admirably poised and seamless), and her defense of Tannhäuser in Act II may be a shade phlegmatic; but the voice, a gorgeous instrument in itself, sounds more radiant, free, and steady than on her earlier recordings, soaring effortlessly above the staff, and her involvement with Elisabeth's predicament yields many touching moments (e.g., as she anxiously scans the crowd of approaching pilgrims for Tannhäuser).

Wolfram calls for a firm, rich lyric baritone, a polished technique, and refined musical perceptions—there's not much one can do in the way of characterization with this rather colorless fellow. Victor Braun sings and shapes his phrases with sensitivity and care for the line; the slight tremulous quality of the voice and patches of raw tone may be overlooked in the face of his spontaneous and elegant way with the notes (although I can't help wondering where Hermann Prey was during these sessions).

Hans Sotin is a real *cantante* German basso—not so deep and sonorous as his predecessors, but it's a lovely sound—and he almost disguises the fact that the Landgraf is a windy bore. The remaining minnesingers have little solo work (aside from Manfred Jungwirth, a not inappropriately rough Biterolf), but they blend into a fine ensemble. The Shepherd Boy is sung by a real boy for the first time in my experience and the effect is justified by the additional measure of innocence and treble purity after the heated music of Venus and her minions. In fact the entire chorus of young pilgrims is sung by the Vienna Choir Boys—a lovely effect at the end of Act II as the off-stage children suddenly interrupt the angry ensemble *stretto*.

We now come to the controversial part of the casting—the title role, which has been a thorn in the side of opera impresarios ever since the first performance. The only Tannhäuser within memory to do justice to this strenuous music has been Melchior, and the recordings to date have had scant luck in finding a suitable substitute; Windgassen came closest in the 1962 Bayreuth production on Philips—he may have lacked the complete vocal goods, but the portrayal itself remains a gripping one. London has turned its back on the current crop of pseudo-Heldentenors and opted for tender youth and beauty. Of course this too is a compromise, and René Kollo, judging by a *Lohengrin* at Bayreuth last summer, would be foolhardy to attempt Tannhäuser on the stage: He has a small voice of great natural appeal, an expressive and musical approach to the music, a potentially fine top that is not yet quite firmly positioned. Very likely a steady diet of live Tannhäusers would finish off this delicately budding talent.

A recording, though, is a different story: While a microphone cannot supply the thrust, metal, and maturity of a born Tannhäuser, we can enjoy Kollo's fine points—after enduring such disasters as August Seider, Günther Treptow, Pekka Nuotio, and worse, Kollo seems sent from heaven. London certainly has made the correct choice in the face of an impossible situation, and when the voice and interpretive attitudes have matured (right now Kollo's conception and delivery is a carbon copy of Windgassen's—not a bad model to be sure and well absorbed here, but still second-hand), we may have a great Tannhäuser. I'm not sure that repeated hearings will sustain one's initial charity, but for the moment it's a pleasure to hear the music sung with such ease, lovely tone, and the sincere attempt to come to grips with the problems.

As a sonic production this new *Tannhäuser* shows London's customary care in going about such things, and the results on this score are absolutely splendid. The sound is of the label's best vibrant, wide-ranged Viennese variety with the voices a bit more forward than usual. The Bacchanal is a tremendous sonic orgy, subsiding into a deliciously caressing postorgasmal languor as the sirens intone their summons in a bewitching off-stage cloudy perspective. All of Wagner's directions for cowbells and distant church bells are observed for the first time in my recollection, and they add greatly to the illusion. One nice touch is the use of what appears to be a genuine *Schalmei* (or shawm, an early double-reed predecessor of the oboe) to accompany the Shepherd; the instrument's rustic, reedy piping provides further atmospheric flavor. The directional brass fanfares in Acts I and II and the pilgrims' procession in Act II are managed with the expertise one takes for granted in a London Wagner production.

In fact, the recording as a whole serves the opera more completely than any of the past integral versions, and I count this new London *Tannhäuser* as an indispensable addition to any operatic collection.

WAGNER: Tannhäuser. Helga Dernesch (s), Elisabeth; Christa Ludwig (ms), Venus; René Kollo (t), Tannhäuser; Werner Hollweg (t), Walther; Kurt Equiluz (t), Heinrich; Victor Braun (b), Wolfram; Manfred Jungwirth (b), Biterolf; Norman Bailey (b), Reinmar; Hans Sotin (bs), Landgraf; Vienna Choir Boys; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London OSA 1438, $23.92 (four discs).

Weirich Festspielhaus

Ilse Buhs

Thirty years apart, Franz Völker (left) and James King present the sound and look of *Lohengrin*. Time has jettisoned a helmet and added a prediction, but the vocalism is equally variable in two new releases.

Kubelik's Lohengrin—The Most Solid Yet Recorded

by Conrad L. Osborne

EVEN IN THIS DAY of multiple *Ring* recordings, the simultaneous release of two complete inscriptions of *Lohengrin* is not an everyday event. The DGG performance listed here is only the third in stereo, and the two together add up to seven in the LP era—not a deprivation, but no oversupply, either, of Wagner's most-performed opera. Then too, the artistic level of previous efforts has not been exactly overwhelming, with even the strongest-looking lineup (Angel's, under Kempe) offering disappointments, some of them in the performance and others in the production itself, an extremely studio-ish affair that equals less than the sum of its parts.

The two new efforts originate almost thirty years apart, thus giving us our oldest and newest commercially available versions. The DGG offers a cast drawn from the young generation of Wagnerian singers, under one of our most reliable and authoritative conductors, and despite its weaknesses it is the most solid *Lohengrin* yet recorded. At the base of all this solidity is Kubelik, a refuge of sanity in what at times seems like a world of hot-shot conductorial lunacy. His leadership has plenty of urgency, though not the surface "dynamism" or neurotic driving for effect that often passes for excitement. But it also has a sure control of shape and balance, a real

sense of progression. This makes its mark particularly in Act II, where the long sequences sustain their inner tensions, but build to a finale of real weight and point. And typically, the many choral sections of the act—the assembly, the responses to the Herald's proclamations, the interrupted processional—are rendered with remarkable lucidity and precision of pitch and rhythm. I have never heard the choral scene with the Herald sound so much like music, and the same goes for the a cappella ensemble section of the prayer in Act I.

There is nothing blindingly insightful or original about the reading; it is just that it sounds as if all the musical elements have been considered, their relationships pondered, by a mature, sensitive musical mind, which is also that of an experienced craftsman who lifts his good choral and orchestral forces to a level of true excellence.

Amongst his cast, the outstanding work comes from the lower voices. Thomas Stewart's Telramund finds him in excellent form. The voice sounds fresher, steadier, and more open than has sometimes been the case, and after his choppy Gunther in the Karajan *Götterdämmerung*, the sense of true singing line he brings to this challenging declamatory role is most welcome. He is fully equal to the incessantly high tessitura of the role, too, and though there are moments where the interpretive powers of Hermann Uhde, on the London set, make their points, this is the best-sung Telramund on records.

Ridderbusch also faces down his competition as the King, a role rather similar to Telramund in its vocal demands (it calls for a dark, weighty timbre and lots of proclamatory power, but then sticks the singer at the very top of the range for long stretches, and throws in a couple of searching tests of straight legato singing). The days of the long-ranged black bass are apparently at an end, but Ridderbusch has a hefty bass-baritone at his command, one with a most sympathetic timbre and steady intonation. He rides through the role impressively, knocking out the top Es and Fs with no nonsense.

Gerd Nienstedt is an acceptable Herald, though the substance and bite of his able baritone voice is compromised by his failure to sing any two successive notes with a true legato connection.

On up the staves, things become rather less dependable. James King of course has a fine voice, capable of some ringing sound, and here he seems more consistently after an expressive goal than in most of his past recordings. So long as he is singing full out, things go along in reasonable order, and some of the bigger moments are given their best fulfillment of the complete recordings. But the part lies, for pages on end, in the upper-middle area, right at the transition around E and F. And much of this writing involves sustaining a firm line at less than the fullest volume. This is where King runs into some difficulty, for his means of handling these pitches involve some squeezing and locking. The tone is thus sometimes sour and even precarious, but more importantly, the lack of malleability closes off much of the expressive potential; we are aware of mechanics, and a caressing line is apt to emerge square and a bit harsh. The total effect is strong and sometimes imposing, but lacking in much lyrical warmth or romantic feeling.

Janowitz' characteristics are by now reasonably well known, and she is in representative form here. I am finally bored by her Elsa. It is intelligently and accurately sung, but it is monochromatic, with little inflectional color or dramatic impetus; it is hard to sense her Elsa as any particular kind of woman. Again, I feel most of this is traceable to the voice's technical structure, rather than to lack of imagination or musicality; the voice is very weak toward the bottom, and the vowels are tightly locked into a mold above the staff—sure signs of a lack of freedom and openness, no matter how seductive the phrasing. Steber of the London set remains the pick, and Angel's Grümmer, though caught late and a bit lacking in oomph, also has many lovely moments.

As heard on this recording, Gwyneth Jones is in serious vocal trouble. The voice is badly scrambled, so that we hear the contradictory effort to keep the bottom free from excess weight, and then to thrust more strength and drive into the top. In the upper-middle area (anywhere from E flat to A flat, depending upon vowel and dynamic) everything buckles—the tone turns wiry, wobble sets in, intonation flies about. Her dramatic instincts are excellent, and her musicality cannot be faulted. But vocally, she simply can't sustain the role. If her voice were working with precision and balance, she would of course be a superb Elsa, with the lush feminine quality and ample vocal caliber that is hers. Right now she does not need performances of Ortrud, or of anything else for that matter, before heading back to the drawing board for some technical repairs. Her talent is too great to permit its squandering at this early stage.

DGG's engineering is typically conservative and a bit deficient in atmosphere. However, it is highly musical, both in terms of rendering the vocal and orchestral sound and of maintaining the musical continuity of the reading. I'm sure it will be a good recording to live with in these respects.

The other "new" *Lohengrin* is of a historical nature. The album bears all the earmarks of a high-class pirate job, but is offered for sale commercially (I have seen it in New York stores) and was submitted for review. It originates in German broadcast material of unstated date. Its principals are all Bayreuth stalwarts of the Nazi era (except for the King and Herald, this is precisely the Bayreuth cast of 1936, which was conducted by Furtwängler). One source claims the recording as postwar, and the astonishingly good sound tends to support this. On the other hand, some of these principals did very little public singing after the war, and it is hard to imagine the occasion on which the Allied Occupation Authority Grand Opera Association might have presented this cast intact. I am told (though I haven't been able to document it) that exactly this cast performed *Lohengrin* in Berlin in 1942, and this seems as close as any educated

guess. (The condition of a couple of the voices argues against any substantially earlier date.)

In any event the sound *is* most presentable, equivalent most of the time to that of the average LP of 1950-ish vintage, and really fine in view of the likely source. In charge is Robert Heger, a justly respected old hand who is still conducting (and occasionally recording). He conducts a sober, satisfying performance. Since this is a live event, and subject to the technical limitations of the time, there is of course something lost in terms of musical definition, especially in ensemble sections, and there are the little slips that attend any live performance (few, though—the Berlin orchestra plays very well). The chorus sounds rather hard-pressed, perhaps undermanned in terms of both quantity and quality, and the Act II passages rendered with such exactitude in the DGG version are their usual jumbled opera-house selves here. There is also the expectable amount of stage noise (which I like—you may not) and audience noise (nobody likes that, but there's remarkably little of it).

For American operagoers the cast will not stir any particular nostalgia. Müller and Hoffmann both sang regularly at the Met in the '30s and are well remembered, but basically just as solid members of the company's extraordinary German wing of that time. The others were strictly European artists, though Klose and, to a lesser extent, Völker are known to record collectors here.

All round, it's not a bad performance, but neither is it the outstanding one the same performers apparently gave a few seasons previously. Both Müller and Völker sound past their best. The soprano has lovely moments when singing piano, and is expert in her handling of the role—the phrasing is sensitive and finished, the feeling occasionally sentimental but *there*, in any case. After a slightly wild first act, she settles into a very capable rendition of most of Act II and much of the Bridal Chamber Scene. But in the climaxes, her voice turns edgy and thin and the intonation rides sharp; this rather ruins the effect of a number of carefully built passages, and means that while all the little things are very nicely done, the big ones are pretty much hit or miss.

Völker does not manage any degree of consistency. His voice's sympathetic timbre is still in evidence, and when he sets himself and bangs it out, he can make much of the effect we know from the best of his earlier recordings. But elsewhere, the voice is constantly turning thin and unsteady, and he mashes up words pretty badly to ride from one sustained vowel to the next. A pity that so good an artist should have this as his only representation of a full role.

The performance is strongest where DGG's is weakest, for Klose is a stupendous Ortrud. Hers was a true, deep-throated dramatic mezzo, dark and voluminous, but with a dramatic soprano top of dead-on brilliance, as she shows to stunning effect in the "*Entweihte Götter.*" Also a powerful artist, she brings Ortrud's bitter malice through the color of the sung tone. Varnay (London) and Ludwig (Angel) are in their different ways very good, but Klose is at least their equal, and to my taste the most satisfying of recorded Ortruds. Even she whoops a bit at the end of Act III, and I suspect only a true soprano Ortrud can surmount these passages without at least a hint of desperation.

Prohaska, an artist little known here, is a capable Telramund, though there's a trace of the rough-and-ready about the performance (hit the downbeats and you'll be OK). His habit of bulling wide-open sound right up to top G produces a certain peculiar raw power, however rough it may have been on the throat. Interpretively, he is strong.

Another sturdy larynx was Hoffmann's; he also charges into the top by main force, and the results are sometimes ugly. He blares on heartily, though, and the voice is fine one; it sits on the low notes with the sort of bass buzz we don't get any more, except from a piece of audio equipment on the bum. Grossmann is a stolid Herald.

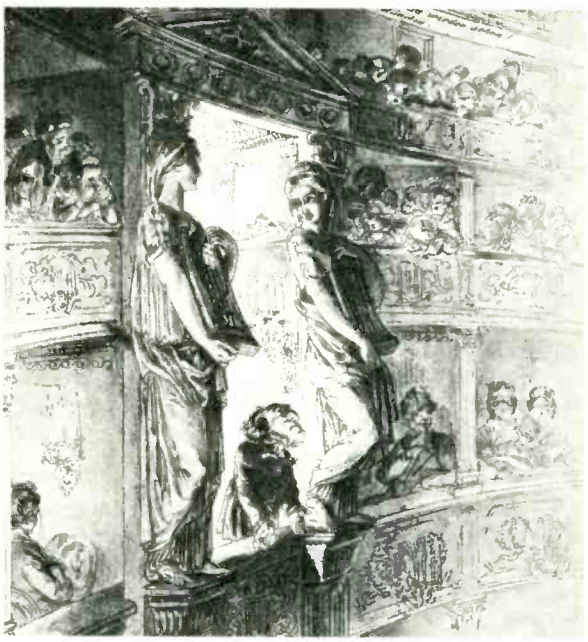
Whatever their individual weaknesses, these singers of two operatic generations back display command of certain niceties of Wagnerian singing that are unexplored by their successors: 1) Some command of mezza-voce—at least the ability to sing a reduced dynamic without losing all sense of firmness and resonance in the tone; 2) a feeling for the turn as an expressive device—an embellishment, yet integral to the line, and done with a flourish rather than picked at; 3) a natural use of some portamento and old-fashioned legato, and an unashamed use of the *portando la voce* effects specifically phrased in by Wagner and quite essential as a means of guiding the vocal line onward. Styles may quite legitimately change, but these are elements of the Wagnerian grammar.

The DGG presentation is note-complete except for the *Anhang* to the *Gralserzählung*, absent from vocal scores and almost never performed (it's on the RCA Victor version). The Berlin performance makes the almost standard cut from Elsa's first line after "*In fernem Land*" to the reappearance of the swan—a most defensible performance cut, in my opinion.

Forgive my childhood reaction—it seems strange that a German performance circa 1942 omits Lohengrin's prediction of a German victory over the "Eastern horde," while in 1971 we find it issuing from the mouth of an American. Maybe art really *is* above it all, etc.

WAGNER: Lohengrin. Gundula Janowitz (s), Elsa; Gwyneth Jones (s), Ortrud; James King (t), Lohengrin; Thomas Stewart (b), Telramund; Gerd Nienstedt (b), The Herald; Karl Ridderbusch (bs), King Henry. Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2713 005, $34.90 (five discs).

WAGNER: Lohengrin. Maria Müller (s), Elsa; Margarete Klose, (ms), Ortrud; Franz Völker (t), Lohengrin; Jaro Prohaska (b), Telramund; Walter Grossmann (b), The Herald; Ludwig Hoffmann (bs), King Henry. Chorus of the Berlin State Opera; Staatskapelle of Berlin, Robert Heger, cond. Preiser LOH 1, $23.92 (four discs, mono only).



From the royal box, Wagner accepts the audience's applause after the premiere of *Die Meistersinger* in Munich in 1868.

Karajan's Meistersinger—A Recording to Satisfy the Cost Accountants?

by David Hamilton

EXCEPT FOR an undistinguished—and now deleted—RCA recording (a by-blow of the reopening of the Munich Opera in 1963) the record catalogues have been barren of stereo recordings of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. For a stretch in the 1960s, it looked as if the companies were all awaiting the apparently inevitable Fischer-Dieskau Sachs; that is no longer a possibility, and so EMI has stepped into the breach with this Dresden performance, while one continues to hear rumors of a possible Kubelik recording from DGG (and one assumes that the fullness of time will bring a Solti *Meistersinger* from London as well).

The Karajan of today is a strikingly different conductor from the man who led the Bayreuth performance of 1951 that is still available on Seraphim IE 6030. There were some insensitivities in that reading, but they stemmed from a combination of spontaneity and vigor that still communicates through the inequalities of the live-performance recording. Today, we have a conductor who dominates the performance through the exercise of absolute control; one has the feeling that nothing happens in this recording (except for instrumental and vocal deficiencies) that hasn't been carefully thought through—there isn't an iota of spontaneity in all the four and a half hours (the phenomenon will be familiar to those who feel as I do about the same conductor's *Ring*). The result is a performance that must be respected, even when profoundly disagreed with, but not one that I think will ever be regarded with the kind of affection that the older Knappertsbusch (Richmond RS 65002) and Kempe (Angel 3572, deleted) recordings inspire.

Since Karajan's control often involves a very firm forward pressure, a strong resistance to conversational dawdling, it is surprising to find that his total timing differs from the famously leisurely Knappertsbusch's by a matter of only four minutes—the explanation being that when Karajan isn't moving fast, he is often moving rather slowly (a consistently fast conductor can clip as much as a half hour off the total, as did Toscanini at Salzburg in 1937).

Sometimes the firm hand gives the most successful results: The little interchange between David and Sachs before the *Fliedermonolog* becomes a taut musical shape without losing the appropriate casual tone (although elsewhere one often feels that the singers, perhaps because of the novelty of the idea, are confined by this absolute strictness). And Beckmesser's stab at a "Prize Song" acquires a fine urgency of desperation—this man knows he's in trouble and is trying to get it over with as fast as possible.

But the advantages that might accrue from such an approach applied consistently are, as often as not, dissipated at points where Karajan lets the momentum dissolve into pure, static texture. After Beckmesser's song, for example, everything moves along through Sachs's first entry, and then the choral reply (*"Wie? Schön? Dieser Unsinnswust?"*) becomes a sort of "nocturne," although clearly the impetus here should continue in a straight line of thrust until the crowd settles back to hear what Walther has to sing.

The major failure in this respect, I feel, is the first-act finale, the ensemble that competes with Walther's continuation of the Trial Song—for this too is so subdued, not only in volume (for which the engineers, trying to make Walther audible, may be partly responsible) but in vivacity of articulation, that it fails to effect a climax of the density Wagner clearly intended. As a result, the orchestral postlude, articulated with great vigor, becomes the tail that wags the dog, supplying the climax instead of merely hammering it in.

The second finale, on the other hand, is beautifully built, beginning with wonderfully precise orchestral detail under Beckmesser's serenade, and typical Karajan clarity throughout the gathering ensemble. Another high point is the Third Act prelude, slow but never slack, and finely balanced, if occasionally short of perfection in the ensemble and sonority of wind and brass. The Dresden orchestra is certainly not the Berlin Philharmonic, let alone the Chicago Symphony; in addition to occasional uncertainties of ensemble, there is a grayness of tone and lack of true sparkle in the staccato playing (which extends also to the chorus of Apprentices and

thus may be part and parcel of the Karajan interpretation), so that the humor of the score—as distinct from the humor of the libretto—is often muted.

Taken as a whole—and this involves as well the qualities of the singers, which we'll come to in a moment—we have here a disappointing first act, a much better second act, and a variable third act, best in the moments of mass impact, for the large chorus has a well-blended tone—you won't hear its like in full cry at the Metropolitan Opera! There are a surprising number of minor burbles in the orchestra, and not a few errors among the singers, which puts a surprising light on the report that the recording was finished in far fewer sessions than planned—can it be that a conductor of Karajan's stature feels the need to overlook this kind of thing in order to stay on the good side of the cost accountants?

As this year's bumper crop of Wagner recordings demonstrates clearly, we have before us a new generation of singers. Every previous recording of *Meistersinger* has shared at least one important singer with earlier versions (in fact, three of the four mono versions shared the same David), but there are no overlaps here, and I'm sorry to report that the batting average of the new team—as in the recent Bayreuth *Parsifal*—is decidedly below that of the old guard.

Best, perhaps, is the Eva of Helen Donath, who sounds endearingly like Hilde Gueden and projects the same kind of precise feminine charm with a sure musicality—and not a few individual touches as well. Like her predecessor, unfortunately, she has difficulties in the Quintet, where the vibrato seems less well controlled and intonation suffers.

But then every Eva on records has been at least good, so this hardly constitutes a point of decisive superiority, however welcome the advent of a fine young singer. Sooner or later you will ask about Sachs, and we may as well take up that problem now. Theo Adam has made a good impression in some earlier recordings (notably the Sawallisch *Elijah*), but he seems to be in less than his best voice on this occasion, with a pronounced vibrato aggravating a serious problem of pitch definition. For comparison one can turn to London OS 26093, which contains his earlier version of the *Fliedermonolog*; even there the sound is not a warm one, but you can tell what notes he is singing, he phrases well, and Wagner takes care of the rest. In the complete version, the sound is still drier and less ingratiating (you wouldn't pick this man out of the first-act discussions as a particularly sympathetic character), and the pitches just aren't there—try the phrase "*sänge dem Vogel nach*," with its alternating Gs and G sharps, as a test case—they're all the same indeterminate note. One appreciates the singer's intelligence, but the material isn't at hand to make that intelligence function with any consistency on the musical plane. Adam is at his best in the conversational material, for the tone is less apt to spread at low dynamic levels, but without the lyrical side of the role we have only a shoemaker, and no poet.

The major saving grace of that 1963 Munich *Meistersinger* was the Walther of Jess Thomas, and here, in René Kollo, we have at least the second-best Walther on records. Kollo can produce the necessary power on top, albeit with so open a sound that his intonation is not always completely controlled, and he can negotiate the conversational material in a pleasing, natural way; his soft singing in the Quintet is quite attractive, in fact. There is no middle dynamic, however, for he has two ways of singing and no means of transition between them, like so many singers today. Before I can get really enthusiastic about Kollo, he will have to stop aspirating every note in melismas (even appoggiaturas in feminine endings!), eliminate his up-scooping attacks, and work on a true legato without a hairpin swell in the middle of each note. As it is, he's infinitely preferable to the available alternatives, Hans Hopf (Seraphim) and Günther Treptow (Richmond).

Perhaps the biggest disappointment in this cast is the Beckmesser of Geraint Evans, who is probably more hampered than any of the others by the Karajan strictness. We know, from Metropolitan performances, that he can *sing* the entire part, but here he often seems to be scratching at the notes (especially in the first act), and the expected point of his declamation is frequently muted. Only in the formal "songs" does he get a real opportunity, but it is probably very different from the way he is accustomed to projecting these.

The general malaise that characterizes the gathering of the Mastersingers in the first act also seems to affect Karl Ridderbusch's Pogner, for his delivery of "*Das schöne Fest*" is disappointingly rough; later, in the dialogue with Eva in Act II, he is more his usual smooth self. Too bad, for this is as good a Pogner voice as I've heard since Kipnis.

No more than anyone else does Peter Schreier come near the standard in Davids set by Anton Dermota (in the Richmond set), but this is fair enough. His Lene, Ruth Hesse, is as neutral as Magdalenes always seem to be. Further down in the cast we encounter yet another inadequate Kothner, who compounds his ha-ha aspiration of the Tabulature with verbal and pronunciation mistakes—but also the startlingly firm bass of Kurt Moll as the Night Watchman. None of the minor Mastersingers is able to establish much specific identity.

The recorded sound has a fair dynamic range, although there is less blend in the orchestral area than one would like, and the bass line is often muffled, lacking essential timbral characteristics. The voices are disposed with reasonable directionality, especially in the second act, but there is no effort at "production": no scraping of chalk during Walther's trial song, no sound of Sachs's hand slapping David, no crowd noise in the finale except at one point (in order to justify the apprentices' "*Silentium*"). Beckmesser's lute sounds most peculiar: very metallic, but with an inappropriate resonance—can it have been amplified through speakers?

In sum, then, not a really satisfying recording, although a frequently fascinating reading of Wagner's score. It's all very abstract though, more a demonstration of how Herbert von Karajan thinks *Meistersinger* should go than an actual performance. If all these people had first spent some time in the theater together, we might have had something real, instead of this blueprint.

WAGNER: Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Helen Donath (s), Eva; Ruth Hesse (ms), Magdalene; René Kollo (t), Walther von Stolzing; Peter Schreier (t), David; Theo Adam (b), Hans Sachs; Geraint Evans (b), Beckmesser; Karl Ridderbusch (bs), Pogner; Zoltan Kelémen (bs), Kothner; Kurt Moll (bs), Night Watchman. Chorus and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Angel SEL 3776, $29.90 (five discs).

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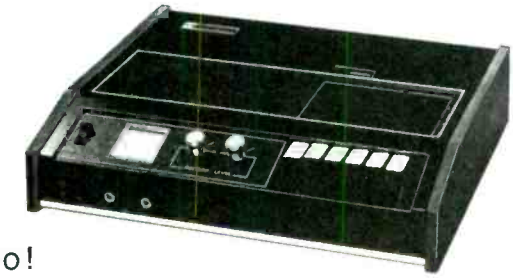

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BACH: "E. Power Biggs Plays Bach in the Thomaskirche." Toccata and Fugue in D minor, S. 565; Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor, S. 582; Prelude and Fugue in G, S. 541; Prelude and Fugue in C, S. 547. E. Power Biggs, organ (Alexander Schuke organ in the Thomaskirche in Leipzig). Columbia KM 30648, $6.98.

By a curious coincidence, I returned from a late-summer visit to Leipzig and found this recording waiting for review: E. Power Biggs playing Bach on the new organ in Bach's own church in Leipzig. The record is for me, of course, a perfect memento of my own trip to Bach country, but happily, and more important, it can be heartily recommended on purely musical grounds—here is unquestionably the finest playing Biggs has put on disc in quite a long time.

In several of his recent recordings Biggs has been showing signs that the pieces are costing him more effort than they formerly did, and in addition the repertory he has been recording has been largely of the lightweight, "easy" variety. That is not the case here at all. The pieces are four of Bach's most substantial major works and Biggs plays them with complete authority and grandeur. The passacaglia in particular is one of his finest, most inventive, and moving performances. He includes, by the way, as he did on his earlier recording of the piece, a marvelously effective stormy cadenza at the climactic moment near the end of the fugue. His lively and spirited reading of the G major Prelude and Fugue also builds up to an extended cadential flourish just before the final stretto entries of the fugue subject. Biggs is one of the few people in the world able to play that warhorse D minor Toccata and Fugue in a completely fresh and convincing manner, never once reminding this listener of the many Karloff films in which he's heard it. The C major Prelude and Fugue (it's the late work with the 9/8 prelude) is a completely serious affair here—broad, stately, majestic, and quite moving. In short, there's not a thing to criticize, and Biggs has re-established himself in my mind as one of the world's foremost organists and Bach players.

Despite its long musical tradition, the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig has never had a really fine organ. The organ Bach knew can only have been adequate, being already more than two hundred years old when he arrived. That instrument survived until 1889 when a thoroughly romantic organ was installed, which remains today in the west end of the church. In 1966–67 the firm of Alexander Schuke of Potsdam installed the new instrument which is heard on this recording in the north side gallery in the front of the church, near the pulpit. (Alexander, by the way, is the brother of Karl Schuke of Berlin who built the organ in Berlin's Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche.) This newest instrument is perhaps the finest that the Thomaskirche has ever had. It contains forty-seven speaking stops on three manuals and pedal, and its design is rather sternly classical with exceptionally well-developed principal choruses, an ample supply of mixtures and high mutations, gutsy (verging on coarse) reeds, and a proper proportion of bright flutes. Nothing superfluous is included —like a string stop—and, of course, nothing is enclosed in a swell chamber.

Much has been written about the superb acoustics of the Thomaskirche: The building is large enough to provide a richly reverberant ambience for musical performances, yet small enough so that even the most complex music can be heard cleanly from one end of the building to the other. That quality has been beautifully captured on this recording, which was made by an East German recording company.

This, then, is a record I'll cherish for a long time; I hope that Biggs will make many more as fine. C.F.G.

BEETHOVEN: Concerto for Violin, Cello, Piano, and Orchestra, in C, Op. 56. Henryk Szeryng, violin; Janos Starker, cello; Claudio Arrau, piano; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Eliahu Inbal, cond. Philips 6500 129, $5.98.

Another fine Triple Concerto following hard on the heels of Angel's all-out effort by Oistrakh, Rostropovich, Richter, and Von Karajan. Actually, there's little to choose between these two extremely poised and somewhat similar interpretations. In both the tempos are on the slow side, but at least the basic rhythm is solid and steady enough to preserve continuity. Inbal's work was previously unknown to me, but the young Israeli obtains forceful, characterful support from his orchestra, which produces a hefty, dark, burnished tone that sounds more like the Berlin or Concertgebouw than the New Philharmonia.

Arrau, of the soloists, is magnificent. He is never perfunctory—every scale passage (there are many in this work) is made to sing and communicate—and I think that he digs even deeper than Richter into Beethoven's special world of sound. Starker's elegant, aristocratic playing is a bit too distantly miked and sounds rather somber-sided. Rostropovich was warmer and on his best behavior in the Angel performance. Szeryng is slightly disappointing. He sounds, if you will, like a machine-made salon player: Thibaud mannerisms without the Thibaud warmth. I found his work contrived and forced, though perfectly in tune. Philips supplies airy, spacious reproduction (cleaner than the slightly too reverberant EMI sound).

It's a tossup—perhaps Angel by a hairsbreadth. I, however, am still hoping for a Triple Concerto with three terrific soloists, a virtuoso orchestra and conductor, and those kinetic fast tempos that Toscanini once proved so apt. H.G.

BEETHOVEN: Irish Songs: Wo0. 152: The morning air; Thou emblem of faith; Come draw we round; The Return to Ulster; Once more I hail thee; Morning a cruel turmoiler is; The Soldier's dream; Dermot and Shelah; Wo0. 153: Sad and luckless; Since greybeards inform us; No more, my Mary; Sunshine; Wo0. 154: The Pulse of an Irishman; Put round the bright wine; The Farewell Song. Frank Patterson, tenor; Hugh Bean, violin; Eileen Croxford, cello; David Parkhouse, piano. Philips 6500 104, $5.98.

A captivating disc. Although Beethoven literally ground out well over 100 arrangements of national airs for the Edinburgh publisher, George Thompson, in 1813, grumbling all the while over this lucrative commission, the composer couldn't resist making artistic capital of the job: His violin/cello/piano settings contain many characteristic touches. The atmospheric (almost Mahlerian) coda to *The Soldier's dream* proves how Beethoven's poetic sensibilities must have been engaged, and the mournful pedal-tone tread of *The Return to Ulster* (one of Walter Scott's most beautiful poems) catches the nostalgic flavor to perfection. Many of the songs are slyly humorous, of course, and the helter-skelter chase of *Since greybeards inform us* shows the composer in one of his wittiest scherzando moods.

Frank Patterson has chosen fifteen of the fifty-seven Irish songs and sings them to delicious perfection. He is a worthy successor to

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A Performance to Treasure

Serkin and Beethoven's Hammerklavier

by Harris Goldsmith

I FIRST HEARD Rudolf Serkin play the mighty *Hammerklavier* Sonata twenty years ago. Despite my tender age at the time, almost every detail of that all-Beethoven program is vividly engraved in my memory. It was late November or early December 1951, and the auditorium was the intimate, wood-paneled Hubbard concert hall of the Manhattan School of Music. The *Moonlight* Sonata glowed and pulsed with life on that occasion, the bravura *Waldstein* was given a turbulent yet perfectly controlled reading in the more impetuous Serkin style of those years. Yet it was Serkin's herculean reading of the *Hammerklavier*—with its irate, irascible inner drive, moments of awesome severity alternating with episodes of convulsive anger—that made the largest impression on my burgeoning musical awareness. I particularly remember the martial bass trills throughout the first and final movements, and also recall thinking that sections of the fugue sounded more like Bartók than (what I knew of) Beethoven.

Twenty years and uncountable *Hammerklaviers* later, I still regard Serkin's as one of the finest approximations of Beethoven's challenging score. I do not believe any more in such things as "definitive" recorded versions of masterpieces, but even so, the release of this new disc is of very special significance to me. It is obviously a milestone for Serkin as well. About ten years after the concert cited above, I gathered sufficient courage to confront the artist with the request that he record Op. 106. He put his arm on my shoulder in that spiritual, innately Serkinesque way, and whispered, "maybe someday I'll have the courage." It's a poorly kept secret that Serkin, on at least one prior occasion, *did* record the sonata, but failed to put his approval on the finished result. The present account was taped last season on the eve of Beethoven's two-hundredth birthday (Serkin repeated the work in Carnegie Hall at his celebration concert the next night). We are all the richer for its release.

In the past few years, Serkin's interpretation has mellowed a bit. The biggest transformation, albeit a subtle one, occurs in the first movement. In bygone years, Serkin used to take it a bit faster than he does today. To be sure, he never wholeheartedly espoused the extremely fast pace of Beethoven's metronome marking, but his inclinations were, nonetheless, militant rather than monumental. In the more recent performances that I've heard from him (e.g., one in Brooklyn Academy about three years ago, last year's bicentennial offering, and of course the disc under discussion), the mood is decidedly more settled and spacious. For all that, however, Serkin's deliberation is never the smugly complacent kind so often equated with Teutonic "tradition." There is asceticism, and gaunt energy, and an excruciating nervous drive here. For all the personal phrasings and pauses, the big forward line is never broken. The scherzo is phrased with a breathless, restless quality that suits it perfectly. The trio is properly capricious in its macabre, scowling way. Serkin does not dawdle over the slow movement. In fact, adherents of Schnabel or Arrau might find Serkin's way a bit tough-skinned and muscular, perhaps even perfunctory. Yet he holds the structure marvelously intact, and even with his severity and limited range of nuance, he suffuses each phrase with a rich humanity. Egon Petri strove for similar results, but I feel that Serkin's realization is more successful. The final movement with its hurtling fugue is a terrific experience in Serkin's rendition. Once again, he is not particularly concerned with beauty of tone, but his fingerwork is brilliantly accurate and technically polished. Especially noteworthy is his splendid control of rhythm: The lines emerge sharply without any smear or blur. Where Schnabel, for instance, would rush imperceptibly, Serkin remains steady and digitally secure.

It should be mentioned that the reproduction is on the shallow, splintery side. I would appreciate a rounder bass and less glassy ping to the treble. The piano sound, then, is not of the sort to make one stand up and cheer; Serkin's performance, though, most certainly is!

BEETHOVEN: Sonata for Piano, No. 29, in B flat, Op. 106 (*Hammerklavier*). Rudolf Serkin, piano. Columbia M 30081, $5.98.

the John McCormack/Christopher Lynch line of Irish tenors—light, lyrical, and flexible with just a hint of a brogue. His phrasing, enunciation, and sensitivity to mood couldn't be better and his three partners perform their tasks with polished elegance. Crystalline sound, full texts, and a charming rustic cover picture of Ireland during happier days are an added attraction to this irresistible recital.
P.G.D.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7, in A, Op. 92. Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Angel S 36048, $5.98.

The opening pages of this Seventh promise a superlative version of a seemingly clear-cut but actually very problematical work. Giulini chooses a tempo with great majesty and breadth, but at the same time infuses the playing with rhythmic tautness and ideal precision. The Vivace, on the other hand, is a shade too loving and legato: It's too slow, the rhythmic pulse lacks spring, and as a result the requisite resiliency is lost. (Nobody would ever surmise from Giulini's account that this is the mighty "Dance" Symphony!) The Allegretto too is on the slow, leaden side, but not seriously so: Many will feel that Giulini's warm, plastic phrasing and subtle feeling for nuance provides more than ample compensation.

The Scherzo goes splendidly—the playing is fiery, the tempo crisp and symmetrical. I personally prefer the *assai meno presto* trio faster than Giulini feels it. (For me, this section, with its chromatic lower neighbor notes, has its counterpart in the Op. 69 cello sonata—and no cellist in his right mind would ever think of dragging *that* as conductors habitually do in the Seventh Symphony!) For all that, Giulini is less extreme than many conductors here, the tempo never really offends me. The finale gets off to a beautiful start—massive, weighty, perfectly poised rhythmically. After a while, though, the poise gets in the way of forward thrust, and the necessary cumulative impact never develops.

It's a very fine Seventh by any reckoning—and well recorded. However, I am a little disappointed that it couldn't have been even better. I miss the stupendous excitement of the wonderful old Toscanini/New York Philharmonic account (recently revived on RCA Victrola). If you must have up-to-date sonics (Toscanini's, despite their age, remain completely acceptable), my nod would go to the Dorati/London Symphony account which, though less subtle than Giulini's, is a mite more slashing and Beethovenian in its headlong drive.
H. G.

BERG: Symphonic Pieces from the Opera *Lulu*; Three Orchestral Pieces, Op. 6 (1929 Revision); Five Orchestral Songs, Op. 4 (*Altenberg Lieder*). Margaret Price, soprano (in *Lulu* and Op. 4); London Symphony Orchestra, Claudio Abbado, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 146, $6.98.

The *Lulu* Suite is a curious compilation, but one for which we should be thankful since it is the reason that Berg orchestrated two important excerpts from the unfinished third act of the opera. Inasmuch as both complete recordings of the opera include all this music

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(with appropriate vocal participation in the Rondo-Hymn), there is less reason now than there once was for recordings of the suite. For those who care, this is certainly a better job than the only current alternative, a mucilaginous Ormandy version, and Miss Price is markedly superior to Helga Pilarczyk, the quite inadequate soloist on Dorati's otherwise marginally preferable Mercury version with the same orchestra (now deleted). There are some intonation problems in Abbado's performance, and in the final Adagio he makes the strings lean awfully hard on the "tonal" theme (Berg says "lots of bow," but we also get lots of vibrato).

In the opening measures of the brief and very beautiful *Altenberg Lieder*, Abbado achieves, for the first time on records, the *ppp* called for by the score, but the performances in general have much less shape than the more closely miked Craft-Beardslee version (Columbia CMS 6103); in fact DGG's distant pickup may have more to do with this than the playing, and the delicate special effects at the end of that song are almost inaudible. Miss Price has some nice moments, but she doesn't shape the vocal line with the instrumental purity and tonal variety of Bethany Beardslee, who also makes the most of Berg's extreme demands, such as the *ppp* high C at the end of the third song. I am not particularly fond of the Boulez version on Columbia MS 7179, with Halina Lukomska, who sings notes rather than lines and whose German is unintelligible—Beardslee's may not be *echt*, but it's perfectly clear.

Finally, we have the massive Orchestral Pieces, for which the only present competition is the same Boulez record. Again, DGG's sound is problematic, its resonance not conducive to ideal clarity, but there are some "alive" passages in the performance, in most cases where the musical material suggests an earlier idiom. The Boulez performance is more of a piece, stylistically, but I wish he could redo it with the New York Philharmonic, for his reading is now more specific, and at its best the American orchestra can outplay the BBC Symphony. D.H.

BRAHMS: Gesänge für Frauenchor, Op. 17—See Charpentier, M.-A.: La Peste de Milan.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 73. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Claudio Abbado, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 125, $6.98.

Abbado gives the Brahms Second a generally straightforward and carefully planned reading. Starting with a very slow tempo for the first movement, which with its repeat occupies a full record side, the performance gathers energy from a leisurely opening to a highly spirited final outburst. The Berlin Philharmonic, superbly recorded, responds fully to the conductor's conception.

The slow tempo taken by Abbado for the long first movement gives him an opportunity to highlight a great deal of orchestral detail that can get lost in a more headlong performance. Even at this slow tempo, however, Abbado keeps the music moving in a way that gives a very spacious feeling. Here, more than elsewhere in this performance, the orchestral fabric is beautifully woven with any

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number of felicitous details of blend and contrast and with beautifully reproduced spatial perspective. Though Abbado fails to evoke quite the ravishing pianissimo from this orchestra that Von Karajan does, his dynamic range is reasonably good. The one obtrusive element in this balance is a solo flute that is either played too loudly or is overrecorded; perhaps this is the color Abbado wanted, however.

The two middle movements are less successful. In the *Adagio non troppo*, with its difficult rhythmic articulation, the texture has not the clarity of the first movement. The *Allegretto grazioso* (*quasi andantino*) could be more grazioso, with more lilt to the main theme as it first appears played by the oboe and later by the other instruments: Its grace notes do not receive sufficient emphasis most of the time, nor are they executed consistently by all the musicians.

The finale overcomes any sense of relaxation that may have set in at this point; Abbado clearly feels the *con spirito* direction of Brahms. At times, in the more heavily scored passages, the texture thickens, but more clarity would be very difficult to achieve without sacrificing the spirited effect that Abbado quite properly seeks here.

Had the conductor taken greater care with such details as the main theme of the third movement, the rhythmic texture of the second, and the fortissimo balance in the finale, this would have been an exceptional reading—not as personalized as those of Beecham, Monteux, Bruno Walter, and Toscanini in bygone days (but still available on low-priced records) or of Von Karajan and Szell in more recent times.

Whatever these shortcomings, however, it is a real joy to hear such a great orchestra as the Berlin Philharmonic so beautifully recorded on such quiet surfaces. P.H.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 3, in D minor. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Karl Böhm cond. London CS 6717, $5.98.

Two different versions of this symphony are presently available: that of 1878, recorded by Haitink for Philips, and the 1888/89 revision more generally performed (Böhm employs this text in the edition of Leopold Nowak). The later text is structurally tighter (the finale, for example, is shorter by some three minutes) but at the cost of some pleasant recapitulation. Since many Bruckner admirers prefer the 1878 text, it deserves consideration either as a supplemental item or as one's primary choice. If I were only to have one Bruckner Third, I think I'd take the Haitink disc.

Interpretatively the three conductors who offer the later text present a wide range of viewpoints, made even more pronounced with the release of this London set. The previous division was between a Jochum disc in which the romantic Bruckner was heard, with phrases freely flowing and the sound reminiscent of organ tones blending within stone vaults, and a Szell/Cleveland record in which a meticulously organized performance had been placed in a taut acoustical environment. I liked the clarity of the result, but mine was a minority opinion.

Böhm offers (presumably in the spacious confines of the Sofiensaal) yet a third approach—Bruckner as he is played in Vienna today with the Philharmonic showing us how to stretch a singing phrase effortlessly or build one of the composer's galloping fanfare climaxes up and up to the final peak of intensity. And it is all framed in reverberant sound that blends tone to tone in the manner London engineers adore.

Going back to Szell, I wonder if the additional resonance of the Vienna set does not simply obscure the texture of the music and if this conductor's firm control does not provide a more precise accounting of what is present in the score, which means, I suspect, that I am bringing to Bruckner a Mozartian aesthetic that may not be appropriate to his music.

The fact that each of these records has been made in its own way reflects, indeed, the aesthetic range of Bruckner as seen by conductors and recording directors today. The Viennese approach has a distinguished tradition behind it, and from this viewpoint, Böhm and his musicians offer a most effective, fine-sounding recording. If you are of a congenial mind and ear, it is something to acquire. R.C.M.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 6, in A. Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, cond. Philips 6500 164, $5.98.

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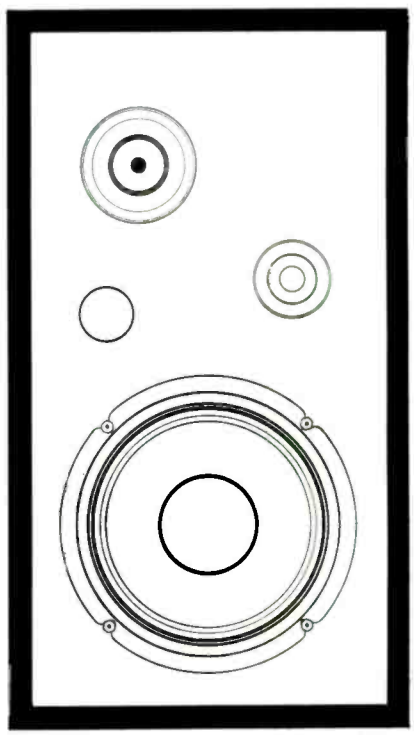

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works. At the very least its public favor is midway in the nine numbered scores with the shadows of Seven, Eight, Nine, and even Four falling upon it. This is no accident. The majestic quality of Bruckner is better shown elsewhere, and this seems, in contrast, a happy, somewhat rambling symphony that achieves its finest things in the Adagio movement and a slow (Deryck Cooke calls it "nocturnal") scherzo.

But if it lacks power and glory, the Bruckner Sixth abounds in lyric ideas and a quality that is not always too apparent in Bruckner's music: charm. And in few places does Bruckner remind us so forcibly of his years in the organ loft, his studies of modal writing, and his mastery of counterpoint in its varied forms.

What this symphony may well need to win a wider audience is more performances of the type Haitink gives us here—Bruckner as seen by a young man and played with the drive and purpose that go with youth. We are reminded that this is not geriatric music; it is simply heard too often from conductors in whom the aging processes are well advanced.

The interpretive approach is thus a fine one, with the opening movement beautifully paced and set forth and the two middle movements stated with a sure, light touch and genuine depth of insight. The finale provides desirable contrast and a truly forceful conclusion.

Special merit goes to the Philips engineers who here have managed a really first-class Bruckner sound that is, at the same time, a firm and faithful likeness of this great Dutch orchestra on its home ground. The Concertgebouw brass is just about perfect for music of this type (and why not?—it's been playing it for many years), and the very special, burnished glow of its tone is one of the major assets of the performance and the record.

R.C.M.

CHARPENTIER, M.-A.: La Peste de Milan. **SCHUBERT:** Nachthelle; Ständchen. **BRAHMS:** Gesänge für Frauenchor, Op. 17. Kate Hurney, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo; Leo Goecke and Sidney Johnson, tenors; Chester Watson, bass; Charles Wadsworth, piano; Musica Aeterna chorus and Orchestra, Frederic Waldman, cond. Decca 79437, $5.98.

La Peste de Milan is a mini-oratorio written in 1684 by Marc-Antoine Charpentier to commemorate Bishop Charles Borromeo's selfless aid to the people of Milan during the plague epidemic of 1576. Even if this event did not occur within living memory, it was at least a recognizable historical occurrence to Charpentier's audience, something like a present-day cantata on the Chicago fire. The style of heightened recitative interspersed with more regular melodic passages will be familiar to those who know the popular Couperin *Leçons de Ténèbres*, though it would be more appropriate historically to say that Couperin reminds us of Charpentier. Two tenors share the brunt of the declamation with assistance from a bass and eventually a soprano, and the whole is joyfully concluded by the chorus with a hymn of praise to St. Charles. Charpentier is an important figure historically and a far more appealing composer than his contemporary, Lully, perhaps because he was excluded from the formal stiffness of Louis XIV's court. Charpentier concerned himself largely with music for the church, and his command of the cantata-oratorio form and his occasional flashes of Italianate melody reveal the influence of his teacher Carissimi. I enjoyed listening to *La Peste de Milan*, but I doubt that it is one of his most memorable works, or perhaps I should say this side of the record will not be the first to wear out. Leo Goecke and Sidney Johnson share the tenor parts with great aplomb and with the most stylish shakes and turns. Sturdy old Chester Watson holds up the bass, and Kate Hurney is pleasantly cast in the soprano part.

The real joy of this recording, as far as I am concerned, are the romantic choruses on the second side. *Nachthelle* and the serenade *Zörgend leise*, Op. 135 which Schubert wrote for a birthday garden party, are both night pieces, radiant evocations of moonlight, young love, and the soft unpolluted air of another age. Both works, in which a solo voice is echoed and reinforced by the male chorus, are like expanded songs with the same magic quality of mood as, say, *Nacht und Träume*, suffused with the silvery light of Seidl's poem *Nachthelle*. If Schubert is silver, then the Brahms works for women's voices, two horns, and harp are surely golden. What an inspired combination, especially for Brahms, who had such affinity for the rich colors of the female voice. The horns provide a mellow bass while the shimmering harp, which was inspired by the first text, *Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang*, disguises the exposed fragility which is often the downfall of such combinations.

The choruses of Schubert and Brahms are

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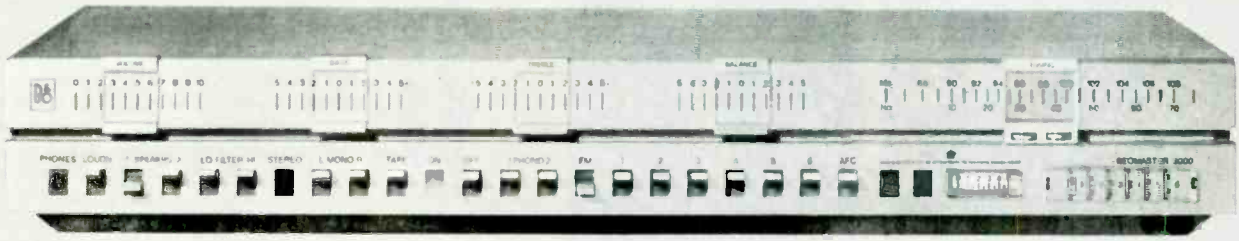

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certainly among their most beautiful music; yet they are so rarely heard, probably because they demand first-rate choral singing with a first tenor section that can pianissimo up to a B flat and second altos with a ringing low F. The Musica Aeterna chorus, actually a group of young professional singers who appear all over the New York area under a variety of names, are the stars of the show. Frederic Waldman, an old master with the delicate side of the romantic repertoire, avoids sentimentality without losing the sentiment behind the music. Special mention should go to the superb musicianship of Leo Goecke in his magical singing of the tenor solo in *Nachtlelle*.

Alice Tully Hall, as everyone knows, is New York's most congenial recital hall. It is a lovely place to hear a concert visually and aurally: The sound is warm without being overly resonant; it is a fine setting for chamber music and recitals, which is what it was designed for, and a good one for choruses who do not rely on echoey cathedral acoustics to cover up deficiencies in tone or pitch. The recording emphasizes the dry qualities of the hall at the expense of its warmth, and in my living room—which I admit is an aurally ugly cube—the sound was disappointing. Headphones improve the spaciousness but impair the comfort—a factor in a record one wants to hear so often. S.T.S.

CHOPIN: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E minor, Op. 11; Mazurkas: in E minor, Op. 41, No. 2; in A flat, Op. 41, No. 4; In C sharp minor, Op. 41, No. 1; Nocturne in E flat, Op. 55, No. 2. Garrick Ohlsson, piano; Warsaw National Philharmonic, Witold Rowicki, cond. (in the concerto). Connoisseur Society CS 2030, $5.98.

CHOPIN: Sonata for Piano, No. 3, in B minor, Op. 58; Scherzo No. 4, in E, Op. 54; Polonaise No. 5, in F sharp minor, Op. 44; Etude in A flat, Op. 10, No. 10. Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Connoisseur Society CS 2029, $5.98.

My first hearing of Garrick Ohlsson in the autumn of 1970 (playing the E minor Concerto with Ormandy and the Philadelphians) left me unimpressed. I'm glad to have the opportunity to put his playing in better perspective. All of these performances were taken down live at the Warsaw Chopin competition at which this young American took first prize, and though some of the reservations I had last fall remain, my general impression is a far more complimentary one. To be sure, there is a certain callowness in some of Ohlsson's phrasing and at times a rather severe lack of legato subtlety. For all that, his playing is immensely spirited, very direct and open, and rather touching in its occasional gaucherie. The youthful Juilliard-trained pianist, in short, strikes me as more of a natural than a profound musical thinker, but I am relieved to discover that he is far more musical than I had at first suspected.

As to the individual performances, those of the three mazurkas come off best and that of the concerto worst. In the mazurkas, Ohlsson seems to get inside the confiding, soulful, brooding pieces without being precious, or too energetic. His accounts are tender, flexible and unaffected. The concerto, on the other hand, finds Ohlsson at his least pianistically accurate. He rushes, he lacks poise, and there is a constant alternation of passages played with magisterial insight and those which are

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simply thrown away noncommittally. (He must have been very nervous in this final round—and understandably so.) Quite apart from the solo performance, the orchestral playing sounds feeble and underrehearsed, the tuttis are cut to ribbons, and the on-location recording is muffled and scrawny (although the piano comes through listenably enough, with just a trace of hardness). The other disc finds Ohlsson storming through the B minor Sonata in extrovert fashion. The big line is there, but isn't the wonderful larghetto too cool and perfunctory? The A flat Etude is efficiently handled, and the E major Scherzo gets a strong, rhythmic performance à la Horowitz, making up in brio what it misses in subtlety. The brooding F sharp minor Polonaise, on the other hand, is rather bland and unformed. (Of course, it's hard not to think about the unforgettable sound of Horowitz' performance of that piece!)

On the whole, then, Ohlsson has flair, temperament, a big freewheeling technique, and a basic ability to communicate (his soft playing is often quite lovely). Give him a few years in which to ripen and deepen and he should be a formidable pianist indeed. The audience, by the way, is quite remarkably quiet (although less so in the concerto than elsewhere).

H.G.

CROSSE: Changes. Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Highgate School for Boys Choir; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Norman Del Mar, cond. Argo ZRG 656, $5.98.

One of the interesting features of recent English music is the presence of so many large choral/orchestral works, written in a relatively simple, straightforward way so as to be performable by amateur choral organizations. At a time when elsewhere the great choral tradition of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries seems to have played itself out, the English oratorio shows little sign of abating. Compositions by Britten, Tippett, Wilfred Josephs, and John Tavener come readily to mind; and now with this new recording there appears yet another example, Gordon Crosse's *Changes*.

Crosse is still quite young and has as yet received little exposure in this country. *Changes*, written in 1966, reveals him to be a highly eclectic composer, somewhat in the manner of Britten. The work was written on commission for the Three Choirs Festival, and there is an apparent attempt to provide music with a ready appeal, easily communicable to a large festival audience of this type. The texts, which are taken from a wide range of English poets (including several who are anonymous), are held together by a common concern with death. They create quite an impressive dramatic whole, but the music unfortunately fails to make the most of the possibilities. Although the score is admittedly effective as *Gebrauchsmusik*, there is simply not sufficient interest to sustain a work of almost one hour. The performance is generally good, if not notable for its subtleties. The biggest failing is that the text is largely incomprehensible, although this seems to be as much the fault of the composer's setting and an overly resonant recording as of the performers themselves. Fortunately a text is provided with the recording.

R.P.M.

DEBUSSY: Quartet for Strings, in G minor, Op. 10. **RAVEL:** Quartet for Strings, in F. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M 30650, $5.98.

Since the Juilliard recorded both these works a decade ago on RCA, its personnel has changed considerably. Robert Mann and Claus Adam still take care of the top and bottom lines as they did then, but Isidore Cohen and Raphael Hillyer are gone from the second violin and viola chairs, replaced here by Earl Carlyss and Samuel Rhodes. One could logically expect the Juilliard's new Columbia version of these French quartets, the Bobbsey Twins of chamber-music recording, to reveal major changes in technical detail or interpretative approach. But in comparing the older and newer versions, one is struck more by similarities than differences. The 1971 Juilliard still offers lean, propulsive, and intense Debussy that exposes musical strands in ways that some Debussyans have always found intolerable. For the old-school type of listener, surgically clean attacks and releases and careful articulation in inner parts can only destroy the impressionistic scrim that Debussy's only quartet should create. But while the Juilliard tradition—for it is now established well enough to merit that name—may still be disputed, there can be no arguments over the quality of musicianship heard on this disc. One rarely hears such accuracy of intonation or such ensemble spit and polish. Above all, the four voices live and move without any loss of true string-quartet cohesion.

The RCA disc still is in the Schwann catalogue, which suggests that it has been fairly popular. But in spite of a rather dry acoustic that accentuates a wiry sound on top, the Columbia version is clearer and more lifelike in every respect. One could point to a slightly more relaxed tempo here and there—the finale is somewhat more expansive in the more recent version, for instance. Otherwise, comparison only underlines how tenaciously the original Juilliard ideas have hung on. Not surprisingly, too, what ten years ago seemed a rather high-pressured approach now strikes one as entirely logical and almost necessary.

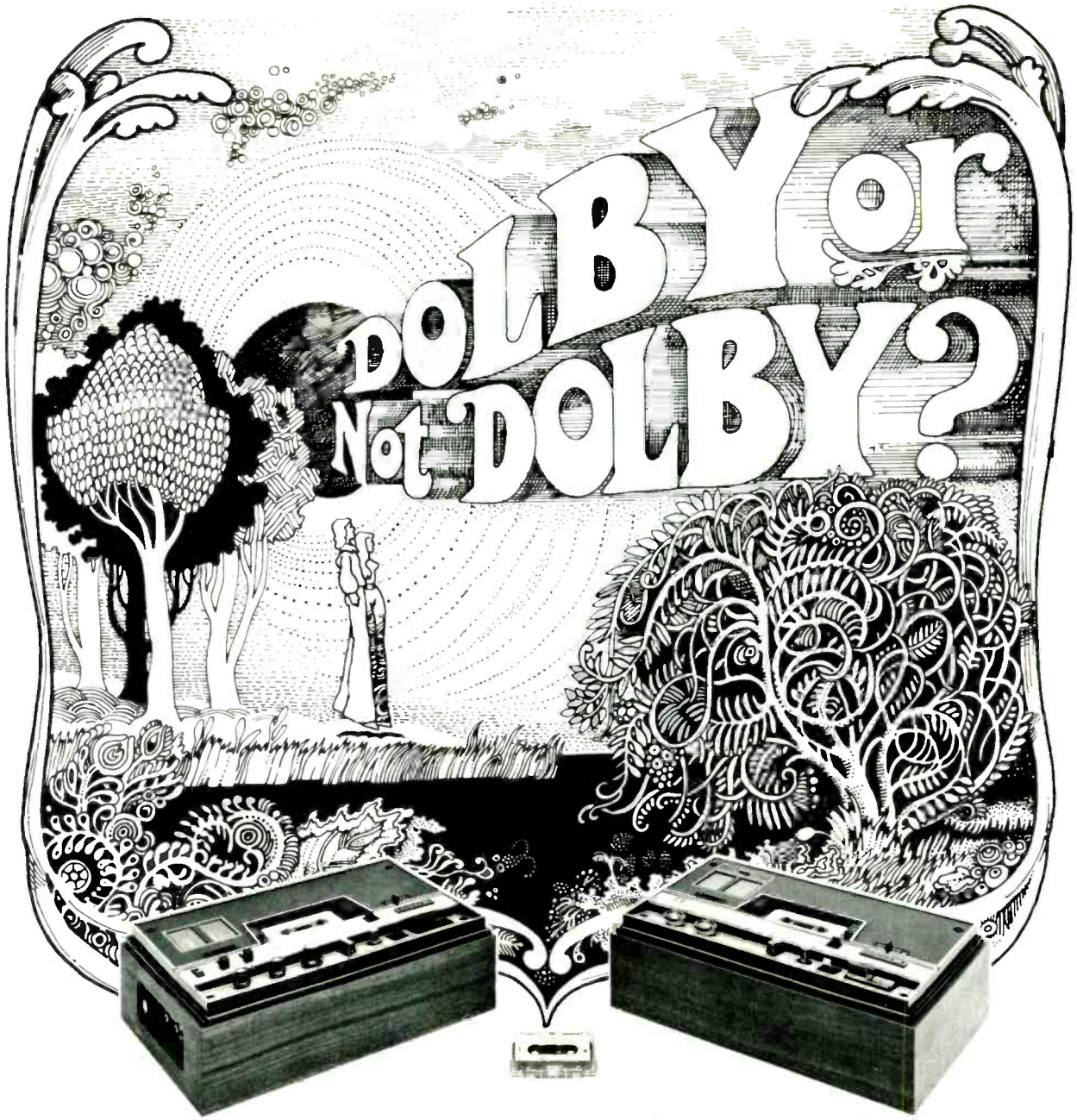
The new Ravel also is astonishingly similar to the RCA version, and in this score the Juilliard's care for articulation and fastidious details is unarguably appropriate. The austerity of the piece is not overemphasized, however, and in fact the nonpizzicato, triolike portion of the second movement is sustained in a pathetic way which only a virtuosic quartet could manage without letting the tension droop. There will always be competing ideas about how to play these two quartets, of course, but in this release the Juilliard once again establishes itself as the leading proponent of the objective approach.

D.J.H.

The Juilliard Quartet—a lean, propulsive intensity for the Debussy and Ravel quartets.

DVOŘÁK: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, in B minor, Op. 104; Waldesruhe, Op. 68. Jacqueline du Pré, cello; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim, cond. Angel S 36046, $5.98.

I do not harbor the male-chauvinist notion that the Dvorak concerto is too much for a woman cellist (Zara Nelsova, for example, played it quite impressively, if unexcitingly). Evidence, though, leads me quite inescapably to the conclusion that the work is too much for Jacqueline du Pré. For one thing, she is overwhelmed on a purely technical level: The musical line is full of bumpy details: her tone sounds squeezed and forced on top, rubbery and blubbery below; her command of the bow blemished by all sorts of hairpins; articulation is scrubby and imprecise; and at no point does the soloist impress with the air of technical authority. Secondly, I can detect little logic or planning in Miss Du Pré's phrasing. It is one thing to play with spontaneity and abandon, and quite another to abandon responsibility and merely wallow in schmaltz. Thirdly, the imprecision and naiveté are joined by yet another ingredient: pretentiousness. The many ill-planned tempo changes foisted upon the music by conductor Barenboim are unctious in the extreme, and Du Pré's slithering, wailing shifts are equally pretentious and insincere in these enlightened times. (I'm sure that even a turn-of-the-century virtuoso would have



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blanched at what happens at bar 57 of the second movement, and that vulgarity is but one of many heard in this performance. Another shocker is the soloist's very first note in the third movement.) Nor is Angel's engineering particularly helpful. I am not going to blame the engineers for the raspy, out-of-tune cello or the mushy, imprecise, and rather heavy-handed orchestral playing; but the excess closeness of the solo and the rather live, jumbled ambience do nevertheless lay unpleasant stress on what might have been soft-pedaled. It is, for example, rather aggravating in Dvořák to sense that the woodwinds are playing a delicious countermelody without ever being quite able to pick it out clearly.

Returning to Miss Du Pré's performance of the Beethoven D major Sonata five years ago, I was rather horrified at her apparent deterioration. I do hope that this talented and still young performer will take herself in hand and do some serious restudying. The present performance is an offensive farce and I'm surprised that it was passed for release. H.G.

Foss: Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra—See Stevens: Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra.

Glazunov: Raymonda, Op. 57: Suite. Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, Yevgeny Svetlanov, cond. Melodiya/Angel S 40172, $5.98.

Music lovers who refuse to outgrow their unashamed love of ultraromantic symphonic works can take comfort in the fact that Glazunov's *Raymonda*—second in harmonic and coloristic lushness only to Glière's *Ilya Muromets*—is alive and well, if perhaps a bit overweight, in Moscow. Variously constituted suites from this 1896 ballet figured frequently in 78-rpm and mono-LP discographies, but in more recent years Svetlanov has been almost the lone recording propagandist for this music. He conducted the Bolshoi Orchestra in a now out of print "complete" version (three discs) for MK in 1964 and a one-disc suite which has been dropped from Schwann's Fall 1971 supplementary catalogue.

Hence the genuine need for a technically updated version of the evangelistically fervent Svetlanov/Bolshoi readings. The current selection represents both the ballet's theatrically exciting, exotic dances (Hungarian, Spanish, Oriental, etc.) and the poignantly heartfelt melodism that makes the Scene 2 Entr'acte and Scene 4 Grand Adagio so hypnotically captivating. Today's tough ears and minds will not lack ample justification for disdaining most of this as unabashed schmaltz. But if one has any weakness at all for schmaltz, this is the very best grade, given a special added sonic appeal by the most richly-colored playing I've ever heard from the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra and by superbly smooth, warm, expansive, and—when called for—glitteringly brilliant recording. R.D.D.

Handel: Ariodante. Graziella Sciutti (s), Ginevra; Carole Bogard (s), Dalinda; Sofia Steffan (ms), Ariodante; Bernadette Greevy (c), Polinesso; Ian Partridge (t), Lurcanio; Walter Eder (t), Odoardo; Marius Rintzler (bs), King of Scotland; Vienna Academy Chorus; Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, Stephen Simon, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 6200, $17.94 (three discs).

Handel's *Ariodante* is not the usual grave *opera seria* full of pathos and the grand gesture, though in theatrical splendor it requires as much as the most lavish court opera. At the same time it has many of the pastoral touches that were always close to Handel's heart, and in addition there is a unique feature in *Ariodante* which it shares only with *Alcina*: the dance quality.

When in 1734 Handel was seemingly outmaneuvered by the leasing of his theater to the competing company, undaunted as always, he rented Covent Garden, where to his pleasure he found not only a chorus but an excellent dance troupe led by the celebrated French dancer, Marie Sallé. With his magnificent gift for exploiting any situation, Handel could not pass over the challenge offered by the availability of these two groups, and even though the projected operas were well advanced on the drawing board, he redesigned them with an entirely different physiognomy. So *Ariodante* is a "dance opera," full of the most delectable and sophisticated rhyhms, meters, and melodies; it is teeming with activity—musical activity, that is—which requires minute attention and finesse in execution at all times. Stephen Simon has a good cast, a fair orchestra and chorus, he respects the score, and we have the right notes, yet the performance shows more good will than inspiration. The pleasure to be found in this recording is the pleasure that can be foreseen, not the pleasure that is bound up with astonishment and delight; there is order and decorum, but the inner musical message does not become visible. Take the tiny sinfonia at the opening of the second act depicting the rising of the moon; it is only the size of a cameo, but it is sheer poetry. Simon plays the notes as written; unfortunately, poetry in music cannot be notated, it must be divined and virtually conjured up from the graphic image, right before our ears. Also, several numbers in *Ariodante* are linked by common thematic material, thus constituting larger units; they must give the feeling of a comprehensive whole, but what we hear in this recording are independent numbers. Since in this opera the da capo arias are mostly short pieces, Simon's procedure results in an impression of fragmentariness. Of particular interest is the fact that the dance tunes are occasionally taken over by the chorus, and this in turn calls for subtle variations in tempo and dynamics.

As mentioned above, the soloists are good, but in the absence of a well-thought-out general concept imposed upon them by the conductor they cannot deliver their best. Furthermore, they are unequally miked: Sofia Steffan, who has a big voice anyway, is far too close to the microphone so that her high tones are coarsened, while Graziella Sciutti at times seems to be singing in the next studio. This, I suppose, is done for the sake of "spatial illusion," but such illusion should not be created at the expense of vocal timbre, which here is all but lost, though Sciutti has a pleasant voice. The orchestra is rather colorless, and the chorus is not very well balanced. Simon does avoid the more palpably foolish elements of the new "tradition" in performances of baroque music; the vocal embellishments are moderate, but the final cadences still collapse rather than end on a positive note. There must be conviction and a full grasp of the pace behind these allargandos. So on the whole we have a rather pale replica of *Ariodante*. But then Simon, a young man, can take solace in the experiences of a famous old-timer. Busoni, in one of his letters to his wife, writes: "At last I have learnt how to get hold of the *Waldstein* Sonata . . . and I have been playing it for nearly thirty years!" P.H.L.

Hindemith: Mathis der Maler Symphony. **Lutoslawski:** Concerto for Orchestra (1954). Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Paul Kletzki, cond. London CS 6665, $5.98.

Paul Kletzki is a well-routined, if generally pedestrian, conductor with considerable experience in the recording studio, and the Suisse Romande is one of the most regularly employed recording orchestras in the world. Out of their collaboration comes a disc of twentieth-century music that is technically quite admirable, even though Kletzki's interpretative ideas do not transfigure either score. The Hindemith, in particular, strikes the ear as thick-boned and heavy-footed, and though much of the fault lies in the composer himself, other versions have searched out more of the Teutonic mysticism that Hindemith tries to achieve here, and more of the rough-cut grandeur. Kletzki stresses a block-like plainness that puts one in mind of Bruckner, which may not be inapt in view of Hindemith's admiration for that composer. But Kletzki gives us Brucknerian squareness without Bruckner's compensatory climaxes of logic and power.

In the Lutoslawski, the Suisse Romande gives Kletzki a good, idiomatic performance that seems tame and flawed only in direct comparison with the recent Ozawa/Chicago Symphony version on Angel. Listen to the long runs on the strings in the scherzo, where the Swiss tend to blur and slide, or to the high pianissimos where the Swiss violins fail to sustain and tone without audible break, as if everyone is taking a new bow at the same time. D.J.H.

Kodaly: Serenade for two Violins and Viola, Op 12; Intermezzo for String Trio; Sonatina for Cello and Piano; Adagio for Cello and Piano; Capriccio for Cello Unaccompanied; Prelude and Fugue (Bach: Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I, No. 8, arr. Kodaly). Vilmos Tátrai and István Várkonyi, violins; György Konrád, viola; Ede Banda and László Mezó, cellos; Lórand Szucs, piano. Hungaroton LPX 11449, $5.98.

An engrossing and exceptionally attractive disc. The works contained here, with the exception of the Bach transcription of 1951, encompass a fifteen-year span of the young Kodály's life, from 1905 to 1920 (he was twenty-three at the outset), and constitute a Before and After portrait—the pivotal point being his discovery, with Bartók, of Hungarian folk music. He himself gives that event its culminating importance in an interesting comment quoted in the album notes. Speaking of the Adagio for Cello and Piano of 1905, he says, "It originates from a time when I knew nothing about folksong so that one can form a picture of what kind of music I would have composed later had I not gone to the villages. This is a clear, fluent, and internationally comprehensible style . . . " Yes, and also a broad, tender, serious, and passionate one.

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Its early public success is easily understandable.

Oddly enough, the other 1905 work included here, the Intermezzo for String Trio, is already Slavic in tone even though written at so early a date. It could be a lullaby: it is rich in sound (Kodály's ear for sonority and color is unmistakable throughout the recital), and steady in rhythmic flow.

The opening work of the disc, the Serenade, might cause you to think for a moment that you had picked up a Bartók recording by mistake; it is scarcely a surprise to read Bartók's own appreciative review quoted in the notes. The rhythms are propulsive in the now-familiar folk-dance idiom, and the slow movement is a memorable solo for viola with the violins serving an almost purely decorative function. It is a beauty. The non-Bartókian aspect of the piece is its homophonic writing. Of the three works featuring cello, the unaccompanied Capriccio appeals to me least; its virtuosic challenges are apparent enough, but musically it is rather dry. The Sonatina for Cello and Piano, is romantic, rhapsodic, and well calculated for color.

Performances throughout are mellow, mature, and warm. Without the rhythmic zing that American players might provide, but completely persuasive. S.F.

LALO: Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and

The Other Haydn by H. C. Robbins Landon

It has taken a long time to rediscover Michael Haydn's interesting and atypical music. One would have thought that his being Joseph's brother would have helped such a rediscovery, but paradoxically the huge shadow cast by Joseph's music still seems to keep Michael's *oeuvre* in darkness. Michael's church music was appreciated not only by Leopold Mozart but also by Wolfgang, whose own Requiem is closely modeled on Michael's Requiem for Archbishop Schrattenbach composed twenty years earlier. Wolfgang copied out several fugal finales to Michael's symphonies and also performed some of Michael's church music at the Sunday concerts organized by Gottfried van Swieten in the great hall of the National Library at Vienna. In 1783, when Mozart was hard pressed to furnish two symphonies for a concert at Graf Thun's in Linz, he wrote at great haste (in four days!) the so-called *Linz* Symphony, and for the second work presented Michael's latest symphony to which Wolfgang composed a slow introduction in Michael's style. Just before, when in Salzburg, Michael had been ill and unable to deliver two duets for violin and viola to Archbishop Colloredo, Mozart stepped in and composed the two duets K. 423 and K. 424 which Michael then passed on as his own to the Archbishop (the one who had dismissed Mozart earlier).

The Symphony in D minor is one of three works which were printed by Artaria (Haydn's and Mozart's principal Viennese publisher) in June 1786; very likely Mozart was responsible for talking Artaria into printing the pieces. Mozart must have appreciated the unconventional and stern language in which the outer movements of this militantly *Sturm und Drang* symphony are couched: The middle movement—there is no minuet, as there often were not in Salzburg symphonies of the period—is perhaps less immediately striking but reveals Michael's flair for long legato phrases and surprising turns of instrumentation (here, solo trumpets in B flat). The autograph manuscript of this symphony is dated December 30, 1784. At this same period, Joseph Haydn's latest symphonies (Nos. 79, 80, and 81) were just being published; and there is no doubt that Michael's D minor Symphony is more original and altogether stronger than those of his brother at this particular period.

The second symphony on this recording is the G major work to which Mozart added an introduction. It is rather a pity that DGG chose this work which has just been recorded on Argo; there are so many other unrecorded Michael symphonies, some of extraordinary power and brilliance.

The third selection on the record is the incidental music to Voltaire's *Zaïre*. We have, for this work, interesting comments from Leopold Mozart, writing to his wife and son who were in Munich en route to Mannheim and Paris. We first hear of *Zaïre* in Leopold's letter of September 30, 1777: "*Mon très cher fils*! There was a rehearsal in the theater [at Salzburg] this morning. Haydn had to provide entr'acte music for *Zaïre*. At nine o'clock already one performer after the other began to turn up; the rehearsal started at ten and they were not finished until about half past eleven. Of course Turkish music was included and a march too. Countess von Schönborn came to the rehearsal driven in a chaise by Count Czernin. The music is supposed to suit the action very well and to be very fine. Although it was entirely for stringed and wind instruments, the court harpsichord had to be brought over and Haydn played on it." We see from this description that even in fully scored pieces such as Michael Haydn's incidental music, a harpsichord continuo was still considered necessary. On October 2, Leopold adds, ". . . the play is to be repeated on Saturday . . . Haydn's interlude was so good that the Archbishop honored him by saying at table that he never would have thought that Haydn was capable of composing such music and that instead of beer [usually served at table to court servants and composers] he ought always to drink Burgundy." Leopold adds, appalled at the Archbishop's tactlessness (little did he know): "What kind of talk is that!" Finally Leopold had a chance to hear the new music and on October 6 reported: "Haydn's intermezzi are really very beautiful. After the first act there was an arioso with variations for violoncello, flute, oboe and so forth; and incidentally, preceding a variation which was piano, there was one with the Turkish music [this means the extra percussion, triangle, cymbals and bass drum, as used in Haydn's *Military* Symphony], which was so sudden and unexpected that all the women looked terrified and the audience burst out laughing. Between the third and fourth acts there was a cantabile movement with a continuous recitative for the *cor anglais*. Then the arioso came in again, which, together with the preceding sad scene with Zaïre and the following act, affected us very much." Three days later Leopold concluded his description: "I hear that for his fine composition Haydn only received from the Archbishop six Bavarian thalers. *Che generosità*!"

There used to be an old recording on Westminster of the *Zaïre* music; it was made more than twenty years ago and it was high time that this delightful and spirited composition was available again. It gives us a good opportunity to judge a typically successful work by Michael Haydn from what might be called his middle period. There are touches that sound uncannily like a Mozart serenade of the period—the oboe solo in the second movement of the suite, for example.

The performance is distinguished by the customarily energetic and efficient direction of Charles Mackerras, who is now doing most of his recording work for Deutsche Grammophon. The orchestra is one of the usual pick-up groups of which London could provide several dozen simultaneously if necessary. If I may make a small objection to this otherwise pleasing record, it concerns the recorded sound, which I find "boxy" and totally without sophistication or charm. Also if there is a harpischord continuo—and in a couple of short passages in the variations I thought I just heard a faint chord or two—it should have been better positioned.

HAYDN, JOHANN MICHAEL: Symphonies: in D minor; in G (with introduction by Mozart, K. 444); Turkish Suite from Voltaire's *Zaire*. English Chamber Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. Archive 2544 074, $6.98.

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ADVERTISING INDEX

Orchestra, Op. 21. **SAINT-SAËNS:** Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 28. Konstanty Kulka, violin; Symphony Orchestra of the Polish Radio, Kazimierz Kord, cond. Telefunken S 43119, $5.98.

This is a recording of demonstration caliber: The orchestral pickup is fantastically acute; the trumpets are clean and penetrating; everything sounds full, rich, and impactive; and withal, there is—in this ultraclose miking—a minimum of "blend" and a maximum of dazzling brilliance to keep your tweeters busy. The performances in their way are good too, but their way doesn't particularly appeal to me. Konstanty Kulka is obviously a fine violinist, but despite his Polish-sounding name, his playing seems very much in the Teutonic mainstream. The tone is big, but basically astringent and monochromatic: It sounds more like rope than silk. I find a certain inflexibility in the Saint-Saëns and also a stolid lack of charm in the Lalo (Kulka, by the way, opts for the long, five-movement version).

Of course it's possible that one might favor these performances for precisely the reasons that I disparage them: Admittedly, there is no messing around, no salon mannerisms, just strong, honest, and very accomplished music-making. The Polish orchestra does its work with strength and conviction, and as I've said, the engineering per se is really exceptional.

H.G.

LUTOSLAWSKI: Concerto for Orchestra (1954) —See Hindemith: Mathis der Maler Symphony.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1, in D. Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Angel S 36047, $5.98.

The least one can say about Giulini's Mahler First is that there has never been anything quite like it before. I am reminded of a remark which Otto Klemperer is supposed to have made about a colleague's work: "Every bar was wrong, and yet it was all beautiful."

In a way the record sums up Giulini as prinicipal guest conductor of the Chicago orchestra. Musical considerations apparently were of secondary importance in making the appointment. Giulini was prized as a matinee idol, and since he had previously affirmed his lack of interest in becoming music director, there was little basis for friction with the man in that job—Georg Solti.

But Giulini views the world from a narrow, Italianate viewpoint that tends to reduce nearly everything to theatrics and to the strong display of rudimentary emotions. This is a position quite at odds with the personality of Mahler, and some may simply dismiss this record as one of the freakish things that happens when a celebrated Italian conductor ventures into repertory he cannot possibly understand—the sort of oddball product that followed when Toscanini played Gershwin and Smetana.

For Giulini to attempt to play this music was an act of courage. If the Chicago Symphony was to record it, it should have done so with Solti. But Giulini's recorded repertory in Chicago has all been rather badly chosen, I believe, and if the records have not won the success required to continue the series, the fault lies as much in the a & r department as with the public.

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One is told that the new critical edition is used, but one is not told that a critical edition means very little if the conductor has no real grasp of the proper style of the work. Giulini delights the ear with some delicate gradations of tonal coloring or with his fascinating interplay of texture and sonority in some passages. It is as if the entire score is being lit up from new angles so that each instrumental line can appear in a fresh context quite unlike anything you might have anticipated.

After years of standard readings, this sort of thing can be fascinating, but it doesn't hold up. Fun-house mirrors can show you fresh perspectives too, but after a time you want a reflection of reality. The reality of the Mahler First is that it is a distinctively Austrian work, and making it sound like a piece of Italian music doesn't contribute anything of lasting value.

No one can deny that the performance is exciting. The dynamic quality of Giulini's conducting is projected extremely well, and the orchestra gives him precisely what he wants, proving the skill of a remarkable ensemble in rising to almost an artistic challenge. Praise must also be given to the recorded sound, which reproduces the effect of the live performance in a hall with extraordinary fidelity to all the subtle intermingling of tone color that Giulini required.

But this is a Mahler First for the sophisticated collector who wants something different. Those who have not reached that point should stick to more established Mahlerites: Kubelik, Solti, or, for a bargain, Horenstein. R.C.M.

MOZART: Sonatas for Piano: No. 11, in A, K. 331; No. 12, in F, K. 332. Rosana Maria Martins, piano. Connoisseur Society CS 2018, $5.98.

To play Mozart well one must either be a gifted child or a mature master. The music is so succinctly written and so pure in its elevated emotional outlook that any blemish or fall from grace will show up like grease spots on a white shirt collar. Twenty-one-year-old Brazilian pianist Rosana Maria Martins plays Mozart very well on this record, though I wonder whether she is the gifted child or the master. I do not imply any offense but only want to call attention to the bright, eager, naturalness of Miss Martins' approach. Her digital work is of a high order: limpid, pellucid, relaxed, with only a hint of percussiveness. Her phrasing too is generally lovely and straightforward. She is also quite willing to call a spade a spade (or rather, a forte a forte). The sforzandos in the first movement of K. 332, for example, do not pull any punches—in fact they could even be a shade less raw in sound had Miss Martins produced them with more shoulder and less wrist motion.

Chiefly, it is in the slow movements that I detect a smattering of wide-eyed innocence: Miss Martins, for the most part, plays them tastefully, but her simplicity is at times tinged with inanity. There are wonderful performances of these sonatas available: the Schnabel and Gieseking accounts of K. 332 (both Seraphim) and Lili Kraus, at her inspired best, in the Monitor version of K. 331. It is, of course unfair to compare odiously an up-and-coming talent with three of the greatest Mozarteans this century has produced. My compliments to Miss Martins for a most promising debut. The piano sound is exceptionally realistic. H.G.

MOZART: Trio for Piano, Clarinet, and Viola, in in E flat, K. 498; Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in A, K. 581. Jack Brymer, clarinet; Stephen Bishop, piano (in the trio); Allegri Quartet. Philips 6500 073, $5.98.

The performance of the Clarinet Trio on Side 1 builds one up for a disappointment on Side 2. The trio, for all that it is handled in an understated, sober manner, lends itself to refinement, and Messrs. Bishop, Brymer, and Ireland—who achieve a fine cohesiveness—clearly intend to make neither too much nor too little of this rather fragile piece. It comes out just right. The quintet, on the other hand, has depths to be plumbed if the spirit is there to plumb them, but somehow this performance doesn't reach very far. Brymer is the strongest member of the team, and the clarinet is recorded well out in front of the strings. The violin tone is weak, and the approach in general is careful rather than probing; some of Mozart's most beautiful changes of harmony go by almost unnoticed. S.F.

RAVEL: Quartet for Strings, in F—See Debussy: Quartet for Strings, in G minor, Op. 10.

SAINT-SAËNS: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 28—See Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 21.

SCHUBERT: Nachthelle; Ständchen—See Charpentier, M.-A.: La Peste de Milan.

SCHUETZ: Historia der Auferstehung Jesu Christi (Easter Oratorio). Peter Pears, tenor (Evangelist); Jean Temperley, Gloria Jennings, and Pauline Stevens, sopranos, Robert Tear, Philip Langridge, and Ian Partridge, tenors; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Elizabethan Consort of Viols; London Cornett and Sackbut Ensemble; Heinrich Schütz Chorale, Roger Norrington, cond. Argo ZRG 639, $5.98.

Heinrich Schütz, as we've all been told many times, is a very "important" fellow in the history of German music. He singlehandedly brought Germany practically out of the dark ages into the glorious sunshine of the baroque. As a young man, Schütz was sent off to Venice to study with Giovanni Gabrieli (and later with Monteverdi), who was at the time making quite a name for himself there, though his influence had not yet spread north of the Alps. When he returned to Germany, Schütz was was able to introduce the new principles of figured-bass writing, the idea of using instruments to accompany the liturgical text, and a new kind of expressive writing wherein the sense or emotional content of the words could also be expressed in the music. All of these ideas, of course, took firm root in German soil, changed the course of its musical development, and established a tradition which was to run unbroken right down to J. S. Bach, who provided its crowning glories. Schütz and Bach have been called, with very good reason, the alpha and omega of the German baroque.

Heinrich Schütz—Germany's musical guide from the dark ages to the sunny baroque.

Schütz's first major publication after returning from Italy in 1619 was a collection of twenty-six magnificent polychoral settings of the Psalms of David. (A splendid Nonesuch recording of five of these works is available and recommended.) The *Easter* Oratorio followed in 1623, his first attempt at a narrative work employing thorough-bass accompaniment for the entire work. In addition, the Evangelist is accompanied, fauxbourdon style, by a consort of four violas da gamba, whose parts are fully written out. Alongside its innovative aspects, older traditional styles are also observed. For instance, Schütz requires two voices each to sing the words of Jesus and Mary Magdalene (countertenor and tenor for Jesus; two sopranos for Mary Magdalene), presumably to keep the Biblical text objective with no hint of modern dramatic realism. At the same time, this music is full of pictorial and emotional elements, which along with the biting chromaticisms make a real effort to express and develop the human characters, especially that of Jesus.

The central character in the drama, however, is the Evangelist. What Schütz has written for him resembles a kind of highly expressive plainsong chant: The pitches, written without bar lines and with no indication of rhythm, are to be delivered in a free-flowing and expressive narrative style. There are no closed-form movements in the entire work except for the opening and closing choruses; in between is a continuously flowing narrative interspersed with the comments of the various characters in the drama assembled from the four Gospels.

It should be apparent, then, that by far the greatest burden of responsibility rests on the Evangelist—much more so even than the Evangelist in Bach's Passions and oratorios. He must be, first of all, a good storyteller (and that implies a thoroughly idiomatic understanding of the German language), and he must be familiar with Schütz's performance style. Peter Pears, as the Evangelist on this new recording, lets us down miserably on all of these counts and more. First, his German couldn't be more labored and unidiomatic—he seems to be sight-reading from a chart of phonetic symbols, making no sense out of the words. While Schütz has given the Evangelist absolute rhythmic freedom to mold each phrase and inflect the tempo according to the sense of the text, Pears gives us nearly forty-five minutes of unvarying, uninflected eighth notes in a slow andante. That more can be done with the part is clearly demonstrated by either the Turnabout or Archive (Heliodor)

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recordings, both of which offer Evangelists considerably more in tune with the style of the work. Vocally, things are pretty grim here too: Pears's voice is unpleasantly raspy and his slow wobble is wide enough to walk through.

The above drawbacks, of course, thoroughly disqualify this performance from any kind of serious consideration, but I should point out that most of the other soloists acquit themselves rather well, with the exception of Robert Tear. The tessitura of the upper of the two voices of Jesus forces him into a range where he is frequently reduced to bleating instead of singing. The chorus, too, sings very well, and I like the addition of cornetts and sackbuts doubling their lines.

Until a really first-class recording of this magnificent work comes along, I would recommend the Turnabout version under Grishkat. Nearly as good is an old (early stereo) Archive version, re-released on Heliodor several years ago but now withdrawn again. C.F.G.

SMETANA: Má Vlast. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 054, $13.96 (two discs).

Rafael Kubelik has enjoyed a long and distinguished association with this music, a continuing identification with a masterpiece of his native Czech culture throughout his expanding international career. His pre-LP records of *The Moldau* and *From Bohemia's Woods and Fields* virtually introduced him to the international audience as a conductor. During his ill-fated days in Chicago, he made the first complete recording of the *Fatherland* cycle, a performance of exceptional quality in every respect, and a classic in its time. His later recording with the Vienna Philharmonic for London impresses me as a less felicitous association of conductor and orchestra: Both were capable of better results.

Now Kubelik returns to *Má Vlast*, again with an American orchestra, recorded by a German company. The result arouses mixed impressions. Certainly there is no question of Kubelik's mastery of the music: If anything it is richer in detail and subtlety of phrasing than his Chicago performance and more consistently realized than the Vienna. My main qualifications concern the manner in which the Boston Symphony has been recorded here and with what I feel is lackluster playing by the orchestra itself.

DGG has long won respect for the straightforward ungimmicked fashion in which it records orchestras abroad, and in my limited encounter with their Boston efforts, I have assumed they were applying the same techniques there. However, in this record they seem to be imitating the approach of their American counterparts: close miking, extremely resonant presence, and at times some rather sloppy mixing. Symphony Hall, while superb for live concerts, has always been too resonant when empty. Without knowing which of the various expedients DGG used at this session—hanging the "rehearsal curtain," or seating the orchestra on the auditorium floor, for instance—I cannot explain what happened here, except to note that the result is resonant to the point of muddying the orchestral texture, which sounds almost bloated in loud passages. Possibly to minimize this resonance, microphones seem to have been placed much closer than usual with DGG, and there are times when the stereo balance shifts perceptibly, either as a result of the resonance of the hall or from careless mixing of the channels.

The ensemble, blending, and intonation of the Boston players are excellent and the orchestral technique is what one expects from this great orchestra, but I sense a lack of that final tonal bloom and energy that I have heard so often in concert or in such records as the Tchaikovsky First Symphony under Michael Tilson Thomas.

Under these circumstances, I still incline toward the Leipzig record under Vaclav Neumann. The orchestra may not be as good as the Boston, but they play their hearts out in this extroverted music, and Neumann's conception of the score is every bit as authentic as Kubelik's. Sargent's performance on two budget-priced Seraphim records is a good, solid one, and it offers a bonus by including a fine reading of Dvořák's *Symphonic Variations*. P.H.

STEVENS: Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra. **FOSS:** Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra. Mitchell Lurie, clarinet (in the Stevens); Bert Gassman, oboe (in the Foss); Crystal Chamber Orchestra, Akira Endo, cond. Crystal S 851, $5.98.

Halsey Stevens' Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra is a work of great lyrical power and deep sensitivity, exploiting its combination of woodwind solo and string accompaniment with superb musical logic and a perfect sense of the medium. It has a feeling of naturalness and inevitability about it, which is the sign of a major achievement, and not only on the part of the composer: Mitchell Lurie's playing of the solo and, to a lesser degree, the performance of the string orchestra under Endo, have a great deal to do with the extremely impressive effect of the whole.

Stevens wrote his concerto in 1968–69, and it is a genuine concerto, which is to say a solo piece with orchestra. Foss composed *his* work twenty years earlier, at a time when the idea of a solo piece with orchestra was regarded as a bit vulgar; if you wrote a concerto at all, the soloist must not have too outstanding a role. This is rather too bad when a Bert Gassman is the soloist; but he does the music proud, assisted by a solo ensemble of woodwinds, strings, and brass. David Arkins, the clarinetist, and David Breidenthal, the bassoonist, have almost as much to do as Gassman in this bright, witty piece, with its tuneful folksong Adagio.

The recording throughout lives up to the company's name. A.F.

STRAUSS, R. Also sprach Zarathustra, Op. 30. Boston Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 160, $6.98.

The edition of this work I have been recommending in recent months is the London set with Henry Lewis and the RPO, an impassioned young man's account of this music with very clear, acoustically well-defined sound that quickly expands in the friendly setting of a good listening room. The Boston set is different on two counts. It is a somewhat more reserved and reflective statement of the music, and it preserves to a very high degree the acoustical setting of Symphony Hall, so one is always aware of the vast reverberant spaces of the auditorium.

Steinberg's many years with the Pittsburgh Symphony are well documented with a number of successful records, but his Boston affiliation so far has brought only a few discs. This is welcome on that score, as an excellent portrait of the musician and man he is today. Steinberg seems to make it clear from the opening pages that he is not going to follow the obvious course and play this music simply for effect, even though it is a grand virtuoso piece for orchestra. It is also an effort to convey the spirit of Nietzsche's philosophy musically, and Steinberg appears in pursuit of that elusive goal.

He gives us a majestic sunrise (the first occasion on which a slower-than-expected tempo proves surprising) in which the superior qualities of the Boston pipe organ are evident, and he goes on with a performance that although always propulsive and unified does at moments seem to analyze the music as it is played.

I respect the outcome, but I am troubled by the sonic frame in which Steinberg's performance appears. Apparently this two-channel disc is a mix down from a master that contained the sound of a large number of microphones near and far, and the result is a lack of sonic perspective. In one sense you are back fairly far in the hall, listening to the great climactic moments ring, and in another your ear is quite close to the stage since harp detail or (in the *Tanzlied*) Joseph Silverstein's eloquent solo violin are relatively near at hand.

Those who like recordings with a big-hall effect may find this a most satisfactory production of that type. I know the hall too well not to be bothered by a lack of fixed location. But in a four-channel mix, which we may hear in time, it could well be outstanding. In any case, it is a scholarly *Zarathustra* from a senior conductor of achievement. R.C.M.

SUBOTNICK: Sidewinder, a composition for electronic-music synthesizer. Columbia M 30683, $5.98.

Electronically synthesized music is, or ought to be, simply music and deserves to be considered as such, the time having passed when we were expected to admire the medium's materials in the raw. By now, the veriest novice can produce an amusing sequence of noises by manipulating the knobs on his Moog, Arp, Buchla, or Whatever. And the veriest novice does just that, as a plunge in the electronic music catalogue will demonstrate to any listener. Composers in the medium, however, have been as scarce as composers in any medium, so that on the basis of three promising, if by no means completely absorbing, records (*Silver Apples of the Moon*, *The Wild Bull*, and *Touch*), we have come to hope for major achievements from Morton Subotnick. The Californian's works always sound more coherent and more *composed* than most of the genre, and certainly more concerned with traditional forms, specific pitches, and pleasing sonorities. The pure noise component in Subotnick's pieces has been lower than in, say, Stockhausen's. Traditionally trained musicians, therefore, grab at Subotnick like drowning men. ("My God,

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listen! I think he's working up a rondo there," or "Hey, that part is pure Modern Jazz Quartet!," or "Isn't that a passacaglia, or maybe a chaconne?") But tying into tradition is not a disqualifying act for a composer, even though we need to be reminded of it more often today than in Mozart's time.

Sidewinder, which apparently began life as a film score, comes out of the usual post-Webern, post-Varèse soil, fertilized rather oddly by Muzak. Cast in two movements, one to each disc side, it is pervasively light in texture but full of shrewdly calculated contrasts, pointillistic but occasionally lumpishly brutal, and enamored of sound-as-sound. There is also a strong whiff of background music in this work, as in much of the so-called environmental music being turned out by young, or middling-young, composers. Thus, *Sidewinder* is characterized by droning backgrounds over which minimal, abstract wallpaper patterns of sound, often barely inaudible, are unrolled. One attuned to *musique concrète* might hear motorboats, distant helicopters, crickets, muted guitars, distorted marimbas, samisens, and harpsichords, throaty rasping of the "Alphaville" variety, or seaside sounds. In fact, much of *Sidewinder* sounds like Luc Ferrari's *Presque rien*, which is a telescoped taping of sounds found at a seashore. There are sections in which the composer's sense of organization is evident: several rather febrile episodes could be called exercises in plink-counter-plink. On the whole, though, the musical rewards are fewer than a Subotnick follower might reasonably have hoped for.

The title, by the way, seems to have slight or no connection with the work. A sidewinder is a kind of rattlesnake that moves by coiling into loops rather than crawling, but the name also is given to a falling tree that hits and spins off another tree. Make of that what you can. The album cover says the work was "created by Morton Subotnick on the electric music box," which seems strangely vague. His previous pieces were produced on highly modified Buchla systems, and the cover photo shows what seems to be a Buchla touch-sensitive finger board at the center of a formidable modular array. The jacket notes are useless on this and virtually any other subject you could hope to mention. D.J.H.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, Op. 74 (*Pathétique*). Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink cond. Philips 6500 081, $5.95.

In this, as in his other recent records, Haitink again shows a complete mastery of his orchestra and a thoroughly mature and consistent musical sensibility. However, as I noted recently in the case of the Brahms Third Symphony, a certain lack of vitality and lyric imagination all too often deprives Haitink's performances of final communicative impact. His Tchaikovsky Sixth conveys a predominantly somber mood, often unrelieved by lyric contrast and ultimately lacking in tragic depth.

Few symphonies offer greater scope and challenge than the *Pathétique* to the interpretive imagination of the conductor, and for four decades some of the greatest conductors —Furtwängler, Koussevitsky, Mengelberg, Toscanini, Ormandy, and Reiner to name the most memorable ones—have left enduring documentation of their personal interpretations. Among the more recent *Pathétiques* with fine orchestral playing and recording, that of Giulini (Seraphim S 60031) seems more likely to win a place with these master readings than does Haitink's.

In this symphony Haitink fully exploits the darker and more somber tonal range of his fine Concertgebouw Orchestra, which, at least as recorded here, has rich double basses, trombones, and horns. Whether due to the inherent balance of the Concertgebouw, Philips' recording setup, or Haitink's own conception of the music, the violins fail to cut through the rather resonant orchestral sound with sufficient force, especially in Tchaikovsky's more energetic passages. In the first and last movements, two of the most successfully original in all symphonic literature, Haitink seemed to me slow-moving and ponderous in his over-all effect. Yet, by comparison, Giulini's tempos are often actually slower; but the Italian conductor's inflection of phrase, sense of movement and suspense, create an impression of musical energy that is missing in Haitink's version. Tchaikovsky marked his phrasing in this symphony with extraordinary detail at times—as in the almost bar-by-bar dynamics of the andante "second subject" both in the exposition and in the recapitulation of the first movement. Haitink observes these markings conscientiously, but with only moderate emphasis. Giulini brings them to life with subtle variations of strength in a way that creates a cumulative expressive force without distorting the feeling into sentimentality.

Haitink's is, therefore, a more straightforward, less imaginatively projected reading of a symphony which offers great latitude for personal imagination. The Concertgebouw plays like the great orchestra it is, and the recording is flawless. P.H.

VARESE: Déserts; Hyperprism; Intégrales; Density 21.5. Michel Debost, flute (in Density 21.5); Paris Instrumental Ensemble for Contemporary Music, Konstantin Simonovitch, cond. (in the other works). Angel S 36786, $5.98.

B **VARESE:** Hyperprism; Intégrales; Density 21.5; Offrandes; Octandre; Ionisation. Helmut Reissberger, flute (in Density 21.5); "Die Reihe Ensemble," Friedrich Cerha, cond. (in the other works). Candide CE 31028, $3.98.

These two records constitute the first significant round of duplications in the Varèse repertory, the first challenges to Robert Craft's pioneering Columbia discs (MS 6146 and MS 6362). To put the matter bluntly, neither of the new discs measures up. Despite the occasional bloopers in Craft's performances (e.g., the harpist who plays a tuning instruction in *Offrandes*) and the passages that don't come clean, his players (the ubiquitous "Columbia Symphony") are so far superior in vitality to their European counterparts that one cannot even be certain at times that the latter are playing the same pieces.

Cerha boasts a good (although anonymous) soprano in *Offrandes*, and a competent flutist for the *Density 21.5* solo, but his pointillistic, rhythmically limp readings convey little of the force of Varèse's inspiration. Simonovitch's group does better with the earlier works, but

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the tempos chosen for *Déserts* are not conducive to continuity (if one discounts the fixed ten minutes of electronic interpolations, this reading lasts a third again as long as Craft's!). Debost makes a good effect with the flute piece, but if this is what you really want, by all means go for Gazzelloni's virtuosic, rhetorical version on Wergo 60029.

The improvement in recording is by no means all one might expect; the differences are more matters of balance than of sonic quality per se. If Columbia plans to make new recordings of this repertory under the direction of Pierre Boulez, the picture might well change; his old Véga versions of *Octandre* and *Hyperprism* (C-30-A-127, mono only) are the most convincing performances I know, for he trained his players to shape their lines and thus illuminate the special Varèsian polyphony of sonic blocks. Until then, hang on to your Craft records. D.H.

WAGNER: Lohengrin. Gundula Janowitz, Gwyneth Jones, James King, Thomas Stewart, Karl Ridderbusch; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, Rafael Kubelik, cond. (DGG). Maria Müller, Margarete Klose, Franz Völker, Jaro Prohaska, Ludwig Hoffmann; Chorus of the Berlin State Opera; Staatskapelle of Berlin, Robert Heger, cond. (Preiser). For a feature review of these recordings, see page 77.

WAGNER: Die Meistersinger. Helen Donath, Ruth Hesse, René Kollo, Peter Schreier, Theo Adam, Geraint Evans, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Herbert von Karajan, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 80.

WAGNER: Tannhäuser. Helga Dernesch (s), Christa Ludwig (ms), René Kollo (t), Victor Braun (b), Hans Sotin (bs), et al.; Vienna Choir Boys; Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. For a feature review of this recording, see page 75.

recitals and miscellany

"BAROQUE TRUMPET ANTHOLOGY." Concertos, sinfonias, sonatas, etc. by Jacchini, Bononcini, Telemann, Purcell, Torelli, Grossi, Schmelzer, and Vejvanovský. Don Smithers and Michael Laird, trumpets; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. Philips 6500 110, $5.98.

British trumpeter Smithers has been starred in at least one earlier record (a program of contemporary works for Argo, which I haven't heard), but this is apparently a more characteristic representation of his special interest, as a scholar as well as an executant, in the music of the baroque era in general and that of the Bolognese school (Jacchini, Grossi, Torelli) in particular. As a player he reminds me of Maurice André, both in unmannered interpretative straightforwardness and tautly controlled, rather small (sometimes even a bit pinched) tonal characteristics. He is obviously an artistically admirable performer, one who tends to keep his own personality subservient to that of each composer at hand. And he is given well-nigh ideal support by second trumpeter Laird in three works and in all of them by Marriner and his properly small-sized ensemble. The Academy provides not only accompaniments superior to most of those commonly given trumpeters, but continuo parts neatly varied to the music's demands: harpsichord only, bassoon with harpsichord, cello and double bass with harpsichord, or chitarrone (a "long archlute") with organ.

Jacchini's *Tratenimento per camera*, in D was recorded recently—called a sonata in Scherbaum's "Baroque Trumpet Works, Vol. 2," for DGG—but the new version is livelier if less overtly "brilliant." The two Purcell works (Trumpet Overture from *The Indian Queen* and the two-trumpet Sinfonia from *The Yorkshire Feast Song*) were included in the Voisin series for Kapp of some years ago. And probably one or both of the Telemann and Torelli works (*Concerto à quattro*, in D and *Sonata à cinque*, No. 7, in D, respectively) are included among the relatively extensive trumpet discographies of these composers. But the other four selections are, as best as I can determine, all recording firsts: G. B. Bononcini's two-trumpet Sinfonia No. 10, in D; Grossi's *Sonata à cinque* No. 11, in D; Schmelzer's *Sonata à cinque*, in C; and Vejvanovský's two-trumpet Intrada, in C. Indeed this is probably the first recorded representation of Andrea Grossi, of whom little is known except that he came from Mantua, became a member of the school centered in the Basilica of San Petronio in Bologna, and published a set of trumpet sonatas in 1682.

This is certainly a more imaginative program than one finds in most recent baroque-trumpet releases; it is, moreover, notably well played and recorded in an imported disc that has been processed with immaculately silent surfaces. R.D.D.

MONTSERRAT CABALLE AND BERNABE MARTI: "Great Opera Duets." **GIORDANO:** Andrea Chénier: Vicino a te; **PUCCINI:** Manon Lescaut: Tu, tu, amore? **DONIZETTI:** Poliuto: Ah! Fuggi da morte; **VERDI:** Un Ballo in maschera: Teco io sto; **MEYERBEER:** Les Huguenots: Oh Ciel! où courez-vous? Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Bernabé Martí, tenor; London Symphony Orchestra, Charles Mackerras, cond. Angel S 36787, $5.98.

Not little nibbles of opera, as in those chicken-à-la-king recitals, but hearty, nutritious chunks from five scores of a widely differing period and style. The Act IV duet from *Les Huguenots* runs over seventeen minutes and is the dramatic crown of Meyerbeer's historyscape, that scene in which Valentine proclaims her love to Raoul and tries, in vain, to dissuade him from joining the losing, Protestant side in the great Paris massacre. This scene has been recorded before, and recently. It is of course part of the complete *Les Huguenots* album issued by London Records. But it is done better here on all counts, with Mackerras and Martí far ahead of the competition. Both singers have a real go at capturing the style and the French diction needed, the climaxes are carefully planned, and the composer's

stitched-together melodies are made to seem more of one cloth than they really are.

It is easy to praise Miss Caballé's silken singing, to point out this or that delectable turn of phrase or captivating pianissimo descent. The voice sounds a bit light for Amelia or Maddalena (in *Chénier*) but dead right in the other items. It is just as easy to knock Mr. Martí for his want of vocal plushness and his occasional pinched timbres; but he compensates for these shortcomings with combination of ardor and intelligence.

Though the Meyerbeer is a rarity, *Poliuto* is even harder to find: this seems to be the debut of any part of it in the Schwann catalogue. It is, sad to say, very ordinary stuff, no better than middle-drawer Donizetti. The Spanish duo (Mr. Martí is Miss Caballé's husband, if you didn't know) give it all they can, with the soprano evincing quite a lot of steel in the crescendos. The Puccini duet is also given a headlong, committed sort of performance and emerges very happily.

All in all, a satisfactory and pleasing record with stylish, confident singing from both partners and considerably more than that from the soprano. Mr. Mackerras is helpful yet firm, and the LSO makes good sounds. G.M.

CAPELLA ANTIQUA OF MUNICH: "Staatsmusik der Renaissance." Music by Compère, Isaac, Josquin des Prez, Lurano, Mouton, Brubier, Anon., Moderne, Willaert, Gascogne, Bruhier, Sermisy, Zwingli, Jachet von Mantua, Corteccia, Appenzeller, Courtols, Barbion, Clemens non Papa, and Lasso. Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland, dir. Telefunken SAWT 9561/2, $11.96 (two discs).

Music for state occasions, or by extension music connected with specific rulers during the Renaissance, is the subject of this two-disc set from Telefunken's Das alte Werk series. Generally, music of this type shares certain characteristics. It is serious and often solemn, showing proper respect for both the occasion and for the exalted station of the personages involved. It must be impressive in one way or another—after all, the purpose of music here was to enhance the ceremonial aspects of the event. Finally pieces composed for state occasions are, more often than not, of an ephemeral nature. So unless the occasion was an emotionally moving one, like the death of an admired patron, it is unlikely that a collection of state music will contain many immortal masterpieces. Not unexpectedly, this one doesn't, and despite a thoughtful selection that has included such charming trifles as Josquin's *Guillaume se va chaufer* with its monotone *vox regis* for Louis XI and Moderne's lively instrumental depiction of the battle of Marignano, as a listening experience, this set is very dull.

The high point of the collection is a pair of motets both apparently inspired by the outcome of the battle of Pavia, an encounter lost by the French king François I in 1525. Adrian Willaert, whose Milanese patron was on the winning side, has written a stunning motet whose elaborate device—the musical motives are constructed from vowels in his patron's motto—does not hamper the free-flowing imitation which drives *Victor io salve* to its triumphant close. French composer Claudin de

Sermisy uses the same imitative technique in his more subdued but deeply moving *Quousque non reverteris pax*. This is a piece which should be on every "Music for Peace" list; the refrain "*Revertere in terram nostram, revertere, pax sanctissima*" has all the power of its moving counterpart in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and Sermisy's feeling and skill have lifted the plea to an exalted level.

Personal laments can have great meaning to a composer, as witness Clemens non Papa's moving elegy for his patron Philippe de Cory or the dark, rich-colored tapestry of Benedictus Appenzeller's threnody on the death of Erasmus, *Plangite Pierides*. Two other splendid laments, Josquin's *Coeurs desolez* and Mouton's *Quis dabit oculis*, suffer from unduly stiff performances which all but obliterate their emotional power. A few pieces are interesting as curiosities, notably the "Kappel Song," *Herr nun heb den wagen selb*, by the noted Swiss Protestant reformer Ulrich Zwingli, and several composers—Antoine Bruhier, Filippo di Lurano, and Eustachius Barbion—are here recorded for the first and possibly the last time.

The Capella Antiqua have a naturally austere sound; they are really at their best in music of a somewhat earlier era when composers did not rely so much on expressivity or beauty of sound to carry their music along. The performance unfortunately aggravates the emotional barrenness of much of the repertoire here, and makes a dangerously uninteresting subject even less enticing. Sound, notes, and packaging are all very handsome, however, making this good pedagogic fodder if not a particularly delectable evening's entertainment. S.T.S.

B R **ALFRED DELLER:** "The Three Ravens: Songs and Minstrelsy out of Elizabethan England." Alfred Deller, countertenor; Desmond Dupré, guitar and lute. Vanguard Everyman 299, $2.98 (rechanneled stereo) [from Vanguard 479, 1954].

B R **ALFRED DELLER:** "Elizabethan and Jacobean Music." Alfred Deller, countertenor; Desmond Dupré, lute; Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord; Consort of Viols. Vanguard Everyman 306, $2.98 (rechanneled stereo) [from Bach Guild BG 539, 1955].

Both these discs are among Deller's best, recorded when his delicate alto could easily execute all the dainty vocal effects that he so loved to cultivate. The seventeen folksongs on 299 include such standards as *I Will Give My Love an Apple, Coventry Carol, Barbara Allen,* and *Greensleeves*; some may object to such precious delivery of this innocent, honest material, but there's no denying the consummate polish of Deller's technique and refined style.

The Elizabethan/Jacobean disc is even better, alternating familiar airs by Dowland, Bartlett, Campian, and Parsons with keyboard and consort selections performed by a distinguished viol quartet (Gustav Leonhardt, Eduard Melkus, Alice and Nikolaus Harnoncourt—young unknowns in those pre-Concentus Musicus days). This highly attractive and civilized program is lovingly treated, with scrupulous attention to musical and verbal detail. P.G.D.

ARTHUR FIEDLER: "Fiedler's Favorite Overtures." **SHOSTAKOVICH:** Festive Overture, Op. 96. **SULLIVAN:** Overture Di Ballo. **COPLAND:** Outdoor Overture. **GOLDMARK:** Im Frühling Overture, Op. 36. Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, cond. Polydor 24 5006, $5.98.

If there have been any recent domestic recordings of the onetime concert and phonographic favorites, Sir Arthur Sullivan's apotheosis of the dance and Goldmark's apotheosis of spring, they've escaped my notice. In any case, it's good to have these fine overtures back again in a time when their frankly romantic tunefulness is fast becoming a historical rarity. Fiedler revives them, not with an archeologist's objectivity, but with infectious personal relish. In a more energetic, even vehement, mood he makes the most of the shouty bravado of Copland's now-familiar *Outdoor* Overture and Shostakovich's brilliantly fanfarish, high-tensioned *Festive* Overture. These have been recorded more often, but while even Fiedler can scarcely top the composer's 1970 Columbia version of his own overture, he has no very strong competition in the Russian work, especially where engineering excellence is concerned. Indeed DGG's Hermanns and Niss have topped even their earlier Boston Pops sonic triumphs in the incandescence, transparency, and aery spaciousness achieved here—merits that well may compensate for the fact that the disc is somewhat short-sided, running under seventeen minutes on one side, just over eighteen on the other. R.D.D.

B R **"THE SERAPHIM GUIDE TO GERMAN LIEDER."** Songs by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Loewe, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, Mahler, and R. Strauss. Sung by Anneliese Rothenberger, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Victoria de los Angeles, sopranos; Christa Ludwig, Janet Baker, and Grace Bumbry, mezzos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, and Hans Hotter, baritones; various accompanists. Seraphim SIC 6072, $8.94 (three discs).

After publishing one collection on Renaissance music and another on opera, Seraphim now gives us a chronological guide to the German Lied: fifty-four songs ranging from Haydn to Strauss. Most of the recordings are taken from previously available material on Angel and Seraphim. The Gedda Beethoven songs and the Ludwig Brahms collection are available on imported Odeon.

Seraphim has made good choices and the performances are on a high level, although it does seem to me that, in order to give the whole picture, songs by Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Wagner should also have been included. In the Haydn group, typical Fischer-Dieskau performances of *Gebet zu Gott* and *Zufriedenheit* put slightly more emphasis on the text than I think Haydn intended. Rothenberger sings a rather indifferent *O süsser Ton*, but continues by giving a fine rendition of *Abendempfindung* by Mozart. Mozart's *Das Veilchen* and *Meine Wünsche*, done by Schwarzkopf, are too mannered for my taste. The Beethoven group fares well with *Ehre Gottes aus der Natur*, majestically sung by Prey, while Gedda gives an extremely sensitive

performance of *Ich liebe dich*, and brings the necessary sarcasm to *Der Floh*.

Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* is not really a song but a scene from Goethe's *Faust*. I have always thought that it could stand up on any stage, and here Bumbry's operatic approach is appropriate. Rothenberger's *Die Forelle* has charm, and Hotter's *An die Musik*, *Geheimes*, and *Ständchen* are great interpretations. It is astonishing how this artist can convey the urgency of *Ständchen* with a voice which is really not suited to this kind of music. De los Angeles' *Der Tod und das Mädchen* is in a class by itself, and Ludwig has a field day with a chilling *Erlkönig*.

Fischer-Dieskau makes the most of the two Loewe ballads *Erlkönig* and *Edward*. I am glad that both Schubert's and Loewe's treatments of *Erlkönig* are represented in this set. Schumann's *Mondnacht* by Prey is outstanding, and *Die beiden Grenadiere* by Hotter is still the best on records. Ludwig seems to have a special affinity for the songs of Brahms. The three selections heard here, *Sapphische Ode*, *Ständchen*, and *O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück*, could almost be considered the high point of the set. Baker, Fischer-Dieskau, Schwarzkopf, and Ludwig are equally successful with Hugo Wolf. Ludwig can also be singled out for a magnificent *Um Mitternacht* by Gustav Mahler.

Finally we come to Richard Strauss, where Baker shows beautiful legato singing in *Wiegenlied* and *Morgen*. Gedda's *Heimliche Aufforderung* and *Ständchen* are as brilliant as his *Die Nacht* is intimate. Fischer-Dieskau gives a fine rendition of *Allerseelen*, but lacks the necessary *schmalz* for *Zueignung*.

On the whole, here is a fine collection, which will be useful to anyone who wishes to get acquainted with this special, intimate, rewarding art form. G.K.

JENNIE TOUREL: "At Alice Tully Hall." **STRADELLA:** Per pieta. **MONSIGNY:** Rose et Colas: La Sagesse est un trésor. **BEETHOVEN:** An die Hoffnung, Op. 94; Ich liebe Dich. **DEBUSSY:** Trois Chansons de Bilitis. **LISZT:** Mignon's Lied; Vergiftet sind meine Lieder; Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'; Comment, disaient-ils; Oh, quand je dors. **GLINKA:** Doubt; Vain Temptation. **TCHAIKOVSKY:** None but the lonely heart. **DARGOMIJSKY:** Romance. **MASSENET:** Elegy. **BERLIOZ:** L'Absence. **OFFENBACH:** La Périchole: Ah! quel dîner; La Barbe-Bleu: Rondo. **HAHN:** Si mes vers. Jennie Tourel, mezzo; James Levine, piano; Gary Karr, double bass. Desto DC 7118/9, $11.96 (two discs).

Jennie Tourel, always the superb stylist, thorough musician, and shrewd vocal conjurer, has been before the public for nearly forty years. Her records over the past decade have, not surprisingly, shown a noticeable decline in technical control and tonal allure, but these two discs, documenting the singer's Tully Hall recital of April 19, 1970, find her in fresher vocal estate—and of course the Tourel interpretive magic is here in abundance.

That said, one feels duty bound to point out certain flaws that occasionally intrude upon an otherwise artistically satisfying concert—flaws that might be passed by indulgently in the hall but are bothersome with repeated listening. Although she has no trouble in filling out the line in such a direct, full-voiced statement as Stradella's *Per pieta*, Tourel is not able to manage the kind of sustained, floating pianissimo needed for Hahn's *Si mes vers* and Liszt's *Oh, quand je dors*—the notes are there all right, but not the security and reserve of tone to disguise the labor behind them. This problem is also present in the Beethoven and Liszt groups where one notices slight but audible gear-changing around E and F, disrupting the elegant phrasing. The Debussy songs are disappointing: Here the voice is scaled down to a thready consistency inimical to the sensuous quality of the verses and music.

Even where her technique is not always up to the material, though, Tourel almost invariably weaves a spell: the disarming "throwaway" inflections in *An die Hoffnung*, for example, or the fresh, childlike innocence of *Kennst du das Land*. The Russian songs (and Massenet's mournful *Elegy* takes on a decided Slavic tinge in this context) are a complete success thanks to the singer's expressive dignity, subtle dynamic shading, and Gary Karr's delicate double-bass obbligato. Among the encores are two Offenbach items—always a Tourel specialty—and they are delicious.

The sound of this live recording is quite good, although the sonic perspective is unbalanced, placing the singer well behind her accompanists. Obviously the tape was made "pirate-fashion" from the audience, and as a result the applause after each number is deafeningly raucous—these unwelcome explosions should either have been modulated to a more natural level or edited out altogether. P.G.D.

the lighter side

reviewed by

MORGAN AMES

R. D. DARRELL

HENRY EDWARDS

JOHN GABREE

MIKE JAHN

JOHN S. WILSON

* **JEFFERSON AIRPLANE:** Bark. Jack Cassady, bass; Joey Covington, percussion and vocals; Paul Kantner, guitar and vocals; Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar and vocals; Grace Slick, keyboard and vocals; Papa John Creach, violin. *When the Earth Moves Again; Feel So Good; Crazy Miranda*; eight more. Grunt FTR 1001, $5.98.

After six years of recording, gigging, and just plain surviving, the Jefferson Airplane is still the same steamy cauldron of creativity. Here, they restate some of their major themes and describe their present preoccupations. What better way for a band to make a debut on their very own label!

Essentially a romantic bunch, the Airplane has always provided musical expression for both the group's vision of a sensory Utopia and the anger that comes from a dream not fulfilled. *Lawman* contrasts this dream with the ever-present menace which the deputies of an established society represent; *Crazy Miranda* is a brittle portrait of a girl whose total existence is dictated by what the media tells her she should be, a situation that does nothing for her emotional undernourishment; *Thunk*, a lilting a cappella piece, drives home the point that rationality is dead.

Lest you think, however, that all of the Airplane's new material is downbeat, the LP does include *Pretty As You Feel*, an exhortation to cultivate one's spiritual beauty, and *Never Argue with a German If You're Tired, or European Song*, the Airplane's comic masterpiece. It is mock Lieder sung to the blowziest of German marching bands, and it results in parody of the highest order. Author-performer Grace Slick has never been wittier or more inspired as she erupts into a frenzy of vocal gymnastics.

The Airplane, doing a superior arranging and producing job, has kept its familiar sound intact. The vocal harmonies soar just as high as ever; the rhythms are still filled with a throbbing urgency. Papa John Creach's whining fiddle lends an eerie, unnerving, extra-terrestrial effect.

The Jefferson Airplane is alive and well, and functioning in San Francisco. It seems as if this group will strive to become the crown of creation for some time to come. That's good news to me! H.E.

JOAN BAEZ: Blessed Are. . . . Joan Baez, vocals and guitar; Norbert Putnam, bass; David Briggs, keyboards; Norman Blake, guitar and dobro, Pete Wade, guitar; Buddy Spicher, violin; Charley McCoy, harmonica; Kenneth Buttrey, drums; Nashville Strings; Memphis Horns; Holladay Singers; Town and Country Singers. *Blessed Are. . .; The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down; The Salt of the Earth; The Brand New Tennessee Waltz; Last, Lonely and Wretched; Let It Be; Put Your Hand in the Hand;* twelve more. Vanguard VSD 6570/1, $9.96 (two discs).

Joan Baez is a *given*, one of the few in popular music. She can always be counted on for purity of tone, melodic freshness, and social consciousness. The first two points are always pluses; the latter unfortunately can occasionally fall on its face. For this two-LP set she wrote a number of songs which are uniformly pretty but uniformly clichéd and melodramatic. Of the originals, only one, *Last, Lonely and Wretched* breaks through the bathos to emerge with something genuinely powerful and real.

The album is saved, and blessed as well, by the versions of other peoples' songs. There are many: by Lennon-McCartney, The Band, Jesse Winchester, Mickey Newbury, Kris Kristofferson, and the Rolling Stones. The best are *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* (The Band); *Help Me Make It Through the Night* (Kristofferson); and *Put Your Hand in the Hand* (Gene MacLellan). Good use is made of a vocal chorus now and then, lending a gospel tone to the songs—a welcome respite from the country flavor of her recent recordings. A string section appears occasionally; it is unobtrusive but unnecessary. Joan Baez alone with a guitar is enough.

"Blessed Are. . . ." is a good LP, though not an exceptional one. The less one listens to the words, the better it sounds which is really too bad; for not everyone with a guitar is a poet. M.J.

BEE GEES: Trafalgar. Barry Gibb, vocals and guitar; Robin Gibb, vocals; Maurice Gibb, bass, piano, organ, mellotron, and vocals; Joeff Bridgford, drums; Alan Kendall, lead guitar; chorus and musicians. *How Can You Mend a Broken Heart; Israel; The Greatest Man in the World;* nine more. Atco SD 7003, $4.98.

DR. JOHN, THE NIGHT TRIPPER: The Sun, Moon and Herbs. Dr. John, vocals, piano, organ, guitar, vibes, and percussion; Eric Clapton, guitar; Tommy Feronne, guitar; Vic Brox, pocket trumpet and organ; Ray Draper, tuba, percussion, and background vocals; Fred Staehle, percussion; chorus and musicians. *Black John the Conqueror; Where Ya At Mule; Craney Crow;* four more. Atco SD 33 362, $4.98.

In 1967 there were many who believed that the Bee Gees just might be the new Beatles. The group's first album contained two classics, *New York Mining Disaster* and *To Love Somebody*, in addition to the respected *Turn of the Century* and *Holiday*. A huge cult formed.

By 1971 the Bee Gees had become a truly durable, enormously successful novelty act. Like your favorite yo-yo, they are entertaining but nevertheless a toy. Their songs once had some degree of originality, wit, and insight; their present offerings have a lot of ersatz emotion, but absolutely no import.

The Bee Gees's new LP provides a showcase for their huge hit single, *How Can You Mend a Broken Heart*, and demonstrates the singing style that has kept these Australian boys at the top. Robin and Barry Gibb are responsible for the Bee Gees's vocal sound—a throbbing, melodramatic wail that conveys tons of anguish about nothing. A gasp interrupts the wail to bring home a really pregnant point:

Jefferson Airplane—alive and well.

"Israel" becomes Is-gasp-ra-gasp-el. It is positively silly, though not unentertaining. The army of Bee Gees fans will need no encouragement; collectors of oddball memorabilia, get thee to a record store!

Memorabilia collectors will also have a field day with the new Dr. John album. Dr. John, (alias Mac Rebennack, alias Dr. John Creaux), the one and only Night Tripper, has acquired a sizable number of devotees over the years. Any man who has tried to carve a niche for himself in the history of pop music and has crowned himself "high wizard of voodoo rock" can't help but command attention wherever he asks for it.

On this LP, Dr. John has surrounded himself with a cast of thousands. The Memphis Horns, all six of them, help fill in the sound on three tracks, and none other than Mick Jagger is among the five back-up singers, augmented on occasion by two more. Dr. John obviously means business. He presides over this epic as if he were General Patton. None of it makes much sense, but all of it is highly enjoyable. Dr. John is, after all, a stupendous showman. Three numbers, *Craney Crow, Poison Fiyo (File Gumbo),* and *Zu Zu Mamou,* are slicked up with new soul arrangements and are not only weird, but very, very funny. Dr. John seems to operate out of a real swinging swamp. For much of the album, however, the good Doctor just sits at the organ, banging away and making pronouncements about himself and the future. He's letting you know he's going through his Leon Russell period, and if Leon wants to see how it's really done, Dr. John, I am sure, would sit down and gladly give him a lesson or two.

No wonder Mick Jagger sings back-up on this album. How do you turn down a man who is convinced that *he* is Mick Jagger, and then acts the part to the hilt? You don't!

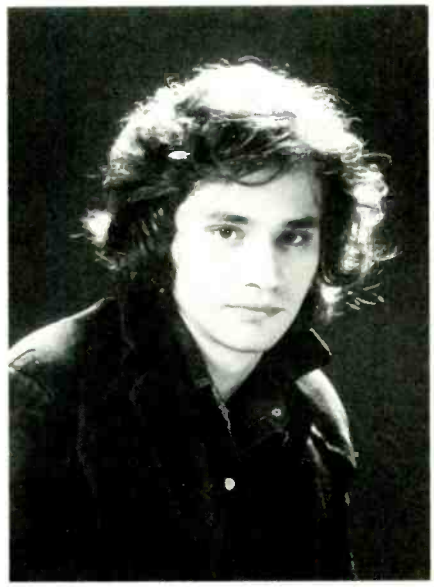
This LP has got to be the party record of the year. H.E.

JOHN SEBASTIAN: The Four of Us. John Sebastian, vocals, guitars, harmonicas, and keyboard; rhythm accompaniment. *Well, Well, Well; Black Snake Blues; I Don't Want Nobody Else;* five more. Reprise MS 2041, $5.98.

John Sebastian is the world's only rock star who seems to have escaped from one of those jolly, fun-filled MGM musicals of the past. Sebastian, rock's Russ Tamblyn, creates a tie-dyed wonderland filled with mythical heros and mythical places. The heros all worship rock-and-roll and that Oz for musicians, Nashville, and Sebastian's landmarks are almost always filled with happy boys loving happy girls. His new LP contains two typical Sebastian tunes, *Apple Hill* and *Black Satin Kid.* The Kid's triumph is, of course, to be immortalized "in the history of rock-and-roll;" *Apple Hill* is "summer days and happiness . . . honeybees and balin' hay."

Turn the album over, however, and you are in for a real surprise. Sebastian has created a self-contained, musical narrative that stretches across the entire second side and deals with the summer odyssey of four happy people who take to the road and drive across the country in a truck. En route, they pay a surprise visit to a dreamlike island which inspires the lively calypso tune, *Domenica.* The Esso Trinidad Steel Band puts in a rhythmic guest appearance, but Sebastian's voice is really too light to carry it off. The novelty, nevertheless, is appreciated. *Red Wing, Colorado* details the group's sobering realization that a peaceful, private life close to Nature requires more commitment than they can muster. Feeling renewed by their vacation and wiser because of their experiences, they head home to Hollywood, California to live happily ever after.

This subject matter obviously encourages banal songwriting. Sebastian, however, is a thorough-going professional. He writes deceptively simple melodies and totally unaffected lyrics; he sings with just the right engaging quaver in his voice; he is an expert and versatile musician. Sentimental, childlike, a wee bit naive, he is a cockeyed optimist in a world of cynics. He and his new album are a treat. H.E.



Keith Sykes—sarcasm and involvement.

KEITH SYKES: 1-2-3. Keith Sykes, vocals and guitar. *Tell Me 'Bout College; Pipeline Welder; The Diamonds; 1-2-3; Country Morning Music; Daddy Raised Hell; Like a Candle;* five more. Vanguard VSD 6574, $4.98.

Keith Sykes is one of the unrecognized folk talents to be found living, drinking, and waiting in Greenwich Village's MacDougal Street area. Others that come to mind are Gary White, who wrote *Long, Long Time,* recorded by Linda Ronstadt; and Steve Elliott, who became so annoyed with the music business that he spent his own money to record his album and gives it away.

Sykes's voice is nasal, sitting jauntily somewhere in between Dylan and Paul Seibel. His lyrics are highly focused, touching on such varied subjects as trucks, pipelines, colleges, drinking, petty violence, and singing; but his work is fraught with self-consciousness.

The range of topics here covers many locales —from New York City to Austin, Texas. Sykes makes rather dry observations about what he sees in each spot and then moves on. *Tell Me 'Bout College* is about a just-plain-folks folksinger toying with a college girl in Bowling Green, Ohio; *Pipeline Welder, Daddy Raised Hell,* and *Truck Driver Blues* are fairly standard country songs; the title of *Daddy Raised Hell,* one likes to think, is a joke on Johnny Cash's *Daddy Sang Bass*; *Kentucky Lake* is a nice, James Taylor-might-have-done-it landscape. Only two songs on the LP sound forced and phony: *The Diamonds,* a protest dirge about city life; and *1-2-3,* the title song, the sort of horrid little thing singers come up with late at night when they are bored or drunk and should be doing something else. But if one can ignore these two tracks, Keith Sykes's second album is actually a very good one, a perfect blend of participation and observation, of sarcasm and involvement. This is the second LP released lately that consists almost entirely of voice and guitar (Loudon Wainwright III's recent album had a little piano on it), which perhaps indicates that the return-to-folk movement is getting around to where it was a decade ago. M.J.

CHEECH AND CHONG: Hard Rock Comedy. A & M SP 77010, $4.98.

FIRESIGN THEATRE: I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus. Written and performed by David Ossman, Philip Proctor, Peter Bergman, and Phil Austin. Columbia C 30737, $4.98. Tape: ● CA 30737, $6.98; ●● CT 30737, $6.98.

Both these albums come under the heading of comedy and that is their only similarity, since people laugh for different reasons.

Cheech and Chong are named for their races: One young man is a Chicano and the other is Chinese. Cheech and Chong write all their own material, and their point of view is personal. They write of the urban world they know and find funny. And so it is. But as the album progresses, one recognizes the narrowness of their range. The album is a series of sketches that can be broken up into the following subjects: the record business, religion, and dope. The album never gets very far away from dope.

But Cheech and Chong either dismiss or deny an important fact: Dope for its own sake is not funny. *Trippin' in Court* is a not uncommon and not funny tale about a guy who shows up for a court date too stoned to speak in his own defense. *Dave* is a no-story, no-point moment in which a guy who has just scored some dope knocks frantically on the door of another guy who is too dumb, deaf, and/or stoned to open it. Both sketches rely strictly on one fact for laughs: the presence of dope.

Neither Cheech and Chong nor any other superhip performer will get me to laugh at drug talk simply because It's There—and particularly not when the remarks are slanted at hard dope as well as grass. Cheech and Chong may think themselves liberated. They strike me as being exploiters of the dope controversy, whether knowingly or naively. What's worse, or at the least ironic, is the fact that Cheech and Chong themselves are being exploited by the record business which hopes to make a few quick dollars in the underground consumer market while the fad lasts.

The Firesign Theatre is another story altogether. This group's meat is the intellect, and if sometimes they are too good at it, they are also intriguing. Their new album, "I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus," is so cosmic in concept that two or three hearings are mandatory to get into it. It has to do with a group of people who take a "trip into the future" in the leisure-time sense that one might take a trip to the Japanese Deer Park or Magic Mountain (both real-life places) for family

fun. But the Firesign Theatre's future trip is all done by computers, so in reality (you should excuse the expression) one can begin the trip without ever leaving home base. It is simply a matter of someone pushing the right buttons for you and programming in the right data cards. The trip includes an illusory "talk with the President," complete with electronic imitative voice reproduction.

This is a science fiction album. Or is it? That is the question that unravels as fun-time continues. There is one guy (Clem) on the bus who understands that the journey is a computerized illusion. He also happens to know something about computers, how to read and program them, and so on. Clem has come along on the trip to ask the computer-President a question. While this computer is programed to respond to all normal trivia of common man by means of voice and sound wave, it (he?) is not programed to answer authentic intelligence. Clem is not diabolical; he is simply persistent. In order to ask his question, he utters various phrases to undo the computer's automatic-trivia response. The machine goes crazy. Nearby bozos become annoyed at the interruption of the illusion. Finally Clem induces the machine to accept his question: "Why does the porridge bird lay his egg in the air?"

Needless to say, Clem is a trouble-maker in a happy land. His future is uncertain.

This review barely scratches the surface of the Firesign Theatre's newest bit of wackery. It is as unfathomable as an album can get. All I know about the members of the Firesign Theatre is that they are brilliant. The album falls somewhere in between comedy and nightmare, which leaves a lot of space. Jump in.

M.A.

✱ **BARBRA JOAN STREISAND.** Barbra Streisand, vocals; Nick DeCaro, Fanny, Dick Hazard, Kenny Welch, Peter Matz, and Gene Page, arr. *Beautiful; You've Got a Friend; I Mean to Shine;* eight more. Columbia KC 30792, $5.98. Tape: ●● CR 30792, $6.98; ● CA 30792, $6.98; ●● CT 30792, $6.98.

Barbra Streisand became a star at such an early age that one often forgets that she is still quite young. She has been seen in films playing such veteran characters as Dolly and Fanny Brice; she has been loved for singing countless songs written before she was born. Thus there has been some disgruntlement among hard-core fans over the fact that Miss Streisand has become interested, quite naturally, in the music of her own generation.

Recently Miss Streisand had her very first hit record with a contemporary song called *Stoney End* written by Laura Nyro. It was the first indication that she had been accepted by her own age group (who neither like nor dislike Rodgers and Hart but simply don't relate to them). The fact that it was a hit made Miss Streisand even more sure of her new direction. But the album itself, Miss Streisand's first big attempt to deal with contemporary material, didn't work too well: She was merely trying to squeeze her past style into a new form, both in arranging and singing. She was, in short, in a transitional period.

In my view, this album marks the real beginning of Streisand-in-a-new-place as a singer. She has left behind much of the dramatic sense which served her so well in her early

Barbra Joan—a new Streisand?

career—the sobs, sighs, breathing close to the mike, and stylized pronunciation. Miss Streisand is still emotionally committed, but now she is simpler, sparser, easier. And more real.

An inordinate number of arrangers are involved in this project, and it is a tribute to the Streisand strength that the set comes out whole instead of splintered. One of the songs is doing well as a single: Carole King's *Where You Lead*, backed by a four-girl rock group called Fanny, whose members provide the majority of the arrangements, also vocal and instrumental backgrounds. Fanny's members are too young to be cynical, and they are not yet successful enough to have become slick. They have an exuberant effect on Miss Streisand.

Do not assume, however, that Barbra Streisand has suddenly become gritty. She will always have a strong sense of production and a taste for lovely ballads. One of the best here is John Lennon's softly bitter song, *Mother* ("Mother, you had me but I never had you. . . ."), arranged by Gene Page and Richard Perry. Another is *The Summer Knows*, from the film, *Summer of '42*, by Michel LeGrand and Alan and Marilyn Bergman. The Bergmans have written a catalogue of songs with LeGrand, including the Oscar-winner *Windmills of Your Mind*; but from here, *The Summer Knows* is their finest and most touching lyric. It has been superbly arranged for Miss Streisand by Dick Hazard.

There is also a well-conceived version of two Bacharach/David songs, *One Less Bell to Answer* and *A House Is Not A Home*, on which Miss Streisand overdubs herself. The track was intricately designed by Kenny Welch and orchestrated by Peter Matz.

To say that this is a "new Streisand" implies that she has shed an old self. Yes and no—mostly no. What this album displays is an alive and growing Streisand. Because of that, she will appeal most to the young and to those with open and still-growing minds. Naturally that means you.

M.A.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: Touching Home. Jerry Lee Lewis, vocals and piano; rhythm accompaniment. *Time Changes Everything; Mother, Queen of My Heart; Hearts Were Made for Beating; Foolish Kind of Man*; seven more. Mercury SR

61343, $4.98. Tape: ● MC8 61343, $6.95; ●● MCR4 61343, $6.95.

BUCK OWENS: Ruby. Buck Owens, vocals; rhythm accompaniment. *Corn Liquor; Uncle Pen; Ole Slew Foot; Rocky Top*; six more. Capitol ST 795, $5.98.

JEANNIE C. RILEY: Greatest Hits. Jeannie C. Riley, vocals; rhythm accompaniment. *The Rib; Duty not Desire; My Man; Country Girl*; six more. Plantation PLP 13, $4.98.

Jerry Lee Lewis, the one-time *enfant terrible* of rock-and-roll, has become one of the pillars of the c & w establishment over the past several years with a string of exciting mainstream country releases. Lewis is a marvelous performer—humorous, intelligent, remarkably alive to the possibilities of his material—and so original and personal is his style that he has not needed to search out unusual songs to make his records interesting. His albums are all collections of country classics including this latest which has *Time Changes Everything, Help Me Make It Through the Night* and *Mother, The Queen of My Heart*, amid some lesser-known tunes. Like most of Mercury's country people, Lewis receives faultless support from producer Jerry Kennedy and his Nashville studio favorites (like Harold Bradley, Chip Young, and Pete Drake), and especially from that Lewis regular, fiddler Kenny Lovelace.

Buck Owens is the leading proponent of the hard-driving school of country music centered in and around L.A. It is characterized by tight harmony, instrumental work that resembles Texas' "Western Swing" more than Nashville's folk-based sound, a driving beat, and a somewhat more urban orientation in its lyrics. On "Ruby," however, Owens has tackled traditional bluegrass, coming up with something halfway between his usual sound and Bill Monroe's. Apparently the LP was inspired by the addition of banjo picker Ron Jackson to the Buckaroos, and though they employ bluegrass techniques—high pitched harmony with bent, "blue" notes and short, spirited fiddle and banjo solos—they come up with a sound that is very fresh. Projects like this often end up mired in imitation or, at worse, drowned in unconscious parody, but Owens is a talented performer and avoids the pitfalls. In fact, although most of the tunes—like Cousin Emmy's *Ruby*, Monroe's *Uncle Pen*, or the traditional *Rollin' in My Sweet Baby's Arms*—were originally written as bluegrass, several are of more recent origin, including one each by Owens and his son Buddy Alan. I'm not sure "Ruby" will bear repeated listenings, but I've enjoyed playing it several times.

Jeannie C. Riley's version Tom T. Hall's *Harper Valley P.T.A.* was one of the biggest country hits of all time, topping both the c & w and pop lists for weeks. She hasn't come up with a blockbuster of equal magnitude since—very few ever manage one—but apparently she has continued to be a steady seller in the country market. "Jeannie C. Riley's Greatest Hits" shows why. Not only does she have a pleasant voice and a driving style, but she is very good at choosing interesting tunes that fit her abilities and her swinging-suburbs image. (The Lewis LP has eleven songs, the Owens and Riley only ten; and the Riley album dips to a new low for lack of information; the songwriters and timings are omitted along with the personnel from the sleeve and label.)

J.G.

Van Ronk—for Dave's fans only.

DAVE VAN RONK: Van Ronk. Dave van Ronk, vocals and guitar; instrumental accompaniment. *Bird on the Wire; Fox's Minstrel Show; Port of Amsterdam; Fat Old John; I Think It's Going to Rain Today; Legend of the Dead Solder; Accentuate the Positive*; four more. Polydor 24 4052, $4.98.

Van Ronk presents the facade of an old lumberjack trying to imitate an old bear. He growls, rasps, and moans with much gusto and great emotion. He is at his best with slow, unpretentious ballads and good-time songs on which his growling can be contained. But now and again he attempts "serious" material, such as the Brel (*Amsterdam*) and the Brecht (*Soldier*) on this LP. To me, it's overbearing, strained and affected, and a bit hard to take. *Bird on the Wire*, the Leonard Cohen song, is perfect; *Accentuate the Positive*, an old tune, also works well. Over-all, it's not a bad record, but one which only Van Ronk addicts will like.

M.J.

THE JAMES GANG: Live in Concert. The James Gang. *Stop; You're Gonna Need Me; Take a Look Around; Tend My Garden; Ashes, the Rain & I; Walk Away; Lost Woman*. ABC ABCX 733, $4.98. Tape: ● 8022 733, $6.95; ●● 5022 733, $6.95.

This genre is generally called Heavy Rock, though Chaos Rock seems more appropriate. It exists to fill up a room with sound, to provide an artificial environment when the real one becomes too dull—in other words, what to do when there's nothing on TV. It started with Cream, who took blues and expanded it through volume, yet kept much of the original imagination of blues. Then came such groups as Blue Cheer and Grand Funk Railroad, who really fill up a room. The James Gang is the latest in this class, and though better than most, still offers little of musical value. Their "Live in Concert" is more exciting and more chaotic than their studio recordings, and though it all sounds like one extended roar, still it has a function. It fills the room, and it is every bit as good as a Beethoven symphony if you want to find out how much your speakers will take.

M.J.

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET: The Return of Doug Saldaña. Doug Sahm, vocals and guitar; Augie Meyer, keyboards; Rocky Morales, sax; Jack Barber, bass; Jim Stallings, bass; John Perez, drums; Leonidas Baety, percussion. *Preach What You Live, Live What You Preach; Papa*

Ain't Salty; Stoned Faces Don't Lie; seven more. Philips PHS 600 353, $4.98.

Doug Sahm of the Sir Douglas Quintet grew up in San Antonio where he supposedly was given the name Saldaña by his Chicano friends. For the past five years he has lived in California, but early this year he returned to Texas, giving him a new home and a title for this album. This LP is more unified and together than his previous recording. It has the unmistakable warm vocal quality, the soft and brotherly Texas blues for which Sahm is well known. But it lacks those flashy tunes, such as *Mendocino*, which graced his previous recordings. This is not necessarily negative, it simply means that the listener will have to exert himself in order to appreciate this very good record. Southwest American blues rock is too little known in other parts of the country. "The Return of Doug Saldaña" is a good introduction to it. Note particularly *Papa Ain't Salty*, a shuffle by T-Bone Waller. M.J.

THE MOODY BLUES: Every Good Boy Deserves Favour. The Moody Blues. *Procession; Our Guessing Game; One More Time to Live; You Can Never Go Home*; five more. Threshold THS 5, $5.98. Tape: •• M2 4805, $6.95; •• M2 4605, $6.95.

This LP opens with a windstorm, followed by the spoken word "desolation"; similarly, "creation" is intoned after a thunderstorm effect, and "communication" follows native drums. This kind of echo-chamber emotion is a familiar tactic with the Moody Blues, one of the few groups still concerned with the cosmic questions raised during the Haight-Ashbury period of youth culture. Musically the group is the Wagner of its day—romantic, lush, and a bit pretentious. The Moodies once were described as the "smallest symphony orchestra in the world," and that seems appropriate. However, despite the complexity of their music and the brilliance with which it is assembled, the pretention does get to be tiring after a while.

Their past few albums have been increasingly one-soundish: the ability to come up with catchy melodies that marked their masterpiece, "In Search of the Lost Chord," seems gone now. Even the lyrical musings seem tame compared to their songs of a few years ago when the band was singing about lost chords, Timothy Leary, and thinking being the only way to travel. Pretention is valuable—where would art and politics be without it. But it's a tricky business, and must be done well. The Moody Blues, on this LP, aren't doing it as well as they once did.

The opening line from one song is "I don't know what I'm searching for," and though the group searches for it with great clamor, the goal is not approached. M.J.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: Me and Bobby McGee. Monument Z 30817, $4.98.

Any serious student of songwriting would do well to study the work of Kris Kristofferson. He identifies primarily with the tradition of country music, its simplicity and its sadness. On the other hand, Kristofferson was a Rhodes scholar. Between his lines and dead center in them are some of the most shattering ideas you'll find in today's music. M.A.

This Christmas Shopping Guide is designed to make your Holiday gift buying easy . . . use it to make your gift selections. You will find something for each and every music listener on your Christmas list. Your favorite high fidelity or record shop is the best place for filling every Christmas stocking.

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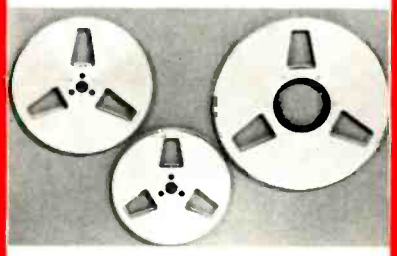

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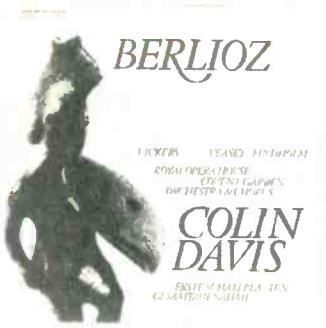

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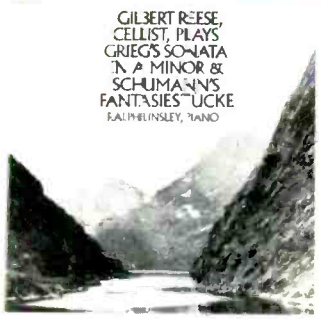

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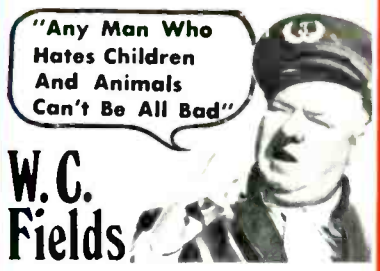

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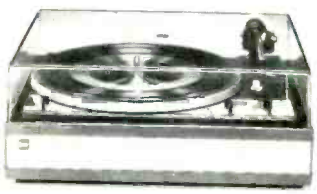

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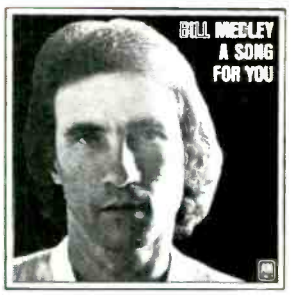

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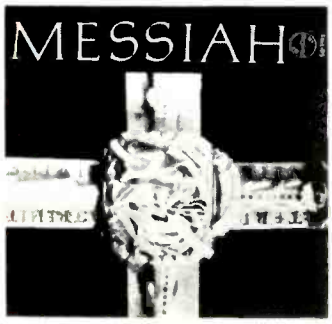

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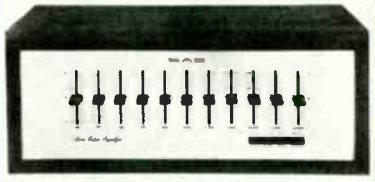

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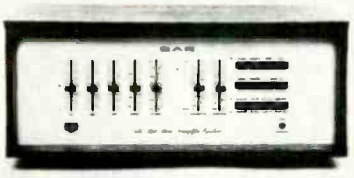

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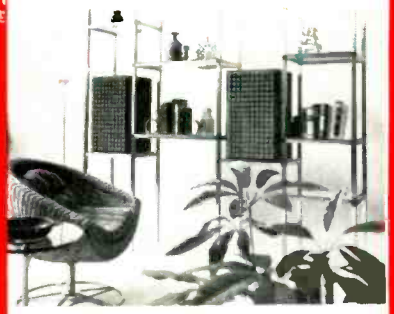

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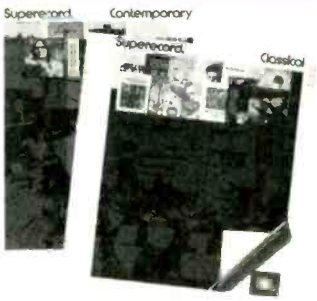

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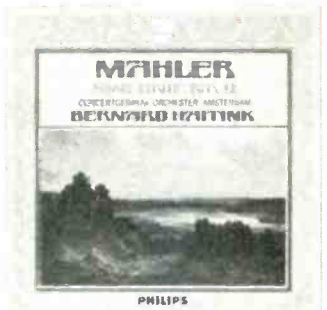

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theater and film

DEATH IN VENICE. Mahler: Symphony No. 5: Adagietto; Symphony No. 7: Second movement; Symphony No. 3: Fourth and Fifth movements. Soloists; Bavarian Radio Symphony, Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2538 124, $6.98.

DEATH IN VENICE. Mahler: Symphony No. 5: Adagietto. Themes from *The Music Lovers*, *2001*, *Black Orpheus*, and three others. Performed by Van Cliburn, Eugene Ormandy, Arthur Fiedler, Erich Leinsdorf, and Fritz Reiner. RCA Red Seal LSC 3224, $5.98. Tape: ● R8S 1203, $6.95; ●● RK 1203, $6.95.

DEATH IN VENICE. Mahler: Symphony No. 5: Adagietto. Themes from *The Music Lovers*, *2001*, *Elvira Madigan*, and two others. Performed by Sir John Barbirolli, Daniel Barenboim, John Browning, Carlo Maria Giulini, Lorin Maazel, and Leonard Pennario. Angel S 36813, $5.98. Tape: ● 8XS 36813, $7.98; ●● 4XS 36813, $7.98.

Hollywood may come to the rescue of the classical record business yet: in fact, it seems to be moving rather consistently in that direction. *Elvira Madigan* put Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 on the map—quite to everyone's amazement—and by the time *2001* came along with Strauss in the background the record companies were ready, and *Zarathustras* popped up like mushrooms. Latest in the line of posthumous Hollywood composers is, of course, Gustav Mahler who, according to Visconti, served as the prototype for Thomas Mann's central figure in *Death in Venice* and whose music is used to great effect in Visconti's film. Three *Death* discs have surfaced simultaneously, and which you pick will depend on whether you are primarily a Mahler fan or a movie fan. If the former, the DGG disc is the choice, for it is devoted entirely to Mahler, and includes two nonmovie selections that are a pleasant contrast to the pieces used in the film. The Angel and RCA recordings are snippets of this and that, the former sporting a more surfacy and "expressive" performance of the Mahler Adagietto (plus some solo piano selections, for variety), the latter giving Mahler a slightly cooler treatment. S.F.

SOUL TO SOUL. Original soundtrack. *Soul to Soul; Run Shaker Life; Heyjorler; Freedom Song*; seven more. Atlantic SD 7207, $4.98.

"Soul to Soul" is an album of selections from the soundtrack of the film of the same name. The film is a documentary of the first American soul music festival ever to be held in West Africa, a celebration that occurred on March 6 and 7, 1971 in honor of Ghana's fourteenth Independence Day. The film is an impressive record of a touching and unusual event. Not only does it record the festival proper, but it captures the reactions of the American stars as they visit the land of their people. With equal acuity, it documents the reactions of the Ghanaians to their American visitors and the music they make.

The album, featuring Roberta Flack, Eddie Harris and Les McCann, Wilson Pickett, the Staple Singers, Ike and Tina Turner, and the Voices of East Harlem, contains little of the excitement that one finds in the film. It is a lackluster soul gloss, an educational aid that might be able to initiate the novice into some of America's most exciting music.

Still, it does have its few moments. Roberta Flack delivers a restrained and eloquent *Freedom Song*, sung in the film during a visit to the dungeons of the old slave fortress in Cape Coast, Ghana. The superb Wilson Pickett trots out his chestnut, *Funky Broadway*, and gives it all he's got. A young, gourd-playing, north Ghanaian chieftain, Amoa Axangio, joins Eddie Harris and Les McCann for an instrumental and helps create some authentic Afro-American jazz. As for the other artists—we've heard them all before, and, sad to say, we've heard them better.

See the movie. H.E.

MAN AND BOY. Original Film Score, composed and arranged by J. J. Johnson; musical supervision by Quincy Jones; Bill Withers, vocal. *Slo-Mo; Better Days; Hard Times, Mister*; eight more. Sussex SXBS 7011, $4.98. Tape: ● M87011, $6.95; ●● M57011, $6.95.

J. J. Johnson is alive and well and making people happy in Los Angeles. Johnson, a man of caliber and consistency, first became known as a trombonist. Later he formed a group with Kai Winding, and the two put out several two-trombone albums that have since become classics.

Some years later Johnson moved to the West Coast. He wanted to become more active as an arranger and composer, particularly in motion pictures and television, and Los Angeles was the place for it. Since then Johnson has been busy in films, records, and has been responsible for the music on endless television series and shows.

The title tune of Johnson's score for *Man and Boy* (*Better Days*) is sung by Bill Withers, who also wrote the lyrics. His powerful but sensitive voice, along with Johnson's driving arrangement, set the mood for the entire album. The music is essentially simple to fit the country mood of the film. But as always with J. J. Johnson, it is craftily designed and expertly performed.

One more thing. This album was re-recorded from the original film, and the project was produced by Quincy Jones. Thus it is a smooth and well-formed listening trip. When a film score is taken directly from the soundtrack, often it lacks continuity and presence and emerges as a series of splices. This music comes from a film but has been beautifully redesigned as an album. M.A.

jazz

✱ **CHICO HAMILTON:** His Great Hits. Various groups led by Chico Hamilton, drums. *Man from Two Worlds; Corrida de Toros; Big Noise from Winnetka*; thirteen more. Impulse 9213/2, $11.96 (two discs).

This two-disc collection of some highlights of Chico Hamilton's work between 1962 and 1966 is a vital and instructive reminder of the potent force that Hamilton has been on the jazz scene. These are the Hamilton groups that provided a springboard for Charles Lloyd, Gabor Szabo, Arnie Lawrence, Larry

Coryell. For recording purposes, they also include Clark Terry in magnificent "Mojo" form; Jerome Richardson and Danny Bank playing a haunting alto flute and piccolo duet on *That Boy with That Long Hair*; and even Archie Shepp, playing a driving, chopping piano (instead of saxophone) on his own rousing down-home piece, *For Mods Only*.

But behind it all is the strong, sinuous drumming and the alert, dramatic imagination of Chico Hamilton. The variety of music that turns up in this album is impressive, even more impressive when one realizes that more than a third of the tunes are Hamilton compositions. Another interesting factor: Hamilton not only had the open ears to find and use such musicians as Szabo, Coryell, and Lloyd at early stages in their careers but his influence on them is evident—their playing here is deeper, more disciplined and essentially more interesting than it became after they left Hamilton. It's somewhat reminiscent of what happened with so many of the men who passed through Duke Ellington's orchestra. J.S.W.

✱ **GIANTS.** Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Bobby Hackett, cornet; Mary Lou Williams, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums. *Love for Sale; Birks Works; Autumn Leaves*; four more. Perception 19, $4.98 (165 W. 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036).

During the winter of 1970–71, the Overseas Press Club in New York held a short series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts, open to members and guests, that resulted in several memorable sessions, the best of which has been preserved on this disc. It was memorable because it brought together two somewhat disparate but highly compatible brass stars—Dizzy Gillespie with his tilted trumpet and Bobby Hackett on cornet—and because it was one of Mary Lou Williams' first appearances after a long period of retirement. The sheer joy and excitement of hearing these three pinnacle performers of jazz responding to the presence of each other is the memory that most of us probably carried away from that session. This recording not only confirms those memories but reminds us—me, at least—of something that memory alone had managed to overlook: the absolutely superb team of Grady Tate and George Duvivier. The swinging drive that Duvivier brings to these pieces is almost incredible. Everyone else could have floated on the rhythmic power that he projects although, being the jazz musicians they are, they simply implemented it in their own playing. Tate is a positive, discerning adjunct to Duvivier, and when Miss Williams is part of the comping group it becomes one of the great rhythm sections of jazz.

This may seem to be paying an awful lot of attention to accompaniment, but it is an essential part of the brilliance of these performances. On this foundation, Gillespie, Hackett, and Miss Williams just lay back and let their musical natures flow freely. There is occasional uncertainty in the horn duets as Hackett and Gillespie try to establish rapport (most notably on *Jitterbug Waltz*). But most of the time they follow each other skillfully and often in amusing fashion. And the solos are in their best vein. As for Miss Williams, she plays with a sense of release, a feeling of open exultation as she controls the keyboard with the masterful feeling for beautifully structured swing that has always been her hallmark. Even with its occasional shaky moments, this is one of the most completely satisfying jazz LPs I have ever heard. J.S.W.

JAN GARBAREK QUARTET: The Esoteric Circle. Jan Garbarek, tenor saxophone; Terje Rypdal, guitar; Arild Anderson, bass; Jon Christensen, drums. *Vips; Gee; Karin's Mode*; six more. Flying Dutchman 10125, $5.95.

George Russell's name appears prominently on the cover of this disc although he is not present in person. The American jazz composer, who has lived in Scandinavia for many years, produced this album. It is played by a Norwegian quartet made up of Russell's students who regularly play in his sextet. The nine selections in the set, all composed by Jan Garbarek, cover a broad range of contemporary avant-garde jazz from soaringly melodic, readily accessible pieces such as *Traneflite* and *Nefertite* to the harsh discordances of *Esoteric Circle*.

The potential of the quartet comes through most strongly on *Rabalder*, a brash, driving piece well suited to the raw, hard tone that Garbarek uses in his Rollins-like approach to the tenor saxophone, while Terje Rypdal demonstrates an imaginative and valid use of guitar wah-wah as a propulsive factor in ensembles. Garbarek's relationship to Rollins is most evident in *Breeze Ending*, a well developed calypso-based piece that starts out with a long, unaccompanied saxophone solo which manages to be both hoarse and charming. Along with its provocative passages, however, the record includes a good deal of aimless saxophone flutter and guitar clangor, but it still manages to communicate in broader terms than does most avant-garde jazz. J.S.W.

DAVE BRUBECK: Brubeck/Mulligan/Cincinnati. Dave Brubeck, piano; Jack Six, bass; Alan Dawson, drums; Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Erich Kunzel, cond. *Happy Anniversary; The Duke; Blessed Are the Poor; Forty Days; Elementals*. Decca DL 710181, $5.98.

Elementals is a long (fifteen minutes plus) work that was composed by Dave Brubeck in 1963 for a concert at the Eastman School of Music and subsequently recorded (Columbia CS 8927) by the Brubeck Quartet (Paul Desmond, Gene Wright, Joe Morello, and Brubeck) with an orchestra made up of New York studio musicians conducted by Rayburn Wright (who had suggested the project to Brubeck). It is a work in which Brubeck has tried to find a common ground for the swinging sense of a jazz group and the nonswinging tendencies of a symphony orchestra. The symphony men play symphonically oriented passages that do not clash with the jazz group's swing.

The results on the Columbia recording were impressive, at least to the extent that there was less labored thrashing about than such jazz-symphony efforts usually produce. In some respects this new recording by Brubeck's current trio, plus Gerry Mulligan and the Cincinnati Symphony, is better. Although Paul Desmond's alto saxophone gave the Columbia version some moments of light and airy charm, Mulligan, playing baritone saxo-

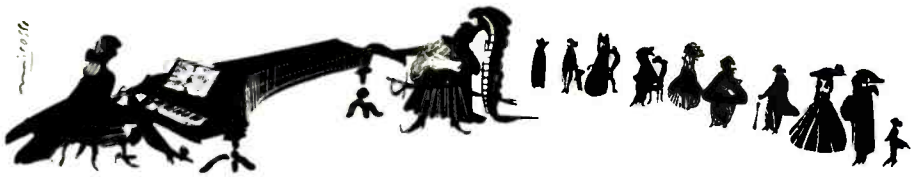
phone, is a more authoritative and more positively swinging performer—and when a jazz quartet is trying to swing an entire symphony orchestra it needs all the swing-power it can muster. Add to this the dynamic presence on drums of Alan Dawson. Brubeck is more or less a constant on both records although his tendency toward heavy-handed clumping seems to be given a bit more leeway with the CSO than it was with Rayburn Wright's studio orchestra. In any event it is primarily Mulligan who gives this new version its identity. When he can step out and play, it moves. But there are times when even his agility cannot cope with the tangle of orchestral fustian in which he becomes involved.

The other side, made up of four short pieces by Brubeck, is even more strongly dominated by Mulligan. He turns *Blessed Are the Poor* into a beautifully disciplined, lyrical solo, a very moving performance that is virtually all Mulligan. *The Duke* is, to my mind, the most charming melody that Brubeck has written, one that exactly suits his most engaging playing style. In this performance his solo is abetted by Mulligan's soft-voiced noodling and a Mulligan solo in which he casually restructures the tune in interesting terms, although the orchestra occasionally manages to muddy up what might have been a simple, direct situation. The remaining two pieces are minor efforts in which even Mulligan's contributions are of little avail. J.S.W.

Woody Herman: Brand New. Tony Klatka, Tom Harrell, Buddy Powers, Forrest Buchtel, and Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bobby Burgess, Ira Nepus, and Don Switzer, trombones; Sal Nistico, Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, and Gene Smookler, saxophones; Alan Broadbent, piano; Mike Bloomfield, guitar; Alan Read, Fender bass; Ed Soph, drums; Woody Herman, alto and soprano saxophones, clarinet, and vocals. *Sidewalk Stanley; Proud Mary; Since I Fell for You*; five more. Fantasy 8414, $4.98.

Woody Herman's efforts to get with the contemporary scene are, on the evidence of this record, improving—at least, they are more in accord with his own carefully nurtured style than his previous attempts. In this case, Mike Bloomfield, the guitarist out of Paul Butterfield's blues band, is a guest soloist on several numbers. His solos, which amount to a digest version of the collected works of Chicago's electric blues guitarists, are limited in scope but they relate to Woody's long blues tradition. Except for a lengthy solo, *Hitch Hike on the Possum Trot Line*, which eventually wears down, Bloomfield's appearances are not very intrusive and the better qualities of Woody's band are allowed to dominate most of the record.

These better qualities include a brilliant Herman vocal on the Ivory Joe Hunter tune, *I Almost Lost My Mind*, in a marvelously understanding arrangement by Nat Pierce. Pierce is also responsible for another astutely Herman-oriented arrangement, Avery Parrish's *After Hours*, which features an electric piano played by Alan Broadbent. On record, this works out far better than it does in person where the clanging sound of the electric piano tends to get out of control, destroying the basic mood of the piece. Broadbent plays the solo capably and he also contributes two attractive originals—an easy, swinging riff called *Adam's Apple* and a glowing ballad, *Love in Silent Amber*. J.S.W.



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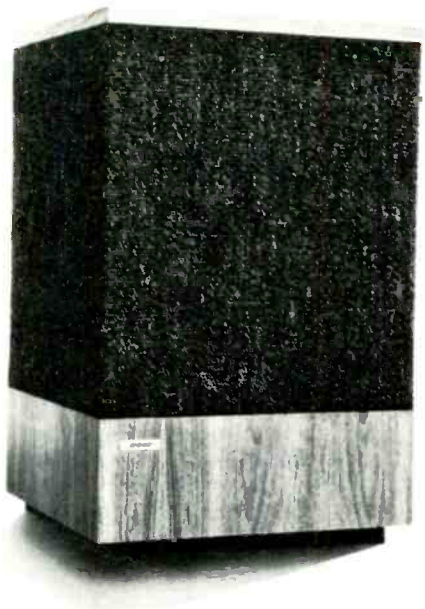

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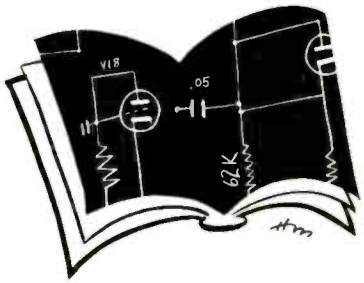

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the tape deck BY R.D. DARRELL

Operatic Angels—Resuscitated. At this year's end, what the immediate future is likely to hold for the tape world (Dolbyization for all upcoming Columbia cassettes and regular releases of "discrete" quadraphonic tapings in endless-loop cartridge format among other promises) strikes me as momentarily less significant than the restoration of some major works of the near past, presumably permanently out of print in their open-reel editions. Included here are several of the complete opera recordings which Angel released around 1964–66 in reel versions (the earlier ones at 7½ ips; the later ones at 3¾ ips), but which were deleted when Angel abandoned open-reel production; now, via Ampex, they are made available again, all in 7½-ips processings.

So far I've heard only the new versions of what probably are the two most exciting revivals: *Tosca* and *Carmen* starring the incomparable Callas in two of her last recording appearances (Angel/Ampex C 3655, two reels, $13.95; and G 3650, two reels, $19.95; librettos included). I cannot claim that Callas is at her vocal best here, or that the supporting casts are more than routine (except for Gobbi's fine Scarpia and Bergonzi's beautifully, if too carefully, sung Cavaradossi in *Tosca*). Indeed the Callas personality dominates so completely in *Carmen* that this performance still stands as a textbook model of recording synecdoche—where a part is greater than the whole! No matter: the opera specialist whose library doesn't include tapes of these dramatic-personality triumphs is lacking something truly unique. And in their new processings, the recordings themselves boast renewed technical interest: the beautifully transparent, if acoustically a bit dry, *Carmen* sonics benefit notably by the elimination of the first edition's considerable pre-echoes; the atmospherically effective "darkness" of the *Tosca* sonics proves to be a characteristic of the original master tape, not —as many of us once thought—a result of 3¾-ips first-edition deficiencies.

Although I haven't had a chance to test for myself the other Angel/Ampex opera reissues, the two I have heard seem safe guarantees of the others' processing excellence. Among them I remember with lively pleasure the attractions of the *Madama Butterfly* starring Victoria de los Angeles (now R 3604, $21.95) and the *Turandot* starring Birgit Nilsson with Molinari-Pradelli conducting (now G 3671, $19.95). And while I remember more of the weaknesses than the strengths of three others, fans of the particular stars they feature undoubtedly will welcome more heartily than I can the reissues of *La Bohème* with Freni and Gedda (C 3643, $13.95), the 1968 *Aida* with Nilsson and Corelli (G 3716, $19.95), and *Il Trovatore* with Tucci and Corelli (G 3653, $19.95).

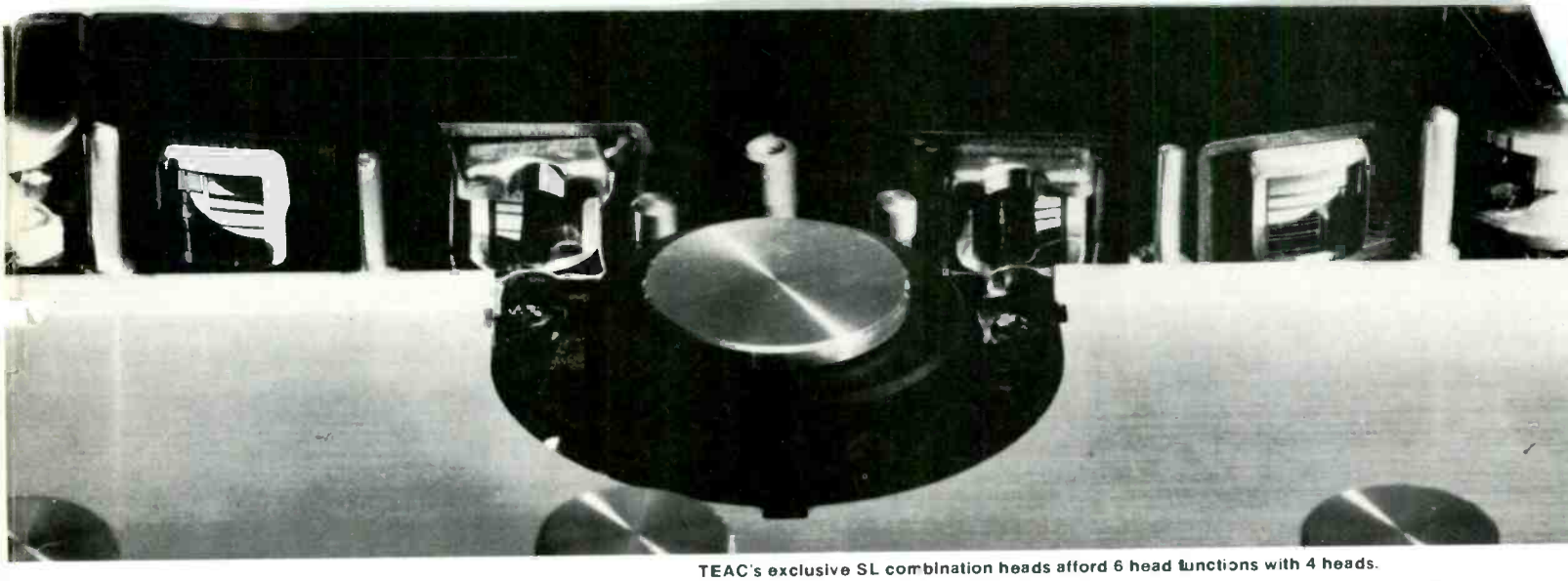
This Christmas, instead of *Messiah*, why not explore less familiar Handelian masterpieces? The magnificent *Israel in Egypt* I reported on last month would be an ideal choice—so also would be one of his finest operas, *Giulio Cesare*, in the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra version conducted by Karl Richter (DGG/Ampex I 1009, three 7½-ips reels, $29.95; libretto included). But that came out nearly a year ago, you protest? Indeed it did, but by some slip-up I never received a release notice; only recently did I become aware of the taping's existence and I refuse to let any such temporal handicaps prevent my hearing and reporting on so substantial an example—a good four hours' worth—of music by the composer whose powers of eloquent melodic invention were literally inexhaustible.

This is, of course, the first complete recording of Handel's version of the Caesar and Cleopatra legend. And as in every modern performance of baroque opera, there are controversies galore: casting of the original castrato roles, individual executant freedom to introduce ornamentations, cuts, etc. Richter opts for transposed-down versions of the castrato parts with male singers, no embellishments of aria da capos, and no abbreviation of the lengthy *Händelgesellschaft* score. There are persuasive arguments against, as well as for, his choices, but all these are of less concern to the home listener than the chance to hear, in almost any form, a fabulous flood of enchanting music. Similarly, I can't complain too much about the Germanic solemnity with which the recitatives are taken, the heaviness of the continuo harpsichord in the recitatives and its near-inaudibility elsewhere, or even the jerky huff-and-puff "h'aspiration" of the coloratura passages by Fischer-Dieskau in the title role (and by some others too). In compensation, Julia Hamari, Tatiana Troyanos, and Franz Crass sing superbly, and the spacious recording makes the most of the fine choral singing and piquantly colored orchestral playing. In any case, what decisively tips the scales is the music itself: aria after aria of incredibly varied character yet invariably appealing, and sometimes spellbinding, melodism.

Bulging Holiday Cornucopia. Few more substantial or varied stocking-stuffer reels can be given a friend (or yourself) than the latest three-hour Astrostereo program (Nonesuch/Ampex CW 236, 3¾-ips reel, $23.95). With seasonal pertinence it includes (among a dozen mostly longish, complete works) Bach's lovely *Shepherd* Cantata, No. 249a (precursor of the *Easter* Oratorio), to say nothing of choral works by Schütz and Praetorius. But there are other fine recent recordings of works by Beethoven, Fauré, Haydn, Ives, Mozart, and—perhaps most valuable of all—the most satisfactory version (Horenstein's) of Mahler's First Symphony I've ever encountered anywhere. Even if you don't normally care for miscellanies like this, or for spoken identifications, the rewards here are well worth any indulgences—all the more so because these, along with other current Nonesuch recordings, aren't otherwise available on tape.

Heritage Haydn. Although Dorati's in-progress project of recording all the Haydn symphonies on London's Stereo Treasury label seems to have largely cornered the publicity market, there is another equally ambitious series which has already reached the halfway mark with twenty-five disc releases and which now is the first to be represented in musicassette versions—Dolbyized ones for good measure (Symphonies 93-104 inclusive, MHC 2135/40, six cassettes, price to nonsubscribers $6.98 each, from the Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, New York City 10023).

The Vienna Chamber Orchestra, which plays here, is scarcely distinguished by refined tonal qualities, but it is almost ideally scaled and balanced, and many of the woodwind solos are delectably piquant. The recording too warrants a mixed verdict: con for some lack of high-end brilliance (in the "Turkish music" passages of the *Military* Symphony, for example, the bass drum is far better served than the cymbals and triangle); pro for first-rate clarity, sonic solidity, and expansive acoustic ambience. Pro too for the Dolbyization, which while it varies in noise-reduction effectiveness, is often very good and never less than respectable. But what gives this series real distinction and a powerfully magnetic appeal is the indefatigable vigor, humor, and gusto of conductor Ernst Märzendorfer. Even in the present works, where he is competing with many far more famous conductors, his individual readings consistently grip one's attention and admiration. I'm looking forward with eager anticipation to his performances of the earlier, less well-known symphonies. Meanwhile, the present set meets a genuine tape need since the famous Beecham/Capitol reels of the same twelve symphonies and the fine Wøldike/Vanguard reel of the last six are both out of print.



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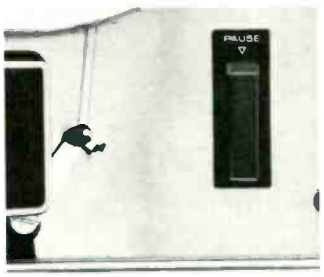

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