How to Get the Best Tape Recordings You'll Ever Make

With Charts for Matching Variables of...

- MUSIC
- RECORDER
- TAPE
The best, get a Pioneer.

Both units are even equipped with a strobe light directed at the strobe marks for easy viewing.

Combine the best automatic features with manual operation
While many hi-fi enthusiasts demand completely manual turntable operation, there are many purists who prefer semi-automatic operation. Pioneer provides this extra convenience in the PL-55X and PL-15D/II. Both models incorporate automatic tonearm return and shut off. When the record has finished playing, the tonearm automatically returns to the arm rest and the power is turned off.

Automatic tonearm return and shutoff

Fully automatic operation in single-play

The PL-A45D is completely automatic. You don’t ever have to touch the tonearm when you play your records. This 2-motor model has a special precision gear motor to exclusively handle automatic tonearm lead-in, automatic return, automatic shutoff and repeat play. And when you prefer, you can switch to fully manual operation.

The PL-71 and PL-12D/II, at both ends of Pioneer’s turntable lineup, offer the total involvement that can only be attained by completely manual operation.

Superb S-shaped tonearms for better tracking
The tonearm of every Pioneer turntable system is the S-shape design, for optimum groove tracking. All are statically balanced and all use adjustable counterweights with direct reading of tracking force. All have adjustable anti-skate control and oil-damped cueing for the gentlest application of stylus tip to record groove. Lightweight plug-in cartridge shells insure positive electrical contact and optimum stylus position and angle for lower distortion and reduced record wear.

Unexcelled performance
Still, all of these features and refinements do not guarantee the performance specifications of Pioneer’s new turntables. Each tonearm and turntable platter combination is shock mounted in its specially designed natural grain base (with hinged dust cover). Precision machining of all rotational parts plus continuous quality control insure that each will meet or exceed its published specifications — a time honored tradition with all Pioneer components.

Choice of the professionals
Engineers, experts and enthusiasts agree: to get the best performance, select a manual turntable. And to get the best manual turntable, you need a Pioneer. Every Pioneer manual turntable offers a level of precision and performance unparalleled in its price range. And every one is a total system — with dust cover and base — designed for years of professional, trouble-free sound reproduction.

For the best performance, get a manual turntable.
The manual turntable is rapidly becoming the first choice of hi-fi enthusiasts everywhere. The reason why is quite simple. Today's enthusiasts are more knowledgeable, more sophisticated and more involved with their music. And only the manual turntable can provide the involvement and performance they demand.

At Pioneer, this trend comes as no surprise. We have long recognized the superiority of the manual turntable. And long recognized a simple fact: a record changer in no way improves performance. It can detract from it.

As a result, we now offer the finest and most complete line of manual turntables available. Manual turntables that are designed with the needs of today's hi-fi enthusiast in mind. Turntables that are engineered for precision response.

When you get right down to it, good record playing equipment really has only two requirements: uniform rotation of a turntable, and accurate tracing of a record groove by a tone-arm and its cartridge.

Pioneer's engineers have long recognized that these requirements are best met by single-play turntables and precision engineered tonearms. Our five new belt-drive and direct-drive turntable systems mean you needn't settle for the higher wow and flutter and the poorer signal-to-noise ratios (rumble) of record changers. Whether you've budgeted $100 or $300 for this vital element of your hi-fi system, there's a Pioneer turntable that outperforms any record changer in its price class.

Consider the performance advantages

Belt-drive, featured in Pioneer's PL-12D/II, PL-15D/II and PL-A45D, means smoother, more uniform platter rotation than can be achieved with typical idler-wheel/pulley arrangements normally found in record changers. Even changers equipped with synchronous motors transmit vibration to the turntable platter. This is picked up as low-frequency rumble by the tonearm and cartridge. By driving the platter with a precision-finished belt, vibration is effectively absorbed before it can be translated to audible rumble.

Pioneer's direct-drive models, PL-55X and PL-71 go even a step further in achieving noise-free, precision platter rotation. The DC electronically controlled servo-motors used in these models rotate at exactly the required 33⅓ and 45 rpm platter speeds. Their shafts are directly connected to the center of the turntable, with no intermediate pulleys or other speed reduction devices. This means no extra friction-producing bearing surfaces.

Because of the unique technology embodied in these new, direct-drive motors, it's possible to control their speed electronically. This is more precise than any mechanical drive system. Both our PL-55X and PL-71 offer individual pitch control for both 33⅓ and 45 rpm speeds. Their turntable platters are edge-fitted with stroboscopic marks, so you can adjust precise speed while a record is playing.
There's a Pioneer turntable that's just right for your needs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>PL-12D/II</th>
<th>PL-15D/II</th>
<th>PL-A45D</th>
<th>PL-55X</th>
<th>PL-71</th>
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<td>$175</td>
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*The values shown are for informational purposes only. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option. The PL-71 includes a walnut veneered base; all other models include a base of walnut grained vinyl.
We're #1—and the critics totally agree!

HIRSCH-HOUCK LABS . . . Stereo Review
"The Pickering XUV/4500-Q is obviously one of the best phono cartridges presently available. There are few stereo cartridges that can outperform it in any of its individual characteristics, and we know of none that could be said to be a better stereo/CD-4 pick-up."

B. V. PISHA . . . Audio Magazine
"The Pickering XUV/4500-Q ranks among the top cartridges for stereo, SQ, QS and CD-4. The sonic clarity is exceptionally good, with superb transient and applause response, and good definition, particularly in the low bass region."
"To sum up, we can recommend the Pickering XUV/4500-Q cartridge without reservations, based upon our laboratory and listening tests."

MAURICE HOLTHAM . . . Canadian Stereo Guide
"In fact the reproduction of all material . . . stereo, CD-4 and matrix . . . was absolutely superb. Good recordings were reproduced with outstanding fidelity and clarity, and tracking was secure at one gram with even the most heavily modulated bands. Solo instruments and voice were rendered with exciting realism; large orchestral and choral works came through in all their magnificence."

Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers Guide
"In both stereo and CD-4 one of the most outstanding under any program conditions. Sound so clean and crisp it almost hurts."
"This pickup is a perfect example of why measurements cannot truly express the sound quality from a transducer; though the measurements are good, the sound quality was rated by the entire listening panel as superb."

The specifications of the XUV/4500-Q are so exciting that we hope you will write to Pickering and Company, Inc., Dept. HF, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803 for further information.

"for those who can hear the difference"

COMING NEXT MONTH

Our March issue draws a bead on noise in all its widespread pesky manifestations. Robert Long examines The Many Paths to Noise Reduction, evaluating the various devices available to the consumer and the audio manufacturer. William Warriner’s Rx for RFI suggests home remedies for radio frequency interference. With the equipment in good order, we turn to music: bass Alexander Kipnis reminisces about his roles and recordings, and Gabrielle Mattingly’s The Muzas Are Heard treats the booklet in Polish classical discs. Plus Gene Lees on “the best pop vocal group ever,” Conrad Osborne on Columbia/Melodiya’s new Pique Dame, and more.

COMING IN APRIL

Our Big 25th-Anniversary Issue

SOLUTION TO HIFI-CROSTIC NO. 8


The air used more than any other on musical boxes was first heard at Covent Garden. In his opera Clari, the Maid of Milan, Henry Rowley Bishop introduced the public to “Home Sweet Home.” It might have been written especially for that instrument.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

We proved it in our latest television commercial with Ella Fitzgerald. Whatever Ella can do, Memorex with MRX 2 Oxide can do. Even shatter a glass!

MEMOREX Recording Tape.

Is it live, or is it Memorex?

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The component look.

By design.
The 450 redefined the cassette deck as a true high fidelity component. That remarkable transport design generated a new found measure of respectability for the cassette format.

Our engineers then determined that a vertical transport was best suited for a front load application. In terms of overall design integrity and mechanical stability. So rather than adapt one transport design to fit another need, we produced a completely new, highly streamlined mechanism. From the inside out. It's called the A-400.

Twin rotary levers control the transport functions with smooth, positive cam action. Which means unnecessary mechanical linkages have been eliminated. You get peace of mind instead, because fewer moving parts assure greater reliability and long term dependability.

Since the cassette loads vertically into the A-400, the adverse effect of gravity on the cassette package itself is eliminated. So tape jams are prevented and smooth, even tape packs are predictable.

If new design concepts superbly executed appeal to you, put an A-400 through its paces. Just call (800) 447-4700* toll free for the name and location of your nearest TEAC retailer. You'll find that the A-400 delivers definitive TEAC performance with the added convenience of a front load component. All by design.

*In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.
ALLISON: ONE

Press comment:

"Press comment:

Stereotone Review

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

"Laboratory Measurements. The averaged frequency response in the reverberant field of our test room, with the speakers installed as recommended, was within approximately ±2 dB from 35 to 15,000 Hz, with the slope switch set for flattest response. The woofer response matched Allison's published curves within better than 0.5 dB over its operating range, and its overall response was a startling — and excellent — ±1 dB from 40 to 400 Hz."

"Judging only from its sound and the measurements we made, the Allison-One easily merits a place among today's finest speaker systems."

HIGH FIDELITY

OCTOBER 1975

"The prevailing impression is one of transparency, minimum coloration effects, and a broad sound-front — in short, the kind of highly accurate sound-reproducer that would attract the serious listener who is both musically oriented and technically astute enough to appreciate really fine sound. In our view, the Allison One is among the best speaker systems available."

Descriptive literature on ALLISON loudspeaker systems which includes technical specifications is available on request.

ALLISON ACoustics INC.
7 Tech Circle, Natick, Massachusetts 01760

ALLISON.ONE $360

Rupert Holmes
Cynicism only in the eyes of the reviewer?

Dissenting Voices

Having read Henry Edwards' August review of Rupert Holmes' new LP and having subsequently listened to the disc, I am puzzled that your reviewer should make the statement that "cleverness too often takes the place of genuine emotion."

It is incomprehensible to me that Mr. Edwards should find, for example, that "Studio Musician," a rare and touching tribute to a group of faceless men, is either negative or cynical. It was my feeling that Holmes genuinely admires these studio men and that he felt it was about time somebody said something about them. Then there's "The Man Behind the Woman," as touching and tender a valentine as has been written for perhaps thirty years. How can Edwards overlook it? How can he talk about negativism when he hears this lovely, uncomplicated love song? For good measure, I'll toss in the disc's finale, "The Place Where Failure Goes," and put it to Henry Edwards that he himself is cynical and negative if he cannot see and hear in this cut all the truth, pain, and emotion that Holmes has felt and written.

In case anyone should think I'm carping, I do admit that most of the review was as complimentary as the disc deserves; it is just that one resents the use of words like cynicism in connection with the cuts cited above. Further, one is left with the impression that your reviewer heard only Side 1.

Gwendolyn M. Pynn
Reigate, Surrey, England

Johann Strauss

Thank you for the October section devoted to Johann Strauss. True, R. D. Darrell's discography paints a

Contributors' Notes

R. D. Darrell writes to amend his September statement that Christopher Hogwood's Oiseau-Lyre disc of Arne harpsichord sonatas "surely must be the first complete recording." In 1974, Musical Heritage Society issued these works on MHS 1897, played by Eiji Hashimoto.

Harris Goldsmith points out an incorrect editorial insertion in his November review of Anthony di Bartolomeo's Connoisseur Society disc of the Debussy etudes: Beveridge Webster's recording, indicated as "Dover, deleted," is in fact in his Desto Debussy box, DC 7111/5, still in print.

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
GO FOUR AND MULTIPLY. DOKORDER 8140

Four channel recording with overdub, sound-on-sound, electronic echo... everything you need to help translate what you feel into what others will feel.

FEBRUARY 1976
PIONEER INTRODUCES AN AMPLIFICATION SYSTEM THAT WILL FORCE YOU TO TAKE A HARD LOOK AT YOUR SPEAKERS.
Pioneer's new Spec 1 and Spec 2 are capable of producing a level of high-quality sound most speakers are simply incapable of reproducing.

So, unless you're willing to listen to Spec 1 and Spec 2 at something less than their full potential, don't make the decision to invest in them if you're not prepared to invest in a new pair of speakers.

**SPEC 2: 250 GOVERNMENT-APPROVED WATTS A CHANNEL**

Spec 2 was the first power amplifier designed to deal with the new F.T.C. power regulations. It has a continuous power output of 250 watts per channel minimum RMS. At 4 or 8 ohms. From 20 to 20,000 Hz. With no more than 0.1% harmonic distortion.

Other power amplifiers that used to claim a lot more power can't do Spec 2 even has wattage that anymore meters that indicate music output amplifier with all the reserve power of the Spec 2.

**STATE-OF-THE-ART DESIGN**

Spec 2 not only produces an uncompromising amount of sound; it does so in a totally uncompromising manner.

For example, Spec 2 uses an advanced toroidal coil power transformer. It's a more expensive transformer than most amplifiers use. But a more efficient transformer. And one that keeps magnetic flux leakage to an absolute minimum.

Also unlike many power amplifiers, Spec 2 doesn't use fans. Because fans can cause noise. Instead, Spec 2 has massive heat sinks and special Pioneer-developed protective circuitry to keep the operating temperature under control.

Spec 2 even has wattage meters that indicate music output compensate for any deficiencies in program material or listening area.

And, so you can make sure you've made all the right adjustments, Spec 1 has a "tone off" switch that lets you compare your setting with a completely flat setting.

Spec 1 even has its own microphone amplifier, with its own volume control. So you can mix into any program material without touching the main volume control.

**THE BEAUTIFUL SOUND OF NOTHING**

One thing Spec 1 doesn't do is add anything to the sound it reproduces. The phono section has a completely inaudible signal-to-noise ratio of 70 dB (IHF, short-circuited A network). All other inputs are rated at 90 dB. Which is even more inaudible. And it has a total harmonic distortion of no special Pioneer-more than 0.03%. Which is five times under what your ear is capable of detecting.

**DESIGNED FOR EIA MOUNTING**

Both Spec 1 and Spec 2 are 19" wide. So you can place them in any standard EIA laboratory rack.

**WHO NEEDS ALL THIS POWER AND WHY**

When you listen to a live performance it can have an average sound level of 84 dB. Which most high fidelity systems can reproduce with half a watt of power. But a sudden musical peak of 110 dB takes four hundred times as much power. Which means you need 200 watts of power to reproduce that peak.

If your amplifier doesn't have that much reserve power, you get "clipping." Which doesn't happen during a live performance.

So, if you want your system to be able to give you all the power, all the sheer presence of live performance, you need an amplifier with all the reserve power of the Spec 2.

**SPEC I: TWICE THE CONTROL OF MOST PREAMPLIFIERS**

Most preamplifiers have two tone controls. Some have three. But Spec 1 has four. Each of which is calibrated in 1.5 dB clicksteps. All together, they give you a total of 5,929 ways to compensate for any deficiencies in program material or listening area.

Or you can stack them like conventional home entertainment components.

Which they definitely are not.

**SPEC 1**

**SPEC 2**
In regard to James L. Cramer's obviously loving account of Vienna's Philharmonic Ball, as an Austrian-American and connoisseur of Viennese music, I wish to correct or supplement some of his points, many of which have been misunderstood outside Austria for a long time.

To clear up the most sensitive statement, Austria is not a socialist nation. It merely has a current majority of Social Democrats, a liberal party in parliament. Austria's "socialization" will last only as long as the current majority party remains so. Its programs, as it happens, are as socialist as Social Security. Austria is one of the most liberal democratic republics in Europe, and although it is a neutral nation its policies are as Western as those of West Germany.

Mr. Cramer's description of Fasching as "a seasonal dedication to levity and the dance in which a rather self-conscious attempt is made to recapture the gaiety of other eras" seems unlikely. Whatever Austria suffered under the Third Reich, such festivities were not hindered at all. The balls Mr. Cramer describes were held as always, and the large opera balls were mostly sponsored by the Goerings or other Nazi party leaders.

Mr. Cramer's explanation of the current use of the title "von" is incorrect. It is true that the granting or official use of titles is forbidden, but that applies to such titles as prince, count, duke, etc., not "von," which is considered part of the surname. Von Karajan is not the only Austrian or German conductor using the "von," with or without permission.

Concerning the national anthem, the melody used by Haydn in his Kaiser Quartet did serve, with different lyrics, for both the German (as "Deutschland über alles") and Austrian national anthems; in Austria it was dropped with the advent of the Second Republic in 1955, to eradicate any association with the annexation or of the monarchial past. The current anthem is a fragment from Mozart's Freimaurer Cantata with words by the Austrian poet Paula Pradovice.

Perhaps the Social Democrats can use their subsidy powers to ease the Philharmonic Ball's financial problems, assuming they remain in power, which seems doubtful as election year draws near. If they do not, the conservative Christian Democrats, a party dominant among the media and cultural associations in Austria, might be able to save this wonderful event.

Robert Harris
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Osborne Update

In reply to David Margolis' attack on Conrad L. Osborne ["Letters," September], I would like to say that I am quite a bleeding heart myself, usually, but a record review is not the place for "forgiving" mistakes, for when a performer makes a record he is automatically putting himself in direct competition with all the others who have recorded the work.

It is precisely C.L.O.'s "sophistication" and "uncommon learning" that make him one of the very valuable few who may be called record critics rather than reviewers. His attention to detail enables the reader to make his own choice, according to the reader's own taste, and also makes his reviews valuable even years after they were written. For those of us who have not the time nor money to buy and compare all recordings of a work, C.L.O. is a pleasing, reliable, and probably, in his vast knowledge, better alternative.

Please bring him back as a permanent writer; kidnap him if necessary. I agree with reader Jon Conrad, though, that updated versions of his Verdi, Wagner, and Mozart discographies (with additional chapters on Puccini and The Ring), or a
THEY STILL MAKE 'EM
THE WAY THEY USED TO

Not in the same $10 a month shed where Klipsch started. Not with the same machinery. But KLIPSCHORN® loudspeakers, produced in the modern Klipsch plant, are still made from the same designs developed in the 1940’s, utilizing the same basic principles of sound reproduction. The same quality of components has been maintained. And every loudspeaker is still individually tested under Paul Klipsch’s supervision.

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“What good is money if it can’t buy music?” —John Dyer-Bennett, Poth Audio, Albany, Cal.

CIRCLE 24 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

February 1976
book on recordings of German Lieder, would be at least a strong second choice for me. Ray R. Davis
Braymer, Mo.

Federal authorities, we hear, frown on kidnapping, so we will have to continue to wheedle Mr. Osborne's time on an occasional basis. MUSICAL AMERICA readers are directed to his review this month of Ingmar Bergman's film of The Magic Flute. Next month he will be reviewing the new Columbia/Melodiya Bolshoi recording of Tchaikovsky's Queen of Spades.

To Splice or Not to Splice

The issue of audible tape splices as "analyzed" by Glenn Gould in his "Experiment in Listening" [August] has not been settled by either that article or the excellent responses to it by Messrs. Kulman and Appleman ["Letters," November]. Therefore, I am writing again on this subject, because readers (listeners?) should become actively aware of this problem.

This is not a sociological or technical problem—it is a musical problem and thus should be approached from that standpoint. It is true that most splices are inaudible, but the audibility of a splice is irrelevant. The fact is that the over-all performance of a work is robbed of its spontaneity, its essential "aliveness." This is particularly critical in classical and jazz music. A musical work, like any work of art, must be perceived as an organic whole; to do otherwise is like trying to read poetry written on Burma Shave signs or feeling the impact of The Last Judgment by seeing parts of it in square-foot sections.

This total perception is what accounts for the feeling of spontaneity. Just compare modern spliced recordings with live performance or, perhaps more to the point, with those recordings made before splicing came into use. This is particularly apparent with recordings made by Toscanini, many of which were positively "electric" in their effect. Anyone who misses this feeling is not being musically perceptive. (I'm surprised at Mr. Gould on this point, for, despite his irritating idiosyncrasies, he is a highly perceptive musician.)

The record companies must go back to a more musically positive approach to recording. To do otherwise is to deny the primacy of music over technological processes. This primacy must hold true no matter how state-of-the-art both professional and consumer products become.

Fred Ross
St. Louis, Mo.

Echt Mussorgsky

In his November review of the new BASF disc of orchestral works of Mussorgsky, R. D. Darrell states that the album's liner notes do not indicate whether Mussorgsky's own scorings or the Rimsky-Korsakov revisions are employed in the recordings of the shorter works. He concludes that "undoubtedly the Rimskian editions are used."

Perhaps his review copy did not include the notes that finally came to be published with the disc, for on my copy it is clearly stated: "From 1930 onwards Paul Lamm in the Soviet Union worked on this legacy, revising and publishing, and it is from this source that these characteristic works for symphony orchestra have been selected. They are recorded here for the first time."

Listening to the recordings with score (available from Kalmus) confirms that these are indeed the composer's versions, as edited by Lamm. Congratulations to Marc Andreass and BASF for giving us what may be the most illuminating Mussorgsky disc since David Lloyd-Jones's recording of the original Night on Bare Mountain. Now if only some company could be persuaded to give us Boris as Mussorgsky wrote it!

Robert W. Oldani Jr.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Devetzi

In his October review of the Strauss-Beethoven record by Mstislav Rostropovich and Vaso Devetzi, Philip Hart describes Ms. Devetzi as "one of the more engaging pianists to come out of Russia." I would like to point out that Ms. Devetzi is Greek, though she studied in Paris and has recorded in Russia. Her first recording can be found on the Nonesuch label (the Faure Ballade, with Serge Baudo conducting).

Vasso gave some concerts in this country two years ago, and last summer at the Athens Festival there was a happy reunion of the three greatest Greek pianists, Gina Bachauer, Rena Kyriakou, and Vasso Devetzi.

Nicholas Peppas
Somerville, Mass.

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Or out. That's exactly what The Music Tape™ by Capitol with chromium dioxide does. It was designed for people like you, who purchase only the finest recording equipment with a CrO2 bias switch...and demand the finest quality tape. The Music Tape CrO2 is unsurpassed in both frequency response and signal-to-noise ratio. Why settle for a mediocre tape? Let the sound shine in and out today, with The Music Tape by Capitol CrO2.
Any LUX amplifier or tuner that doesn't meet or exceed every rated specification won't ever reach you.

It's one thing to produce components with an impressive list of published specifications. It's quite another matter to ensure that every unit will meet or exceed each of those specifications. But this is precisely what LUX does with its entire line of power amplifiers, preamplifiers, integrated amplifiers and tuners.

LUX components were conceived and designed for that very special breed of audiophile whose critical requirements for accurate music reproduction are met only by separate amplifiers and tuners. And of those products, the very best that the state of the art can provide.

Hence, the following procedure takes place at our facilities in Syosset, New York.

Every unit received from the factory in Japan is removed from its carton and placed on a test bench where it is connected to an array of test equipment, which includes a Sound Technology 1700A Distortion Measurement System and 1000A FM Alignment Generator, McAdam 2000A Digital Audio Analyzer System, and Iwatsu Electric SS5100 and 5057Z Synchroscope.

Every control, switch, meter and indicator undergoes an operational check-out. There's nothing unusual about this. Any reputable manufacturer can be expected to do the same. Or at least spot check a shipment.

But LUX has only begun. Every specification is then measured against its published rating. That means 14 individual tests for a power amplifier, 14 for a preamplifier, 20 for an integrated amplifier and 7 for a tuner.

Each verified specification is entered by hand on a Performance Verification Certificate. Any unit that doesn't match or exceed every published specification is given the appropriate remedy. When a unit passes, it is returned to its carton together with a copy of the Certificate for the information of its future owner.

As for the specifications themselves, here are some examples. The Luxman M-4000 power amplifier has no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz, even with both channels driven simultaneously to its rated output of 180 watts per channel minimum continuous average power into 8 ohms. Another M-4000 specification: signal-to-noise ratio beyond 100 dB.

Another example is the C-1000 preamplifier. Its phono-input circuits are virtually overload proof, accepting almost half a volt of audio signal at 1000 Hz. The distortion of its phono-preamplifier circuits is an astonishingly low 0.006%, and the rest of the preamplifier circuits add only 0.001% more.

There's one more expression of our confidence in our products. If any of them malfunctions during the first three years, let us know. We'll not only fix it promptly, but will pay the freight both ways, as well as supply a shipping carton if needed.

With all this, we think that neither our specifications nor our procedures for verifying them is nearly so important as your satisfaction with the end result: the most accurate and musical reproduction you can hear.

The end result can be best appreciated at a select number of dealers whom we guarantee to be as dedicated to fine music reproduction as we are.

Luxman M-4000 Power Amplifier - 180 watts per channel minimum continuous power. Both channels driven simultaneously into 8 ohms. Total harmonic distortion no more than 0.05% at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz. Frequency response: 5-50,000 Hz ±1 db. Signal to noise ratio: 108 dB. Features include: separate power supplies for each channel including output and drive stages. Two-meter power-output display in combination with LED peak-output indicators reveal dynamic range of program material. Output level set by precision potentiometer with 1-dB click stops. $1,495.

Luxman C-1000 Preamplifier - Total harmonic and intermodulation distortion: 0.007% at 2.5 V, 20 Hz-20 kHz, all output signals. Frequency response: 2 Hz-80 kHz. +0.5 dB. Signal-to-noise: >95 dB. Phono overload: +50 mV @ 1 kHz. 3.5 V @ 20 kHz. RIAA equalization: ±0.2 dB. Features include: tape-monitoring and dubbing for two decks, six selectable tone control turnover frequencies, linear equalizer, twin high and low noise filters, variable phono-input impedance, variable input sensitivities, "touch-mute" attenuator, speaker selectors. $895.

LUX Audio of America, Ltd.

200 Aerial Way, Syosset, New York 11791
In Canada: AMX Sound Corp., Ltd. British Columbia. Gentronic Ltd., Quebec
It has been seventeen years since Bill Evans recorded the famous "Kind of Blue" album with Miles Davis. Although he had done some previous recordings, this was the one that signaled his real arrival.

In the years since, he has become perhaps the most influential and certainly one of the most admired jazz pianists in the world. There are pianists in France and Czechoslovakia who sound like him. Long before Soyuz-Apollo, young Russian musicians found out that Evans is half Russian (and half Welsh) and claimed him as one of their own.

A generation of younger players has sprung from Evans. The best of them, including Herbie Hancock and Roger Kellaway, have developed their own identities, but it is as difficult to think they would play as they do if Evans had never existed as it is to conceive the singing of Frank Sinatra or Peggy Lee had never been a Billie Holiday. Put simply, Bill Evans altered the course of jazz piano.

He has had three releases in recent months. "Symbiosis" (BASF 22094, reviewed in High Fidelity, June 1975) is a recording of a forty-minute work of the same name, written for Evans and symphony orchestra by Claus Ogerman. It is a milestone for both the composer and the pianist. On "Intuition" (Fantasy 9475), Evans plays with the smallest number of accompanying musicians, namely one: the superb bassist Eddie Gomez, a member of his trio for nine years. The third disc is "The Tony Bennett-Bill Evans Album" (Fantasy 9489, reviewed by Morgan Ames last month). These new recordings have caused me to go through my old Evans collection—which is almost a complete one—and do a lot of relistening. And in so doing, a number of things have been clarified for me.

By the late 1940s, the best jazz brass and reed players equalled or surpassed symphonic players in skill. Men like J. J. Johnson had vastly extended the technique of trombone playing, and men like Dizzy Gillespie, Maynard Ferguson, and Clark Terry were pushing the art of trumpet playing into new dimensions. The saxophone was little-used in symphonic music, and the "legit" woodwinds were little-used in jazz. When the jazz players began learning flutes and the double-reeds, the best of them came to play all these instruments, and on present-day record dates, it is not unusual to see a reed player with a flute, alto flute, piccolo, perhaps an oboe or a bassoon, and a saxophone lined up on a rack by his music stand. He is expected to play all of them.

But jazz piano in the '40s, with the odd exception of Art Tatum's work, lagged far behind "classical" piano—in scope, color, facility, tone, independence, dynamics, and just about everything else. Then came the brilliant Oscar Peterson (influenced particularly by Tatum), George Shearing, and the late Nat Cole, whose success as a singer unfortunately has overshadowed his importance as a pianist. They, along with Red Garland, Bud Powell, and Sonny Clarke, made strong impressions on Bill Evans of Plainfield, New Jersey. He had been trained on Mozart, Chopin, Debussy, Poulenc, Scriabin (Glenn Gould once described Evans as "the Scriabin of jazz") from childhood through his years at Southeastern Louisiana College (which he attended on a flute scholarship, oddly enough; he later played flute in an Army band) and Mannes College in New York.

Musicians who worked with him in his early professional days remember him as talented but stylistically unexceptional. (He was twenty-two when he played in the Herbie Fields band.) But by 1958, his musical personality was formed, and it partook of both jazz and classical sources. On "Young and Foolish" in his early Riverside album "Everybody Digs Bill Evans" (which last fall was re-released as "Peace Piece and Other Pieces" on Milestone 47024) he used, probably unconsciously and certainly unafraidly, the eighth-note chordal left-hand pattern and even some of the feeling of the harmonic expansions of Chopin's E minor Prelude.

But it sounded like Evans, not Chopin. He was much more than an eclectic; there was something extraordinarily personal in his work: a pensive, intimate, lyrical beauty in ballads, and a curious quality of seemingly private communication with the listener. In up-tempo material, he had an idiosyncratic way of playing slightly off-center or broken rhythms that for the next decade, along with his chord voicings, would hold many younger pianists in a trap of imitation. If Chopin sought to make written compositions sound improvised, Evans made improvisations sound improvised—by which I mean that unexpected placements of notes in time made one feel he was thinking constantly, instead of playing a repertoire of rehearsed patterns.

One of the musicians who worked with him in the 1960s said, "He can play anything he can think, and he thinks some amazing things." He sounded like no one else in jazz or even in its history. His work was instantly recognizable.

 Critics used to complain that most jazz pianists had "no left hand." Not Evans. Indeed, his technique is such that, after injuring his right hand, he once played a two-week engagement...
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at New York's Village Vanguard with the left hand only. As rumors of this prodigy spread around town, pianists began pouring into the place to observe it. So rapid and accurate was his left hand, and so deft his pedaling, that his playing seemed scarcely different.

Of his thirty or so LP's, almost every one is (or contains) something offbeat, improbable, original. Two were recorded with guitarist Jim Hall—no bassist or drummer. Several were made with drummer Paul Motian and bassist Scott LaFaro, the brilliant young musician who died at twenty-four in a highway accident, but not before he had made recordings that would influence a whole generation on his instrument. Two of the latter albums have been reissued in one package under the title "The Village Vanguard Sessions" (Milestone 47002). There is a mystique about this two-disc set. Certainly there is an eerie, haunting quality, a sadness to the records, completed just ten days before LaFaro's death, but I am not superstitious enough to ascribe this to some strange prescience on either musician's part.

One of Evans' most unusual albums is "Conversations with Myself" (Verve 8526). By overdubbing, he played three pianos. One track, the love theme from Alex North's score for the film Spartacus, is for me one of the most beautiful moments in the history of jazz piano. The identity of each of the pianos remains distinct as Ravelian contours interweave like the lines traced by a child waving sparklers in the night.

In "Left to Right" (MGM SE 4723), Evans played a Steinway with his left hand and a Fender-Rhodes electric piano with his right, accompanied by subtle full-orchestra writing by Michael Leonard. He recorded in quartet format; the session was "sweetened" with orchestra afterward. So fascinated was Leonard—himself a pianist—by Evans' electric piano solo in Luis Ega's The Dolphin that he harmonized the flute with it. Both versions are in the album, and hearing them in succession is a little like watching a rose open in a time-lapse sequence. This is one of those solos that students transcribe and study.

Which returns us, despite some serious omissions in the discography, to the latest recordings. The album with Tony Bennett is another milestone. Evans has never before been heard on record as accompanist to a singer. Bennett has never before recorded with only piano. The two men hardly knew each other when they made the LP in Berkeley, California, last June, but the rapport is enormous, and this
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is one of the finest vocal albums in jazz and/or popular music of the last several years.

In preparing "Symbiosis" Ogerman perceived that Evans has evolved into something that at times seems beyond or outside of classical music or jazz. To be sure, much of Bill's playing is unmistakably jazz, but some of it defies the category, as if he has gone into a music of his own invention. (Evans himself sometimes uses the term "spontaneous music" rather than jazz.) This quality of otherness is also evident in "Intuition." With only Gomez to accompany him (or converse with him contrapuntally) he is free to explore, both rhythmically and harmonically. And Gomez is so proficient he can follow wherever Evans wants to go or else go his own way, which is often demanded of Evans' collaborators.

Both discs leap into perspective when you go back and listen to "The Village Vanguard Sessions." Comparing these recordings, made thirteen years apart, you hear a startling difference, and you realize that Evans' development has been so steady and subtle that you hardly noticed it was happening.

In those older albums you hear a gifted, sensitive, introverted romantic young man. It is like looking at an old photo of a boy, eyes filled with a vulnerable, diffident, and ingenuous expectation of life, who has long since disappeared into manhood. The beauty of that early Evans will never be recaptured, not even by Evans.

The playing on "intuition" is not only much more mature and assertive, but also much darker. A tone that was once silvery has taken on the golden hue of a Venetian painting.

In jazz, Evans is something of a patriarch now. Long a cult figure for a minority, he has an increasingly wide lay following all over the world. He is at the height of his powers. I think he is a giant of a musician.

About ten years ago, he said something that amazed me: "I had to work harder at music than a lot of people I used to know, because, you see, I don't have very much talent."

Not long ago, I reminded him of this, and he said, "But it's true. Everybody talks about my harmonic conception. I worked hard at that, because it was my weakest area."

I suggested that perhaps this—the capacity to focus on something and work at it—is what talent really is.

On another occasion, thinking about the strong vocal traditions of the two nations of his ancestry, I asked if he could sing.

"No," Evans answered. "All the singing is in the playing."
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Treemonisha. Reviewing the Houston Grand Opera's staging of Scott Joplin's Treemonisha in last September's Musical America, Shirley Fleming described the outdoor production as "so rousing . . . that the audience was on its feet to shout and clap during the big dance numbers and probably would have been on stage with the cast if such a migration had been possible." That production, staged by Frank Corsaro and with new orchestrations by Gunther Schuller, was subsequently transferred to Washington and New York, though a protracted Broadway musicians' strike jeopardized the New York opening.

On an early-November evening we arrived at RCA's Forty-fourth Street Studio 4A in time to find producer Tom Mowrey and the DG recording crew preparing for the seventh of a planned eight sessions. The cast was amazingly fresh; most of them, along with Joplin authority Vera Brodsky Lawrence, had been up at 3 a.m. for an appearance on the Today program.

The principal business of that session, we noted agreeably, was the opera's elaborate, rousing finale, "A Real Slow Drag." Through the initial takes we sat next to Mrs. Lawrence, a sort of general adviser for the production and recording (Mowrey received her various counsels graciously and eagerly), and she spoke enthusiastically about her recent close association with the opera. We assured her that we were in no way daunted by the prospect of extended retakes as per- formers and recording crew worked on solving all the problems of the complex number. "You know," she told us, "this is extremely difficult. It's like Mozart: If you don't get it exactly right . . ."

In fact it took two hours to get "A Real Slow Drag" on tape to the satisfaction of all, with everyone greatly relieved that the lovely soprano of Carmen Balthrop, in the title role (Ms. Fleming had written of her in Houston that "there was no doubt as to who dominated vocally"), was holding up after such a long day. The two hours included a lengthy search for the source of a mysterious right-channel noise (ultimately traced back to the control-room monitor speaker itself), so with the finale on tape the clock-conscious Mowrey darted out into the studio to position singers for the tricky "Confusion" ensemble. Once that number was completed, he did the same for "Treemonisha's Return" but had a surprise waiting for him when he returned to the control room to begin the first take: Seated at the control panel was conductor Schuller, waiting to hear the last "Confusion" takes. Recording producers are nothing if not unflappable, and Mowrey recovered quickly. "Are we on a break?" he inquired.

Bishop-Kovacevich. This month Harris Goldsmith reviews Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich's completion of the Beethoven piano-concerto cycle begun by Stephen Bishop. (Colin Davis conducts throughout) No, Bishop-Kovacevich is not a new duo-piano team. Perhaps we should let a September 1975 press release from Harold Holt Ltd., the pianist's English representative, explain:

"Many people have been puzzled that Stephen has changed his name. He was born in 1940 in Los Angeles of parents who had emigrated to the U.S.A. from Yugoslavia. His family name was Kovacevich, and in fact this is the name on his birth certificate and passport. Unfortunately, Stephen's parents separated and were eventually divorced—he stayed with his mother, who remarried. It was natural therefore for Stephen to take his mother's new married name of Bishop—even though legally and officially he was Kovacevich . . . It is only during the last two years that he has thought seriously about reverting to his proper name. Certainly a concert tour of Yugoslavia [last January had a profound effect on him, and it was shortly after that he decided to become Bishop-Kovacevich, a logical and understandable move."

Columbia's Operas. The rumblings of operatic things to come at Columbia are beginning to take shape. Planned for recording in London in January was a complete Louise with Ileana Cotrubas and Placido Domingo. Georges Prêtre conducting. Also planned are II Trovatore and Tristan und Isolde. The Trovatore, a coproduction with Melodiya, will feature Bolshoi Opera forces: Singers being talked about (no
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Kalish and Jacobs. Nonesuch has released a recording (to be reviewed next month by David Hamilton), coupling Elliott Carter's Double Concerto and the recent Duo for Violin and Piano. The concerto is especially noteworthy for bringing together two of the more remarkable pianists around: Paul Jacobs (recording the harpsichord part for the second time, though he plays the piano part as well) and Gilbert Kalish. Both are well known indeed to New York concert-goers and to contemporary-music enthusiasts, but now Nonesuch is presenting both to a much wider audience.

Kalish in fact is in the midst of a startling display of versatility. Hard on the heels of the Carter disc, on which he also played in the duo, Nonesuch released a disc of Haydn sonatas (his first solo record, we were astonished to learn from Nonesuch director Teresa Sterne) and, with Jan DeGaetani, a coupling of Schoenberg's Book of the Hanging Gardens and a Schubert song group. (In September 1974, Peter G. Davis called the DeGaetani-Kalish disc of Wolf Spanish Songbook selections "a revelation and decidedly the most important Lieder disc to appear in years.") Tentatively scheduled for March is a disc of Ives songs, also with DeGaetani, and names mentioned in connection with future solo projects include Haydn and Ives.

Jacobs, meanwhile, was working on a sequel to his highly successful Nonesuch recording of the complete Schoenberg piano works (which Hamilton described in June 1975 as "a fresh and valid interpretation of the music from a pianist with the intellectual and digital equipment fully to realize all of its potential"). Repertory: the complete Debussy etudes.
Bergman's "Magic Flute"

New Sounds in Warsaw

Musical America

Musician of the month: Carlisle Floyd
new music
TOM JOHNSON

The very name Charlemagne Palestine may be hard to swallow the first time one hears it, but it is even harder to forget after that. The same could be said of the music which this remarkable man produces.

At one performance I attended, Palestine simply walked around an open loft space, eyes closed, singing in a loud sustained tone, and ran out of breath. Sometimes Palestine sits at a piano and plays "Strumming Music," in which he builds up an extremely rich piano sound by pounding out a vigorous two-handed tremolo, sometimes for as long as an hour at a time, as he gradually shifts the harmonies and the resulting overtones. More recently he has become interested in visual media, and sometimes visualizes his singing-and-moving performances by drawing with a magic marker or unwinding a long roll of fabric while he performs. He now does his performances at home occasionally, where they become available to us solely as drawings or, as he terms them, "books of continuity."

Palestinian energy

The basic element which ties all these activities together is energy. Palestine always performs his music himself, and he always brings total concentration to whatever performing task he sets for himself. Much the same could be said of many of the more intense performers of the free jazz one hears these days, and since Palestine's performances are always partially improvised, there is a surface similarity here. But Palestine's energy is always oriented to some specific task or challenge, rather than to the kind of soulful self-expression which motivates most jazz musicians.

This way of making music is quite internal, and one could say that Palestine's art has more to do with the psychology of performance than with any objective manipulation of musical elements. When he himself attempts to explain what he does, he soon has to resort to phrases like "reading from some kind of emotional space" and "picking up the emotive essence of the present." I doubt that anyone besides Palestine will ever really know where his music and his energy come from. But I am sure that the process is not naive or primitive, as Palestine knows musical traditions as well as most composers. He is particularly conversant on the music of Indonesia, where he once did field work, and with all of the avant-garde musical idioms. He also knows a lot about acoustics, and at one point gave informal tests to try to find out how well listeners could perceive minute changes in electronic sounds.

The European scene

Palestine's work is not yet widely known in this country, though he has received a great deal of recognition in Europe. At the age of thirty he makes a comfortable living simply by doing performances of his highly experimental work, and occasionally selling art objects which result as by-products. In October, for example, he appeared at the Paris Biennale and gave other performances at the Oppenheim Gallery in Cologne, and at the I.C.C. Museum in Antwerp. In January he went to Switzerland, where within the space of a week he presented separate performances in Lucerne, Berne, Basel, and Zurich—all of which were conceived as a single piece. Each concert was a different realization of the same idea, and the audience was encouraged to follow the complete sequence.

Some of Palestine's European success has to do with his personal charisma—his delightfully weird personality, his collection of teddy bears, and his highly unpredictable clothing. Some of it has to do with his extraordinary ability as a performer, which means that he never has to rely on others to convey his music. And some of it has to do with his good fortune in finding a limited but highly devoted audience for his work in the European art community.

The American background

Palestine's background, however, is strictly American and strictly musical. As a boy soprano he toured with his family doing Jewish liturgical music. Later he went to Juilliard, where he lasted only six months, and to Mannes, where he very nearly got a degree. He taught music at the California Institute of the Arts for a couple of years, while that institution was in its radical beginning phase, and at another point he earned a living as a carillonneur. But both socially and professionally he found himself constantly gravitating toward the art world, for the simple reason that the people there understood and appreciated his work more than musicians did.

Palestine's voice-and-movement pieces, for example, had something in common with happenings, and perhaps even more in common with the action painting techniques of the abstract expressionists. Other pieces were similar to minimalist paintings, especially in the subtly changing mixtures of sustained electronic tones which he began to create on a homemade synthesizer, built with the help of Serge Tcherepnin. Now Palestine identifies so strongly with the art world that he does not even care to call himself a composer anymore, but prefers the term "sound artist." For me, however, he is still very much a musician, and I suspect that he will eventually be heard in concert halls as well as in art museums.
Musical America

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Cover photo by Jack Mitchell

Highlights of February

TUESDAY  3 The Metropolitan Opera stages a new Aida, with Leontyne Price in the title role. Horne, McCracken, and MacNeil round out the cast, and James Levine conducts.

THURSDAY  5 The St. Louis Symphony gives the first performance of Robert Wykes' Adequate Earth, for narrator, poet, baritone, three choruses, and orchestra. Georg Semkow conducts.

TUESDAY  10 Roy Harris' Symphony No. 14 is given its world premiere by the National Symphony under Antal Dorati's direction.

SUNDAY  15 Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston opens the season with Fidelio. Jon Vickers is Florestan, Teresa Kubiak is Leonore.

THURSDAY  26 A new work by Morton Subotnick, involving electronic media, is performed by the Los Angeles Symphony under Zubin Mehta.

FRIDAY  27 Carlisle Floyd's Billy's Doll is given its world premiere by the Houston Opera. Catherine Maliftano sings the title role, Christopher Keene conducts.

SATURDAY  28 New York's Amato Opera Theater gives the American premiere of Verdi's La Battaglia di Legnano. Anthony Amato conducts.
CARLISLE FLOYD

I had last seen Carlisle Floyd in 1970 on a bright winter day in Florida, not far from his home base of Tallahassee. I met him again in 1975 on another winter day, dark and torrential, in New York. The geography was different but the occasion was similar—a new Floyd opera was about to be given its premiere. In 1970 it was Of Mice and Men, staged by the Seattle Opera Company; now it is Bilby’s Doll, in preparation for its first performance by the Houston Opera on the 27th of this month.

One thing is immediately apparent: Floyd, who always writes his own librettos, has struck out from the familiar literary territory of John Steinbeck—or from the Emily Bronte of Wuthering Heights (1959) or the Apocryphal background of Susannah (1955)—and reached into relatively obscure pages for his text. Bilby’s Doll, a tale of possession and persecution in Salem in the 1670s, promises to be a hair-raiser—this is clear from the libretto alone—and we asked Floyd where it had come from. “I’ve taken the story,” he said, “from a book called A Mirror for Witches, published in 1927 by a rather prominent historian named Esther Forbes. The book itself isn’t well known. It is her own private view of Salem in the late seventeenth century, told through the eyes of a clergyman. You almost feel as if you’re reading a seventeenth-century account, with a strong overlay of twentieth-century psychology. It is a remarkable achievement.”

Part of Floyd’s own achievement consists in having constructed a tight, revealing, quick-paced libretto which manages to grip the reader even when read cold. There are sinister things going on in Bilby’s Doll and some unexpected confrontations; there is also humanity, individual frailty, and a strange touch of nobility.

The central character is Doll, whom we meet as a young woman years after she has been brought as a child to Salem, one dark and rainy night, by Captain Bilby, home from a voyage across the seas. Bilby’s wife Hannah, who is barren, had greeted them at the door with a horror born from a voyage across the seas. Bilby’s Doll, a kind of Anna Magnani type, who hates Doll. She finally admits that her accusations were false, that she cursed her, had ‘blasted’ her unborn child. There are strong Freudian elements underlying the story, as you can see.

As for the musical dimension of Bilby’s Doll, Carlisle Floyd says that this is the “most frankly lyric” music he has written. “I’ve never done anything remotely like it. I wanted to write so romantically, so gorgeously, particularly for Doll, because she herself is an archromantic. And in addition to that, the necessity of suggesting other-worldliness, the demonic, has forced me into a different kind of orchestral color. There is an exotic element that’s new for me. The orchestra has to work in a Wagnerian sense to underscore what’s going on onstage. Christopher Keene, who’s conducting, finds it complicated.”

Those onstage who may also be finding it complicated include Catherine Malifitano in the title role, Joy Davidson as Hannah, Thomas Paul as Bilby, and Alan Titus as the young minister who is in love with Doll.

Unlike many brand-new American operas, Bilby’s Doll already has a place to go after its initial presentation by its sponsoring company: the Omaha Opera Company plans to produce the work on April 8 and 10, retaining the Houston sets of Ming Cho Lee and introducing a cast of its own.

SHIRLEY FLEMING
Swedish baritone Hakan Hagegard, who sings the role of Papageno in Ingmar Bergman's film of *The Magic Flute*, rehearses with pianist Thomas Schubach. Hagegard made his American debut last September. . . . Russian pianist Vladimir Viardo, 1973 winner of the Van Cliburn Competition, chats with Cliburn and Mrs. Gerald Ford after a November concert at the Kennedy Center. . . . Riccardo Muti, who will become principal guest conductor of the Philadelphia for the 1977–78 season, met with Eugene Ormandy at the time the announcement was made.
When Barry Tuckwell was growing up in Sydney he liked to sail. His cousin had a boat which Barry named *Volvus subito*. Today that phrase could describe his musical life, where the pages of an increasingly crowded career turn over faster and faster. "When do I ever have time for such things as sailing now?" he asks. He would like to paint and he enjoys photography. "I used to wait for the people to leave and only photograph places and things but I have started to take pictures of children." Among them is Tom Tuckwell, age two. Barry also pursues archaeology. Last spring, touring Indonesia, he made slides of Borobadur, the Buddhist temple famed as one of the wonders of the world. But as a whole, he has little time for anything except his French horn, of which he is the acknowledged master.

He speaks of his chosen instrument with love and exasperation. When the *Guardian* recently likened it to "a great and splendid wild animal capable of sudden treachery" he agreed. Changing the comparison, he said that "playing it is like driving a very fast car on an oily road." He explains that "the horn is not an agile instrument." When told he makes it sound like one, he shakes his head. "Bloody hard work, I can tell you." One would never know it, hearing him play. Last winter, when he appeared in the Brahms Trio for piano, violin, and horn, *The New York Times* wrote of his "typically magic horn playing" and said "he played his horn as if it were a cello, so flexible and agile it sounded."

Barry Tuckwell has achieved what was once considered impossible in the music business. He has made the French horn a popular and profitable concert instrument. He lives in London but for nine months of the year he is far from home, traveling around the world, praised by critics, acclaimed by the public. His versatility is as great as his virtuosity, his repertoire as soloist with orchestra ranging from the standard Haydn, Mozart and Strauss concertos to difficult and dazzling contemporary works.

Barry Tuckwell is Australian, born March 5, 1931. He studied horn at the Sydney Conservatory. In 1950, still in his teens, he went to England, "really just for the trip," and stayed there. He played two years with the Hallé Orchestra, one with the Scottish National, and then in 1954 became principal horn of the Bournemouth Symphony. A year later he won the post of first horn with the London Symphony Orchestra where he was also active in its administration—the orchestra is self-governing—and eventually became chairman of its board of directors.

From 1962 to 1972 he was professor of horn at the Royal Academy of Music. After thirteen years with the LSO he left the security of the coveted first chair to try to make a career on his own. Everyone thought he was mad.

But when we first met Barry Tuckwell in 1967 when the LSO was playing at Carnegie Hall and we heard him as a soloist in the Strauss Horn Concerto No. 2—the year before he resigned from the orchestra—he had already built a reputation as a concert and recording artist. He said he remembers that New York season well because Rostropovich was giving a cello cycle of eight concerts with the orchestra. One of them fell on March 5 and when Rostropovich heard it was Tuckwell's birthday he insisted on having a party for him after the concert. "He gave me a present of a beautiful pair of cuff links and then brought out a pair of socks. First he smelt them. He then announced 'they're clean' and gave the socks to me too. The party only broke up after three in the morning when Rostropovich said 'I must practice!'"

The Tuckwell timetable

By now the year isn't long enough for the demands on Tuckwell's time. He is president of the International Horn Society and chairs its annual meetings. He no longer teaches individually but holds occasional master classes. He is an artist-member of Lincoln Center's Chamber Music Society with which he gives ten concerts a season. He has allowed himself the luxury of founding the Tuckwell Wind Quintet which "pays least except in performance pleasure." With flutist Peter Lloyd, oboe Derek Wickens, clarinet Antony Hay, bassoon Martin Gatt, he did a world tour last year which included the Far East from Bangkok to Korea, with dates in such places as Seria and Brunei, Sarawak, and Kuching. (How good is your geography?) On his own Tuck-
well plays as many as two hundred engagements annually with major orchestras and chamber groups.

He often returns to Australia—he tours there again in April—but not to live. If Australia had been as alive musically in 1950 as it is today, would he have gone away? "When I left there was no question in my mind. Now I might think about it, but I would have gone. Dürer didn’t hesitate to leave Nuremberg and go off to Italy. That was the end of the fifteenth century and even then he felt the need to see other parts of the world. I don’t say I’m Albrecht Dürer but the impulse was the same."

Care and feeding

Barry Tuckwell has six or seven horns. He travels with only two, an old one, a German Krupse, and a modern American Halton. The others rest at home together under the piano. "They may have multiplied by now."

How does he care for them? "I leave them in a case and don’t drop them," he said drily. Does he have cloths and polish to keep his golden instruments bright and shiny? "No. They’re covered with clear lacquer. I used to be against lacquer. But no more." In the course of his American visits Barry Tuckwell always goes to Baltimore to visit Walter Lawson, the well-known restorer and rebuild of horns. Together they do acoustical experiments to discover the secret of the timbre in the old hand-made horn and they make annealing tests on various manufactured bells at different temperatures, working to increase a bell’s carrying power and enhance its tonal quality. They look for scientific truths to replace old wives’ tales such as that the best way to break in a horn is by pouring in milk or wine. Tuckwell says of Lawson: "I wouldn’t give my horns to anyone else."

The horn player is wary of the weather. His horn must not be too cold or overheated. And he must watch his diet. Tuckwell treated the subject of food lightly. "I don’t worry about it too much. Of course, I can’t eat citrus fruits. They dry the mouth. No tomatoes. No gazpacho. No sweets. Nothing too hot." He reflected. "Having said it doesn’t matter what I eat I see I’m a complete fussbox." His wife Hilary, blonde, a New Zea-
Proposed new Federal regulations, already issued by the U.S. Commissioner of Education, approved by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, published in the June 30, 1975 Federal Register, and revised for adoption, will initiate sweeping changes in arts education throughout the United States. These regulations clarify the role and function of the Alliance for Arts Education, the educational component of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, which is a joint program of the Center and the U.S. Office of Education. Though the appropriation is small—$750,000 to be awarded to various state and local programs—the regulations portend the future by committing the only federally funded national program in arts education to support the idea of all the arts for every child. In effect they officially establish what might be called a "new arts education."

The definitions of "arts" and of "arts education" included in this proposed amplification of section 409 of Public Law 93-280, in effect, mandate a broadened base for the arts in American schools. The arts are defined as "music (instrumental and vocal), dance, drama, folk art, creative writing, architecture and allied fields, visual arts including painting, sculpture, photography, graphic and craft arts, industrial design, costume and fashion design, motion pictures, television, and radio." The regulations expand the definition of "arts education" to encompass arts education as an integral part of the total education of each young person.

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New proposed legislation aims at the arts for every child, furthering self-realization.

The Alliance for Arts Education: force for change.

These children have a head start, and are already immersed in making art-objects.

On Education
CHARLES B. FOWLER

Photos courtesy JDR III Fund
vision, radio, tape and sound recording, the arts related to the presentation, performance, execution and exhibition of such major art forms, and the study and application of the arts to the human environment." Considering that most school curriculums have limited the arts almost exclusively to art and music, the description is intended to open up new avenues of artistic expression and communication to all students.

What arts programs must become

The definition of arts education establishes what arts programs are and must become. Section 160g.3 of the regulations sets forth the minimum elements of an arts education program in elementary and secondary schools. Projects funded by the Alliance will seek to establish, conduct, or improve only those programs that encompass these elements. According to the regulations, these elements are spelled out as follows:

"(1) The program must be designed to encourage the development in students of aesthetic awareness in the arts and to foster self-actualization and the development of communicative skills through movement, sound, visual images, and verbal usage;

"(2) The program must be designed to involve all of the students in the school or schools served;

"(3) The program must be designed to involve each student in appreciation, enjoyment, understanding, creation, participation, and evaluation with respect to the arts;

"(4) The program must be designed to involve students at all grade levels in the school or schools to be served;

"(5) The program must address the spectrum of major art forms including dance, music, drama, and the visual arts;

"(6) The program must be designed to infuse the arts into all aspects of the school curriculum as a means of enhancing and improving the quality and quantity of aesthetic education offered in the school and of expanding the use of the arts for cognitive and affective learning experiences in the total school curriculum;

"(7) The program must integrate all the major art forms into the regular educational program of the school or schools served, as distinguished from treating them on an extracurricular or peripheral basis."

If schools and state departments of education wish to qualify for funding under the Alliance's program, they must show that the programs proposed for funding are moving toward establishing or have established goals that meet this description.

The changes required

The changes these new regulations suggest should be evident to those who remember their own arts programs in elementary and secondary school, or who have observed what is going on in the local school situation. Most music programs on the secondary level, for example, reach only a fraction of the students, and educational experiences are largely limited to performance through the band, chorus, and orchestra. Few high schools offer dance and drama. Often the arts that are available are in some part extracurricular, involving rehearsals before and after school and during lunch hours.
Element number six is probably the most unique. The arts, it says, must be infused into all the subject matter of the curriculum at every level. This element is designed to bring the arts firmly into the core of all learning. For too long, the regulations seem to imply, the arts have existed as separate and isolated realms—preserves for the talented. Infuse, which according to Webster’s “implies the introducing into one thing of a second that gives life, vigor, or new significance,” is a means of establishing the aesthetic component as a part of everything in life. The process of infusing the arts into all subject-matter learning embraces John Dewey’s belief in Art As Experience. It also is a clear rejection of elitism, opting instead for a democratic belief in the arts for everyone.

Another important feature built into the new regulations is a mechanism designed to prevent monies from being used on one-shot, experimental, or model programs that have little or no long-term impact. Any project funded under the AAE banner “must be designed to serve as a pilot program which the grantee or grantees ultimately propose to replicate in other schools of the applicant local educational agency (or agencies).” The fact that funded programs must serve as models for arts programs in all other schools in a district shows the strong commitment of the AAE to establishing this new arts education throughout the United States.

The Federal carrot

What power does the AAE wield to carry out such changes? It has the carrot of Federal dollars that, in spite of the modest amount, will attract an arts education constituency too long starved for sources of support. It also has an organizational network which stretches from Washington D.C. through most of the states. The AAE national committee, chaired by Jean Kennedy Smith, counts as members the executive secretaries of the national arts education associations representing art, dance, music, and theater, as well as the U.S. Commissioner of Education. In like manner, the state committees are made up of
representatives from the various arts disciplines, the state education department, and the state arts council. One result of this kind of organization, of course, is the built-in guarantee of interdisciplinary communication. AAE, then, is catalytic. It encourages the various arts to work in tandem. It was this kind of communication on the national level which prompted the formation of the AAE in the first place. The National Art Education Association, the National Dance Association, the Music Educators National Conference, and the American Theatre Association are not only in large part responsible for the formation of the AAE and the development of its policies, but are firmly committed to the new arts education, whether they call it that or not.

Forbes Rogers, executive director of the Alliance, whose offices are in the John F. Kennedy Center, acknowledges that the Alliance “does provide an effective mechanism for communication among arts education constituencies nationally,” but he recognizes that “its significance and growth will depend upon the role that each state committee assigns itself.” The state committees are important. With the current dropoff in student enrollment, turnover in teachers has been reduced to a minimum. The impetus for change in education, heretofore largely initiated at the college level in pre-service education programs for prospective teachers, now resides largely at the state and local levels through in-service and model (pilot) programs. For this reason, the state departments of education have been favored in the new regulations. They receive about two thirds of the funds, the local school districts, one third. Again the regulations are designed to lure the states to use their power base to encourage efforts to create interdisciplinary arts programs for all students in all schools.

AAE Conference

At the October 1975 national conference of the AAE, held at the Kennedy Center, the speakers and clinicians all supported the same thesis: that the first priority of arts education “is to develop aesthetic sensitivity for the masses, not a program in search of the talented,” in the words of Frank Keppel, director of the Aspen Institute Education Program and former U.S. Commissioner of Education during the Kennedy and Johnson eras. Harold Arberg, Director of the Arts and Humanities for the U.S. Office of Education and Project Director of the AAE, said, “The goal is commitment to all people...” And Kathryn Bloom, Director of the Arts in Education Program of the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund, whose work during the past decade is responsible for the development of comprehensive approaches to the arts in education, spoke of the need to maintain existing art and music programs at a time when school budgets are being slashed, but said that the rationale to keep them is to “show what these programs are doing for every child.” The influence of the AAE remains to be seen, but the promise and the potential appear to be enormous.

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FOR A FLEDGLING, Susanna Hayman-Chaffey, in her first appearance as a choreographer and company director, aroused an unusual amount of interest. The auditorium at downtown Pace University had a family look: present and ex-members of Merce Cunningham's company were out in force (Miss Hayman-Chaffey has danced in that company for the past seven years) as well as Merce himself and composer John Cage. In New York dance circles, performing with Merce gives a dancer a certain intellectual standing. You can't work with him, it is reasoned, and be a total waffle-head. Something out of the common run is expected of Merce's dancers.

Hayman-Chaffey's vision

With her first piece, Last Year, Miss Hayman-Chaffey proved that her particular choreographic vision is not second-hand Cunningham but rather Felliniesque. The dancers in Last Year look and move like a disordered vision an about-to-go-under patient might have on the operating table. Their hair is covered with tight caps and their bodies with a kind of apron. A paper nose-shield worn by each of them confers anonymity. With a slowness of motion which seems trance-like they assemble on the red-lighted stage; their numbers keep changing as they drift in and out. The movements they perform are simple: a dancer brings the heels of her hands together in a V-shaped rest for her chin or places a hand on her shoulder or raises an arm. Miss Hayman-Chaffey constructs with simple materials a world in limbo which may be her particular vision of the state produced by hypnosis, since the tape to which the piece is performed is the recorded voice of a doctor intoning heavily a formula for relaxation which leads, so the program notes inform us, to painless, hypnotized docility in the dental chair.

After the hour-long Last Year Miss Hayman-Chaffey presented a number of short, mysteriously titled dances. Foggy was a duet for the choreographer in Blanche DuBois draperies, blank-eyed and fuzzy-haired, wagging her head like a metronome gone berserk while Alfonia Tims swayed and rolled about nearby blowing a harmonica for dear life. And What If I Were To Ask You To Play was a series of vaudeville-flavored vignettes performed by Flora Dante, Frederick Hayman-Chaffey, and Elaine Shipman in which absurdly fanciful actions were contrasted with actual—but equally absurd—taped interviews.

Preceding a post-script by James Lee Byars (A Perfect Kiss To NY, in which Miss Hayman-Chaffey stepped on stage and blew a perfectly timed kiss at the audience) was the final number of the main program, You Said—the only work in which there
was much overt and audacious physical action. Seeing trained bodies extending themselves in danced phrases rather than in the commonplaces of everyday action brought an audible sigh of appreciation from the audience. The choreography itself was limited in vocabulary and relatively mundane but at least it was movement, an element which does not receive the highest priority in Miss Hayman-Chaffey's work at this time. Considered as a whole the concert gave evidence that in this, the beginning of a new career, Miss Hayman-Chaffey is more interested in making theater pieces than in making dances and that her direction is in clearer focus than her destination.

Margalit Dance Theatre

The Margalit Dance Theatre Company, a Los Angeles-based performing group directed by Israeli dancer Margalit Oved, appeared for the first time in New York in the Lepercq Space at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (October 31- November 2) for a weekend of performances. Margalit herself is best remembered hereabouts as the leading dancer in the 1950s of Inbal (Dance Theatre of Israel), most particularly for her striking performance in the title role of Queen of Sheba.

She is now as she was then—tiny, dark, wiry, with a kind of blazing energy which her small frame seems barely able to contain. That energy is at present devoted more to song, rhythmic drumming, and dramatic declamation than to dance, if the program presented here can be considered typical.

What is apparent at once is that Margalit has richly poetic ideas—in Landscape, for example, where a sextet of dancers suggests the animal world of the desert, the struggle for survival in a battle between the lion and the gazelle, the unbreakable link between animal and nature when the defeated gazelle metamorphosizes into a tree under which the triumphant lion takes his rest—but that they are better expressed in her program notes than in her choreography.

The most engrossing piece on the program was the first, Through the Gate of Aden, a touching evocation of family and community in Margalit's birthplace "Aden, the hottest place in the world." Except for a danced entrance, Margalit remained seated throughout, drumming or striking a huge gong to emphasize points in her narration, singing and speaking her memories of home, evoking in an extraordinary vocalise everything from a village bazaar to the bleat of a lamb. Contrasted with the rest of the program, which included a Middle Eastern version of Cinderella (Bessammin), the solo Birth of a Drum, and an Adam-and-Eve duet which Margalit danced with Keith Marshall In the Beginning, it became clear that while Margalit is a choreographer of small originality and variety she is undeniably, if Through the Gate of Aden is any criterion, a superb storyteller.

A Joffrey try

Like any ballet company you can name, save those of George Balanchine and Eliot Feld, the Joffrey Ballet is continually casting about hungrily for new choreographers. Unlike most of the others, however, the Joffrey started the search in its own backyard and Christian Holder, a senior performing member of the company, was encouraged to create his first work Five Dances and to premiere it during the group's fall season at the City Center.

It would be pleasant to report a happy ending to the story, how the new ballet startled, delighted, amused. Alas, it did none of these things, but it did confuse: I'm not sure that it is really a ballet at all.

What it is is four rather swooning solos—girl, boy, girl, boy—and a final duet in which the boy tries to look properly exalted while supporting aloft the arching figure of his partner whose knees are lodged on either side of his chin. Before this dénouement the boy is required to do numberless arabesques and pirouttes; the girl is, too, but she also has some little Duchénsisms to do—attitudes en arrière with the knee turned downward, runs with the arms flung upward. Denise Jackson and Russell Sultzback did their best and the audience was warm and indulgent as Joffrey audiences are apt to be. As for me, I thoroughly enjoyed the music, which was some ripe Rachmanninoff played with strength and grace by Stanley Babin.

Nureyev "Raymonda"

A visit to the Uris Theatre, where American Ballet Theatre was grinding out two solid weeks of Rudolf Nureyev's Raymonda, proved a dispiriting occasion. After a brief period of glory last summer when it was premiered at the New York State Theatre this Raymonda has collapsed into a large mud-colored mass in which it is our painful duty to see a number of our most admired dancers struggling for survival. A case in point: the latest leading pair, Ivan Nagy and Gelsey Kirkland. Nagy's execution of Nureyev's fiendishly unmusical choreography was respectable enough and he looked handsome when standing about. Miss Kirkland, on the other hand, telegraphed her nervousness continually and looked alternately delicately baffled or about to burst into tears. I could sympathize as I felt more or less the same way except on those occasions when I was dozing off amid the soporific tempos provided by conductor Akira Endo.
DAVID EPSTEIN
Quebec

THE CANADIAN MUSIC COMPETITION

A jury member reports
on bright talent north of the border

WHAT CAUSES the music culture of a country to grow, peak, and decline at certain historical moments? Consider music in Elizabethan England and the low estate to which the art subsequently fell in that country until the renaissance of this century; and consider the United States, with its burgeoning musical scene since the Second World War.

This question came to mind while I was serving as the American representative on an international jury in the final round of the Canadian Music Competition last summer. Beyond the excitement that all high-level contests generate, the event provided an inside view of the extensive musical scene that presently exists in Canada, particularly among its new and rising generation of artists.

Canada's musical life seems to be growing by leaps, yet with a solid foundation. New or expanded music departments have come into being at many of its universities; music schools like Toronto's Royal Conservatory have risen considerably in stature; a new generation of composers is active and involved; the orchestras of several cities are of international standards. These facts have been apparent for some time. The competition revealed in a unique manner the influence of this growth upon the coming generation of Canadian musicians.

An emphasis on development

Several things were striking about the occasion, aside from the sheer talent displayed. For one, the winners are not handed the keys to the music world via concert tours and orchestra appearances. The contest emphasizes development. Toward this end it provides scholarships for further study—some ranging in the thousands of dollars awarded to those of young professional quality, others amounting to little more than token gifts. The aim of encouraging young talent permeates the structure of the competition. The contestants, for example, are ranked by age levels, beginning at "Seven and less" and proceeding by one- and two-year steps to the final grouping of mature young artists who stand at the initial points of their careers. I confess to skepticism upon noting the ages of many contestants. Why this competitive stress for seven-, eight-, nine-year-olds—children barely initiated into music? What I heard in these rounds changed my mind. Much of it was admirable.

This encompassing sense of growth—of individuals as musicians and of Canada as an artistic milieu—made itself felt in other aspects of the contest. Not the least important was the realization that fine talent is being developed in remote corners of the country. One might expect a bumper crop of artists from cities like Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, where musical life has been established for some time. It was even more impressive to see accomplished young musicians from a small town like Chicoutimi, high in the logging region of northern Quebec Province. A rich cultural atmosphere has sprung up in this Saguenay River village that now boasts a conservatory of its own, several concert series given by local and touring artists, a prominent number of local sculptors, painters, artisans and—perhaps most significant—lively and interested audiences. Evolution of this sort has taken place in a number of small towns, some of them dependent upon music teachers who fly in once a week to serve their students. It is a grass-roots movement, reminiscent in some ways of our own musical history during the past three decades.

The committee network

The Canadian Music Competition was founded by its director general, Claude Deschamps, who sponsored a series of concerts while a law student in Montreal and found to his surprise that audience interest in them was high and that young artists were...
clamoring for a performance outlet. From this meager beginning seventeen years ago and aided by an associate and a staff of two secretaries, M. Deschamps has developed a network of local committees that extends over the length and breadth of Canada. The members, among whom now figure major personalities in the country's social, political, and musical life, hold a formal series of local and regional screenings. The winners move to the concluding rounds, which this year took place in Quebec City.

Judging the finals was a panel that included the distinguished French pianist Jean-Marie Darre; the French violinist Robert Soetens, who some will recall as the artist for whom Prokofiev wrote his Second Violin Concerto; the young Soviet pianist Vladimir Kraniev, winner of the 1970 Tchaikovsky Competition; the well-known soprano Pierette Alarie; and Helena Costa, the pianist who has become something of a legend within her native Portugal, where she has been the moving force in training a new generation of cultivated pianists.

The talent surfaces

The competition systematically seeks out and discovers remarkable talent. Several of the seven-to-nine-year-old pianists, their feet not yet reaching the pedals, played Debussy, Bartók, Kabalevsky, with flair and temperament and an infectious musicality. A thirteen-year-old pianist from Vancouver, Rena Ling, played a Schubert Impromptu with astonishing maturity, forcing one to reconfirm that this was an adolescent, not an arrived artist. And so it went. While these were, predictably, the exceptional cases, their numbers were considerable, and they were noticeable at all age levels. The high point of the events was the Tremplin, or international stepping-stone division, seen by the sponsors as preparing Canadian performers for the rigors of international competitions. Brought to this year's final round were eleven musicians ranging in age from sixteen to the middle twenties. In addition to taking part in eliminatory rounds filled with solo pieces and concertos (or song recitals), all were required to learn in eighteen days and to perform from memory pieces of a post-Webern, Stockhausen-ish cast writ-ten for the contest by a young Canadian composer, Claude Vivier.

From this group emerged four or five young artists who may anticipate major careers. The first-prize winner, a sixteen-year-old Montreal pianist, Louis Lortie, captivated everyone with his tremendous musicality and the naturalness and ease of his playing. His technical gifts are dazzling: runs rolled from his fingers with a liquidity and endless shading of sonorities that were nothing less than breathtaking. This is a brilliantly gifted young artist who shows sagacity and a seriousness of intent in his new role as laureate. He is wary of the publicity and quick fame that may result from his new crown and wants more years of study before stepping out for a career.

Also fascinating was the seventeen-year-old pianist from Ottawa, Angela Hewitt, the runner-up. Her presentation of the Ravel Concerto was both musically and stylistically mature beyond her years. The double-octave passages of the Tchaikovsky Concerto were child's play for the virtuosity of Ick Choo Moon, a young Korean pianist who is now a resident of Winnipeg. His performance brought more to the work than spectacle, however. He provided an overarching line and a sense of structure in music more often identified with display.

These and other participants will no doubt have significant futures. The national competition suggested more than individual triumphs, however. It revealed one aspect of a nation on the rise, together with a sense of pride among its citizens over the growing quality of their artistic life. This was clear from audience attitudes toward the performances of many contestants—and not winners alone—and from the extensive comments I received from teachers, critics, and organizers associated in one way or another with this event.

Viewing this scene as a musician living south of the border, I could not help admiring the richness of the ascending musical achievements in Canada. Nor could I help wishing that the United States, with its remarkable resources, might make a similarly systematic effort to bring the best of its own young talent to the fore.
THE "FLUTE" ON FILM: IT WORKS

Sarastro's entrance: old-fashioned elements retained

Bergman's camera captures Mozart

Bergman is the first important director who knows and loves both opera and film to undertake such an enterprise.

I can certainly agree, provided we understand that this knowledge and love are of the most useful kind: that which takes everything about the beknownst and beloved with a clear-eyed affection and seriousness, including all imperfections, differences, alienations, and incompatibilities. That, so it chances, is a central state-

Mr. Osborne, an opera critic, is an advisory editor of Musical Newsletter and a frequent contributor to Musical America.

THE PRODUCTION by Ingmar Bergman of the Mozart/Schikaneder The Magic Flute is the first generally successful operatic film in my experience. Other commentators who feel the same way have theorized that this is so because Mr. Osborne, an opera critic, is an advisory editor of Musical Newsletter and a frequent contributor to Musical America.

Bergman, knowing and loving both his medium and his subject, and feeling the seductive pull of one to the other, has nevertheless seen and defined for himself the serious problems of bringing the two together. He has even conceded that certain irreconcilable conflicts will remain. He holds only that they can be lived with and accepted, that a workable compatibility can be arrived at.

Posing the problem

His approach to The Magic Flute is through the direct posing of its problems for himself, his cast, and for us, the audience. Though these problems embrace all the moment-to-moment decisions any serious director must face with any work in any medium, the underlying questions, I think, are two: 1) To what extent, and by what means, can a work built around very specialized eighteenth-century stage conventions be rendered on film today and, 2) how can sung drama be made believable on film?

The first problem he approaches by finding many ways of reminding us that this is, first, a film; second, a film of an old-fashioned stage production; third, a film of an old-fashioned stage production of a Singspiel; and finally, such a film made in Sweden by a Swedish cast under a Swedish director of well-known peculiarities and predilections.

Early in the film, he uses the camera to establish that we are an audience watching another audience watching a neo-Rococo production.
of The Magic Flute, and that we are watching it by grace of moving pictures that someone has selected and shot. Asking which premise we can believe, we are told “all of them.”

In the first scene (Tamino overwhelmed by the serpent) we are prepared for disbelief by the full view of the set, by the school-pageant cloth dragon, and by the behavior of Tamino, drawn from the all-too-familiar Index of Poses that all opera performers and audiences have learnt by heart. We know from experience that, foolish as such actions appear from a distance, they are more foolish yet close up, and we are wary as the camera takes us into the set for the trio of the Three Ladies, so often interminably Bürger-cute in the theater. But Bergman asks us to look behind the established convention to see if there is not recognizable behavior there—and sure enough, the three attendants of the Star-Flaming Queen are soon believable, engaging acquaintances. Just as we accept the new premise, however, the camera withdraws to view again the whole stage or a face in the audience—or an intermission backstage or a performer late for a cue. Later, the camera remains more consistently “inside” the scene, but always the scene of a stage performance, and the camera roves just enough to emphasize for us how very restricted its final choices are. We are always conscious of the characters as performers, and the director is willing to leave his camera (sometimes in one shot for half an aria’s length—wonderful trust in his performers, in Mozart, in us) studying their faces not only as characters acting and reacting, but as people singing and listening. Throughout, the principals conclude the morality scenes by holding up to camera elegant placards bearing printed homilies—a cross between curtain legends and Brechtian signs.

The Bergmanesque touches

The Scandinavian, Bergmanesque touches make a similar contribution. On the one hand, there is a token obeisance to the supposedly Egyptian fairy-tale setting, to Monostatos’ blackness, to the mystic qualities of the initiatory rites. On the other, the near-suicides of Pamina and Papageno take place in a gentle snowfall.

The Three Spirits and passenger: marvelous giggles and an old balloon

Papagena and future spouse: strong elements in an attractive cast
(Pamina's before an ironwork gate that could well be in a Stockholm courtyard, but hardly an Egyptian temple); the blue eyes of Ragnar Ulfung glint beneath the lightly applied makeup; and the two monstrously menacing Armed Men turn out to be kindly senior members of the brotherhood, while the Three Sprits are extremely healthy, mischievous Swedish boys who giggle at their own moralities, throw snowballs, and pilot a wonderful hot-air, hand-propelled balloon that is part Montgolfier and part Rube Goldberg. Bergman calls it to our attention that it is not the principle of directorial choice vs. "author's intent" that is a legitimate issue, but the taste, sensitivity, and intelligence with which the choices are made. One major shift of interpretive emphasis should be noted: Bergman makes it explicit that Sarastro elevates Tamino and Pamina to joint rule over his realm. Where Mozart and Schikaneder do, I am afraid, celebrate the triumph of sun-cult, reasonable patriarchy over the moon-struck, black-magic nightworld of women, Bergman insists that the struggle itself is the evil, and that Sarastro's greatest victory is his realization that though he has the power to destroy the Queen, true enlightenment must come from a generation that has won through to clear-eyed trust. His love of Mozart has not precluded the temerity to improve on him, but the improvement is real.

With respect to the question of singing onscreen, Bergman has done his best to minimize the inherent contradiction between the legitimate voice trained to resonate for the live theater and the mechanical amplification that renders it useless. His basic production format spares us the embarrassment of arias and duets sung in natural location. While his singers are also his actors, he has lip-synced them, with better than average success: we can still tell which throats are being energized and which not, where high notes are sung in impossibly closed positions, and when vowel formations (especially on diphthongs) alter while mouth positions do not; but singing here appears as a natural act perhaps fifty percent of the time—surely a new record. The performers also strive for an introspective, almost crooned effect in some of the more intimate passages (e.g., "Dies Bildnis," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"), but they do not have the sophisticated mezza-voce technique to bring this off with such demanding music, and sound merely tenuous.

**Competence of casting**

When singing out, most of them are competent, but this is not a distinguished Flute vocally or musically. Haken Hagegard, a warm-voiced lyric baritone who played Papageno, is the best of the vocalists, and Ulfung is entirely equal to Monostatos. The rest "manage," except for Birgit Nordin, the Queen of the Night, who doesn't quite. The playing and conducting (Swedish State Broadcasting Network Symphony, Eric Ericson) are solid but rather dull, the recording only decent. Too bad, but it counts for astonishingly little—we are engrossed in other matters. The performers have been chosen for their personal and physical qualities, and without exception are captivating in these respects. The remaining principals: Irma Urrila (Pamina); Elisabeth Eriksson (Papagena); Josef Kostlinger (Tamino); Ulrik Cold (Sarastro); Erik Saeden (The Speaker).

There is so much else that can be, should be discussed, if space allowed. The main thing is that once we are settled, we realize that Bergman is using the conventions to obliterate all convention, erase our distinctions, our grounds for critical suspicion. We are disarmed, charmed, moved. He leads us to agree that these barriers need not matter, that the Flute is above all a heartfelt communication of the spirit, intended to circulate among men and women (it doesn't matter how), concerning the urgency of love and trust. The collapse of our resistance is a happy capitulation. △
Costanza Cuccaro is the new Rosina in the Metropolitan Opera's revival of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and she was in commendable form when heard on the night of October 31. The lady comes from Toledo, Ohio, was trained at the University of Iowa, and in recent years has made something of a name for herself in German opera houses. She has a free, young, and likeable soprano voice and handles Rossini's decorated lines with agility and boldness. One may complain that the voice is insufficiently colored and lacks subtlety of shading, but there are values to compensate; and one of them is her accuracy of intonation.

The production in which she appears is now a rather tired affair and the opera could use a new staging. The charm of Eugene Berman's sets has faded, and Cyril Ritchard's comic innovations have given way to some fairly dubious hamming, with each player apparently free to do what he wants to. A case in point: at the very opening of Act I Almaviva comes on stage to serenade his beloved, but this young hero, as personated by Enrico di Giuseppe, does not even spare a passing glance for the house where she lives let alone for her second-storey window, where the light comes on (click! as though powered by Con Ed of Seville) midway through his aria. He moves instead to the footlights and serenades me. No soap, Mr. Giuseppe.

Kostas Paskalis makes an engaging Figaro, Jerome Hines gets some fat laughs from Basilio's antics, and Fernando Corena manages to coincide with the composer's notes for about thirty percent of the role of Bartolo. (It is cruelty to retain his version of the notoriously difficult buffo aria "A un dottore," frequently omitted in perfectly respectable productions anyway, for here Corena scores no higher than fifteen percent.)

John Nelson, one of the Met's
Crespin, with Dobriansky and McCracken, in Carmen: deficiencies here and there
young whiz conductors, led a keenly polished but very cautious account of the score. It sounded like the work of a very mature, pickled-in-the-wood veteran. More bubbles, Maestro, please.

GEORGE MOVSHON

Cosi fan tutte
A well-knit performance was accorded Mozart’s Cosi fan tutte on November 1, most of the credit for the superior ensemble going to the young conductor, Kazimierz Kord. One has heard more stylish readings of the score—John Pritchard’s finely honed, smartly paced approach comes to mind—but few with such over-all warmth and humanity. Instead of intellectualizing an already quasi-cerebral work of art, Kord made it come alive, imparted his fervor to a cast which, though not uniformly distinguished, reached a high collective level. Patrick Libby’s production also succeeded, especially in its differentiation between the pairs of lovers, who too often seem like automatons. The Guglielmo was virile and aggressive, the Ferrando a dreamer; Fiordiligia flighty, Dorabella a step tastefully removed from the lewd, but always suggesting its possibilities. And so the curse of excessive symmetry and character manipulation that dogs most presentations of Cosi was not in evidence.

Outstanding among the singers was Richard Stilwell as Guglielmo, his first assignment at the Metropolitan. Clarity, elegance, vigor were all his to command. Yet no real measure of his potential could be had through this vocally restricted part. In June of 1975 I heard Mr. Stilwell sing an Onegin at Glyndebourne that stays ireradicably in the memory for a climactic high G among the thrilling top tones encountered in a long life of opera-going. In him, the Metropolitan
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"I Will Not Record Anything I Have Not Already Pulled Through a Live Performance"

by Susan Gould

Both of us found the situation amusing: Though I have reviewed every opera Riccardo Muti has conducted in Florence since my arrival there in 1970 (he has appeared there regularly since 1968) and have attended many of his symphonic concerts, our first meeting took place only last fall—in Philadelphia, my home town and the site of his 1972 American debut.

In this country, Muti’s engagements have been exclusively symphonic. He explained that it is pure chance that his only records so far released (he is an exclusive EMI artist) are vocal: Aida with Caballé and Domingo (HF, February 1975), the Cherubini D minor Requiem (HF, December 1975), and Ballo in maschera with Arroyo and Domingo (reviewed this month).

He has already done or will be doing the symphonies of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, the two G minor symphonies of Mozart, and two Mozart piano concertos with Richter. The Mozart concertos will be done at Salzburg, the others in London with the New Philharmonia, of which he has been principal conductor since 1973. (In 1977 he will also become principal guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.)

"The Aida was a gift from heaven," Muti said. "I had conducted it in Vienna, in a well-prepared version, and Domingo and Cossotto, from that cast, were with me again. Caballé is very intelligent and knew just what I wanted: to combine her bel canto with the drama of the word and of the accent necessary in Verdi. We were able to do it all in big chunks. I always listen to playback right away, because sometimes it is all right the first time. More often, even if I thought we had the right feeling or sound, we were wrong, and it is best to know immediately.

"People say that in recording anything is possible, but that is not true. We can make certain that details are more or less as we wish, but in ten days it is not possible to create the atmosphere for a massive work, which should be built over a period of weeks working together. That is why the Aida, having a head start in performance, worked out so well. I will not, in fact, record anything I have not already pulled through the experience of a live performance. The Cherubini Requiem was a pet project of mine. I admire Cherubini tremendously and feel he is undervalued outside of Italy. Beethoven himself considered him a great composer. However, my plans cannot include more Cherubini until I conduct more live. So for now I am planning a Macbeth next July, and after I do Nabucco at the Maggio Musicale, I will record it, in 1977. I hope to find casts for a William Tell and L'Africaine."

The thirty-four-year-old maestro was well prepared for an operatic career. He conducted Paisiello's L'Osteria di Marechiaro while still at the Milan Conservatory, in 1965. After receiving a degree in composition, he spent a great deal of time playing the piano for the voice classes of soprano Maria Carbone, a singer of the Neapolitan school from which had come Caniglia and others. ("Like them or not by today's standards," Muti says, "they did know how to sing.") His work with Carbone taught him the technical problems of singers, and their repertory, and to this he added his own feeling for holding things together. His Florence repertory has included William Tell, L'Africaine, I Puritani, Don Pasquale, Macbeth, Forza, Ballo, and Cav and Pog, and he has been a regular guest at the Vienna State Opera and at Salzburg. He has plans with Covent Garden and the Bavarian State Opera and was approached by the Met after his 1972 William Tell at the Maggio Musicale. But he is cautious.

"Actually, I conduct more concerts than opera, and I am hesitant about doing opera in too many places. I am wary of the methods of production to-
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CIRCLE 39 ON READER-SERVICE CARD
I recently bought a Kenwood KR-7400 receiver (rated at 63 watts per channel into an 8-ohm load) to which I want to attach my present Pioneer CS-22 speakers and another larger pair to be obtained later. When the new pair is added the Pioneers will be used as remotes in another room. But I'm worried that the Pioneers, rated for 12 watts' maximum input, will be damaged by the Kenwood. Can they be protected?-Tim Brooks, New York.

Your concern is well founded; remote speakers may be fed large amounts of power when no one is present to hear their distress. We suggest that you proceed as follows: Wire in series with each of the Pioneer speakers a wire-wound control (50 to 100 ohms with 10-watt power dissipation capability will suffice) and set the controls for a minimum sound level from these units. Next attach the main speakers to the receiver (for the safety of the receiver these should have 8-ohm or higher impedance) and advance the volume to about the maximum level you ever expect to use with the main speakers. Then return to the Pioneer units and advance the controls you have added until the sound is reasonably loud without driving these speakers into any noticeable distortion. Finally, conceal these controls so that they are safe from tampering.

It is true that under these conditions the Pioneer speakers do not benefit from amplifier damping, but they are well protected against burnout.

Is it possible to connect a small oscilloscope to a Sony 6055 receiver? Who sells simple, inexpensive scopes?-Art Faner, Salem, Ore.

You do not indicate what functions of your receiver you wish to monitor, but yes—since the loading presented by an oscilloscope input is negligible in comparison with the usual impedance at any audio input or output—it is possible to connect one for analysis of the audio signals. Candidates for the job would include the Pioneer SD 1100, the Heathkit AD-1013 or IO-102, or the Technics (Panasonic) Model SH-3433—or for that matter any other head-repositioning system of the Wollen-sak—or any other B-track deck we've worked with.

I own two amplifiers—the Kenwood 8006 and the Harman-Kardon Citation 12—and a pair of Bose 901 speakers. I have been running the 901s from the Kenwood amp, but lately I have felt a need for more power. Could the outputs of each amp be coupled so that I would get greater power from each amp in mono, and then connect each amp to a single speaker?—Jeffrey Klein, Livingston, N.J.

While it is possible that a knowledgeable person with an engineering background could devise a hookup such as that you suggest, the attempt may easily result in destruction of the output transistors. Furthermore, since the procedure would have to be applied to the two amps separately, you would wind up at best with two unmatched amps—a poor choice for a stereo pair. Your best bet is a new amplifier capable of delivering the power you want.

I was amused by the item on phase shift in loudspeakers in your November issue ["News and Views"], but I remain unconvinced that the phase response of a loudspeaker makes any difference to the listener. Assume a system that is phase coherent throughout. Place it in a listening room (where sound is reflected from walls, furniture, etc.), and where is the phase coherency now? Gone, of course.

The only way that a signal with zero phase shift could be presented to the ear is through headphones, and even there reflections from the boundaries of the ear cavities, canals, etc., would cause phase shift before the signal ever reaches the eardrum. It seems to me that Bang & Olufsen et al. are wasting a lot of time and effort, but please prove me wrong—if you can.—Howard Bandell, Nasuha, N.H.

Music is a series of transients, not a steady-state phenomenon, so this argument just doesn't apply. Since the ear receives the direct sound from the speaker before any reflection, the phase response of the speaker can easily affect the waveform presented to the ear at the onset of a transient. Whether this is of any psychoacoustic importance or not is (as we indicated) currently a matter of debate.

As to the phase response of the ear itself, a case can be made that, since the interpretation of live sounds is accomplished by the brain on the basis of experience, the brain in some sense "knows" what the ear does to phase relationships and adjusts accordingly. Presumably you know what the sound of, say, a xylophone is to you. Some manufacturers, like B&O, are concerned that poor phase response in the reproduction chain may make this—and other transients—less easy to recognize, especially in a complex sonic context.

I have a Sansui Model 7 receiver and a Wollensak 8075 cartridge recorder. When I record B-track tapes there is an audible click at each track change. I would like to install a dual volume control between the amplifier output and the recorder input, to fade the program during clicks. What sort do you recommend?-Forest Butler, Chicago, III.

Since the clicks arise in the recorder and not in the source program material, the fader system you propose will not eliminate them. And even if you could eliminate all electrical clicks at track changes you'd still have to put up with the mechanical ones made by the head-repositioning system of the Wollensak—or any other B-track deck we've worked with.

Is my Realistic cassette deck, Model STC-7 with Auto-Reverse, the same machine as the Toshiba PT-490, which was evaluated by High Fidelity in the January 1975 issue? I bought my Realistic deck on sale for $199.95 and wonder if I got a bargain. The Toshiba lists for $349.95.—Charles M. Hudson, Columbia, Mo.

Although we have not tested this for ourselves, a Radio Shack spokesman informs us that the two machines are substantially the same. He does not rule out, however, "minor differences in manufacturing techniques," such as they may be, could conceivably account for some of the difference in price.

I recently bought a BIC 960 turntable with a Stanton 681EEE cartridge, and I am having some problems with the tracking. With the antiskating force and tracking force set at 2, the stylus skates over the first few grooves rather than tracking them as it should. Can anything be done to correct this? Also, the people where I bought the turntable suggest I remove the record-cleaning brush from the Stanton "since it causes undue record wear and static." Are they right?—Michael White, Petaluma, Calif.

We assume that you are using the brush on the Stanton and that, therefore, I grant your VTF setting is off. The other gram is the actual net VTF, which would be correct for this cartridge. But the antiskating should be set for the net VTF (1 gram)—which, when you're using a cartridge with the record-cleaning brush, is not the same as the VTF setting on the arm. Also check the arm setdown point on the BIC. As page 12 of your owner's manual points out, the stylus should not land on the outer bead—thereby propelling the pickup down its slope with enough momentum to skate over the first few grooves—but just inside it. (The adjustment knob is just in front of the arm pivot.) Friction between the brush and the disc probably does increase static charge somewhat, but the brush does an effective job of removing any dust attracted to the static so the point is a different one. We can see no way the brush could cause "undue wear" unless you allow it to become contaminated with gritty dirt.
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So, if you're in the market for cassette decks that play great music, see your Toshiba dealer soon. He's got just what you want. Standing up or lying down.
Breaking the Umbilical Cord—Electroacoustically

There you are ensconced in your stereo headphones as the music incites an irrepressible urge: You just have to get up and dance. A dozen pirouettes later you find—amazingly—that you haven't become tangled in the wire and fallen on your face. That's because you're wearing a new type of headphone, one of several successfully demonstrated in Germany last summer, that does away with cables and transmits audio to the listener via modulated infrared "light." Models from Beyer are newly available in the U.S.; units by Sennheiser, still in prototype, are to be introduced in the near future.

The transmitter portion of each system accepts audio from whatever source the user chooses and modulates an array of infrared transducers resembling a battery of miniature searchlights. The radiation it projects into the room is, of course, invisible. And although infrared is popularly defined as "heat rays," one can barely feel the warmth even an inch or so from the transducers.

The carrier is multiplexed to accommodate the two channels of a stereo source (no, the channels don't reverse when you turn around), and it seems to diffuse through a room well enough to allow one to move around freely without fear of finding dead spots. A Sennheiser spokesman indicates that the useful range of its system (outdoors) has been found to extend up to several city blocks. (But neighbors should agree on whose transmitter will be on.) The Beyer system allows transmitters to be operated in tandem, so that good coverage can be achieved even in large film studios.

The infrared, with a wavelength of 930 nanometers or thereabout, is gated on and off at the carrier-frequency rate (95 kHz in the Sennheiser and Beyer systems), with the carrier itself frequency modulated. Both of these manufacturers offer headsets with integral receiving and demodulating circuitry based on infrared-sensitive diodes. Sennheiser's receiving modules are compatible with its HD-414 and HD-424 headsets. Beyer also offers a nonintegral receiver-demodulator (carried by the listener) into which an existing headset can be plugged. The portable components of both systems are battery-powered.

Sennheiser's line will include a monophonic model designed for private TV-audio listening. Beyer claims that its receiving units are compatible with transmitters supplied by other manufacturers.

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**Less distortion:** “…the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ±2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz” *Stereo Review.*

**More versatile:** “Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadriphonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal” *High Fidelity.*

**Less tracking force:** “The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the ¼ gram to 1½ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class” *Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.*

For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.

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<th>For Use In</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4000 D/III</td>
<td>5-50,000</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35dB</td>
<td>¼ to 1¼</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius .4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4000 D/II</td>
<td>5-45,000</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>more than 35dB</td>
<td>½ to 1½</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius .4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4000 D/I</td>
<td>10-40,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>½ to 1½</td>
<td>miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius .4 Dimensional</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 E/III</td>
<td>5-35,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>¼ to 1½</td>
<td>nude elliptical diamond .2 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 E/II</td>
<td>6-33,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>¼ to 1½</td>
<td>nude elliptical diamond .2 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 E/I</td>
<td>8-32,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>35dB</td>
<td>1 to 3</td>
<td>elliptical diamond .3 x 7 mil</td>
<td>turntable or changer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 E</td>
<td>10-30,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>30dB</td>
<td>1 to 3</td>
<td>spherical diamond .7 mil</td>
<td>changer only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2000 E</td>
<td>10-28,000</td>
<td>5.0</td>
<td>30dB</td>
<td>1 to 3</td>
<td>spherical diamond .7 mil</td>
<td>changer only</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Stylus Tip Options:**

- (White)
- (Yellow)
- (Black)
- (Clear)
- (Blue)
- (Green)
- (Red)
- (Smoke)
Coming Events

High Fidelity Music Show, Inc., the organization headed by Teresa and Robert Rogers that sponsored the show in Philadelphia last November, has events planned for two more cities in the immediate future. Both are booked into downtown sites—a return from the suburban locations with which the industry has experimented over the last decade.

Detroit will have its show at Cobo Hall from Friday the 13th (lotsa luck!) through Sunday the 15th of February. The same location was used for the Rogerses' 1974 show, which they called a "smash hit."

San Diego gets its turn in March, at the Convention and Arts Center. This—the first "professional hi-fi show" in San Diego, according to the sponsors—opens on Friday, March 12, and runs through Sunday, March 14.

So Who's Tim?

TIM (transient intermodulation distortion) and his friends, phase distortion and difference-frequency distortion, may soon crowd their way into your audio equipment spec sheet and make it yet a little more complicated. All of this is to a good purpose, however; it should make for better sound. B&K (Brüel & Kjær) Instruments, Inc., of Denmark recently announced new systems designed to measure these effects, which some engineers believe to be more revealing than conventional measurements in terms of correlation to audible sound quality. Look for these elusive effects to become areas of research and development and—finally—competition in the marketplace, probably starting with high-end equipment.

DBX Bids for the Inside Spot

The field of built-in noise-reduction systems for consumer tape machines, heretofore dominated by the Dolby B circuit, will be expanded. David Blackmer, president of DBX, Inc., has announced a license agreement whereby DBX noise reduction will be offered in Teac's line of recorders—and in all three formats, open-reel, cassette, and cartridge. (A full feature article on noise reduction will appear in next month's issue.)

Teac's DBX will use the 2:1 double-ended compression/expansion of units currently sold as add-on accessories. DBX contends that an improvement in effective signal-to-noise ratio of about 30 dB (20 dB more than that claimed by Dolby) is attributable to this system. Increased headroom is cited as an ancillary advantage. In addition, the levels set during recording and playback are not critical to the operation of the system; that is, level alignment is not required for correct signal recovery.

Equipment in the News

Muscle with a Plain-Jane look from Dynaco

Dynaco has announced a stripped-down version of its renowned Stereo 400 power amplifier. Dubbed the Stereo 410, the new unit (shown here) retains the driver stages, full complementary-symmetry output, and thermal tracking bias of the 400, while dispensing with convenience features such as level controls, filters, and Dynaguard. The Stereo 150—another simply-styled descendant of the Stereo 400—has been announced as heir apparent to the redoubtable Stereo 120. Characterized as a "second-generation" design, the 150 features a rated power capability of 75 watts continuous per channel with total harmonic distortion of 0.25% or less, 20 Hz to 20 kHz. The 410 is packaged in a "big black box" and can be bought for $399 in kit form or (as the 410A) for $599 assembled. The Stereo 150 kit costs $249; the wired 150A costs $369.

Pioneering in tweeter technology

A new loudspeaker using no less than five drivers is available from U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp. of Moonachie, N.J. The system, of nominal 6-ohm impedance and 100-watt power-handling capability, features a tweeter and supertweeter of piezoelectric high-polymer film with conductive foil bonded to its surfaces. These novel diaphragms respond directly (with a change of thickness) to an audio voltage applied to the conductive layers; no voice coils or magnetic structures are involved. They reproduce all frequencies from 2 kHz up—with 360-degree horizontal dispersion because of their cylindrical shape. Two 10-inch woofers, having different resonant frequencies, and a 2½-inch soft-dome midrange unit complete the array of drivers. The system is advertised at under $500.
Scott’s new integrated amplifier

An integrated stereo amplifier with the designation A-236S has been announced by H. H. Scott, Inc., of Maynard, Mass. Rated at 15 watts continuous per channel into 8-ohm loads, the unit has a power bandwidth spec of 20 Hz to 20 kHz at 0.5% distortion or less. The A-236S amplifier features an impressive array of controls and is suitable for use as the central component in an economy high fidelity system. The unit has a brushed-aluminum front panel, and the $159.95 price includes a walnut-veneer enclosure. A matching FM tuner, Model T-311S, is also available.

Rectilinear 7—four on the floor

Rectilinear Research Corp. of New York City has introduced a new four-way floor-standing loudspeaker system, the Rectilinear 7. The system is said to reproduce the audible frequency range from 32 Hz to 20 kHz with a variation of ±2 dB. It is notable in that the woofer is the only driver whose top-end response is limited by crossover components, and output of the drivers is not subject to adjustment via listener-operated controls. The unit is rated to accept up to 350 watts of musical program material.

Sansui’s economy receiver

For the budget-conscious music lover, Sansui Electronics Corp. has introduced a stereo FM/AM receiver that, despite its modest price (about $200), upholds the company’s traditional concern with quality. The Model 331 carries specs of 12 watts minimum continuous power per channel into an 8-ohm load from 40 Hz to 20 kHz with THD of 1% or less. The tuner section is rated at 2.5 microvolts’ IHF sensitivity and is capable of alternate-channel selectivity exceeding 60 dB and a signal-to-noise ratio of 65 dB or better. A meter is provided as an aid to accurate tuning.

Twin superamps from SAE

SAE (Scientific Audio Electronics) of Los Angeles has announced a 200-watt-per-channel stereo power amplifier that will be available to both the professional and the consumer market. The 2400, the professional version, is a 19-inch, rack-mounted model with a black anodized faceplate. The consumer version, Mk. XXIV, comes dressed with the company’s traditional champagne gold front. The units share maximum harmonic and intermodulation distortion ratings of 0.05%, frequency response of ±1/4 dB, 20 Hz to 20 kHz, forced-air cooling, and a $750 price tag.

MXR aims at the high fidelity market

MXR Innovations, Inc., a company whose reputation up to the present has lain in the professional area of audio, has introduced its first product intended for the home. Its ten-octave-band graphic equalizer is compact and has been designed for use with component music systems. Ten sliding potentiometers per channel control filters with center frequencies ranging from 31 Hz to 16 kHz and allow 12 dB of boost or cut in each audible octave. The handsomely styled equalizer is sold for $199.95.
The Specification Guarantee. Perhaps someday everyone will have it.

You're looking at the Technics 600 Series, two of the finest cassette decks we've ever made. But equally important, they're also our first examples of 'the Specification Guarantee.' The only kind of a specification we feel is worth serious consideration.

That's because 'the Specification Guarantee' isn't merely a collection of overly impressive numbers achieved under ideal conditions. It's five meaningful performance specifications that every Technics RS-676US and RS-610US cassette deck, including yours, is guaranteed to meet or surpass*. And if by some unlikely chance it doesn't, we will make sure it does. After all, that's what we feel a guarantee is all about.

But the guarantee isn't the only impressive thing about these specs. The numbers are equally impressive. Even when you compare them with the 'unguaranteed' performance figures you usually see. Yet our figures are conservative, understated. Figures that your unit is likely to surpass rather than just meet.

And that makes them even more impressive.

The RS-676US. The RS-610US. And 'the Specification Guarantee.'

The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

The Specification Guarantee will be honored for a period of 90 days from the date of original purchase if delivered freight prepaid to a Panasonic factory service center. Void if the product is damaged, altered, or abused following original sale, or if repaired by other than authorized Panasonic personnel, or if the product is not purchased and retained within the U.S.A or Puerto Rico. Test procedures are available in detailed description on request from Technics by Panasonic, One Panasonic Way, Secaucus, N.J. 07094. Specification Guarantee will be honored by Matsushita Electric Corporation of America and is in addition to the usual parts and labor limited warranty.

FOR YOUR TECHNICS DEALER, CALL FREE 800 447-4700. IN ILLINOIS, 800 322-4400.

Technics by Panasonic
The great Sansui equation

For those who want and can appreciate superior high fidelity, here are three great values. These integrated amplifiers and tuners are both matched and designed to give you incredibly clean tonal quality, versatility, and performance.

The AU-5500 integrated amplifier with 32 watts per channel, min. RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20kHz, has no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. Features triple tone controls with a middle frequency control to add pleasure to your music; high and low cut off filters; 7 position tape play/dubbing switch for creative recording versatility. The AU-5500 is matched with the TU-5500 tuner, with a 1.9µV sensitivity and a selectivity of better than 60 dB.

The AU-7700 integrated amplifier offers a power output of 55 watts per channel, min. RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms, from 20Hz to 20kHz and no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion. Features a 7-position tape play/dubbing switch for creative recording versatility; selectable phono input impedance. It is matched with the TU-7700 tuner, featuring a 1.8µV sensitivity for picking up even the weakest signals. Selectivity of better than 80 dB.

Sansui also offers an AU-4400 integrated amplifier and TU-4400 tuner which display the same Sansui high quality performance and many of the same features as the other pairs in this series of separates.

If you should not be as yet a devotee of separate components, any of these pairs is sure to make you one. Stop in soon at your nearest Sansui franchised dealer to select any of the three combinations for musical enjoyment you will value for many years to come.
HiFi-Crostic No. 9
by William Petersen

DIRECTIONS
To solve these puzzles—and they aren’t as tough as they first seem—supply as many of the Output words as you can in the numbered dashes following the Input. Unless otherwise specified in the Input, the Output consists of one English word. Compounds, compounds, or hyphenated words.

Transfer each letter to the square in the diagram that bears the corresponding number. After only a few correct guesses you should begin to see words and phrases emerging in the diagram, which when filled in will contain a quotation related to music, recordings, or audio.

The words in the quotation are separated by darkened squares and do not necessarily end at the end of a row.

Try to guess at these words and transfer each newly decoded letter back to its appropriate dash in the Output. This will supply you with further clues.

A final clue: The source of the quotation—the author and his work—will be spelled out by the first letters in the Output reading down.

The answer to HiFi-Crostic No. 9 will appear in next month’s issue of High Fidelity.

Solution to last month’s HiFi-Crostic appears on page 4.

CIRCLE 37 ON READER-SERVICE CARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INPUT</th>
<th>OUTPUT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>Repetition of a short musical phrase at a different pitch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>Ambrosian for one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>Tries the weight of by lifting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>Title given in English-speaking countries to Haydn’s quartet Op. 76, No. 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>Singing cowboy appeared in some 30 Western movies (1906-74)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>Popular singer distinguished by a high falsetto voice; recorded Lightnin’ Strikes for MGM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>German composer of operatic songs and miscellaneous instrumental music (1763-1814)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>Characterized by stress on a particular tone or chord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>Swiss musicologist special on the history of instruments (b. 1910)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>American dancer and choreographer (1895-1958) she and Charles Weidman created the famous New Dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K</td>
<td>The soprano sings this word 107 times at the end of Cherubin’s Credo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
<td>After The three Muse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M</td>
<td>American music critic, The Well-Tempered Listener (1885-1966; full name)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
<td>Singer of comic parts (it)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
<td>Early record label, American outlet for Columbia later a secondary line for Columbia pops</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INPUT</th>
<th>OUTPUT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
<td>See Word ZZ (4 wds.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td>The bank on which a pianist recorded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R</td>
<td>An anthem sung during the Eucharist service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>Shostakovich symphony subtitled A Soviet Artist’s Reply to Just Children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>Percussion instrument used for special effects in film music, Esquire, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td>Egg-shackled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Russian ballet dancer created several roles jointly with Serge Diaghilev</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W</td>
<td>Donizetti opera (2 wds.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X</td>
<td>Escorts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y</td>
<td>Mozart opera (3 ft wds.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z</td>
<td>A style of popular dancing that became a craze in the 1960s</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OUTPUT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>38 150 110 2 186 94 156 302 79 13 123 13 125 115 195 75 128 203 3 152 129 49 14</td>
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<tr>
<td>24 125 116 160</td>
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<tr>
<td>86 143 172 117 197 158 47 103</td>
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<tr>
<td>151 124 35 91</td>
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<tr>
<td>172 24 87 103 157 3 194 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38 156 50 81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>183 160 84 81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 116 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192 133 99 123 58 184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 51 181 171 97 42 109 199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 13 27 141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39 90 83 16 121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65 177 40 166 57 90 32 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88 26 141 104 133 192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43 196 63 22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
When a good friend tells you "I can't afford Interface:A," tell her about the new Interface:B.

Our new Interface:B is a way of acquiring most of the excellence of our vented, equalized Interface:A speaker system for much less money. Interface:B is friendly advice in another way too: we designed it to work with lower powered electronics and still provide superior sound at satisfying levels.

**Flat, accurate response here.**

**Less than 2Hz.**

Below the lowest reach of a bass guitar is a whole acoustical world that's costly to reproduce. And most speakers miss it. Yet down there, Interface:B responds with startling accuracy to a 36-Hz tone. We used an Interface:A technique to achieve this; it is not unlike squeezing a 16-foot organ pipe into a box of true bookshelf size. The device that enables this is the same vent substitute we developed to meet the design goals of the Interface:A. It looks like an extra woofer, but it duplicates the function of a column of air ten inches in diameter and nearly 20 feet long.

**Highs the way the composers wrote them.**

In the midrange, most high-efficiency bookshelf speakers in the Interface:B price class come on strong. Overly so, we think. On top of that, many don't disperse their high-frequency output uniformly, either. We haven't resorted to these design tradeoffs in Interface:B. Interface:B puts out an earful of uncommonly uniform acoustic power because, first, its midrange is radiated by a relatively small diameter driver, plus it has a simple but effective acoustic lens on the tweeter combined with a compensating amount of high-frequency boost from the equalizer.

**We mixed the equation so that B equals A, nearly.**

So that lower powered receivers could be used with Interface:B, we altered the mathematics of Interface:A's enclosure. About an inch increase in size all around permits, with only a 4-Hz change in low-frequency limit, a conversion efficiency fully 3 dB higher than Interface:A. So it takes half the power to drive Interface:B's to the same volume level.

And so that subsonic signals such as record rumble don't distort the flat response of Interface:B, we designed the equalizer to roll off sharply below 36 Hz.

**A-B our new Interface:B against the higher priced systems.**

For accurate response, superior dispersion, and deeply satisfying levels, we think practically nothing beats our Interface:B (except our Interface:A). Give us a hearing.

**Free manual.**

Send for our free Interface information package. It includes an Interface:B Owner's Manual that is practically an education in vented speaker design and application.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Specifications</th>
<th>Interface:A</th>
<th>Interface:B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Response</td>
<td>32 - 18,000 Hz. ± 3 dB</td>
<td>36 - 18,000 Hz. ± 4, 2dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Acoustic Power Output</td>
<td>32 - 18,000 Hz. ± 3 dB</td>
<td>36 - 18,000 Hz. ± 4, 2dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound Pressure Level (1 meter)</td>
<td>89 dB</td>
<td>92 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggested Amplifier Power Rating (RMS per channel at 8 ohms)</td>
<td>Minimum 10 Watts</td>
<td>Maximum 250 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power Handling Capacity (midband and 10 milliseconds)</td>
<td>25 Watts</td>
<td>180 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peak Power Handling Capacity (midband)</td>
<td>250 Watts</td>
<td>180 Watts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dimensions</td>
<td>14 x 22 x 7 3/4 deep</td>
<td>14 x 25 x 9 1/4 deep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggested Retail Price (in Western States)</td>
<td>$450.00 per pair including equalizer</td>
<td>$525 per pair including equalizer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Electro-Voice, Inc.**
a gulton company

Dept. 264H, 619 Cecil Street
Buchanan, Michigan 49107
Luxman C-1000
Is a Sybarite’s Shining Light


Comment: If a pretty face were all that it takes to succeed in the world of audio, one would dub the Luxman C-1000 a winner without a second thought. It is really difficult to do the front panel justice in a verbal description, for, although the number of controls it presents exceeds the usual plethora by a good margin, the arrangement and spacing are such that the eye receives an over-all impression of serene harmony. The fact that the controls actually feel good as well adds to the sensuous luxury of the design.

At the upper left of the front panel is a large selector knob, silky-smooth in its operation, that can be switched among AUX 1, TUNER, PHONO 1, PHONO 2, and AUX 2. Below the selector is a switch labeled LINEAR EQUALIZER and equipped with a pointer that can be moved from a neutral center position to any of four others, two marked UP TILT and two DOWN TILT. To the right of the selector are the BASS and TREBLE knobs, each having 21 detented positions. A three-position switch below each of these tone controls sets turnover frequency—150, 300, or 600 Hz for the bass, 1.5, 3, or 6 kHz for the treble.

Further to the right, at the center of the panel, is a bank of seven three-position levers. The leftmost of these bypasses the tone controls when in the center position and can switch in a LOW BOOST function in addition to the tone controls. The next introduces a LOW CUT filter in a similar way, with cutoffs at 7 and 12 kHz, both rolling off at 12 dB per octave. The next two switches are grouped together under the label MODE. The leftmost of the pair can be moved from its normal position to cut out either stereo channel; the other can choose STEREO, REVERSE (an exchange of channels), or MONO. The rightmost pair of levers controls the input/output functions of two tape decks to allow monitoring from either while recording is in progress or to allow dubbing in either direction, even while the user listens to a different source.

Further to the right is a pilot light, and below that is a dual control. The “tab” element is a balance control detented at its center position; the main knob, a secondary volume control labeled ATTENUATOR, is used to fill in the “holes” in the detented primary one—the large, distinctively detailed knob that dominates the right end of the panel. Three on/off pushbuttons are located below this large knob: one for the unit itself, each of the others for a pair of loudspeakers. Above the main volume control is a panel lamp labeled TOUCH MUTE, about which more will be said later. Two screwdriver adjustments—elegant ones—toward the bottom center of the panel adjust the load impedance of PHONO 1 between 30,000 and 100,000 ohms and allow the sensitivity of both phono inputs to be varied by ±5 dB. A stereo headphone jack at the bottom right completes the front panel.

While the back panel is less distinguished in appearance than the front, it is by no means unattractive. At the left is a stack of AC convenience outlets, two switched and two unswitched, each rated at 300 watts maximum. Just to the
The approach to tone controls taken by the designers of the Luxman C-1000 is unusual to say the very least. In addition to the defeatable tone controls with their variable turnover frequencies, there is the LINEAR EQUALIZER. When switched to the first up-tilt position it rotates the frequency-response curve about an "axis" at about 1 kHz, so that the level at 10 kHz is +1 dB and that at 100 Hz is -1 dB with the curve left almost (but not quite) a straight line. The second up-tilt position increases the deviation to +2 dB and -2 dB, respectively, while the corresponding down-tilt positions reverse matters, depressing the treble and raising the bass. Frankly, we found the effect barely audible. More obvious is the action of the LOW BOOST, which can be brought into play along with the tone controls. This increases the response at 70 Hz and below, reaching +1 dB at 15 Hz.

Another interesting feature is the touch mute system associated with the main volume control, which is divided into two concentric regions that do not, however, rotate separately. A firm touch on the inner portion causes the sound level to drop by 16 dB and -2 dB, respectively, while the corresponding down-tilt positions reverse matters, depressing the treble and raising the bass. Clicks and thumps at turn-on are prevented by a circuit that keeps the output stage shut down for several seconds until things stabilize. During this time the pilot light winks reassuringly to show that there is no malfunction.

The performance of the C-1000 is virtually impeccable. Clipping occurs at 13 volts. The data from the CBS Technology Center show that, at a more reasonable 2 volts, THD is less than 0.0064% for all conditions, and intermodulation distortion is 0.002% or less. The frequency-response curve can be drawn with a straightedge from 10 Hz to 20 kHz and falls off to only -2 dB at 100 kHz. Noise is 76 dB down at the phono inputs and at least 84 dB down at the high-level inputs. With sensitivity at maximum, 3.0 millivolts at a phono input produces 2 volts' output; the corresponding figure for the other inputs is 300 millivolts.

About the only thing we can find fault with is the occasionally sluggish response of the touch mute on one sample we tried.

Fine instrument that it is, the Luxman C-1000 is not for everyone, in personality as well as price. It is quite conservative in styling and over-all design philosophy. No concessions are made to quadraphonics, present or future, although the PHONO 1 input, curiously, could accommodate a CD-4 cartridge. The unit is designed more for complete convenience than for elaborate signal processing—in short, it is more a Rolls-Royce than a Ferrari. But if you are a sybaritic audiophile with a budget to match, the C-1000 will pamper you as few preamps can.

Luxman C-1000 Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Input characteristics (for 2 volts output)</th>
<th>Sensitivity</th>
<th>S/N ratio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>phono 1 (0 dB)</td>
<td>5.2 mV</td>
<td>76 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 2 (-5 dB)</td>
<td>6.5 mV</td>
<td>76 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 2 (0 dB)</td>
<td>5.2 mV</td>
<td>76 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>phono 2 (+5 dB)</td>
<td>3.0 mV</td>
<td>76 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tuner (max)</td>
<td>300 mV</td>
<td>84 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 1 (max)</td>
<td>300 mV</td>
<td>84 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aux 2</td>
<td>300 mV</td>
<td>84½ dB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Frequency response (at 2 volts)

±0.0062%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
+0.0064%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
+0.002%

R ch                      L ch
<0.0062%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
<0.0064%, 20 Hz to 20 kHz
<0.002%

Total harmonic distortion (for 2 volts output)

IM distortion (for 2 volts output)

Square-wave response
**A New Phase (Response)**

**in B&O Speakers**

**The Equipment:** Beovox M-70 Uni-Phase loudspeaker system, with matching stand. Dimensions: 25½ by 12¼ inches (front panel) by 10 inches deep; height on stand: 39½ inches; diameter of base: 15 inches. Price: $700 per pair. Warranty: one year parts and labor. Manufacturer: Bang & Olufsen, Denmark; U.S. distributor: Bang & Olufsen of America, 2271 Devon Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007.

**Comment:** Over the years the sources of coloration in loudspeakers have proved to be more elusive than originally thought. Two units with virtually identical frequency response and distortion would time after time—to the consternation of their designers—sound perceptibly different. (The old saw that, if two loudspeakers sound different, one or both must be wrong, has more than a small grain of truth.) More recently, designers have begun to consider phase distortion (frequency-dependent delays that separate signal components that originate together in time, creating a "smear" that cannot happen naturally) as a source of coloration. The M-70 is, then, the top member of a line of loudspeakers in which B&O has sought to suppress phase distortion.

A single look at the front panel of the Uni-Phase speakers—including the M-70, whose upper and lower halves meet in a flat V—suggests that they are unusual. The angled panel allows the position of the unit to be adjusted so that the distances from the individual drivers to the ear are approximately equal—one aid to phase coherence. The dark rosewood veneer cabinet and black grille cloth with bright metal trim add up to a handsome appearance to which the brushed metal stand contributes as well.

The back panel has small sockets that fit onto studs so you can hang the speaker on the stand. Lower down is a screw receptacle that accepts a threaded rod, which can be turned by means of a knurled thumbscrew to adjust the vertical firing angle of the loudspeaker. There are no operating controls. Input connections are made (unfortunately, for the U.S. market at least) by means of a male DIN plug housed in a recess on the lower right quadrant of the back panel. Supplied with each unit is a two-conductor cable—the 4-meter (13-foot) length is standard; a 10-meter (33-foot) length can be purchased—with molded DIN connections at both ends. Few amplifiers available in the U.S. have DIN output jacks (though of course B&O's electronics do). We solved the problem by cutting off the cable's amplifier-end plug and stripping the wires—hardly a complex operation. Neither is phasing, since the leads are coded.

Model M-70 is sold in stereo pairs, with closely matched veneer and symmetrically placed nameplates. They're relatively heavy for their size; the carton with two units inside weighs over 100 pounds.

In its internal construction the speaker is a three-way system (woofer, midrange, and tweeter) with a difference. The difference is a fourth driver that is active around the woofer-to-midrange crossover frequency (500 Hz) and that, in conjunction with a specially designed network, acts to correct the anomalous phase behavior associated with crossovers. This crossover correcting, or "filler," driver is a hallmark of the Uni-Phase line.

Lab tests made at CBS Technology Center show a fairly wide range and reasonably low distortion. The omnidirectional response in the anechoic chamber is within ±5 dB (for a reference level of 80 dB) from 43 Hz to 11 kHz. Efficiency of the M-70 is quite low: 16.3 watts were needed to produce the 94-dB least level (200 to 6,000 Hz at 1 meter). At 300 Hz the speaker begins distorting excessively by the time output has reached 105 dB (for an input of 100 watts) but continues to handle pulses without excessive distortion to the limit of the test amplifier at 300 watts (average—600 watts, peak) for an output of over 112 dB. These figures indicate good dynamic range and power handling ability. Impedance, rated at 4 to 8 ohms by B&O, tests out at above 6 ohms (the measured rating point) throughout the audio range and above 8 ohms only in the bass-resonance region—an unusually flat impedance curve, suggesting excellent power-transfer characteristics.

On test tones we found that the bass holds up well to about 38 Hz, where, despite the still-strong fundamental, the third harmonic becomes appreciable. White noise is reproduced clearly, with just a hint of coloration in the midrange. Dispersion is good, with a 15-kHz tone audible to nearly 45 degrees off axis; for some reason white noise shows more apparent beaming in our listening room though its high-frequency components still hold up well to about 30 degrees off axis.

We found the Beovox M-70 a most pleasant speaker to
hear—with rock, jazz, or classics. In particular, spoken voices (which, due to our familiarity with their natural sound, represent a severe test) are reproduced without the nasal “honk” coloring each transient that appears in so many speakers. In fact the only real clue that this is a loudspeaker (as opposed to a live speaker) is a gentle “chiff” on sibilants, infinitely preferable to honks. Some tendency toward high-frequency ringing is evident in oscilloscope photos of tone bursts, which may account for the chiff; we were unable to find aural evidence of ringing in listening to music. And musical transient response is superb—clear and precise, without the brittleness that this so often implies. We found that we could listen comfortably at levels that usually seem distressingly loud, a further index of clean highs.

If you want to partake of these pleasures and are feeling frail, we recommend that you get help in installation. Hefting the carton is no easy matter. And when you come to the setup be advised (as B&O has advised us but forbears to mention in its instructions) that you should put the speakers face down on the floor and attach the stands to them, rather than mount the speakers on the stands in the normal position. If you take the latter (and, to us, more obvious) approach, you’re bound to have trouble.

When the job is done, however, you’ll have a truly excellent speaker with, we believe, few peers in its price class. The sound is clear and accurate, rather than spectacular. This may not appeal to everyone at first, but the more one listens, the fonder of it one becomes. The suppression of phase distortion does, indeed, seem to contribute to this quality. If a loudspeaker is a window on the world of sound, B&O has made it significantly harder to tell whether the glass is really there.

Clean Looks, Clean Sound in a New Pioneer Tuner


Comment: This new tuner, the TX-9500, is the successor to the TX-9100 (HF test reports, December 1973). It is quite different, however, both in concept and appearance. The new face sports a clean look that is very well carried off—not too stark, gently reposeful, and yet eye-catching. A tuning dial with 8½ inches separating 88 and 108 MHz appropriately dominates the front panel. A signal-strength meter (left) and center-channel meter nestle together just above the dial, flanked by windows labeled POWER and STEREO that are back-lighted when their respective announcements are in order. Below the dial are three knobs and three levers that control most functions.

A two-position lever for POWER on/off is at the left. A knob that adjusts audio output level and a lever for MPX

### Beovox M-70 Uni-Phase Harmonic Distortion*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Output Level (dB)</th>
<th>80 Hz % 2nd</th>
<th>80 Hz % 3rd</th>
<th>300 Hz % 2nd</th>
<th>300 Hz % 3rd</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>0.33</td>
<td>0.40</td>
<td>0.35</td>
<td>0.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>0.24</td>
<td>0.40</td>
<td>0.28</td>
<td>0.68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>0.27</td>
<td>1.6</td>
<td>0.33</td>
<td>0.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>0.50</td>
<td>1.6</td>
<td>0.43</td>
<td>0.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>1.3</td>
<td>2.8</td>
<td>0.65</td>
<td>1.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>4.1</td>
<td>4.3</td>
<td>0.95</td>
<td>1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>1.6</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.8</td>
<td>2.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>3.2</td>
<td></td>
<td>4.5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Distortion data are taken on all tested speakers until distortion exceeds the 10% level or the speaker produces the spurious output known as buzzing, whichever occurs first.
NOISE FILTER on/off are grouped together with a three-position MUTING LEVEL switch (muting at 22 microvolts' input, 5 microvolts' input, or not at all) toward bottom center of the panel. Just a bit further to the right is a large tuning knob, followed by a FUNCTION switch that can choose FM AUTO, FM MONO, or REC LEVEL CHECK—an interesting feature that we will describe in more detail later.

A look behind the scenes reveals a two-position slide switch for FM DE-EMPHASIS (75 microseconds for normal use or 25 microseconds for use with a Dolby decoder) located at the upper left corner of the back panel and held in the 75-microsecond position by a screw-secured retainer. Almost directly below this are four thumb screws binding posts: two for an AM antenna and ground, two for a 300-ohm FM antenna connection. There also is a clamp-and-screw terminal for a 75-ohm FM antenna.

Continuing to the right, one finds the usual ferrite-rod AM antenna followed by three pairs of pin jacks. The first pair provides horizontal and vertical outputs for an oscilloscope (to be used for multipath detection and as an aid to tuning), with the horizontal jack carrying the additional legend 4-CH MPX OUTPUT (obviously for use if a quadriphonic broadcast standard is approved by the FCC). The next pair constitutes a fixed-level stereo output, and the final pair is variable in level, controlled by the knob on the front panel. The AC-power cord and a convenience outlet (unswitched, 200 watts maximum) occupy the lower right corner of the back panel.

In general, the TX-9500 is as convenient to operate as it is attractive. The switches and knobs are all smooth and yet positive in their operation. Dial calibration is not quite perfect but is certainly close enough so that after one has zeroed in via the center-channel meter there is no doubt about what station one has tuned. The REC LEVEL CHECK feature causes a 440-Hz tone to be generated internally and passed on to the output, appearing at the fixed-level jacks at, nominally, the level of 50% FM modulation—standard Dolby reference level. It can be used to adjust a Dolby decoder or to preset levels when you are recording off air. If you can receive Dolby broadcasts and have a decoder with no provision for de-emphasis switching, you may find the Pioneer's own de-emphasis switch distinctly out of the way—unless, of course, you want to listen only to the Dolby broadcasts.

In listening, we found the TX-9500 to be a fine performer. Lab tests made at the CBS Technology Center support this conclusion—uncovering, at the same time, some specifications that should make one or two supertuners take notice. Midband sensitivity for 30 dB of quieting is 1.6 microvolts. More important, 50 dB of quieting is achieved in mono with an input of only 2.5 microvolts. In stereo (where the action of the FM AUTO circuit ensures at least 35 dB of quieting or else switches to mono) the ultimate quieting is 46 dB (10 dB less than that in mono). The limiting factor appears to be distortion (0.75% or less, even at 10 kHz), which is far less obvious than noise. Ultimate signal-to-noise ratio is a sterling 81 dB. The other measurements (see "Additional Data") lie well within the superior range and match well enough that no one compromises the overall performance.

The Pioneer, to our way of thinking, just misses being a supertuner. (So, in its way, does its price.) This tuner equals or exceeds its predecessor in just about all areas—except for distortion in the stereo mode. Although lacking a few features of the TX-9100 (that would be rarely used in most installations), the TX-9500 does what it should and does it well. The unit remains unobtrusive until called upon, responding then competently and with no unpleasant surprises.

Pioneer TX-9500 Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Specification</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Capture ratio</td>
<td>1.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alternate-channel selectivity</td>
<td>83.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio</td>
<td>81 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mono</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80 Hz</td>
<td>0.15% L ch 0.15% R ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 kHz</td>
<td>0.15% L ch 0.15% R ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 kHz</td>
<td>0.17% L ch 0.17% R ch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IM distortion</td>
<td>0.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19-kHz pilot</td>
<td>-68 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38-kHz subcarrier</td>
<td>-73 dB or better</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dual's 1249: A Belt-Drive "Changer Plus"

The Equipment: Dual Model 1249, a two-speed (33 and 45) automatic multiple-play turntable with integral arm. Dimensions: 14% by 12 inches (top plate; approximately 1 inch additional clearance required in both dimensions for counterbalance); clearance of approximately 2½ inches below and 5½ inches above top surface of mounting board for use as changer. Price: $279.95; WB 19 walnut veneer base, $16.95; LB 19 simulated-walnut base, $15.95; DC 9 dust cover, $15.95; DC 6 low-profile cover, $13.95. Warranty: one year parts and labor, shipping prepaid. Manufacturer: Dual, West Germany; U.S. distributor: United Audio Products, 120 S. Columbus Ave., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10553.

Comment: The 1249 might be called a "changer plus," since it includes automatic features seldom found on automated turntables, record-changing or single-play. It is, moreover, a further step in the direction of automatics that cannot be distinguished from manuals in terms of performance measurements. In one respect—rumble—it bettersthan any changer we've yet measured and comes within 1 or 2 dB of all the most rumble-free single-play units CBS has measured for us: all, that is, except Dual's own record-holding Model 701.

Power for the turntable is provided by a synchronous motor (with no measurable change in speed when CBS varied AC power between 105 and 127 volts) and a belt drive. The platter (which weighed in at the lab at 2½ pounds) has an ingenious cast-in strobe scale that can be used with either 50- or 60-Hz illumination. The speed lever at the left front has a knurled fine-turning knob at its fulcrum; adjustment is made by setting the lever to 33 and rotating the knob until the markings, illuminated by a small strobe light at the right front of the platter, appear to stand still. Once the platter is set for 33 rpm it is engineered to be correct at 45; there are no strobe markings for the higher speed. The control range at 33 measures ±4.4 to +3.6%; at 45 it is ±0.9 to +2.0%.

The start/stop lever is to the right of the platter. It can be used for automatic multiplay operation or automatic single-play. For semiautomatic operation you simply release the latch on the arm support, raise the arm (which starts the motor), and place it in position to play the record—using the damped cueing control to the right of the arm support (which functions nicely with no side drift) if you wish. Arm return is automatic at the end of the record side. The lab measured tripping force at 0.3 gram, slightly higher than the 0.25 gram minimum VTF at which Dual says the unit can be operated. This is a moot point, however, since VTFs desirable with today's cartridges—even the most compliant—are closer to 1 gram.

For multiplay operation—which yields a 13-second change cycle at 33 rpm—you use the changer spindle, of course (a stub that rotates with the platter plus an adapter for large-hole 45s also are provided) and turn a lever at the base of the arm mount from SINGLE to MULTI. This not only engages the changer function, but raises the arm mount by about ½ inch, making the arm parallel to the record surface in playing, roughly, the third record in the stack. The changer operation is designed for a maximum stack of six records. Some users, particularly if they seldom stack more than two records at a time, may wish that arm height and changer operation had not been coupled so that vertical tracking angle could remain optimized for one record even in the multiplay mode. To our mind this would be perfectionism run rampant since the "errors" involved are minute and in any event far smaller than the departures from the 15-degree "standard" in cartridge stylus. One unusual automation feature is a little mechanical switch near the arm pivot and marked 1/0/0. The 1 position is normal; the 0 (which stands for infinity, of course) indicates that in this position the unit will play the record until you direct otherwise.

There is nothing difficult about setting up the turntable. We are always annoyed by the black/white coding on the signal leads of European turntables when so much of the remaining audio world—including pickup connection leads—is on the red for-right standard. But Dual, unlike some of its competitors, does give correct instructions in its manual, and one need look them up only once if the 1249 is to remain permanently in the same system. And black-and-white pin plugs certainly will please most American buyers far more than DIN-only fittings.

Dual has retained the clip-in cartridge mount (as opposed to a fully removable head shell) and the molded plastic stylus height-and-overhang gauge of previous models. Some users, particularly if they seldom stack more than two records at a time, may wish that arm height and changer operation had not been coupled so that vertical tracking angle could remain optimized for one record even in the multiplay mode. To our mind this would be perfectionism run rampant since the "errors" involved are minute and in any event far smaller than the departures from the 15-degree "standard" in cartridge stylus. One unusual automation feature is a little mechanical switch near the arm pivot and marked 1/0/0. The 1 position is normal; the 0 (which stands for infinity, of course) indicates that in this position the unit will play the record until you direct otherwise.

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Dual 1249 Additional Data

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Setting</th>
<th>Measured</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0.5</td>
<td>0.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.0</td>
<td>0.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.5</td>
<td>1.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.0</td>
<td>1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>2.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>2.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sansui SC-3000 Cassette Deck: Handsome and Highly Capable


Comment: As regular readers of these reports know, we have not been very enthusiastic about the rush to front-loading cassette-deck designs since some have tended to be materially more complex or more awkward to use than conventional top-load designs. The SC-3000's well is very much like that of a top-loader; the cassette within it is almost as visible as and the mechanism not much more complex than those of top-loaders, stretching most of the reservations we've had. The styling is fresh and functional and the operation eminently sane. It is, in a word, an attractive product.

To the left of the cassette well is a three-digit counter. To its right are the meters, which are of the averaging type, flanked on the right by phone-jack mike inputs and on the left by three light-emitting diodes: RECORD, DOLBY NR, and PEAK. The first two diodes are simply pilot lights for the indicated function switching; the PEAK LED is designed to light when instantaneous signal levels exceed 6 dB above the meters' indicated 0 VU (which is calibrated at 2 db below the Dolby level indication). Thus the averaging meters are designed to read 0 VU at about 4 dB below the DIN 0 VU, while the peak indicator triggers at about 2 dB above DIN 0 VU. These values seem well chosen, as long as the user takes care to allow as little triggering of the LED as possible, since its threshold level is very near the actual midrange overload point of most tapes. Since the meters are only moderately large and their needle action quite quick (the needles "flicker" more than those of professional meters on music with a strong beat) they are not particularly easy to read. We found ourselves using the meters as a rough indication of level and relying almost entirely on the LED for precise setting of the level controls.

There are three level controls at the bottom right of the front panel. One is for output level; the other two are MIC/LINE controls for each channel. Each controls the line level in one channel until you plug a mike into its input jack, which disconnects the line feed in favor of the mike signal. You cannot mix inputs, though you can record a mono mike signal in one channel and a mono line signal in the other. Nor can you make one-hand fades in both channels simultaneously without considerable dexterity and practice. (Had Sansui used one knob for level in both channels and the other for interchannel balance, fades would have been easier to manage.)

Next to the knobs are three levers: MEMORY, DOLBY NR, and TAPE SELECTOR. The first controls a memory-rewind feature to stop the tape when the counter reaches 000. It and the Dolby switches have on/off positions, while the tape switch is marked NORMAL (LH)/CHROMIUM. The normal position, Sansui has given us to understand, is adjusted to match TDK D (Dynamic) and similar tapes, and we tested it with D. Both on the bench and in the listening room the match is excellent. But Sansui, like a number of other manufacturers (and this is a subject on which we've commented when we've encountered it in the past), supplies a fairly long list of tapes and recommended switch positions. It should be obvious to the user that not all of these tapes can match the deck with equal success. When we tried Maxell LN, for example, we could hear a slight loss in highs; when we switched to Maxell UD or UD-XL (tapes that, because of their price, the uninitiated might suppose would provide better performance than the modestly priced LN), there was audible emphasis given to the high end. In both cases, of course, use of the Dolby noise reduction exaggerates these nonlinearities slightly. Even so, the differences are so small that they should go unnoticed by all but the really critical listener. But be warned that, if the signals you plan to record already contain audible hiss, the premium ferric tapes may be slightly less satisfactory (because they emphasize the hiss) than the budget types (because they suppress the hiss as they roll off the highs) with the SC-3000 and Dolby.

Similarly, the Sansui table shows TDK SA (Super Avilyn) as usable with the CHROMIUM switch position. We found this to work well with Dolby off (TDK's recommendation, incidentally, where the deck can't be readjusted for Dolby level with SA's output, which is higher than that of chromes), but the dulling of highs with the Dolby circuit on is audible enough that few users would, we think, find SA's premium price justified with this combination. Any chrome tapes we tried proved a good match to the CHROMIUM position with Dolby on. With the TAPE switch set to NORMAL and Dolby on, we found a good match with TDK D, Memorex MRX, and Fuji FL.

The transport controls are solid-feeling rectangular levers below the cassette well. (All the controls have excellent "feel," in fact.) You can switch from any motion func-
tion to any other without pressing STOP in between. The STOP lever itself also doubles as the EJECT lever; pressing it will not eject the cassette when the tape is in motion, however—only stop it. A second press is required once the tape is stopped, so that the user can't inadvertently (and annoyingly) eject the cassette during stop-and-go use. This design, which is not uncommon, seems particularly convenient to us. The transport shuts itself off automatically at the end of the tape in any mode.

At the bottom left of the front panel are a stereo headphone jack (whose output level is controlled by the same knob as the line output, of course) and an on/off pushbutton for AC power. On the back panel are pin-jack pairs for line input and line output connections, a DIN input/output connector, and a binding post for a separate ground lead should one be required.

The heart of the drive system is an electronically controlled DC motor. Tests at CBS Technology Center show that even with the line AC lowered to 105 volts the speed accuracy of our sample stays just within Sansui's 2% spec; at higher line voltages the accuracy improves somewhat. (As voltage goes up, speed goes down. This is not surprising, for we have found similar data on other electronically controlled DC-drive products in the past. The explanation is to be found in the response of the control circuit—rather than the motor—to the altered line voltage.) The capstan is mechanically decoupled from the hub-drive system, which may account for the excellent (0.08%, measured by the ANSI/IEEE standard in record/play) wow-and-flutter figure.

Both mechanically and electronically the unit meets Sansui's specs at every point where our bench testing can confirm them. Noise is low, channel separation extremely high, erasure excellent. As mentioned earlier, the record/play response with TDK D tape is extremely flat; with TDK chrome the response is not quite as flat but still is very fine.

In terms of operating convenience and reproduced sound the deck strikes us as excellent. Even head cleaning (which requires removal of the cassette-well door) is almost as easy with this front-loading design as it is with most top-loaders and easier than it is with some top-loaders and many front-loaders. (Sansui supplies a head-cleaning accessory with the unit.)

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**Sansui SC-3000 Additional Data**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Specification</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speed accuracy</td>
<td>2.0% fast at 105 VAC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1.9% fast at 120 VAC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1.7% fast at 127 VAC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wow and flutter</td>
<td>playback: 0.06%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>record/play: 0.08%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rewind time (C-60 cassette)</td>
<td>73 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast-forward time (same cassette)</td>
<td>73 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S/N ratio (re 0 VU, Dolby off)</td>
<td>playback: L ch: 55 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>record/play: L ch: 53.5 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 56 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 54 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erasure (333 Hz at normal level)</td>
<td>67 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crosstalk (at 333 Hz)</td>
<td>record left, play right: 58 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>record right, play left: 53 dB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensitivity (re DIN 0 VU)</td>
<td>line input: L ch: 100 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>mike Input: L ch: 60 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 90 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 0.53 mV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meter action (re DIN 0 VU)</td>
<td>L ch: 4 dB high</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 3.5 dB high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total harmonic distortion (at -10 VU)</td>
<td>L ch: &lt;1.3%, 50 Hz to 5 kHz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: &lt;1.3%, 50 Hz to 5 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>IM distortion (record/play, -10 VU)</td>
<td>L ch: 5.0%</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 4.5%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maximum output (re DIN 0 VU)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R ch: 0.5 V</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The features and controls are well thought-out, though there are two fairly obvious omissions: mike/line mixing and Dolby decode/ recording switching. It is our impression that relatively few home users actually need the mixing feature, which does add to cost, so Sansui's decision to omit it would appear sensible. The extra Dolby switching presumably would add a little to cost too, but there currently are enough Dolby broadcasters in this country that the feature would appear to be useful. Either feature can be added via outboard equipment of course, though the cost is much higher than that of the built-in equivalents. But these are questions that each designer—and purchaser—must answer for himself. And the basic design decisions—those affecting sound quality—have been very well handled indeed by Sansui.

**Reports in Preparation**

C/M Labs CM-15 feedback loudspeaker
Kenwood KR-9400 stereo receiver
Jensen OPC Model 25 loudspeaker
Marantz 5420 cassette deck
Technics SL-1500 turntable
There is a new cassette on the market. The FUJI FX, a Pure-Ferrix cassette that soon will be the standard of excellence for top quality, truly high fidelity reproduction. It already is in many parts of the world.

FUJI FX gives you the music you want, the way you want your music. Clear, crisp sound over the entire audio frequency range without perceptible distortion. A signal-to-noise ratio of better than 58 db. No hiss. Virtually failu-proof. The finest music at your fingertips without the need for any special bias. Drop in at your FUJI dealer today then drop in a FUJI and hear music as you have never heard it before.

FUJI FX cassettes come in lengths of 46, 60 and 90. Also available, a full line of FUJI FL Low Noise cassettes in lengths of 30, 60, 90 and 120 minutes. FUJI Photo Film U.S.A., Inc. 1e Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001.
Recordings You’ll Ever Make

A Guide to the "Geography" of Tape and Recorder Behavior

Plotting a Course to The Best Tape Cartography by Edward J. Foster (with the B&K Real-Time Analyzer) / Baedeker by Robert Low
If a little knowledge is indeed a dangerous thing, you should use the owner's manual for your tape recorder with the utmost caution. A typical manual will really tell you very little about recording: something about the recorder, perhaps, but very little about tape or, more important, what one manufacturer calls "the symbiosis between recorder and tape."

Getting a good recording—a good one—is largely a question of fitting the music (or whatever) into the "space" available in your tape medium. Every recordist knows (or should) that the levels, as shown on the recorder's meters, must not be too high, lest the musical peaks distort, nor too low, lest quiet detail be overwhelmed by inherent noise. But the relationships among overload, signal, and noise vary with frequency, as do the recorder's metering characteristics. Without a fairly clear concept of how all these variables relate to each other—the contours of the electromagnetic landscape you're seeking to work with, so to speak—you seldom will get the best possible recording, given the music, the deck, and the tape you're using.

Exploring the Unknown

In order to map the typical landscapes you can encounter, we set up a project unlike any other we've come across before. We chose three tape decks that, although each is an exceptionally fine example of its type, are as different as imagination and available hardware could make them. We also chose tapes that would give us a sampling of divergent types. And we chose three kinds of music: classical orchestra, string quartet, and rock instrumental. Vocal recordings, as such, are not difficult to tape. (Even the acoustic recording medium did a fine job by the human voice.) The instrumental backgrounds, rather than the vocals themselves, are what will pose the problems (if any) for the tape medium; so the instrumental curves shown here can be your guide for vocal recordings as well.

Armed with these variables, we enlisted the participation of that glamor-boy of the equipment-testing field, the real-time analyzer. B&K's device divides into frequency bands one-third of an octave wide whatever signal is fed to it and displays (on a screen like that of a TV set) the momentary energy in each of these bands. It can be set to follow each band on an instant-by-instant basis or to hold the highest level in each long enough to read maximum values.

Without such an instrument, some of the information presented here could not have been gathered. We used it extensively as our transit in mapping the contours we will be working with. For one thing, it was invaluable in displaying the maximum instantaneous levels achieved with respect to frequency in the several recordings. The craggy curves thus obtained demonstrate the way in which each musical example makes its demands on the tape medium. The real-time analyzer also made it extremely simple to obtain "response curves" of the tapes' inherent noise. Obviously these data are important in establishing the lower boundary of the working space into which the music must fit.

The upper boundary is a composite, defining maximum useful level as we did in testing cassette tapes a few years ago. [Ed Foster described the test in our March 1973 issue.] The low-frequency portion of the tape overload curve (to at least 1 kHz; the changeover point varies with transport speed, tape, and recorder) represents the recording level at which total harmonic distortion reaches 3%—a commonly accepted "maximum recording level" beyond which distortion tends to rise very rapidly. But distortion is not the only symptom of tape overload. At higher frequencies a phenomenon known as self-erasure takes over even before distortion becomes excessive. Output from the tape no longer is proportional to input; the tape simply saturates, and adding to the input level actually will reduce the output level through self-erasure. The upper end of the tape-overload curve therefore represents saturation.

Frequency-response curves should hold little mystery for regular readers. They document the linear-response area of the tape/recorder combination and show the degree to which response departs from the ideal linearity toward the frequency extremes. For test reports on open-reel equipment, response curves are made at -10 VU; for this article we used -20 VU on all curves (with respect to Ampex zero for the open-reel decks, DIN zero for the cassette deck) to give a better comparative idea of performance between cassettes and open reels. Because of saturation at the high end, response varies with recording level. The presentation of both response and overload curves simultaneously shows the relationship between them with unusual clarity. (Note, in particular, the open-reel curves at 1½ ips in Chart 6.)

Another variable plotted on our "road maps" is meter action. Three distinct meter types are represented. First there is a true VU (averaging) meter—the type that has been used in professional work for decades. It measures the incoming signal according to a "ballistics" formula that ignores brief peaks (transients), averaging out signal voltages over a long enough time base to allow the record-
The B&K real-time analyzer: controls (at left) and readout.

ist's eye to follow the needle's movement.

The second type, represented here on the cassette deck, takes the incoming signal and measures considerably closer to instantaneous values. To prevent excessively fast needle action, the values thus obtained are "held" momentarily by the metering circuit—what is known as a fast-attack, slow-decay characteristic. This usually is called a peak-reading meter—something of a misnomer since it implies the indication of peak voltages, as opposed to rms values for an averaging meter. The difference is strictly one of time: Peak meters will respond to briefer bursts than averaging meters, while they respond identically to steady signals.

The third metering type also is peak-reading, but it measures voltages after the recording pre-emphasis is added. The advantage claimed for this system is that it depsects the signals with which the tape actually must cope, rather than the raw incoming signal.

At low levels, you will uncover another boundary of the domain of which you are the master when you operate your recorder: noise. The graphic representation here is a little more complex, and we'll discuss its meaning in a moment.

Our road maps, then, assemble all this information on a single chart for a given combination of recorder, tape, and transport speed, staking out the working limits for that combination. Therefore, not only do the curves show you how the working limits will change when you alter one factor or another, but by comparing these curves with those for our musical examples you can see just how each type of music must be treated for best possible reproduction.

Obviously we could not include all possible tapes, decks, transport speeds, or musical examples. Those we have used are carefully chosen to typify circumstances commonly experienced by the home recordist; interpolations (and, if necessary, extrapolations) can be made by the reader on the basis of his own equipment and musical tastes.

Before getting into the specifics that our survey yielded, a note is in order about the "composite" indications. In normal musical signals, the tape is not confronted at any given moment with just a single frequency or even a single band of frequencies one-third octave wide. There is a miscellaneous admixture of frequencies, at varying intensities, that assault your recorder's meter and head, and your ear. So any plotting scheme must allow for not only what happens to (and in) individual portions of the spectrum, but how these isolated events will be integrated in the recording and listening processes.

In addition to the third-octave noise curve made with the real-time analyzer, therefore, the recorder graphs show a straight line depicting "composite noise"—a measurement made over the entire spectrum, subjected to what is known as A weighting (which, roughly, corrects these figures for audibility factors so that they generally run about 2 or 3 dB lower than the unweighted type of noise figures shown in our test reports). The composite figures reflect total audible noise—including, to some extent, hum in the electronics of the decks measured. Hum has been excluded from the third-octave curves, which represent tape noise almost exclusively.

The music curves, shown later in the article, likewise have an indication of composite level as well as the frequency breakdown. It is the composite that the meter will read—or the ear will hear—and total dynamic range for any given situation would be measured from the level at which this reading is recorded down to the composite noise measurement.

The whole is, in both music and noise, greater than the sum of the parts. The differences between the curves and the composite values obviously will vary with the spectral distribution of the noise (including the weighting) and with the instrumentation of the loudest musical passages. Music, unlike noise, will be totally absent at some frequencies at any given instant, of course.

**A Tale of Three Decks**

- **Open Reels, Averaging Meters.** We chose the Teac A-7300 to represent this sort of equipment. It is a luxurious unit that in many of its operating features suggests Teac's professional Tascam equipment. It includes three-position switches for adjusting recording equalization and bias, and we made measurements with these switches set at both extremes. (As a matter of fact, we also made measurements at the intermediate settings, but since the differences were minor we chose just three sets that illustrate relatively clear-cut differences.)
Chart 1 shows the A-7300 used with Maxell UD tape and switched to the “1” (highest) positions for both bias and recording equalization. These positions are specifically adjusted for UD tape, so the response is predictably good. We then chose Scotch 150 tape—which is no longer offered by 3M—as an example of an older tape that, however excellent it may have been in its day, now represents a merely “good” formulation. Chart 2 shows what happened when we measured it with the high bias and equalization settings intended for UD; the results when we used the lowest settings are shown in Chart 3. All of these tests, you’ll notice, were made at 7½ ips.

A comparison of the curves made with Scotch 150 tape shows what happens when you use a tape that’s a poor match to your recorder. With the higher bias setting the response drops off quite badly as frequency rises; with the lowered bias the response is flattened out somewhat, but even this setting appears to be excessive for this tape. Overload is improved ever so slightly (that is, it is pushed slightly higher at high frequencies) when the bias is lowered, while other properties remain the same.

But when you switch to the more “modern” UD tape (with the correct bias and equalization settings), significant changes occur. The response is flattened to within true high fidelity standards, so that you shouldn’t expect to hear any alteration in musical balances. The noise curve, though it reaches exactly the same figure at 20 kHz as those for Scotch 150, is significantly lower elsewhere, while the composite measurement is 5½ dB lower. In other words, noise will be significantly less audible with UD.

But the most interesting result of the tape change is shown in the overload curves. At first glance they may look similar. UD rises almost 10 dB above the 0-VU line; Scotch 150 rises a little higher. If those values alone were the significant ones, it would mean the Scotch could give you a hair more headroom than Maxell and therefore allow you to record at slightly higher levels, partially offsetting its higher noise levels. But notice the frequencies at which maximum headroom occurs. With UD they are squarely in the midrange where, with most music, the greatest signal energy occurs. (To get an idea of what this frequency range sounds like, remember that the A natural to which an orchestra tunes is at or near 440 Hz.) Maximum headroom with 150 is at around 2 kHz—usually a less critical spot in the spectrum. And for close-up percussives like jazz cymbals and for synthesizer music, both of which often contain far more extremely high-frequency energy than you normally would find in conventional pops or classics, the Scotch places severe overload restrictions at the high end, while the Maxell has an overload curve that will take high levels in stride to very high frequencies.

These curves show unequivocally the sort of
differences to expect between a "hot" modern tape (like UD) and a conventional one (like 150). With average program material you may notice little difference except somewhat louder background hiss with the conventional formulation and, if your recorder is not correctly adjusted for it, a loss in brilliance and sparkle. But the headroom characteristic is important (and becomes increasingly important as transport speed is lowered—as our next examples will show) not only in terms of allowing room for extraordinary high-frequency content, but also because of the traditional VU meter.

These meters are, as specified, the averaging type that do not respond (or at least not accurately) to sounds of very short duration. The professional engineer, who uses VU meters constantly throughout his working day, quickly learns how to judge the significance of this. Percussives—including the sound of bells, piano, guitar, and similarly struck or plucked instruments—begin with a sharp spike too brief for an exact reading on a VU meter. Hence the engineer learns to keep maximum metered levels lower with these instruments than he does with woodwinds and strings, whose "transients" are characterized by their harmonic structure rather than by instantaneous intensity at the onset of the tone. The headroom—the distance between the meter 0-VU curve and the overload curve in the graphs—is partially a hedge against unmetered spikes. The capable engineer, however, may use it to gain dynamic range; though he may hold the loudest tones in a piano recording to a 0-VU meter indication, in recording a string orchestra he may let the meter pin (meaning that maximum levels are above the top indication at +3 VU) at the loudest moments in the music.

**Open Reels, Peak Meters.** The next deck we chose was the Tandberg 9241XD (the quarter-track stereo model in its 9200XD series), which has peak-reading meters that monitor signals after the recording pre-emphasis and includes Dolby noise-reduction circuitry. It is adjusted specifically for Maxell UD tape, so we tested it only with that tape but at all three of its operating speeds and, in each case, with the Dolby B circuitry both on and off. The progression from Chart 4 (at 7½ ips) through Chart 5 (at 3½) to Chart 6 (at 1½) shows clearly how transport speed affects—drastically—the territory available to the recordist.

The first thing to note, however, is the meter curve. Since these are peak-reading meters (whose time-response, in theory, is as quick as that of the ear so that any spike too brief to register on the meter will, if it distorts, produce no audible evidence of overload), no headroom is needed. And there is none. A peak that registers at 0 VU will be (or, toward the frequency extremes, a little above) the tape's overload point at 7½ ips. (The overload curve is, of course, very similar to that made on the Teac with the same tape and transport speed.) The correspondence between the meter and overload
curves is particularly exact in the critical mid-range area from about 200 Hz to beyond 1 kHz, where the energy of musical peaks usually is concentrated. With normal music you can confidently push the peaks right up to the meters’ 0-VU indication (but not beyond!), where the music is loaded with highs, it might be better to keep peaks 2 or 3 dB below 0 VU to prevent overload in the region around 5 kHz.

When we switch from 7½ ips to 3¼, several things happen. The increased high-frequency pre-emphasis boosts highs going to the meters, causing them to register 0 VU at lower levels for high-frequency signals than they did at 7½. The pre-emphasis also drives the signals farther up against the tape’s overload limit (in effect, lowering the overload ceiling with respect to incoming signals at high frequencies), while the reduced tape speed shifts several of the boundaries approximately one octave toward the low-frequency end of the spectrum. The point at which the overload limit starts to drop from its maximum value, and the point at which saturation becomes severe and the overload ceiling begins to drop rapidly, both demonstrate this. And because the saturation curve has been lowered, the point at which response begins to drop off rapidly has moved from beyond audibility to just below 20 kHz. Similarly, the high-frequency noise curves have shifted a little to the left, hemming in the maximum possible dynamic range from the bottom much as the overload curve does from the top.

While use of the Dolby circuit has little influence on any of the curves except that for noise at 7½ ips, at 3¼ there is a slight difference in the overload curves as low as 7 kHz (partly because the Dolby circuit compresses highs, moving them upward and closer to overload) and consequently a slight difference in maximum high-frequency response (since overload is beginning to affect response even at −20 VU).

All of these properties are much more severe at 1¼ ips. And response linearity is more difficult to maintain at this speed, while Dolby action emphasizes the nonlinearities. Because of reduced tape capability at the slower speed and increased demands on the remaining capability (because pre-emphasis is higher still), the overload curve is far poorer through the entire top of the frequency range than it was at 3¼ ips. The overload curve itself is shown only to 10 kHz, but it re-emerges in the steep drop at the top end of the response curves.

Noise may appear to improve slightly at the very top of the spectrum, but the flattening of the noise curves above 10 kHz is simply an indication that the combination of magnetic coating, recorded wavelength, and head-gap size is pushed to the limit. At around 12 kHz it exhausts its potential for further useful “work.” In terms of pre-Columbian cartography, the frequency has simply sailed off the edge of the world.
Cassettes, Peak Metering. Cassettes and cassette decks running at 17/8 ips will not necessarily give up at the same point as open-reel at that speed. Head designs differ, for one thing. For another, coatings on cassette tapes bearing the same type designation almost invariably differ—in thickness if nothing else—from their open-reel counterparts. Sometimes they have little more than the name (and the manufacturer) in common.

Our choice for a cassette deck, the Nakamichi 1000, demonstrates this, since it is set up for best performance (in the ferric mode) with Maxell UD or Nakamichi EX, which are interchangeable in terms of performance. The 1000 has just the one ferric setting for bias and equalization (the Nakamichi 500 and 550 have an additional, lower bias position for tapes that can profit from it), and we tried it with BASF SK—a modestly priced formulation that has been on the market for some years—as well. And, with bias and equalization switched for chrome, we measured the 1000 with Nakamichi chromium dioxide.

Chart 7 was made with EX. Don’t expect any of the results to look like those made on the open-reel decks with UD. The difference is not in the tape so much as in the tape medium, particularly in terms of assumed reference levels and how other behavior patterns relate to them. Whereas traditional open-reel decks allow something like 10 dB of headroom between their 0 VU and the midrange overload point of typical tapes, the DIN 0 VU allows very little: only 2 to 3 dB in this example.

For that reason cassette deck manufacturers regularly ignore the DIN 0 VU and calibrate their meters somewhat lower to restore at least some of the lost headroom. Nakamichi’s 0 VU is 3 dB below DIN 0 VU; hence its metering line lies 3 dB below the zero calibration in our chart. Note that, except in level, it very closely approximates the meter line in the Teac graphs, because both companies (unlike Tandberg) insert the meter ahead of recording pre-emphasis and therefore measure the signal “flat” except for a slight loss in meter-circuit sensitivity at the frequency extremes. But whereas Teac uses averaging meters, Nakamichi’s are peak-reading. For that reason the 5 dB or so of midband headroom between the meter line and the overload line is ample even though it’s only about half that found in the Teac. In other words, an occasional peak of +2 dB or so need not be worried about even though the Nakamichi’s meters are reading more nearly instantaneous values. Had Nakamichi used averaging meters, there would be cause for worry about transient spikes, but most cassette decks with averaging meters are adjusted for a still lower 0-VU indication—often 5 or 6 dB below the DIN zero.

This is because the DIN 0-VU reference is much closer to maximum undistorted recorded levels than the standard reference level in open-reel equipment is. Total dynamic range, therefore, is not as great even if the signal-to-noise ratio (meas-
ured between the 0-dB line and the composite noise line) is equal. Note that, while the overload line is lower (with respect to 0 dB) than in open-reel equipment, it stays relatively high into the upper frequencies, only plummeting beyond 10 kHz. A carefully chosen match of tape and deck is required if this is to be true in cassette equipment—and if the response curve is to be as flat and as extended as it is in this graph.

Chart 8 shows what happens when, even with an excellent deck, you choose a poorly matched tape. Now the overload line starts to drop rapidly just beyond 5 kHz and the response is anything but flat. If the deck were readjusted to more nearly approximate optimum for SK tape (which some older and less expensive decks already do, of course), the response—particularly that with the Dolby circuit switched on—could be radically improved, and the overload curve should be too.

The SK noise curve already is excellent: about 3 dB better, in the upper frequencies and in the composite measurement, than that for EX. But this virtue is moot without reasonably flat response. And if the deck's bias were lowered to accommodate SK, noise performance should suffer somewhat.

Notice that in Chart 9, made with chrome tape, the noise curves and measurements run about 6 dB better than they do with EX. This does not mean that chrome has inherently lower noise. At extremely low frequencies the noise actually is higher, and at the higher frequencies chrome benefits from its greater playback de-emphasis—
which pulls down noise along with audio response. That is, the 70-microsecond chrome equalization boosts program highs more in recording and reduces them more in playback.

It can do this because of chrome's higher high-frequency overload characteristic. In using the 70-microsecond equalization we trade away part of that high-frequency headroom to buy extra dynamic range. The result of this land-trade deal is an upper limit to our operating area quite similar to that for the ferric EX tape. At 1 kHz, the chrome's overload point is 3 dB below that of EX; elsewhere it is almost as good. Given the Nakamichi's metering characteristics, therefore, you would adjust levels approximately the same way for either tape, though you should be a little more cautious about "recording into the red" with chrome. But even if you set the levels 2 or 3 dB lower for chrome, it still should give you audibly greater dynamic range—that is, quieter tapes for the same listening levels.

Now let's examine the demands that actual music makes on our "available recording space." For a symphony-orchestra recording we chose Holst’s *The Planets* (Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, Columbia M/MQ 31125). First let's consider the ponderous Jupiter movement, which impresses immediately with its massive scoring. It sounds as though it should be fairly demanding in terms of recorder capability, and it is. Chart A shows that the greatest energy concentration is squarely in that midrange area, around 500 Hz, that we have identified as most critical. But the demands made on the tape medium do not drop off—that is, by 10 dB or more—until we get below 70 Hz or above 5 kHz. And if we look for the range within which the energy lies at least 15 dB high 70 Hz or above 5 kHz. And if we look for the range within which the energy lies at least 15 dB below the 500-Hz maximum, we must go about an octave farther in both directions.

This musical response curve should be fairly typical of late-Romantic, big-orchestra pieces. Remember that the curve represents, simultaneously, the maximum levels in each band. Normally they will be approached during the climaxes, but without necessarily ever producing exactly the instantaneous energy distribution suggested by the curve. The composite of all frequency bands—what your meters read—measures 3½ dB higher at its maximum than any of the frequency bands.

The Uranus movement of *The Planets* also contains "big" sounds, and it measures quite similarly over most of the range. It does make somewhat greater demands in the range around 8 kHz (which, as the recorder curves show, could be a problem with a poor high-frequency overload characteristic in using one of the older tapes or, in open-reel equipment, a very slow transport speed), but it is the bass that is significantly different. There, an E flat (just below 80 Hz) at the climax actually measures ½ dB higher than the highest level obtained at 500 Hz during the course of the movement. The E flat an octave below (affecting the 40-Hz band) runs almost as high and, because of the reduced capabilities one normally can expect of the recording medium at such low frequencies, should be an even greater problem.

The over-all composite level for this movement is only ½ dB higher than that for Jupiter. That is, if you leave your recording level control where it is and record both movements, the meter's maximum swing should be only about ½ dB higher when you come to Uranus. But for the extreme demands of Uranus you must avoid overeagerness in setting that level. The scoring of that movement does put it in the exceptional category—along with, for example, *Also sprach Zarathustra*, with its large orchestra and organ pedal points.

Much more typical in outline is the Mercury movement, shown in Chart C. On listening to it, you might not think that it would be. The pervading feeling is one of quiet delicacy, with a great deal of high-frequency sparkle. This is deceptive, because the curve shows maximum levels in each band, rather than typical ones. (If it measured typical levels, the curve would be much lower in the midrange and somewhat lower at the high end.) When the climaxes of this movement come, they

One reason for the excellent noise measurements with the Nakamichi, incidentally, is our test sample's exceptional freedom from hum. This usually occurs at line frequency (60 Hz) or at a harmonic thereof. 120 Hz (the second harmonic) often is the most audible, though its absolute level seldom will be as great as that of the 60-Hz fundamental, and 180 Hz (the third harmonic) sometimes is present as well. The uncorrected noise-spectrum figures on the Teac do show some 120-Hz hum. Those for our sample of the Tandberg prove its 120-Hz hum to be almost completely suppressed, but there is some 180-Hz hum and a good deal at 60 Hz. Obviously curves that include hum would show differences in this respect from deck to deck—visible differences much greater than those the ear detects from the hum itself. Therefore we have included hum in the composite noise figures (on which it has little effect because of the audibility weighting) but not in the frequency curves.

### Moving in with Music

Now let's examine the demands that actual music makes on our "available recording space." For a symphony-orchestra recording we chose Holst's *The Planets* (Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, Columbia M/MQ 31125). First let's consider the ponderous Jupiter movement, which impresses immediately with its massive scoring. It sounds as though it should be fairly demanding in terms of recorder capability, and it is. Chart A shows that the greatest energy concentration is squarely in that midrange area, around 500 Hz, that we have identified as most critical. But the demands made on the tape medium do not drop off—that is, by 10 dB or more—until we get below 70 Hz or above 5 kHz. And if we look for the range within which the energy lies at least 15 dB below the 500-Hz maximum, we must go about an octave farther in both directions.

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Much more typical in outline is the Mercury movement, shown in Chart C. On listening to it, you might not think that it would be. The pervading feeling is one of quiet delicacy, with a great deal of high-frequency sparkle. This is deceptive, because the curve shows maximum levels in each band, rather than typical ones. (If it measured typical levels, the curve would be much lower in the midrange and somewhat lower at the high end.) When the climaxes of this movement come, they
Maximum Levels in Our Nine Musical Samples

Chart A: Symphony Orchestra (Holst): Maximum Levels

Chart B: Symphony Orchestra (Holst): Maximum Levels

Chart C: Symphony Orchestra (Holst): Maximum Levels

Chart D: String Quartet (Dvorak): Maximum Levels

Chart E: Rock Group (Emerson, Lake & Palmer): Maximum Levels

Chart F: Rock Group (Emerson, Lake & Palmer): Maximum Levels

Composite musical curves prepared with the B&K analyzer. A, B, and C represent three movements of The Planets by Holst. Two movements of the Dvorak American Quartet, Op. 96, are shown in D. E and F show sections from Pictures at an Exhibition, rendered by Emerson, Lake, & Palmer.

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involve much more conventional scoring than the climaxes of the other two movements. Mercury does not have their roar and crash, produced by almost hyperthyroid activity in the orchestra's brass and percussion sections; it relies more on the basic body of strings and winds. For this reason the frequency distribution of energy in its climax is much more like what one might expect in, say, the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. Hence this curve should be a better guide than the other two movements if you are recording classical or high-Romantic orchestral works—which, of course, account for the majority of the symphonic repertory.

The Mercury curve is quite different—and much easier to record—in comparison with Jupiter and Uranus. Though its maximum point on the frequency curve is only 0.5 dB below that of Jupiter and its over-all composite only 1 dB lower, it makes far less demand at the frequency extremes. From 5 kHz on up its energy is more than 15 dB lower than the midrange maximum; nothing comes closer than 10 dB of the midrange maximum from 250 Hz down nor within 15 dB of it below about 60 Hz.

This compares interestingly with the curves in Chart D, for the first and fourth movements of Dvořák's American Quartet, Op. 96 (Budapest String Quartet, Columbia M/MQ 32792). Though this disc is cut at a somewhat lower level (the composite measurement for the first movement is 4 dB below that of Mercury, that for the fourth movement 3 dB below it), the curves are virtually identical from 2.5 kHz up. The quartet has a little less energy in the midrange, and of course there is distinctly less energy in the deep bass.

The somewhat lower recording level presumably was chosen for a number of reasons. First, the string quartet has an inherently smaller dynamic range and needn't have its loudest passages pushed as hard against the upper limits of the medium. Second, one tends to listen to a string quartet at lower playback levels; if it were given all the climax power of Holst's orchestra, it would sound unnatural. Third, this is a very close-miked recording with a great deal of transient detail in the attacks (the little "noises" that help to characterize the sound of stringed instruments heard from close up), which in energy content resemble the percussives of an orchestra. By backing off somewhat on the level, Columbia may have preserved a little more freshness in these sounds by keeping their transient spikes farther away from overload.

The home recordist would do well to take this example to heart. Where the music recorded doesn't put a premium on maximum recording level you're generally better off if you give up some signal-to-noise ratio in favor of a little more protective headroom. Muddied peaks (from too high a level) may be easier to perceive than added background noise (from one that's too low) under such circumstances.

The curves for Mercury and for the string quartet should be useful for a wide variety of music—including most pops as well as classics—but certainly not for rock. The essential difference is that, whereas conventional music is made with "real" instruments (including the human voice) whose overtone content drops off rapidly beyond the fundamental range of the resonant system by which the tone is produced, rock centers around electronic musical devices that free overtone structure from natural laws. A synthesizer can produce any overtone structure you program it for, and even its fundamentals (the notes actually played on its keyboard) can go far beyond the fundamental range of most acoustic instruments. In addition, there are guitar amplifiers and various electro-acoustic devices that can apply the sonic manipulation of the synthesizer to the tones generated by other instruments. The rule is: In rock, expect lots of highs—and lows.

The point is ably made by Chart E, using two of the "Promenade" sections from the Emerson, Lake, & Palmer recording of Pictures at an Exhibition (Cotillion ELP 66666). The first is played on a pipe organ; the second is Greg Lake's arrangement with heavy use of the synthesizer. Same tune, totally different curves, though the composite is only 2 dB higher for the second "Promenade."

The pipe-organ sound is somewhat less demanding at the high end than even the string quartet; at the low end it's more like the symphonic sounds of Jupiter. There is, in fact, not much difference in frequency content at the low end between the two "Promenades"; higher up—and particularly at 10 kHz—they are miles apart.

If you are recording rock, therefore, be cautious. Not only do you need excellent frequency response if you are to preserve the full impact of the high-level swings into the stratosphere of which the synthesizer and its brethren are uniquely capable, but you must be aware that the flight of these sounds can be grounded by a low overload ceiling even before they reach frequencies where response begins to flag.

Our synthesizer example is by no means extreme (though, as Chart F shows, its peak at 10 kHz is the most extreme of the four sections plotted from Pictures at an Exhibition). Chart F provides curves for two other segments of the Pictures, one of which ("The Great Gates of Kiev") makes heavy demands in the lower midrange and midbass, while the other ("Blues Variation") will pose its problems for the tape medium only in the bass (note the 50-Hz spike) and at the top (near 10 kHz).
Plotting a Course

So now we have, on the one hand, our topographical maps of the tape/recorder medium into which we plan to fit our music and, on the other, the layout of a variety of musical examples. How do you fit them together?

We'd suggest you begin with some tracing paper, or at least some paper thin enough so that you can trace the important curves and then lay one over another. Using this technique, you can derive curves for your recorder and tape, if one of our examples isn't already close to the combination you work with. Actually, most recordists should find that our curves are a reasonably close approximation—close enough for present purposes—and that the nearest match can be used without redrawing. But let's go over the differences that one might find in other conceivable combinations.

In general, most chrome tapes will produce curves almost identical to those shown for the Nakamichi chrome, while most branded ferric tapes (and, if you're interested in really good recordings, you shouldn't be using the cheapies) will resemble either UD (EX in cassettes) or 150 (SK in cassettes that are incorrectly matched to the recorder), or they will fall somewhere in between. Only the very “hottest” of tapes (like TDK's Audua, BASF LH Super, and Fuji FX) will have the high, arching high-frequency overload characteristic shown for UD and EX. (So will TDK SA, but it is a special case because—though it is a ferric formulation—it should be used much more like chrome.)

Most other premium-priced or sub-premium ferric tapes (from companies like Ampex, Memorex, TDK, Capitol, and Columbia) should be expected to have overload curves that don't stay quite as high—at least at high frequencies. The middle-priced and better budget tapes will tend to look more like the 150/SK curves.

The exact curves will vary from these gross generalizations not only with the brand, but with the way your recorder is set up, of course; but these guidelines should give you a rough scale against which you can visualize your available overload curve. And you'll see as we go along that for most music the difference between tapes in this and other respects is not really very great as long as you have a good match between tape and recorder. It is only in trying to get the very best possible recordings of the more problematic musical examples that the differences become really critical.

The tape choice also will affect the noise curves. As you go down in price, the noise generally will rise much as the headroom lowers. The response will change, too, but here the match between recorder and tape obviously is critical (as Charts 2 and 3 demonstrate). Assuming an excellent match, a little bit (maybe 1 or 2 kHz or response) may be trimmed off the high end of the curve with each downward step in tape price class. And study the influence of Dolby B noise reduction—if you use it—on each of our curves. In boosting high-frequency signals (to keep them above high-frequency noise) the Dolby action will force them closer to overload; where the overload ceiling already is low, Dolby action will therefore effectively make it even lower. And it will emphasize any nonlinearity of response above about 500 Hz.

You must remember that we made our measurements with three first-class decks; if yours is not so good, it too will exact a toll in response. In cassette decks, take off about 5 kHz for each halving in price: A $1,000 (three-head) deck may be quite flat out to about 20 kHz, a $500 deck to 15 kHz, a $250 deck to 10 kHz, a $125 cheapie to little better than 5 kHz. The response of cheaper open-reel decks generally won't decline nearly so rapidly with price at 7½ ips, may very roughly approximate the cassette pattern at 3¾, and can be truly atrocious at 1¾.

Noise, too, will be affected by the quality of the deck in any format. The difference should not be marked until you drop below the moderate price brackets, but in really cheap equipment noise performance can be seriously compromised by electronic noise, hum, and—in battery portables—the use of DC bias.

Again, perhaps you will want to construct a graph representing your own situation, building up your drawing from portions of ours, although it shouldn't be necessary in most cases. In any event a thorough absorption of the principles involved probably will be more helpful in the long run—as a sort of memory bank to which you can make instant reference while you're recording—than the drawings themselves, however accurately they may represent your specifics. But let's see how you might go about adapting our data to an individual, and intentionally oddball, situation.

Let's say you use an open-reel recorder with averaging meters and Dolby processing, plus a run-of-the-mill tape roughly comparable to the old Scotch 150, moving at 3¾ ips. Not a likely combination for a serious recordist, but possible if you have an older recorder (requiring an older tape type), a limited tape budget (requiring the slow transport speed), and an outboard Dolby unit.

Begin with the overload curve. You can trace the midbass portion directly from Chart 3 (the Teac with 150 and reasonably correct bias at 7½ ips) because transport speed has little influence on this
The direct-drive DC servo motor is featured in the Marantz 6300 for three compelling reasons. One: The shaft of the motor is directly connected to the center of the turntable for more accurate rotation. Two: The direct-drive motor eliminates the need for belts, pulleys and other mechanical parts that increase friction, impair accuracy. Three: The DC motor is electronically controlled for even greater precision. And precision is what the 6300 is all about. That's why Marantz design engineers chose the manual system in the first place. Then they incorporated optically-actuated auto lift and shutoff to afford the Marantz owner automatic convenience without sacrificing quality. Here's how it works:

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Once you have depressed either the 33-1/3 or 45 RPM selector push switch and activated the platter, the moving-dot patterns will begin. Then you simply turn the pitch control until the moving dots appear to stand still. Now you've accurately set the speed for the original recorded pitch. If you wish to adjust the pitch to your personal taste, turn the control for a variance of ± 3%

The Marantz S-shaped static-balanced tone arm has an easy-to-read tracking force control knob and vertical and lateral counterbalancing, plus Marantz anti-skate for still greater accuracy. There's even a plug-in cartridge shell for convenient cartridge exchange and a storage-mount for holding an extra cartridge.

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portion of the curve. But, as you can see in Charts 4 and 5, the overload curve should bend downward somewhat below about 100 Hz when you go from 7½ to 3%. Now before you draw the high portion, study what you would lose in headroom on the Tandberg—without Dolby—when you switch tape speed between these two charts. As previously stated, the whole upper end of the curve shifts to the left by about one octave and bends downward somewhat because of the added pre-emphasis. Then note the extra bending occasioned by the action of the Dolby circuit. Shift and bend Chart 3's overload curve by approximately the same amounts, and it will be reasonably close to the values you can expect. The metering curve can be copied directly from the Teac, which also uses averaging meters.

The response curve will depend to some extent on the age and condition of your recorder and on the precision with which its bias and equalization settings match the requirements of your tape. This curve won't extend beyond the overload curve you've already drawn in, which will fix the maximum possible upper response limit. For a deck that has a fine separate playback head, the response curve may closely approach this limit; for one that has an inexpensive record/play head, the curve will droop somewhat more rapidly. But if the bias and equalization are closer to perfect than those in the Teac are for 150, the response curve should be flatter at frequencies below the point at which the droop begins. Chances are that, if your taped copies sound slightly dull by comparison with the originals, it is because of the steeper droop at the very top; if your copies sound slightly sibilant, on the other hand, this generally doesn't happen until the pulse—or, in speech, "explosive" consonants like T and P—that an averaging meter will conform less closely to actual instantaneous values.

Whether you feel it necessary to go to these lengths or can confidently use a little eyeball English to make mental correction of curves in the existing graphs, you're now ready to start fitting the music onto the tapes—graphically speaking. In this all-important step, tracing paper is really essential: You must be able to see the tape curves in the background, right through the music curves.

You will find immediately that Charts C and D, which approximate the large majority of musical numbers that you might want to record, fit in very neatly under the overload curves. This is no accident; tape systems have been engineered to accommodate this need. Obviously you don't want any of the craggy "peaks" in the musical contour to press against the limiting ceiling of the overload line, or muddied sound will result. So in these examples it is the energy at around 500 Hz that will determine optimum recording levels.

But how do you set your recording meters so that you will get these levels? That depends on the nature of the pulse, and there's no reliable way of judging true values from meter readings. The B&K real-time analyzer responds to transients much as peak-reading meters do. And in the absence of sharp transients—say, with pipe organ or music for string orchestra—the readings on averaging meters should match data from both averaging meters and the analyzer very closely indeed. It is only when we come to the percussives (or, in speech, "explosive" consonants like T and P) that an averaging meter will conform less closely to actual instantaneous values.

If you have inexpensive averaging meters, you should begin by checking for overshoot. Set your system so that you are feeding a constant signal (interstation noise from FM is a handy source) to your deck and recording it at the meters' 0-VU level. Now switch your source switch to an unused position (so that you get no input signal) and back again. If the signal returns the meters go above, say, +3 VU before settling back to zero, your overshoot is too great for you to get useful meter indication on brief pulses. The reading you see may be too high or too low, depending on the nature of the pulse, and there's no reliable way of judging true values from meter readings.

On a meter with better overshoot damping, pulses of a given level will read lower and lower as they become briefer. With peak-reading meters this generally doesn't happen until the pulse—or the transient, as it's called when it's this brief—is so instantaneous as to defy aural detection of any distortion that it may occasion if it overloads the tape. Averaging meters will begin to fall off before this extreme brevity is reached, so you must allow some extra headroom wherever the sound is transient-laden. Generally about 6 dB will suffice, but in extreme cases this will not be enough. For example, small bells, when miked close up, produce little midrange energy but a great deal of high-fre-
frequency energy in addition to extremely sharp transient spikes. With only average high-frequency overload characteristics in the tape and using averaging meters, you therefore might encounter audible distortion until the recording level is cut back severely; perhaps meter readings could go no higher than -20 VU. But unless you're in the habit of recording ice cream trucks or music boxes you may never encounter anything of this sort. You must, however, listen for transients in whatever you record and be prepared to cut back levels as shown on your averaging meters based on what might be called its percussives quotient.

This would be the equivalent of lowering the music chart with respect to the tape chart. If we take Chart C as representing the music we are recording—say, a string orchestra, which is quite free of loud, sharp percussives—we could place its composite line just below the midrange portion of the overload curve and read, between the meter curve on the tape chart and the composite line on Chart C, the amount of "overrecording" we would need for best possible signal-to-noise. Using Chart 1, you might figure that with transient-free music the loudest passages could read at +9 VU without overloading the tape! And this is true as long as you can be positive that the maximum level you have measured from the music actually is the maximum, let an even higher peak come along, and you're in trouble. So the actual setting of your levels will depend on the exactitude with which you can ascertain maximum levels.

The point is, of course, that we must lower the meter readings to allow for their unresponsiveness to sharp transients—not that we must literally record transient-laden music at a lower level from the tape's point of view with averaging meters. The ideal recording level is the same no matter what metering system is used; only the meter readings needed to achieve that level will change with the metering system.

And, again, it will depend on what we're calling the percussives quotient, since the machine we're considering has averaging meters. Let's say we decide to keep the levels no higher than +6 VU (which can only be guessed at, of course, because the meters generally won't read much higher than +3 VU) and then we come to a loud pizzicato passage that, despite the blurring of the transients (because musicians don't play in perfect synchronization), obviously has some percussive quality. We may figure that we'd better allow an extra 3 dB for the transients, pulling our maximum allowable meter reading down to about +3 VU. But then the concertmaster has a pizzicato solo, for which he's provided with a close-up mike and plenty of level boost—putting him on a loudness par with the whole orchestra. The transients now are more sharply defined and, therefore, more meter-defying. Let's allow another 3 dB.

**Using the Charts**

Trace the music charts and lay them over the tape charts, as explained in the accompanying article. You will find that most music can be recorded on mostrecorders at levels that drive the meters above 0 VU. You can often dispense with headroom and raise signal levels until they approach tape overload. The colored curves in this illustration represent Uranus from The Planets (Chart B), they are superimposed on the black curves representing the Nakamichi with EX tape (Chart 7).

- Since midrange headroom in curve "A" is about 5 1/2 dB (the distance from the meter line at -3 dB to overload at about +2 1/2 dB), the recording level might be set so that the loudest passage is 5 1/2 dB above the meters' 0-VU indication. The graphic equivalent shows the music's composite line set to coincide with the tape's overload line. This results in an unsatisfactory recording with this music because the strong E flats in the bass (40 and 80 Hz) will overload—the peaks protrude above the overload line.
- You might choose to reduce levels on this "difficult" signal until the meters never read above -5 VU. Placing the music's composite line 6 dB below the recorder's meter line (the "B" curves) is the graphic equivalent. But now there is far more room than you really need between the music and tape overload, and the music is down closer to the noise than it need be.
- To reduce the audibility of the noise, raise the recording level until the composite line falls on the meter line ("C" curves). The loudest passages now read 0 VU and the music does not impinge on overload; the levels are optimum.
But look at what has happened. We've come right back to the point at which Teac calibrated its meters; we're now reading 0 VU for the loudest passages. This is why standard meters are calibrated this way, in fact—so that there is a midrange headroom of about 10 dB to allow for transients too brief for the meters to read. For progressively sharper transient content, then, you must lower the composite line on the music graph until—for music as percussive as, say, a Dixieland jazz ensemble—it approximately coincides with the meter line.

With peak-reading meters you need make no such allowance. When you place Chart C over Chart 7, you'll find that the former's composite level line can be moved 5 dB above the meter line before the composite line touches the overload line at 500 Hz—the frequency at which maximum music levels occur in this example. Still, a pad of a few dB might be advisable, so you might hold recording levels down to a maximum meter indication of +2 VU. And when we switch to the more demanding movements of the same composition, as shown in Charts A and B, and set the composite line for each at the same point, we find that the greater high-frequency energy in these movements still doesn't produce crags that come anywhere near our tape overload line.

Of course the composite lines for the three movements (Charts A through C) of The Planets are not at the same levels. When recording the entire work, you would set the level for the loudest passage in any movement and leave the recording controls at that setting throughout the piece.

Recording on the Tandberg at 7½ would present no problem in fitting our music into the available recording space on Chart 4. But limits begin to show up when we switch to 3¾ ips by moving on to Chart 5 and placing that for some "difficult" music—say, Chart A—over it. With the composite line right over the midrange portion of the meter line, we find that the musical energy near 2 kHz comes perilously close to the overload line. But note the shape of the metering curve itself. It is about 3 dB lower at 2 kHz than it is at 500 Hz, meaning that the meters will be about 3 dB more sensitive to that energy peak at 2 kHz and will therefore drive the meter somewhat higher than would be the case had the measurement been made before pre-emphasis.

If we slow the transport speed still further by switching to Chart 6, we find that unless we make allowances for the meters' increased sensitivity at high frequencies we're in real trouble. If we once more place Chart A's composite-level line at about +7 dB on Chart 6, to match the midrange portion of the overload curve, we find that a good deal of the music curve above 1 kHz actually is pushing beyond the overload line into serious distortion. But the meter curve shows that it will respond with about 5 dB more vigor to energy at 2 kHz than it will at 500 Hz. Since the peak itself is about 3 dB lower than the maximum energy at 500 Hz, a meter that reads 0 VU for the 500-Hz energy might read +2 VU for the 2-kHz energy. Thus it would force us to lower our levels by about 2 dB (graphically, lowering the composite line from the +7-dB calibration on Chart 6 to its +5-dB calibration). Lowering the level by another 3 dB for protection (so the composite line falls at +2 dB on Chart 6) will move our music out of trouble until it approaches 10 kHz where, even if the metering system saves it from overloading once again, the faltering frequency response will probably get it.

Those of you who don't have meters that measure after pre-emphasis—and most people don't—will have to make these corrections for high energy levels at high frequencies yourself. From seeing the corrections automatically introduced by the Tandberg's meters, you should have a good idea what's involved. And remember that, if you have a different open-reel machine with this 1½-ips speed, the performance is likely to be considerably poorer—no fidelity match even for AM radio, though it may do a fair job with speech or the least demanding of musical signals.

We'll leave it to you to work out what happens when you try to record something even more difficult, like "Promenade 2" from Chart E. As you'll soon discover, it is not recommended at 1¾ ips on any open-reel deck. In fact, the more combinations you try and the more you study the details of those combinations—including the ways in which Dolby action alters the potential dynamic range, essentially for the better but not necessarily by the basic 10 dB so often quoted for it—the more clearly you should understand what allowances you can and should make for the music in reading your meters to get the best possible recording with your deck and tape. The object always is to get maximum dynamic range—to "position" the music as high as possible above the noise without forcing it into the overload range of the tape.

As the charts make plain, there is no really simple rule about where the meter should read on a given recorder—no rule of the sort that manufacturers often try to promulgate for their owner's manuals. But still, here's one that may help: When in doubt, use caution. If you're 3 dB below optimum level settings, it only means that noise will be 3 dB louder with respect to the music than it need be, a barely discernible difference. If you're 3 dB above optimum settings, distortion on the peaks may be several percentage points above what it need be and/or there may be noticeable high-frequency losses. A slightly hissy recording generally is far better than one that sounds mushy, which is just what happens when you overload. But armed with the information in this article, you should be able to steer a course that will help to keep you away from both.
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Above, Dario Soria, managing director of the Metropolitan Opera Guild (and husband of MA columnist Dorie Soria), with Sim Meyers, RCA Red Seal press manager. Right, lucky DG record producer Gunther Breest gets attention from both Allison Ames (in white sweater), director of press and artist relations for Polydor's classical division, and Kathryn King, head of classical a&r for ABC Records. Far right, Rubinstein makes a point about his photographer daughter Eva to Herbert Keppler, publisher of Modern Photography, and Mrs. Keppler.


Mrs. Isaac Stern relaxes with musicologist Karl Haas. Speight Jenkins, classical editor of Record World, chats with Sheldon Gold, president of Hurok Concerts, and Thomas Z. Shepard, RCA Red Seal's a&r vice president.
Rubinstein Steals Own Party

And a good thing it was his own party, for Arthur Rubinstein would have stolen the show anyway. Last December, a month before the hardy pixie's nineteenth birthday, HIGH FIDELITY/MUSICAL AMERICA threw him a party at the American Broadcasting Companies' New York headquarters in honor of his being named MUSICAL AMERICA'S Musician of the Year. As the accompanying photos, by Ann Limongello, indicate, the charismatic pianist needed no piano to turn his hosts and guests into an audience and, as usual, captivate it.

Left, illustrating a story for ABC president Elton Rule (with badge) and board chairman Leonard Goldenson. Center, telling an anecdote to Polydor's James Frey. RCA's Thomas Z. Shepard also seems entertained. Right, reacting to a point being made by HF/MA's Leonard Marcus, while Julius Bloom, the executive director of Carnegie Hall, and Polydor's Allison Ames stand by.

Rubinstein seems pleased posing with award, flanked by editor and publisher, . . . but he positively beams as he poses with MA's editor Shirley Fleming.
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by Paul Moor

The Legacy of

Walter Felsenstein

(1901-1975)

The working methods of the late director of East Berlin's Komische Oper had worldwide and lasting impact. A devotee describes them, drawing extensively on Felsenstein's own words.

There's no provincial, the saying goes, like a provincial New Yorker—or Londoner or Viennese or Parisian or Roman. This comes to mind frequently in connection with foreigners who visit the Komische Oper in East Berlin, especially with those who have decided beforehand that anything to be seen on a stage on that side of the Berlin Wall classifies as seditious "socialist realism" and who accordingly busy themselves with trying to detect Marxist overtones.

I have lived in Germany since 1951, in West Berlin since 1956. Since my first awakening by the Komische Oper in 1952, I have attended more performances there than in any other house—more than I could even begin to estimate—and so I claim to speak about it with a certain authority, all the more so because my musical circuit-riding exposes me fairly regularly to other great opera houses. Those supercilious metropolitan provincials referred to, whether they remain ignorant of the Komische Oper or not, usually drop their jaws slightly when I say that my decades of familiarity with this house have spoiled me for almost all operatic productions elsewhere and that I regard Walter Felsenstein, the Austrian who founded and directed it, as one of the few authentic theatrical geniuses of our time.

Felsenstein, until his death October 8, 1975, at seventy-four, was the German Democratic Republic's dominant cultural personality. His Komische Oper has developed a unique worldwide reputation among opera connoisseurs. Its singers and conductors may not rank with the vocal athletes of the Met, La Scala, or Covent Garden, but for vital, convincing dramatic presentation of opera no other house in the world can equal it or, in most cases, even approach it.

The opera house was founded in 1947, when Berlin had four sectors but remained one unpartitioned city; like many people, Felsenstein lived in one sector but worked in another. Since then political developments have had relatively little effect...
Let me justify that, so that no one will feel insulted. I know a long list of musical-stage performers who have the potentiality to serve as exemplary if they would consistently exercise and realize their talent and if they would perfect their God-given capabilities and technical skills.

Nevertheless, genuine affection has characterized the attitude of the opera company toward the man they all addressed as Chef, the German term for boss. "On May Day in 1974," he said, "I handed out awards to certain activists and longtime members of the staff. Among them I had 39 members with the Komische Oper for more than 25 years, 94 for more than 20, and 380 for more than 10 years. Altogether that means well above half the entire list of personnel. That also means that I am very closely tied to those people. Naturally they have varying degrees of ability, but all of them are eager, willing, dependable, disciplined, and . . . loyal."

Felsenstein followed a strenuous daily routine: "I have to rise at five or five-thirty at the latest in order to get through the morning program that benefits my age. That program is very strict, for one must be fit. In my profession one can't afford to excite compassion, right? One must make it credible that one is healthy, which I am not—not quite—but I seem so, right? I swim, regardless of the temperature, I exercise, I walk with the dog in the woods . . . I take repeated alternate hot and cold showers.

"I get to the theater every morning by eight or eight-thirty, a quarter to nine at the latest, and then begins the . . . revolting business of running a theater, with an entire mob of people and piles of mail waiting for me. At ten I go to rehearsal. If I have no rehearsal, I work on a pending production. Then comes a one-hour midday break. If I'm lucky, it lasts an hour and a half and I can lie down half an hour, but that doesn't always work out. Then the afternoon and evening—perhaps rehearsal, perhaps watching the evening's performance, so that at the very earliest I get home by ten, otherwise about eleven or twelve."

"I get to other theaters and opera houses too seldom," he continued. "My work doesn't permit it. I am enslaved. Just as my profession enslaves me and keeps me from other theaters, neither can I read what I'd like to. Anyway, unfortunately, I'm a self-taught man. I consider myself highly uneducated, and, if I had time to read, I should turn less to belles lettres than to scholarly and scientific works. Naturally I have certain favorite authors—Stendhal, Goethe . . . I myself am partially to blame that things have turned out as they have. Because, stupidly, I take everything so seriously.

"I regard criticism as enormously important, but naturally I esteem press criticism only when the critic has taken the trouble really to get to know the work under consideration, to investigate audience reaction and the level of performance, and not merely intoxicate himself with his own opinions. I hope I receive more criticism than actually reaches me, I must say. For example, the most interesting critic, for me, is the stagehand who has changed a scene, has nothing more to do on-stage, but stays anyway because the rehearsal interests him. If his face has a listless expression, I am bad. Or in a crowd scene I'm directing, if three people in the back talk . . . it's my fault."

In the television interview, Felsenstein blurted out an astonishingly candid, psychologically enlightening confession: "I do not like myself. I cannot stand Walter Felsenstein. If you were seventy-four years old, it would probably be the same for you. . . . In those few moments when I feel I have managed to accomplish, to realize something successfully, I like myself. Otherwise not much."

Even though he was ill and knew the time left to him was brief, he still was seeking to achieve. "In the dramatic theater I should like once again to stage Goethe's Torquato Tasso, or—and this shows my delusions of grandeur—the Penthesilea of Heinrich von Kleist, the greatest German dramatist, as I know now after having recently staged his Kathchen von Heilbronn with success in Vienna at the Burgtheater. But if Kleist is for me the greatest German dramatist, he is equally contrary and obstinate and crazy, you know, and hard to do right by.

"And in opera I naturally would like to do a great many works, particularly the works I have already done before, even with success, but which I myself found not good enough.

"There are many composers I esteem and really love with a passion, but if I talk about favorite operatic composers, I mean those who are dramatically the most legitimate and rich and potent. Those are Mozart, Verdi, Janácek, sometimes also Tchaikovsky, Smetana—and I wouldn't want to underrate Puccini. But I cannot call any one of them my favorite composer. Richard Strauss is also an outstanding composer, and I vastly enjoyed staging his neglected opera The Silent Woman, based on Ben Jonson's comedy. Offenbach has become one of my favorite composers, even though he is the most malicious and demanding of all when you really know him, and people regard me as more or less a discoverer of Offenbach as a result of the many works of his I've staged at the Komische Oper and even before that. I have very great respect for Wagner, but in my younger years I only rarely dared to approach his works. Today, if I could find the proper cast, I should dearly love to stage Meistersinger and Tristan und Isolde.

"I should like—but my advanced age will make it impossible—to do another Falstaff, another Travolta, two or three other Verdis, Janácek's From the House of the Dead. I could continue the list infinitely. I shall never get to do it."

78
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Weber’s Euryanthe: A Phonographic Treasure-Trove

Angel’s premiere recording allows a close-up view of an opera unfit for the stage but startling in musical power and scope.

by Paul Henry Lang

FROM THE MAGNIFICENTLY sweeping overture onward, this music continually fascinates. Euryanthe is strong and attractive in invention, bold in harmony; the orchestral writing is utterly original, colorful, and advanced to the point of being prophetic; the arias, more properly scenas, are beautiful, the choruses rousing.

The opera also shows the beginning of the use of the leitmotiv and the first signs of the eventual transfer of the point of gravity from the singers to the orchestra. Indeed, this opera exerted a profound influence on most German composers for the better part of the nineteenth century. Neither Tannhäuser nor Lohengrin is imaginable without it; Lysiart and Eglantine are clearly the prototypes of the villainous Telramund and Ortrud, and Euryanthe is Elsa’s model. Impressions from Euryanthe remained vivid in Wagner’s mind all the way to Tristan.

It is well known what tremendous success Der Freischütz had in 1821, two years before Euryanthe—fifty performances in one year in Berlin alone. It instantly realized the century-old dream of a true German opera, and the Italian operatic bastions in Germany began to topple one after the other. To be sure, one could point to three notable German operas that preceded Der Freischütz, but The Magic Flute and Fidelio were great achievements of a personal nature, whereas Der Freischütz, beyond that, suddenly fulfilled all that was dear to the German heart and became national property. The third predecessor, E. T. A. Hoffmann’s Undine (1816), was actually called a romantic opera, but this engaging poet/novelist/conductor simply did not have enough musical talent to open new paths, though his opera was successful. By uniting the two streams of the era, the romantic and the national, Weber made the decisive step toward the creation of German romantic opera.

One would expect that Euryanthe, with its rich and admirable music, would have been even more acclaimed than Freischütz, yet, except for a few dis-
The immediate obvious shortcoming is the libretto, perhaps the most inept concoction in all opera—and Weber himself was largely responsible for this debacle. Though a highly cultivated man of letters and a better critic than either Schumann or Berlioz, it was he who persuaded Helmina von Chezy, an amateur translator/poetaster, to write the libretto, despite her protestations that she knew nothing about the theater, let alone opera. Despite his own admitted capacity to compose the most mammoth arias, he knew and conducted a very large repertory, from Singspiel and opéra comique to the great works of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Spontini, Cherubini, Spohr, Méhul, and Rossini. If we take an eminently successful composer, such as Donizetti, we shall find nowhere in his serious operas anything that even faintly approaches the strength, invention, and originality of such scenes as that of Lysiart opening the second act in Euryanthe or Euryanthe’s scene with chorus in Act III. So how could Weber have failed so irrevocably?

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In addition, there were too many cooks at work on this unsavory brew. Various friends were consulted, among them Ludwig Tieck, the poet, dramatist, critic, and Shakespearean student, one of the leaders of the early German romantic school, yet the situation steadily worsened. The medieval tale (which Chézy had translated for an anthology) was simple enough; it served Shakespeare well in Cymbeline, but it was freighted—at Weber’s insistence—with supernatural elements (which had worked so well in Freischütz), giving the plot a twist that made it both implausible and obscure.

But aren’t there a number of great operas composed on wretched librettos (as well as poor ones setting excellent books)? There must be something in addition to the text that thwarted Euryanthe, and regretfully we must conclude that the score, despite all its virtues, must share the blame to a considerable degree.

Euryanthe was an ambitious plan. Stung by some criticism from the Spontini camp, Weber wanted to prove that he could go beyond the Singspiel and create a bona fide through-composed opera without self-contained “numbers” and without spoken dialogue; Euryanthe was to be a “romantic grand opera.” Moreover, Weber clearly indicated that in this work “all the sister arts collaborate”—here is the blueprint for Wagner’s Gesamtkunstwerk!

According to the plan, there are no fully closed arias, as there were in Der Freischütz and all of eighteenth-century opera. Weber made the most of this freedom, composing scenes that are distinguished as drama, as character portrayal, and as mood pieces; secco, accompagnato, and arioso merge into a flexible fabric, a remarkable preparation for Wagner’s “endless melody.” There are long stretches of pure top-notch opera, and the second-act finale challenges some of the greatest masterpieces of the genre.

However, the Singspiel-like choruses and other folk elements, the extended dances, the long and elaborate ritornels, and the supernatural scenes clearly inserts in an otherwise truly operatic texture. They are not natural ingredients, as in Freischütz, and the two diametrically opposed styles constantly clash. Mozart, too, made this error in The Abduction, mixing highly developed operatic ensembles and coloratura arias with popular Singspiel material. But then, he was Mozart; even his flawed work turned into a masterpiece, and by the time he finished The Magic Flute he had the blend miraculously right.

As one listens to this excellent recording, the first individual protagonist appears on Side 2; the whole of the first side is given over to the overture, choruses, and dances—all of them thoroughly enjoyable, but hardly operatic. The stylistic discrepancy is especially evident in the handsome choral numbers. Some are the cherry-cheeked choral songs of the Singspiel, but others are starkly dramatic, forming an integral part of the action; the sequence can be distracting. The huntsmen’s chorus following Euryanthe’s infinitely sad cavatina, in which she prays for deliverance by death, is almost shocking. In sum, this rich and most influential work does not achieve the end in sight in his planning. According to the plan, there are no fully closed arias, as there were in Der Freischütz and all of eighteenth-century opera. Weber made the most of this freedom, composing scenes that are distinguished as drama, as character portrayal, and as mood pieces; secco, accompagnato, and arioso merge into a flexible fabric, a remarkable preparation for Wagner’s “endless melody.” There are long stretches of pure top-notch opera, and the second-act finale challenges some of the greatest masterpieces of the genre.

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First of all, we should commend Marek Janowski, who conducts with bracing élan and sharp rhythm; the ensemble is faultless, the dynamic nuance refined, and the flexibility of the dramatic pace superb. The uniformly intelligent and musicianly phrasing of the entire cast must also be credited to him.

The star of the international cast is soprano Jessye Norman. She has a beautiful and well-equalized voice; she can float exquisite pianos as well as dominate the assembled forces with a soaring and ringing treble. And this American girl enunciates German like a native. Rita Hunter has the fierce temperament needed for the role of the malevolent Egliantine, but when agitated she tends to lose her usual vocal composure and become edgy.
Nicolai Gedda is the fine musician of old, singing admirably at moderate dynamic levels, but the high and loud tones are becoming increasingly difficult for him, and he resorts to pushing his voice. Tom Krause is excellent in the sinister role of Lysiart and dominates the stage for long stretches. All the small roles are well sung by capable singers. Chorus and orchestra are first-class, and so is the engineering, save for a bit of echo fore and aft.

All in all, this is a recording to treasure. Angel includes sensible notes by John Warrack and the complete libretto in German and (good!) English.

WEBER: Euryanthe.

Euryanthe Jessye Norman (s) A Knight Harald Neukirch (t) Nicolai Gedda (t)
Eglantine Rita Hunter (s) Lysiart Tom Krause (b)
Bertha Renate Krahmer (s) The King Siegfried Vogel (b)

Leipzig Radio Chorus; Staatskapelle Dresden, Marek Janowski, cond. [David Mottley, prod.] ANGEL SDL 3764, $27.98 (four SQ-encoded discs, automatic sequence).

In quad: EMI/Angel has resisted the temptation that (I assume) must have existed to turn this recording into a quadriphonic spectacular. Euryanthe has no stunningly "spatial" counterpart to the Wolf's Glen scene in Freischütz nor the storm in Oberon, but it does have big court scenes—they both begin and end the opera—full of fairly complex confrontations. (Again, one is reminded of Lohengrin.) An all-out quad production might have isolated the contrasting sentiments all about the listener, and in the process it might have become so gimmicky as to be distracting unless it were superbly handled.

By contrast, the SQ treatment achieved is discretion itself. The overture is given some wraparound quality, but once the curtain is up, so to speak, the treatment is consistently proscenium-plus-ambience. Perhaps the most tellingly "quadriphonic" passage occurs in the desert scene in Act III. Euryanthe sings her cavatina ("Hier dicht am Quell"), appropriately, before the footlights. As dawn breaks, the horns that introduce the huntsmen's chorus are heard in the distance from the right back, with their echo (that is, the echo responses written into the score—not some sort of phony reverberation) shimmering from left front. During the chorus, horns and singers alike make their way on-stage from the right to discover Euryanthe.

This might profitably have been carried a little further, I think. The wedding cortege that provides the setting for Eglantine's final entrance, for example, seems curiously static. Only the change in ambience, in comparison with the pit-orchestra accompaniment that precedes it, suggests (very effectively) that the wind players are walking on-stage. When Eglantine breaks madly away from the procession, we have only Weber's scoring to suggest the stage picture. The passage seems to call for a bit more audible motion.

ROBERT LONG

by Harris Goldsmith

Two Instant Classics in the Symphonic Discography

Casals' newly issued Beethoven Seventh (Columbia) and Karajan's new Symphonie fantastique (DG) dominate the modern competition.

This is the era of the conductor as "personality," which perhaps explains why this is also the era of the "instant conductor"—all those instrumentalists and singers picking up batons surely know a good thing when they see it.

And yet the number of truly distinguished conductors is depressingly small, as each month's batch of releases reminds us. So it is an uncommon pleasure to welcome new versions of two often-recorded symphonies that take their place at the top of the modern lists: Columbia's posthumous issue of Pablo Casals' Beethoven Seventh and DG's new Karajan recording of the Berlioz Symphonie fantastique.

If Casals' place in musical history as the man who practically invented the cello has overshadowed his stature as a conductor, one can hardly accuse Columbia of overlooking that aspect of his career. It recorded him regularly in that capacity from 1950 onward, and the current catalogue is rich with his interpretations. As I noted in reviewing Columbia's "Homage to Casals" box (July 1974), "His conducting flowered into true greatness only after advancing age had halted his public cello playing," and indeed his Columbia symphonic discography from the Sixties includes performances of the Beethoven Eighth, Haydn Surprise, Mendelssohn Italian, Schubert Unfinished, and Mozart K. 543 and 550 comparable with the greatest from any source.

This Beethoven Seventh, taped at the 1969 Marlboro Festival, would be remarkable enough coming
from any orchestra and conductor; from an ad hoc ensemble and a ninety-three-year-old maestro it is simply miraculous. It is in fact the first modern recording worthy of comparison with the 1936 Toscanini/New York Philharmonic version. There are naturally temperamental differences, but one encounters much the same grandeur, structural sense, and rhythmic vitality.

The imperious opening chords immediately recall the classic older recording, and the succeeding woodwind lines are molded and colored with the same imaginativeness and sense of impending drama. If the introduction seems a hairsbreadth too slow, it is interesting to recall that the original 78 issue of the Toscanini/Philharmonic version contained an almost identical account; when the worn stamper of that disc side was replaced in 1942, a slightly faster alternate Side 1 from the same sessions was substituted.

Once Casals reaches the vivace, he sweeps through the 6/8 measures with imperious authority, never losing his rhythmic grip. Sonorities are always solid and planned from the bass up.

The Allegretto is a shade heavy for my taste, but once again Casals' unfailing sense of rhythm saves the day. Whatever the actual tempo, the stress is rightly that of an alla breve, and the feeling for phrasing and cumulative line is extraordinary. (A slight reduction of volume in this movement restores some of the delicacy and lightness lost through close miking.)

The scherzo, done with full repeats, gets a robust account. Casals' slowdown for the assai meno presto trio is moderate, preserving the succinct, angular quality of the music—no "pilgrim's hymn" for him. The finale simply carries the listener away irresistibly. As with the Toscanini/Philharmonic performance, the tempo is not particularly brisk, but the control is rock-solid, never rushing even at the strongest climax. The impact is truly colossal.

What distinguishes the Toscanini and Casals Sevenths is not merely rhythmic correctness, but rather the inspired fervor and spirit imparted to virtually every bar. The fifty-three-piece Marlboro Festival Orchestra may not be large by going standards, but it makes up for its moderate size by playing with outstanding personality and concentration (the personnel list included first-desk players from the country's major orchestras and leading soloists and chamber musicians), as if mesmerized by the nonagenarian conductor. I suspect that anyone who hears this performance will be mesmerized too.

As noted, the sound is extremely close and lacking in truly soft dynamic levels. The right channel also sounded somewhat weak to me, with the timpani in particular underrecorded. (In addition, my pressing was a bit noisy.) Still, the reproduction is decent enough to permit this resplendent performance to make most of its effect.

A new Karajan Symphonie fantastique might not seem a pressing need and one can hardly complain of lacunae in his discography, which in fact includes an earlier DG stereo Fantastique. But if Karajan has ever made a finer record, I have not heard it.

His previous Fantastique was utterly depressive: gooey, structurally amorphous, lacking both characterization and urgency. The new performance has all the modern Karajan/Berlin refinement of execution—but this time all their luxurious virtuosity is put at the service of the music.

From the first notes, sounded delicately from afar, yet tensile and affecting, Karajan realizes the synthesis of classical purity and demented fervor in this still revolutionary score. The first movement heaves with all the opium-tinged fervor and tempo adjustments so painstakingly marked in the score, yet the ongoing line remains unbroken. The distant but miraculously clear reproduction captures every shimmering instrumental strand, at the same time affording a wallowing dynamic range.

The second-movement "Un bal" (done without the cornets that Berlioz added later) is again mercurial and lifting. The little fermatas in the violins' main theme are perfectly gauged, and the appearance of the idée fixe is exquisitely set against the little fragments from the movement's principal melody. The third-movement Scène aux champs is sheer poetry from beginning to end; Karajan brings off a slightly faster than usual tempo with magical effect. The quivering oboe-English-horn duet, the soaring, almost suspended strings, the anguished lower-strings framing of the idée fixe—surely these have never been played with such dramatic, yet subtle, effect.

The start of the Marche au supplice gave me momentary doubts: The Berlin brasses produce such a mellow, well-modulated sound, and the distant miking subdues the rasping overtones heard to such splendid effect in the recent Davis/Concertgebouw edition (Philips 6500 774, May 1975). But one quickly becomes aware of Karajan's rhythmic exactitude, and at the end he characterizes more vividly than I have ever heard the "decapitation" of the forlorn clarinet statement of the idée fixe, delaying the pizzicatos that depict the severed head just long enough for devastatingly final impact.

Karajan's Witches' Sabbath may be the most enlightening movement of all. He begins it eerily, with all the little effects calculated perfectly: The lower strings sound like gasps; the flute and piccolo are allowed to play their downward glissandos in spine-chilling, but never vulgar, fashion. The chimes are rather similar in their impure, cobblestone-like sonority to the Davis/Concertgebouw counterparts and blend into the Dies Irae motif with sobbing, grief-laden restraint; from this point the movement is given a deliberate reading that nonetheless abounds with symphonic grandeur.

The scrupulous, musical Davis/Concertgebouw Fantastique (a substantial improvement over his earlier version, with the London Symphony) will remain the choice for those who insist on every repeat and the second-movement cornets, but I still miss the element of passionate drama. (At budget price, Beecham's Seraphim account, $60165, is excitingly poetic, if shaggily played.) As a balanced re-creation of Berlioz' whole artistic vision, I find the new Karajan performance a sublime achievement, in a class with Monteux's Paris Symphony Fantastique and Toscanini's Harold in Italy.


by Andrew Porter

Gagliano's Dafne:
Music Drama in 1608

A superior edition helps Musica Pacifica give a more satisfactory representation than the New York Pro Musica of the fourth opera.

As Oscar Sonneck once wrote of the Florentine Camerata, "They sought Greek drama and found opera. . . . All the undercurrents of their time might have been converging towards opera, yet of themselves they would not have led to opera without the new and distinguishing element of dramatic musical speech."

The first try was Dafne (1597), set in part by Corsi and then by Peri and Caccini. Opera itself we can date from Peri's Euridice (1600); and music drama, in just about all the senses of that term as it is used now, from the third opera (the second was Caccini's setting of Euridice), Monteverdi's Orfeo (1607).

The fourth opera is Marco da Gagliano's Dafne (1608), composed, like Orfeo, for the Mantuan court and its excellent musicians. After a decade of operatic experience, the librettist of Dafne, Ottavio Rinuccini, revised that first text he had given to Peri and Caccini. He amplified it, made it more dramatic, and linked more closely the two events of the action.

The first event is Apollo's battle with the Python. (Originally, set by Luca Marenzio, it had been an intermezzo in a 1589 Medici festival production; verbally, scenically, and musically, the men who created opera were men who had worked on these intermezzi.) In the Gagliano version, there is a new chorus to accompany Apollo's fight and later a "replay" of the match, in narrative and mime, enacted by a shepherd for the benefit of Daphne, who missed it. The second event, Daphne's metamorphosis into a laurel, takes place off-stage but is vividly described by Thyrsis. (The first Thyrsis, Antonio Brandi, had "wonderful diction, marvelous grace in his manner of singing, and did not merely make the words clear but by his gestures and movements imprinted on the soul an inexpressible something more.")

A production of Gagliano's Dafne, given at the Spoleto, Corfu, and Caramoor Festivals in 1973, and in 1974 taken on a spring tour, was the swan song of the New York Pro Musica Antigua; the Musical Heritage set is a recorded version of that production. The Command set has its origins in an edition of the score made by James H. Moore (it came to the attention of Pro Musica, which, however, decided to prepare its own version; more about the two editions below), which was first performed by the UCLA Collegium Musicum in 1971, and then in 1975 by Musica Pacifica, with the cast of the recording.

I have never seen Dafne on the stage and have long wanted to, for it is a work in which the talents of stage designer, stage director, choreographer, and musicians should combine. The Python, for example, "should be very large; and if the designer knows how, as I have seen it done, to make it flap its wings and spit fire, it will be a still finer sight—especially if the man inside goes down on all fours as he creeps around."

That sentence, like the one about Thyrsis, comes from Gagliano's long preface to his score, which was published in 1608. (Copies are rare, but there has been a facsimile reprint.) The preface is a fascinating and important document, which combines a brief account of the origins of opera with a review of the first performance, and a move-by-move, sometimes bar-by-bar, production book. The props man is told how to contrive a bough of laurel that Apollo can twine into a wreath without ridiculous effect. The director is instructed how players in the wings should be synchronized with Apollo's appearing to play his lyre. He is warned not to confuse naturalistic chorus movement with dancing. The musical director is advised about balance and instrumental placement. The singers are told not to indulge in too much decoration: "In that way, the syllables can be shaped so that the words can be clearly understood. And that should always be the principal aim of a singer, whenever he sings, but especially when declaiming, for true delight is born from understanding of the words."

In both of these Dafne performances, the actual expression of the words leaves something to be desired. The singers pronounce them carefully and clearly but, except in a few instances, hardly bring them to life. One example: There is a moment when Cupid teases his mother about her affair with Vulcan, and Venus confesses that she blushed at the time. Neither of the Cupids invests "his" lines with the right merry twinkle, and only one of the Venuses, Maurita Thornburgh (Command), has the timbre of a rueful smile in her answer.
Ideally, one would like to hear interpreters of the Janet Baker caliber declaim this score. (Miss Baker as Venus or Daphne, Ileana Cotrubas as Cupid, Jon Vickers as Apollo, Fischer-Dieskau as Ovid could be the start of a strong cast.) Perhaps we will, in a world with two Daphne sets and two Navarraraise sets, anything is possible. Meanwhile, either of these recordings, delicately and sensitively if not very dramatically performed by clean, cultivated singers and deft instrumentalists, gives a fair notion of a work that is never less than attractive and in its final sequences—from Thyrsis’ narration through the laments of Daphne’s companions to Apollo’s big aria—is very striking and affecting.

One set, however, gives a better idea of the piece than the other, and the reason lies not so much with the performers as with the edition. In the Pro Musica version on MHS, most of the opera is performed sometimes a fourth and sometimes a fifth above the printed pitch. The usual complaint against seventeenth-century operas when done today is that male roles for soprano and alto are growled out by tenors and baritones—in Monteverdi, in Cavalli. But in the MHS Daphne it’s the other way round. To put it a little cruelly, there are moments when Apollo and Daphne become Donald Duck and Minnie Mouse.

This was done, according to George Houle’s liner note, “for Daniel Collins” (though that doesn’t explain why Ovid should be pushed up a fourth). Since Pro Musica had, in Collins (a countertenor), a remarkable artist to play the role of Apollo, a case could be made for the transposition in the company’s live performances; it is harder to justify it in the permanent form of a recording. Musica Pacifica engaged, in Robert White, an Apollo of at least equal accomplishment and one who is in any case very much more effective by reason of his being a tenor. The Venus also sounds more sensuous at the printed pitch. Both choruses, I think, are slightly too bouncy, too tripping in manner, not theatrical enough. Neither brings much excitement to the combat scene.

The Musica Pacifica performance is on the larger scale. Paul Vorwerk conducts an ensemble of fifteen players, while Houle with the Pro Musica has only five. Gagliano asked for a chorus of sixteen or eighteen; Musica Pacifica has ten, in addition to the nymphs and shepherds with solo parts; Pro Musica does not specify but evidently has fewer. James Moore has scored after the model of the pastoral scenes in Monteverdi’s Orfeo; he has violins at his disposal and uses a double bass as foundation for the full chorus. Houle has basically two recorders over continuo. Both discs are clean and well balanced.

The Command set is complete and there is only one addition: The Moore edition borrows a sinfonia from Salomone Rossi. (Gagliano mentions a sinfonia, but there is none in the score.) Houle omits three strophes of the prologue, referring to the Duke and Duchess of Mantua, and two of the finale, and has read the verses of the chorus “Nud’arcier” in the wrong order. As prelude, he supplies a trio sonata, Il Corisino, by Francesco Turchi. And he has added an aria from Gagliano’s Musiche of 1615 to the first scene (it is not well enough sung to justify its inclusion and in any case is unwanted); also a segment of a Frescobaldi toccata, as entrance music for Daphne, and J. J. van Eyck’s pretty variations on “When Daphne did from Phoebus fly,” to accompany Daphne’s flight. Both editors have drawn on notes about vocal distribution found in a copy of the score in the National Library, Florence; where the results differ, Moore’s are the more convincing.

With each set there is a libretto and translation. Neither is flawless, but the Command scores heavily on two counts: It indicates which passages were added by the librettist for Gagliano’s new setting of his text; and it prints the libretto as verse, observing the proper lineation.

Daphne is not another Orfeo. There is nothing like Monteverdi’s genius for enriching the declamatory style with the closed forms of his day—arias, duets, choral dances, madrigals, instrumental ritornellos—thus setting up those tensions, between dramatic declamation and “purely musical” concerns, that underlie the whole history of opera from his day to ours. Gagliano does use these forms but, except in his final scene, less certainly. All the same, Daphne is a minor milestone in the early history of opera (after yet another transformation, and translation, the libretto served for the first German opera, Schütz’s lost Daphne) and is well worth attention.

**GAGLIANO: La Dafne.**

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<td><strong>Daphne</strong></td>
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<td>Mary Rawcliffe (s)</td>
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<td><strong>Cupid</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Nymphs</strong></td>
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<td>monitors [t] Jonathan Mark (t)</td>
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The Command set in quad: From a dramatic point of view especially, the capabilities of the QS matrix system are used in an interesting, if not overwhelming, way in this recording. When circumstances make antiphonal effects possible, they are certainly there—and with no doubt about where the participants are located. There is not, however, much actual movement of the singers while they are singing, and this may well reflect the rather static staging that prevailed in seventeenth-century opera. But in any case, the interplay between the various combinations of voices and instruments more or less surrounding the listener is very pleasant.

If there is any weakness in the sonic image presented, it is that somehow the four channels do not quite add up to a believable over-all space. Perhaps because of the generally high ratio of direct to reverberant sound in the recorded “space,” the characters do not seem to sing to each other—only to the listener, and each via a separate pipeline. But this effect (though it can be exaggerated somewhat by a Vario-Matrix decoder) is subtle. The musical sound is clear, and the listener is made privy to all the niceties of interpretation.

HAROLD A. RODGERS
A coolly objective evaluation of any current Holliger recording is quite impossible for those of us who find this prodigiously gifted young Swiss oboist another Pied Piper of Hamelin whose first notes cast a spell potent enough for him to lead us—static—where he wills.

This time he again draws us back into the High Baroque to surprise us with a new, or at least refreshed, appreciation of the art of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. One of C.P.E.'s two fine oboe concertos, W. 165 in E flat, is by no means unknown (indeed, one of its earlier recordings was by Holliger, in 1966 on Monitor), but the other, also composed in 1765, will be new to most of us if it isn't actually a recorded first. Yet what points up the wealth of both invention and feeling in these works is Holliger's inspired prefacing of each with a shorter piece for the same combination of oboe and strings by Papa Bach himself. Even the composer of the rhapsodic sinfonias from the cantatas Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen and Ich hatte viel Bekümmeris would be the first to agree that his own noble eloquence is fairly matched by the slow movement of the B flat Concerto bearing the hallmark of a distinctively different individuality. Johann Sebastian might well be proud too of Carl Philipp Emanuel's consistently skilled craftsmanship and might even envy a bit the jaunty swagger rarely evident in his own lively but never quite as casual moments.

No one familiar with Holliger's Bach/Couperin/Marais program (Philips 6500 562, $6.98 each). when simply bowing in the ordinary manner, he is less convincing and is prone to flatness. Anneliese Nissen, no mere "accompanist," plays up a storm at the keyboard; she also overarpeggiates chords, just as her husband overslides—Bartók is quite specific in indicating glissandos, appoggiaturas, and the like. Zsigmondy and Nissen try their best to keep up with Bartók's frequent tempo changes, but a tendency to exaggerate causes them to lose over-all direction.

Probably the most practical alternatives are the Stern/Zakin disc of the two numbered sonatas (Columbia M 30944) and Ricci's account of the unaccompanied sonata (Stereo Treasury STS 15153). Stern is in his finest virtuoso fettle here, dead in tune all the way and driving the music with almost barbaric thrust, even if some of the tricky tempo switches along the way are blended out. Zakin's usual self-effacing discreetness is actually a plus here, since it makes it possible to hear both instruments all the time. Ricci may not be the ideal performer for the solo sonata (he has to slow down to maneuver the entrances in the most continually difficult fugue), but he's technically better than Zsigmondy and his budget-priced disc offers a valuable sampling of twentieth-century violin literature, with works by Hindemith, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky.

Andre Gertler has recorded most of the Bartók violin repertoire several times over, and his current Supraphon series (SUAST 50481, 50650, and 50740) includes the unnumbered 1903 violin-and-piano sonata, the real "No. 1." Much as I respect Gertler's idiomatic musicianship, however, his playing strikes me as a little low-powered for this knotty stuff. If cost and convenience are no concern, you might look for the long out-of-print imported coupling of Men- uhin's solo sonata and Sonata No. 1, and the various Szigeti/Bartok performances—Sonata No. 2 and the rhapsodies on Van-guard Everyman SRV 304/5, the Romanian Dances in the six-disc Columbia M6X 31513. Wonderful performances all, but not a very practical solution. A.C.
mincing, staccato approach to this admitted
tedly classical work, as he often does in
Mozart. Davis' reduced orchestra does yield felicitous woodwind balances, but over-all I prefer a bolder conception, like the Fleisher/Szell and the Schnabel/Do-
browen (in Seraphim IC 6043).
In No. 4, however, Bishop-Kovacevich
blends toughness and athleticism with in-
troversion. Davis provides rhythmically taut, crisply organized orchestral support, and the recorded sound is bright and im-
pactive. All that is missing is the extra elo-
quence of the Fleisher/Szell performance, slightly warmer in color and richer in
nuance.
Philips has now boxed the Bishop-Ko-
vacevich/Davis cycle as 6747 104 (four discs for the price of three), though without the sonatas that originally appeared as fill-
ers for Nos. 1 and 3. On reharing, I am somewhat more impressed by the previ-
ously issued performances. These are truly ensemble conceptions, with excellent solo/tutti dovetailing and obvious comprehen-
sion on the part of both soloist and conduc-
tor. Bishop-Kovacevich uses Beethoven's
cadenzas and is scrupulous about such de-
tails as pedal markings. For me, though, the contemporary standard in these works re-
mains the Fleisher/Szell (for its un-
matched immediacy of emotional response, rollicking humor, and to-the-manner-born ease. At $13.98, the Columbia set is a re-
markable bargain.

Save for some excessive resonance in the
chromatic runs of No. 3's first-movement
cadenza (which may simply be over-
pedaling), the engineering is very fine

The Bach Cantata Project

With these three volumes, Das Kantaten-
werk, Telefunken's complete recording of
all the Bach cantatas, has reached its half-
century and marks the occasion by includ-
ing in Vol. 13 three indices of the achieve-
ment to date: the first fifty cantatas classi-
fied by the church year, by chronology of
composition, and by number. The level of
execution remains as high as ever. There is
no trace of a routine slog through the Ge-
samtstausgabe. The character of each can-
tata, and of each number within it, is vivid-
ly realized. For those who may be coming in
at this reel, let me recall briefly that the
opening chorus of No. 39, and the colors of the
opening chorale of No. 39-Leonhardt seems to sacrifice line to
articulation, and it provides a good soloist, who,
like the other trebles of the series, lacks
only a trill to be completely satisfying. The
bishen strike me as a shade light.

René Jacobs is a wonderfully deft alto. I
last heard him in a bouncy comic-serve-
ner role in Cavalli's Eriasene, at the 1974 Hol-
land Festival; he is a singer to cure anyone's
dislike of countertenors, with a
voice firm, virile, pleasing in timbre, per-
fectly secure, sounding true divisions not
at all fluttery but struck out exactly as if by
little hammers. He has a good trill. He is the
only singer who ventures little embellish-
ments of the vocal line, in the aria of No. 45
(a marvelous duet with Frans Bruggen's
flute). The voice "peaks" a little at C and
above, acquires a force that can disturb the
evenness of line. There are moments, in
Nos. 39 and 45, when I feel he is ar-ti-
culatedly, clear singing—candid, fervent, but not
otorious, by the juxtaposition of pieces and
by recording quality. The opening chorus
of No. 41 is a brilliant affair with trumpets and
drums, and the first movement of No. 42
(perhaps to spare a choir worn out by its
Passion and Easter tasks) is an instrumen-
tal sinfonia in Brandenburg vein; each of
them is here fiercely, even a little roughly,
presented, with a touch of harshness in the
recorded sound. This emphasizes the dif-
ference between Leonhardt's delicate preci-
sion and meticulous, beautifully calculated
detail and Harmoncourt's greater readiness
to let things go and let things flow. I do not
want to make too much of it, but I imagine
that anyone who attentively follows the
series will soon be able to spot which con-
ductor is in charge.
The anonymous Vienna choirboy of Nos.
41 and 42 strikes his words with delightful
conviction. There is a slight edge and
the recording of Paul Esswood, the coun-
ter-tenor of the Vienna recordings, almost as if he had been tizzed up with artificial re-
sonance, and I remarked this again in Nos. 44
and 46. He starts "peaking" a little higher than René Jacobs, from D upward. Kurt
Equiluz, the tenor of the series from No. 41
to No. 49, is lyrical, expressive, altogether
satisfying. The recitative and aria of No. 45
is an especially taking example of his di-
rect, clear singing—candid, fervent, but not
hectoring. Ruud van der Meer, who joined
the enterprise at Vol. 10, is a bass with an
ugly of utterance that makes one prick
up one's ears every time he enters—in Nos.
41, 42, 43, perhaps most of all in No. 44
when he sings "Es sucht die Antichrist,
dass grosse Ungheuer, mit Schwert und
Feuer." Outside Das Kantatenwerk his

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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE
Reaches Fifty

by Andrew Porter

name is unknown to me; I want to hear more of him.

In Vols. 12 and 13, the soloist of the Vienna Choir Boys is allowed an individual credit, and Peter Jelosits deserves it. He is a treble who commands long, clean, lovely divisions. He has a beautiful tone and excellent coloratura. There is no thinning out as he rises to A. He essays no trills (an occasional mordent at a cadence is the most he ventures), yet one feels that with a little encouragement he could easily have managed them. With cogent words he announces, in No. 47, the qualifications for calling oneself a real Christian. As the Bride in No. 49 ("Ich bin herrlich, ich bin schon") he sings with sparkling tone.

The bass soloists have been the most changed members of the enterprise: Max van Egmond through the first five volumes, and then appearances by Walker Wyatt, Siegmund Nimsger, Ruud van der Meer, and now in Vol. 12 Hanns-Friedrich Kunz. They are all good. Van Egmond, in Nos. 39 and 40, expresses the words exquisitely but without emphasis. In No. 46, Kunz has a storm aria, "Dein Wetter zog sich auf," with slide-trumpet obbligato, which he sings brilliantly. (The trumpeter and his instrument are unidentified in the otherwise detailed personnel lists.)

In Vol. 13, Harnoncourt surprises us by making a long "romantic" rallentando to the close of the first chorus of No. 47. No. 49 (Dialogus), without chorus, is a duet cantata for bass and treble, Bridgroom and Bride (the text for the day was the parable about the wedding guest who didn’t have the right clothes and was thrown into outer darkness, Matthew 22)—an aria, arioso, and a final duet in which Master Jelosits, unsupported, holds a chorale line with steady shine through the figuration of the bass and the orchestra. No. 50 is a torso, a magnificently detailed chorus with trumpets and drums.

The material that accompanies the albums has been rightly praised: One booklet contains brief introductions to each cantata (in Vol. 13, Ludwig Fincher takes over from Alfred Durr as author), a learned essay on some aspect of the cantatas as a whole, and texts with English and French translations; another, full scores of the works concerned. All the same, the material is not quite as good as it could be.

The cantata texts are printed not as verse, but in run-on style. The English is not a translation, but a rhymed singing version that is often ingenious but sometimes not quite true to the German original. ("I am joyous. I am glad. / for I know my Saviour loves me"—hardly a precise rendering of "Ich bin herrlich, ich bin schon./Meinem Heiland zu entzunden.")" The lesson for the day is not always identified.

The scores of Nos. 39, 41, and 43-45 are given in reductions of the Neue Bach Ausgabe edition, six pages of the original clustered on one of the new format, legible with keen eyes in a good light. The others are in a face similar to that of the NBA, a little less spidery, as regards the notes but with the words slightly less sharp. These non-NBA scores do not always accord with the performances (though differences are usually pointed out in the booklets): In No. 46, Leonhardt omits the trumpets and oboes of the first chorus, as a later addition, in No. 47. The obbligato of the soprano aria is played by a solo violin (an autograph part, probably for violin, survives), but the printed score still gives it to organ. There are also verbal differences between score and performance in that aria and in the subsequent recitatives; an example is changed to "Stank"—man becomes "muck, stink [instead of "dust"], ash, and earth."

The essays are: Vol. 11, Detlef Goyowj on emblem books and their influence on the imagery of Bach’s texts. Vol. 12, Emil Platen on the structure of the opening chos- neseces; Vol. 13, Christoph Wolff on the use of the organ. The first is particularly interesting, but the English translations of all three are graceless to the point of being unreadable. Non-Lutherans may also need help with the nomenclature of the church year. I have mentioned Quasimodogeniti above; "At the Sunday Estomihi" is more familiar as Quinquagesima, and "At the Sunday Exaudi" is the Sunday after Ascension. Small points, but worth making, since, as the series progresses, its presentation is being improved. Miniature the scores may be, but being printed now in black on white, they are at least easier to follow than were the buff pages of the first albums.

The edition follows the old numerical sequence, which corresponds neither to chronology nor to the church calendar, so any album will provide cantatas from different periods and in different moods. Buy one, and you will probably be hooked; I echo C.F.G.’s advice when he reviewed Vols. 4 and 5: "My strong and unqualified recommendation is to acquire each of these history-making volumes as it appears."
The best classical records reviewed in recent months

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies No. 5. C. Kleiber. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 516, Nov.
BIRTWISTLE: Verses for Ensemble et al. HEADLINE 7, Nov.
CHERUBINI: Requiem in D minor. MUTL. ANGEL S 37096, Dec.
CRUMB: Music for a Summer Evening. NONESUCH H 71311, Oct.
DALLAPICCOLA: II Prigioniero. DORATI. LONDON OSA 1166, Jan.
ORFF: Der Mond. Kegel. PHILIPS 6700 083 (2), Nov.
SIBELIUS: Symphonies Nos. 5, 7. Davis. PHILIPS 6500 959, Dec.
BOSTON MUSICA VIVA: 20th-Century Chamber Works. DELOS DEL 25405 and 25406, Jan.
19TH-CENTURY AMERICAN BALLROOM MUSIC. NONESUCH H 71313, Nov.

These performances are generally athletic and unaffected, and they benefit from the services of a superb orchestra. Less appropriate, to my ears, is the massively reverberant engineering; the classical orchestra would be better served by a leaner, crisper pickup. In the following rundown, the individual performances are discussed in the order of the set's couplings.

The first disc pairs Nos. 1 and 8, and this is one of the better Firsts on modern records. The second movement is a trifle rushed and inflexible, and the third-movement trio, though aided by some feathery violin playing, is metronomic without being really rhythmic. But I like the opera-buffa approach to the outer movements, and the staccato string playing in the finale has much of the felicitous Rossini-like quality that made Toscanini's First so memorable. The reduced orchestra's sound is always add up correctly. Such moments as the Menuetto.

Solti's cond. [Ray Minshall and David Harvey, prod.] LONDON CSP 9, $50.00 (nine discs, manual sequence).


Solti's performance is a bit straitlaced for so high a work. After a mechanical introduction, the first movement of the symphony is decently paced and controlled. The Langhettas drag excessively— the tempo is simply too slow, with no give and take in the shaping and little singing quality in the phrasing. The scherzo, though, is bright and well paced, the finale forthright and unsuble. By far the best Second known to me is Toscanini's 1939 NBC performance (not the one in the Victrola set), but Szell (in his cycle) and Scherchen (Westminster, deleted) are also worthy. So too is Karajan (DG 138 801), though a bit overrefined.

No. 3 runs to a third disc, side: the first movement gets a side to itself because of Solti's broad tempo and his observance of the repeat. (The finale of the Eroica is followed by the first movement of No. 4, which is completed overside.) The opening chords are rather limp, but at least we are spared the nasal cellos of Solti's 1959 Viennese Philharmonic version. Though the basic tempo for the first movement seems much slower than before, there is surprisingly little actual difference; the impression probably results from Solti's currently less frenetic handling of contrapuntal passages.

Save for occasional loss of impetus, this is a good first movement, though Solti still hasn't shown me that the repeat can be taken without straining interest. The extremely broad Marcia funebre is blemished by some fussy, theatrical tenutos at the end, which transform the sublime into the merely sentimental. In the scherzo, Solti still slows down for the trio, but now he makes a gradual, Walter-like transition from his crisp basic tempo. The new version is certainly an improvement, but I prefer a single tempo for this movement, as with Toscanini, Busch, Weingartner, and Leinsdorf/Rochester. The tail is unfortunately poor: all sorts of studied lengthenings and the like, broken line, and even some lethargic, imprecise playing.

Solti's 1951 Fourth with the London Philharmonic displayed a sturdy conception; happily the new version is not all that dissimilar, save in matters of repeats and engineering. The slow introduction has a refined, poised line. The main allegro is well phrased, with every instrumental choir falling neatly into place. There is some ravishing pianissimo string playing, and the eas-
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When Sony introduced the first amplifiers with vertical field-effect transistors last year, the reactions were nothing short of incredible.

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The TA-4650 delivers 30 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms, 20Hz-20kHz with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

It has a direct coupled power amplifier stage. As well as direct coupled FET amplifiers in the tone control and buffer stages.

Its bass and treble controls have a turnover frequency selector that starts at 250HZ/500HZ for bass and 2.5kHz/5kHz for treble.

Its volume control is equipped with a switch for 20dB muting. And it has a level control memory device so volume can be set at any predetermined point.

But as good as our new V-FET amplifier is, we're just as proud of the components we make to go along with it.

Our ST-4950 AM/FM stereo tuner, for example, has a MOS FET front end, uni-phase solid state filters and IC's in IF stages. This allows an FM capture ratio of only 1dB, selectivity of 80dB and an S/N ratio of 70dB. The ST-4950 also has a phase-locked loop (PLL) MPX section. Which means you get excellent stereo separation and low distortion.

Of course, if you're going around looking for a turntable, by all means take a look at our PS-4750 (cartridge sold separately).

It has a direct drive servo motor with a wow and flutter rating of only .03%.

Its base and platter are made from molded compound instead of metal, so resonance has been greatly reduced. It also has air-damped cushions, which compensate for warpness in records (again reducing resonance). The end result is a much cleaner sound.

It's no accident that Sony makes the world's first commercially available V-FET equipment. Or that we have matching components good enough to complete your system.

You see, we've got more solid state audio experience than anyone else. We've been at it for twenty years. For proof just stop by your Sony dealer. And use your ears.
ing of line just before the recapitulation is similar to Toscanini's and Karajan's, though less subtly gauged. The Adagio suffers somewhat from the long reverberation time, and the reading is slightly amorphous and out of focus. The remaining movements recover splendidly (with the third-movement trio taken in tempo), and the playing throughout has wonderful spirit and solidarity. All that is missing is the incomparable shaping of Toscanini and Karajan.

No. 5 is preceded by the previously released Leonore No. 3, which is admirably disciplined but lacking in spirituality, with exaggerated contrasts that verge on vulgarity. The symphony gets a big, burly treatment. The music of the first movement is robust enough to withstand the muscle-bound tempo and lack of internal shaping; not so the second, saved only by some impressive pianissimo string playing. The third movement begins with overly sentimental raptures, but the cellos and basses are powerful and clean in the trio. There is a good transition to the massive finale, which is clear and well judged but somehow unexciting. On the whole, this Fifth is no match for those of Toscanini, Cantelli, and Carlos Kleiber.

No. 6, contained on one disc, suffers most of all from Solti's generalized approach and the gummy, inflated sonics. The quivering trills and other effects, which can re-create the sounds of nature so wonderfully, are neutralized by the bloated textures and reproduction. Solti makes some serious errors of judgment: "The tenutos at bars 203-4 of the third movement are tastelessly prolonged; the climactic reappearance of the finale's second theme is beset with a horrid Luftpause; the coda of the finale is unbearably sentimentalized by a dirgelike treatment. The London catalogue already boasts a far better Pastoral at a budget price. Monteux's with the Vienna Philharmonic (Stereo Treasury STS 15161).

By contrast, No. 7 (with Coriolan as a filler) is the prize of the cycle. Solti's Vienna Seventh was the best of the three symphonies when the new version is still better. The introduction, which formerly lumbered a bit, now moves at a perfectly measured tempo. As before, the flute introduction to the vivace sounds fresh (how wonderful to be spared that nasty little comma), and the dotted rhythm is masterfully judged. At several points in the first movement, Solti has noticeably tightened his rhythmic grip. The Allegretto is exquisitely paced, the crescendo graded with masterful poise, though some may prefer the more personal, singing second movement of the 1964-65 Vienna version. The scherzo is tremendous, swash buckling, magnificently sprung rhythmically, full of verve and delicacy, effectively contrasted dynamically. For once the trio is suitably brisk, in the Toscanini manner. The finale, slightly broader than before, now serves as a logical summation of what has preceded it. A magnificent performance, lacking only the irreplaceable individuality of Casals (reviewed separately this month) and Toscanini.

The coupled Coriolan is shaped and projected with clarity and taste. My only quibble, a small one, is with Solti's insistence on slowing down before both appearances of the second theme. The sound of Coriolan and the Seventh is the best in the cycle (both were taped in Vienna, but then so was the Sixth). Though there is massive solidity to the low strings, there is also great clarity—note the crisp, frosty definition of the flute in the symphony's first movement. Separate issue of this disc is worth watching for.

No. 9 (spread over four sides) impresses me even less than when I first reviewed it (May 1973). The rich tutti sound compensates somewhat for the prevailing limpness of the first movement, but the second is horrid, with its rasping overtones from closely miked bassoons and timpani that sound like sledgehammers. The Adagio oozes, with virtually no phrasing at all; the basically direct finale is hurt by an overly fast march and a murky fugato. This is a Ninth for people who prefer a sonic blast to music. Fortunately Solti shows elsewhere—noticeably in the First, Fourth, and Seventh—that he's capable of more.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7. For an essay review, see page 83.

BERLIOZ: Symphonie fantastique. For an essay review, see page 83.

BRAHMS: German Folksongs. Edith Mathis, soprano**; Peter Schreier, tenor***; Karl Engel, piano***; Leipzig Radio Chorus, Horst Neumann, cond.* (Rudolf Werner, proc.) DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2709 057, $23.94 (three discs, manual sequence).

German Folksongs (42)*: Children's Folksongs (14)*; German Folksongs for four-part chorus (9)**

This album contains a lot of songs: fourteen Children's Folksongs and fifty-one German Folksongs (forty-two for solo voice, nine for four-part chorus). No doubt the scale of this venture stems from the current passion for comprehensive documentation. I can hardly believe there are many music lovers who would care to subject themselves more than once to so enervating an experience as hearing these sixty-five absolutely discrete pieces at a stretch. Or even—to speak for myself—hearing a single side's worth. There is simply too little variety of sentiment and sensibility to hold my attention even that long.

In addition, the individual songs are not only fairly undistinguished, but often, because of the strophic form in which all are couched, numbingly monotonous, notwithstanding Brahms's skill as an arranger. The four musically identical verses of "Sandmännchen" (No. 4 of the Volkskinderlieder) wear out their welcome long before the end. (In light of the obfuscation that Werner Morik brings to his album notes, it should perhaps be said that comparatively few of these pieces are authentic folksongs. Brahms was misled into accepting as genuine a large number of outright forgeries, together with several numbers originally intended as parodies of folksongs and others with no connection to folk music at all—e.g., "Sandmännchen," which derives from...
Despite all this, the performances here are good. Peter Schreier is particularly expressive and attractive. Edith Mathis, apart from being somewhat lacking in personality, is not always comfortable with the high keys in which most of this music is pitched. Where the tessitura is comparatively low, however (as in, for example, "Du unten im Thale"), she is often very winning. In any case, she, like Schreier, avoids the disingenuousness and dramatic overemphasis that mark the Schwarzkopf/Fischer-Dieskau performance of the Deutscher Volkslieder on Angel SB 3675. There is also slightly less recourse on DG than on Angel to the dubious practice of dividing up certain songs between the two singers as if they were dramatic scenes.

Karl Engel provides solid accompaniments for Mathis and Schreier. In the four-part choruses, the Leipzig Radio Chorus is very fine. The recording is clear and spacious, though in the Volkslieder, sung by Mathis alone, the acoustic is perhaps too intimate.

Texts and translations. The latter, being singing translations, are only approximate in meaning. Though uncredited, most of them are by Albert Bach and were commissioned by the original Berlin publisher when the songs were new. The surfaces of my review copy were rather noisy, a surprising fact, given DG's scrupulousness in such matters.

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gerst the proportions of, say, the Mahler orchestra more than those one is used to in Dvořák. The effect is, unfortunately, spoiled by the extremely gritty surfaces in the first movement on both copies I’ve tried. R.L.

GAGLIANO: La Dafne. For an essay review, see page 84.


Neither of these cantatas is among Handel’s great works in this genre, but they are both pleasant enough. Delirio amoroso hardly lives up to its text. It is, rather, a bravura piece for coloratura soprano, concerto solo instruments, and small orchestra. The cantata—almost a festa in length—is indeed too long and repetitious, but it has a nice overture and a couple of fair arias. It would make a better impression somewhat pruned and without repeats. Nel dolce dell’oblio is one of the pastoral cantatas: light and close to the then prevailing intermezzo tone. This is a slight piece, but not without a certain charm, and the recorder, which enhances the pastoral tone, blends nicely with the voice.

Magda Kalmár has a bright and fresh voice that carries well, unfortunately she seems to be a little closely miked. This promising young artist takes the extensive vocal convictions with ease, and she has temperament. What she still needs to learn is the fine art of coloring the voice. All the instrumentalists are good and the little orchestra is competent, but conductor Sándor is a bit stodgy and scarcely differentiates between the pathetic and the pastoral.


In the Esterházy household Haydn was a composer, conductor, and producer, but he was not a virtuoso soloist, and for that reason his concertos are overshadowed by his symphonies. Unlike Mozart, he did not require a concerto literature for his personal use.

The concerto for violin and harpsichord dates from his early Esterházy period, and one can imagine it as intended for the composer to play with his concertmaster, the same artist for whom he wrote so many solos in the symphonies of these years. The original manuscript is lost, not an uncommon event for early Haydn, but this performance, from a modern scholarly text, has the proper note of authenticity.

The concerto for two flutes is an arrangement, by either Haydn or a trusted aide, from the fifth of five concertos composed around 1796 for two fire organizzi. The lira organizzata being a somewhat unwieldy cross between a hurdy-gurdy and an organ that enjoyed a brief popularity in France and Italy. When Haydn wanted to play this work in England, he chose more conventional instruments, and since the original version isn’t likely to be heard often we need not have any fears about accepting it in this second form.

The performers, clearly better known in Europe than in the U.S., are good and well-recorded. They play in the best French tradition, with a degree of lightness, verve, and melodic sensitivity that gets to the heart of these scores. Neither concerto can be regarded as profound, but the work for flutes is a lot of fun, and the interplay of the two soloists in the earlier work reveals typical Haydn-esque mastery of unusual forms.


Bernard Herrmann’s extraordinary 1941 symphony unfolds expansively in the form of a multi-movement, moody, often bleak tonal landscape (Herrmann ranks with Sibelius, Barber, and Vaughan Williams among the greatest of musical landscape-sea-scape artists), within which motifive fragments take form and disappear in unfathomable cycles. The composer establishes a symphonic momentum quite unlike the more immediate dynamism of his film music.

Especially attractive is Herrmann’s structural use of instrumentation; repeated hearings increasingly reveal the subtlety of his contrasts within and among orchestral choirs. He will, for example, use near-cluster effects in the brasses to counteract the simplicity of a motive, sometimes juxtaposing several winds in very close harmonies, as in the hauntingly icy trio of the night-marish scherzo. By the end of the finale, Herrmann has begun to superimpose ideas in almost Ivesian fashion—not surprising in view of his close ties, as a young conductor, with his great predecessor.

It is saddening that a work of this quality has remained virtually unknown for over thirty years, but there is some consolation in the delight of rediscovery. In this well-engineered English recording, Herrmann leads the National Philharmonic in a glowing, subtle, and sonorous performance whose control and understatement invite the listener to participate especially deeply in the emotional fabric of the work.

HILLER: Sonatas for Piano: No. 4*; No. 5° Frina Arskhanska Boldt* and Kerwyn Boldt*, piano. [Gideon Cornfield, prod.] ORION ORS 75176, $6.98.

As heard in these two sonatas, the style of Lorenz Hiller (born in New York in 1824) is very deliberate—to deliberate for my taste. The Fourth Sonata (1930) is supposed to be humorous, each movement based on a different pianistic style. Yet Hiller rarely manages to do anything really funny, whether in the late Romanticism of the first movement, the blues of the second, or the
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HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

Mozart: Cosi fan tutte, K. 586

Fiordiligi

Gundula Janowitz (s)

Brigitte Fassbaender (md)

Don Marcellino

Paavo Sperat (f)

Guglielmo

Herrmann Prey (b)

Don Alfonso

Reri Grist (s)

Don Alfonso

Rolando Panerai (b)

Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Karl Böhm, cond. [Werner Mayer, prod.]. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 050. $23.94 (three discs, manual sequence) [recorded live at the 1974 Salzburg Festival].

While this set—taped at a live Salzburg performance on Karl Böhm's eightieth birthday, August 28, 1974—adds little to the Cosi discography, it gave me much pleasure, thanks principally to the Fiordiligi and the over-all flavor of the performance.

Even those not partial to Gundula Janowitz will have to credit her courage in tackling so fearsome a part as Fiordiligi in a live recording. In fact, there are only a few minor points that have been smoothed out in the studio: as vocalism this ranks with the best of the extraordinary Fiordiligi on record. Granted she tends, particularly when singing in Italian, to underarticulate words often to the point of near-vocalise; for me the emotions are so vividly communicated by modulation of her hauntingly pure timbre and by sensitive phrasing that I can't object.

Since Cosi depends so heavily on rightness of proportion, both internal and overall, live-performance recording might not seem particularly advantageous or even desirable. But in this case there is an unmistakable gain in continuity and theatrical presence, and Böhm secures a level of orchestral execution and vocal balance that would easily pass muster in the studio. He does not use the DG使人 as a "standard" can...
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Some time ago, a rare imported album caused furor in those American musical circles lucky enough to hear it. The artist: Lazar Berman.

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February 1976
On the way to Paris in 1778, Mozart paused in Mannheim, hoping to get a job (he didn’t) or a wife (she jilted him). Instead he met a ripoff artist, a Dutch flutist named De Jean, who knew genius when he saw it, commissioned chamber music and concertos for his instrument, and washed on his debts. It was all the more depressing since Mozart was not at all fond of the flute, found it tedious to compose so much for it so quickly, and moreover needed the money not only to pay bills, but to prove to his papa back in Salzburg that he was largely wasting his time (which, in the last analysis, he was).

From this episode come the three K. 285 quartets, uneven works for the mature young Mozart and perhaps with a false movement or two added by a less skilled hand. K. 289 dates from Paris a few months later, when his fortunes really came to low ebb.

As is often the case with Mozart, great as his trial may have been, the music is light, lyrical, and sparkling and conveys a sense of joy. These flute quartets are among his most popular chamber works and are amply represented in the current catalogue, with the Columbia edition of Jean-Pierre Rampal, Isaac Stern, Alexander Schneider, and Leonard Rose probably dominant. If you have that on your shelves, you’re in fine shape. If you’re shopping for the music, consider the current Seraphim, which is first-class in style and performance, equally well recorded, and three dollars cheaper.

Like Mozart, I find all of this too much for one sitting. Taken one quartet at a time, it is charming indeed, entertainment music at its most refined. And, although the Rampal performances are somewhat brisker and more animated, Debost’s lyric playing is a pleasure to hear. You can’t lose.

**Mozart:** Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, in A, K. 581; Quartet for Oboe and Strings, in F, K. 370; George Peterion, clarinet; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Arthur Grumiaux and Kojo Toya, violins; Max Lesueur, viola; Janos Scholz, cello. Philips 6500 924, $7.95. Tape: 10 7300 414, $7.95.

Both of these masterpieces receive distinguishable performances on this well-recorded disc.

The young Dutch clarinetist George Peterion plays with a coolly linear sound. He can be tangy and robust when required, and I like his straightforward phrasing very much. His performance of the sublime clarinet quintet is ideally matched to the work of the Grumiaux-led string ensemble, which similarly pays heed to the crisp articulation and the purity and niceties of classical style. The Larghetto is perhaps too straightforward for full effect, and in both of the third-movement trios I question the practice of pausing slightly and then proceeding at a tempo slower than that of the menuetto proper. The last-movement variations, however, are airborne here, and surely no other team has better integrated the adagio fifth variation. A superb reading, then, even if it doesn’t, except in the last movement, dislodge the Deplus/ Danish Quartet version (in Telefunken 56.35/117, December 1974).

The oboe quartet receives one of its great recorded performances. Pierre Pierlot’s phrasing, like that of his string colleagues, is full of excitement and enlivening impulse, and his breath control and digital facility are justly celebrated (though I would prefer less vibrato).

**Paganini:** Concertos for Violin and Orchestra (6). Salvatore Accardo, violin; London Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Dutoit, cond. [Rainer Brock, prod.] DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2740 121, $34.90 (five discs, manual sequence).

Concertos: No. 1, in D; Op. 6; No. 2, in B minor; Op. 7; No. 3, in E (ed. Szeryng); No. 4, in D minor (ed. Szeryng); No. 5, in A minor (ed. Mompellio); No. 6, in E minor (ed. Mompellio) (from DG 2539 467, 1974).

Comparisons:

- Ashkenase, Esser (Nos. 1, 2) [DG 139 424, Friedman, Handa (nos. 1) [Victor VC5 1647, Grumiaux, Bellugi (Nos. 1, 4) [Phil. 6500 411, Perlman, Foster (No. 1) [Angel 3 38635, Raban, Goossens (No. 1) [RCA S 60222, Tretyakov, Yary (No. 1) [Mel. / Ang. 40015, Szeryng, Gibson (No. 3) [Phil. 6500175, Ricci, Bellugi (No. 4) [Col. M 30574

It was only a matter of time before one of the world’s more intrepid virtuosos decided to run the gamut of the six Paganini violin concertos that are now (one way or another) extant and to produce a complete set. In a sense, Salvatore Accardo seemed destined to take up the challenge, since he was the first player to win first prize in the Paganini Competition, in 1956, and often plays, we are told, on Paganini’s own Guarneri del Gesu. His release in 1974 of the reconstructed Concerto No. 6 bode well for this undertaking, and now it has come to fruition with resounding success. It is true, I suppose, that if you can play one Paganini concerto you can play them all. It is not quite true that if you have heard one of them you have heard them all, for No. 1 is much more interesting than the sequence-riddled No. 5, for example, and the famous “Campanella” finale of No. 2 is one of the most attractive movements in the entire set. In the main, listening to five discs of Paganini consecutively—even with time out for eating, sleeping, and honest wage-earning—produces eventual paralysis, both emotional and lumbar, and is not to be recommended. Only so many passages of tensh, so many harmonics, so many flying bow strokes, so many left-hand pizzicatos can be absorbed with anything like strict attention, and even Paganini’s sweet slow melodies begin to sound perfunctory. Still, it is a worthwhile venture to get all the concertos into one box, and Accardo has done it with real flair.

A word about the origins of the more obscure concertos. No. 3, as fiddle fanciers will remember, was obtained by Henryk Szeryng from Paganini’s heirs several years ago and was introduced by him in concert and on disc. His edition is used here. No. 4 was revived in Paris in 1954 (Accardo plays a Szeryng edition also). No. 5 existed in a transcription for violin and piano and was reconstructed by Federico Mompellio, an Italian musicologist, and introduced in Vienna in 1959; it has not been previously recorded, as far as I know. No. 6 was found in a London antique shop in 1972 in a violin/guitar version; it was orchestrated by Mompellio and introduced by Accardo a year and a half ago. (I reviewed the recording in October 1974.) Mompellio did his job well: The orchestrations are full of vitality and give due attention to woodwind coloring and brass pronunciamentos. As for cadenzas, Accardo has written his own for four of the concertos and revised Emile Sauret’s for No. 1 and Remy Principe’s for No. 5. He stops at nothing, providing a miniature Caprice on each occasion. Coming as these cadenzas do on top of twenty minutes or so of acrobatic virtuosity, they seem almost de trop; the cadenza for No. 4, for instance, is nearly four minutes long. But it is Accardo’s show, and one can’t blame him for making the most of it.

Accardo has made these works his property, and this integral set will surely stand as a landmark of sorts for a long time to come. His tone is brilliant, his temperament bold, his technique superb. This is not to say that some competing versions of individual concertos are not of equal accomplishment or do not offer attractive view-
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People claimed they were healed when she sang, and she believed that the Lord really was "working through her." Still, she always remained practical, refusing to sing unless she was paid in full... "Baby, black promoters oppressed me before white promoters ever got a hold of me to do it. Don't talk skin to me."

Living with prejudice all her life, Mahalia was refused rooms in towns overflowing with travelers who had come to hear her. For years, she carried $40,000, $50,000 and more in cash when touring because she feared no one would honor a black woman's check. Her early years are a vivid portrait of the love, joy, humiliation and poverty of early 20th century black life.

She remained true to her religion, refusing to move into the more popular worlds of blues and jazz. She was loyal to her fellow gospel singers, sharing many concert stages with them.

Even though she was often ill, she lived dozens of lifetimes—caring for relatives, working for civil rights, supporting political candidates, cooking for anyone who looked hungry, managing a beauty salon and later a flower shop (and working in both between concert dates).

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FEBRUARY 1976
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In No. 3, Accardo is more extroverted and aggressive than Szeryng, who emerges with a lower profile—less tightly rhythmic in the fast movements, and less nuanced (though still lovely) in the Adagio, altogether a "softer" performance throughout. In No. 4, Grumiaux again is beautifully musical and mellower in tone; Ricci is less coherent in the first movement, sings nicely in the second, but misses the pulse of the finale.

The London Philharmonic handles its share of the pieces less in a spirit that matches Accardo's. Those long introductory tutti, with their big chordal exclamations and general air of storm and bustle, are played to the hilt. Rhythm is always alert, and details of orchestration are given their fair share of attention. A Pagannini soloist could not ask for more.

He could, however, ask for more in the way of program annotations: DG's booklet offers some roadblocks. An essay on "The Social History of Virtuosity" is printed in German and French, and one on "Pagannini and His Six Concertos" in English and Italian. The latter piece is addlepated to start with, and the translation into English renders such sentences as this (referring to the D major Concerto): "It bears the number, Opus 8 because it was published by his son Achille in 1851 through Schonenberg and Schotz the first in Paris and the second at Mainz, ending with No. 8 the series of compositions printed during Pagannini's life by Ricordi in Milan, the only works having a number, while others had been printed in unauthorized editions." Got it?


Comparison: Alexandrov / Pro Musica Orch. Turn. TV-S34463

As in his pioneering Forties recording for Columbia, Ormandy still conducts Nevsky with technical aplomb and seamless assurance. The breadth and heroism of the epic unfold in a non-pedal, uncontrived way, with no ponderous italization and no hysteria. If the Mendelssohn Club will hardly be mistaken for the Red Army or Bolshoi chorus, it is at least solidly professional, free of obtrusive "American collegiate" choral mannerisms. Betty Allen is vigorously competent, though not in a class with Ormandy's previous soloist, the then-in-her-prime Jennie Tourel.

The ultimate Nevsky remains to be recorded. Reiner (RCA, deleted, unfortunately sung in English) caught best the music's snarling and brooding menace. Previn (Angel S 36843) offers splendid execution and vivid recording, but his approach is too conventional for me. Schoenbrunz (Odyssey, Y 31014) has Lili Chookasian's darkly eloquent singing of the "Field of the Dead." The real sleeper is the recent Turnabout release, which even has a filler— a respectable Love for Three Oranges Suite conducted by Froment. The Nevsky performers are identified only as "Pro Musica Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by G. Alexandrov." The performance seems to be from an actual concert by a genuine (and extraordinarily vital) Russian chorus, with an orchestra that is adequate enough, some nervous brass playing excepted. The mystery was whether really knows what her song is all about, even if she can't float a smooth legato line in the manner of the younger Tourel or of Chookasian. Alexandrov reads the score with incomparably invigorating energy and plasticity.

Sonically, the new Ormandy Nevsky falls between the edgy, overinked Rachmaninoff Second Symphony (December 1975) and the smooth, suave Shostakovich Fifth (January 1976). The violins are bright, as is the extremely detailed percussion, but not strident or glossy. The various instrumental and vocal forces are vividly captured and well-balanced. A.C.

In quad: I become increasingly disturbed by the slightly acid, slightly grainy sound that seems to plague the Philadelphians on Quadradisc. The velvet in RCA's London Symphony recording of the Dvorak Cello Concerto reviewed this month proves that the harshness given the Philadelphians is not an inherent by-product of Quadradisc. Yet there it is, compounded by a miscellany of extraneous surface noises at some parts of my review copy.

This is a shame—the effect is otherwise superb. Being encircled by orchestra and chorus really works, with the antiphonal exchange of the battle music, and some of the choral passages adding much to the excitement and vividness of what is, after all, descriptive music. It does not add to the sense of one's being in the presence of a real orchestra in a real hall (a quality that the Dvrik, for example, achieves magnificently). Rather, the listener is confronted with an arbitrary deployment of musicians placed and recorded in the studio so as to achieve specific musical, dramatic, and sonic ends. R.L.


Not long before his death in 1916, Max Reger wrote a clarinet quintet that he obviously intended to take its place alongside those of Mozart and Brahms. Reger was not, even by the most tolerant standards, a modest man, and in his time his ego was nourished by a coterie of critics who saw him as the logical heir of Beethoven and Brahms. He still commands considerable respect in Germany, though his music
seems by now to resist export to other countries.

Though there might be other responses to the combination of clarinet and strings, Reger, like Mozart and Brahms, is inspired to a rather elegiac mood. His quintet differs from his masters' in its greater contrapuntal emphasis, blending the wind instrument more into the string body. In his first movement, Reger expands conventional sonata form by adding to the exposition a third subject with its own key; this theme later figures prominently in the slow third movement. In the second movement, his scherzo seems to have as much trouble getting off the ground as Brahms's similar movements often have, and I find the slow movement lacking in strong inspiration. The finale, a long theme and variations, is possibly the strongest section musically; perhaps Reger was most comfortable spinning out variations on his own or others' themes.

The only alternative to the new DG recording by Karl Leister and the Droc Quartet is that by the Bell'Arte Ensemble in one of the Vox Boxes devoted to Reger's chamber music. I have not heard that performance, but his one is very good. It takes this kind of solid German playing to bring clarity to Reger's often involved textures. I should also note that this performance, though spread over two sides, runs only 33:42.

P.H.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Scheherazade, Op. 35
Sidney Harth, violin; Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, cond. [Christopher Raeburn, prod.] London CS 6950, $6.98.

Comparisons:
Haitink/London Phil. 6212 (Angel S 35505) and Ansermet (London CS 6672) remain incomparable despite their
1988 (Columbia CS 63706) and Rostropovich (Midi 109) considerably
challenged. For that matter, both the dis-

The Los Angelos play well and are pow-
erfully recorded, as always, yet the Rostro-

Scheherazade is insuperably handicapped

than Rostropovich's, while both his first
movement is even slower, yet less flowing,

Scheherazade is unsurpassed in its greater contrapuntal

engineering's magnificent gong roar in the fi-

nale's shipwreck climax.

Overall, for more transparent yet glow-

such work to come out of the gate

and Neagorski in the-Fields, Neville Marriner, cond. Philips
6500 878, $7.98. Tape $17.30, $7.95.

Il Barbieri di Siviglia; L'Italiana in Algeri; La Cambiale di matrimonio; La Scala di seta; Tancredi; Il Signor Bru-

chino; Il Turco in Italia; L'Inganno felice.

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Stereo Review, May 1975 Heathkit AA-1640

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This record simply obliterates the competition. Thanks to the chamber-orchestra-sized string section and the quality of execution, every wind line in these works emerges with the full import Rossini clearly intended, and for that matter the vividly recorded strings are as full and precise as any I've heard in this music. Listen to the opening string pizzicatos of L'Italiana in Algieri, crisp yet bursting with color, followed by the bold, melting oboe solo; then all you'll need to know is that every bar in these eight overtures maintains that standard. Marriner's pacing is unerringly just, and the orchestral realization (the dazzling wind solos, many of which are outstandingly identified) makes everything else on records—except the overture in Silvio Varviso's complete Barbiere (London OSA 1381), which also uses reduced strings—sound like a generalized runthrough.

In Marriner's hands, the two little heard overtures here, La Cambiale di matrimonio and L'Ingnanno felice, have quickly become favorites of mine. The former in particular is a zestful romp every bit the equal of Signor Bruschino, and I share Geoffrey Cranbrook's incredulity (in his fine liner notes) that so mature a piece could have been written by a student. The absence here of such staples as Cenerentola, Giza laдра, and the bigger pieces—Tell, Semiramid, and Siege of Corinth—strongly suggests the immensity of a sequel. The sooner the better.

K.F.


Wait just a minute! This is definitely not just another sonic spectacular or just another Saint-Saens Organ Symphony showpiece performance.

It's exceptional, first, in that it represents the completion of the first integral recording of the five existing Saint-Saens symphonies, by Martinon and the Orchestre National—Nos. 1 and 2 on Angel S 36995 (July 1974), the early unnumbered symphonies, by Martinon and the Orchestre National—Nos. 1 and 2 on Angel S 36995 (July 1974), the early unnumbered symphonies, No. 2 on Angel S 37122, No. 4 on Angel S 37123, No. 5 on Angel S 37124, all on RCA (ARL 1-0484). Now Martinon, undoubtedly benefiting from his experience of having recorded the Organ Symphony earlier (with the same orchestra but a different organist, Marin-Claire Alain) in 1971 for Erato/Musical Heritage Society, gives us the most fiercely virile and dramatic reading I know, making the recent one by Ormandy for RCA (ARL 1-0494) sound almost pablum-like in comparison. Both the orchestral sound and the sound of Gavoty's appropriately "symphonic" organ of the Eg-
Carmen

Régine Crespin’s recent decision to add Carmen to her repertoire was presumably occasioned by the difficulties she has been experiencing at the top of the staff during the past few years. Unfortunately, Carmen is no answer to her present vocal problems, for though it does not take her up very high its tessitura is really too low for her to sustain with ease. Indeed, because of the demands the role makes on her unsubstantial middle and lower middle registers Crespin was unable to suggest very much of the character’s fatalistic insouciance. Particularly in the Card Scene and the final duet one wanted more tonal definition, more confidence.

Not that Crespin was dramatically a cypher. She has a warm and irresistible stage personality. Her facial expressions are vivid. She moves well. Above all, the clarity and variety of her enunciation, especially in the spoken recitatives, keep the character wonderfully alive.

This was no mean feat, given Henry Lewis’ conducting, which was mostly excruciatingly slow and, in addition, none too well coordinated with singers and chorus. That so much of the evening hung fire must, I fear, be attributed to him. Doubtless the lack of energy in the orchestra pit was partly responsible for the fact that the originally powerful Don José of James McCracken had become rather remote and bland. Similarly, Lucine Amara, now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Met debut, was an ineffectual, pallid Micáela and clearly needed more authoritative direction. Amara is, however, an artful singer and one could only admire the way she made use of her current vocal resources.

But on the whole, the evening (I attended on November 12) was sadly deficient in vocal substance. Though John Reardon (deputizing at short notice for the indisposed Matteo Manuguerra) looked suitably lithe as Escamillo and pronounced the text with admirable accuracy, he was quite unable to cope with either the lows or the highs in which this admittedly difficult role abounds. The rest of the cast, especially the Frasquita, Morales, Zuniga, and Dancaire, were frankly less good than one has a right to expect at a major opera house. The Gentile-Igesz production remains a striking conception, though some of Svoboda’s monumental walls are in need of refurbishment.

DALE HARRIS
In honor of Aaron Copland's seventy-fifth birthday, the Norlin Foundation gave a grant of $250,000 to the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough (N.H.) for fellowships. The Norlin Corporation manufactures musical instruments. Tanglewood's opera training program, scheduled to commence this summer, has been postponed until the 1977 season, due to building reconstruction at the Berkshire Music center.

The National Association for American Composers and Conductors, founded in 1932 to promote American music, has changed its name to the National Association of Composers, U.S.A. The current president is Larry Lockwood. Dennis Burkh, music director of the Michigan State University Orchestra at East Lansing, will make his London debut in July at Royal Festival Hall, conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra.

Robert J. Fitzpatrick is the new president of the California Institute for the Arts. Oleg Kovalenko succeeds Izler Solomon as conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony for the current season. Violinist Erick Friedman has been named to the Mischa Elman Chair at the Manhattan School of Music; the chair is endowed for the teaching of advanced violin literature.

Sidney Rothstein, conductor of the Orchestra Society of Philadelphia has joined the music faculty of the New School in New York, and will conduct the school's orchestra. Leon Petrus is the new managing director of the Meadow Brook Festival.

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debuts & reappearances

CHEVY CHASE

Kenneth Lowenberg, organ

Last summer the Chevy Chase (Maryland) Presbyterian Church threw out its electronic organ and installed a brand new Rieger. Three dedicatory recitals were given in the autumn; I heard organist and choir-master Kenneth Lowenberg play a program of concertos with strings on November 2, and Karl Richter came to play a recital in December. One way and another, the new Rieger is quickly becoming known as an especially fine instrument, and the concert I attended—of Mozart, Kenneth Leighton, Handel, and Poulenc—was jammed, not only with the congregation but, I suspect, a large number of organophiles. The instrument, for those who want some details, is a three-manual, 37-stop, 47-rank tracker organ. The console is detached from the main organ case, allowing the choir to stand between the organist and the pipes. Each division of the organ is separately encased, and the encasements, apparently uniquely in this country, are of glass, while the swell shades are of double glass.

No matter how sumptuous the instrument, the music played on it and the quality of the performance are going to influence one's critical judgment. On this occasion, while the nobility, clarity, and brilliance of the instrument were clearly evident, the performances themselves were so lethargic, not to say plain boring, that I had some trouble being properly overwhelmed. Richter's recital the following month promised to stir the blood a bit more.

NEW YORK

Marie-Françoise Bucquet, piano

Marie-Françoise Bucquet's Tully Hall recital on October 21 was a thought-provoking if not wholly satisfying experience in concert-going. And it offered a surprise or two as well. The French pianist made a splash last year with her series of concerts featuring twentieth-century piano works. This time she offered a smattering of Stockhausen and Xenakis against a background of Preludes and Fugues from Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier, Book I. Among her encores was the premiere of selections from a new work by Karlheinz Stockhausen.

Juxtaposing the new and the old allowed the contemporary works to be heard with fresher and more expectant ears. This approach is to be commended. Miss Bucquet's reputation as a twentieth-century specialist, however, and the controversy surrounding her last New York appearances, made her Bach renditions open to the closest scrutiny. It is likely that all of us have our own ideal "per-
formances” in mind, and that these prejudiced views might get in the way of objective evaluation. With this apology, I confess to having been disappointed. The pianist had apparently not done the rethinking necessary in transposing the performance medium from harpsichord to piano. Musicians cannot escape the necessity of conceiving anew the works of past centuries in terms of present-day attitudes and tonal resources. Miss Bucquet articulated no particular attitude toward Bach’s huge and magnificent forms. Her tone was loud, harsh, and often characterless, as if denying the array of colors available from our contemporary grand piano.

By contrast, her performances of the twentieth-century pieces seemed full of tonal shading. Stockhausen’s Klavierstück IX (1954) invites attention to color. By hammering away at a single chord over one hundred times, the composer forces us to focus on the sound itself and lose a certain degree of temporal awareness. Klavierstück XI (1956) is another piece that embodies one of the “big ideas” associated with this composer’s career; it is among the earliest European examples of “open form.” (The American Henry Cowell had evolved this notion some twenty years earlier.) Here the performer chooses the ordering, tempo, and modes of articulation and dynamics from a number of musical segments provided by the composer. What should the function of the audience be in this situation? Due to the stop-and-go structure, perhaps it should take in whatever isolated moments catch its fancy. And since the piece, without creating traditional expectations of formal close, is over simply when the pianist decides it is, should there be applause? Perhaps not, if Stockhausen’s conception is to be experienced on its own terms, the ending ought not be noted any more than any other event in the work.

Iannis Xenakis’ piece certainly deserved the applause which greeted its conclusion, if only for the sheer physical effort involved in performing it. Evryali, more traditional in form and function, was written for and premiered by Miss Bucquet in 1973. I may have missed the subtler points, but it seemed like a lot of primitive banging to me.

The real surprise of the evening came in the form of an encore. Miss Bucquet played selections from a new work by Stockhausen called Zodiac. It was originally written for music boxes (commissioned by a Swiss firm!), though it may be performed on any instrument. Five of the twelve short movements were heard: Aquarius, Scorpio, Pisces, Virgo, and Capricorn. They all sounded attractively tinkling in the upper registers of the piano. An especially striking number among these freely chromatic pieces was Virgo. The right and left hands differentiated two clear centers of tonality, a charming bit of word-painting.

Ch. Mus. Soc.: Britten works

Just prior to their performance, the first in the United States, of Benjamin Britten’s Canticle V, “The Death of Saint Narcissus,” tenor Peter Pears and harpist Osian Ellis performed an unprogramed song by Henry Purcell. It was an apt gesture. Following as it did the Brahms-Liszt-Wagner Piano Quintet by the American Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the Purcell served a triple purpose: it established a mood more suitable to the ensuing Britten work; it provided instruction in the continuity of English song tradition from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and it gave the celebrated tenor and harpist an opportunity to warm up.

The occasion was the concert by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center on November 7 at Alice Tully Hall. The Britten Canticle, full of the tortuous melodic lines and melismatic treatments that characterize so much of the composer’s music, employs the poetry of T. S. Eliot as its text. It was a perfect wedding of the words, with their vivid imagery and rich allusions, and the music. There is something paradoxical about the intensity of emotional response which Britten’s acerbic, sometimes ungratiating style manages to provoke. It is one of the fascinations of Britten’s music that it often seduces through the least seductive of materials. Canticle V, performed with great authority by the two artists, is a strong addition to the composer’s canon.

Pears then sang four folk-song arrangements by Britten with harp accompaniment. Ravel’s Introduction and Allegro for Harp, Strings, Flute, and Clarinet, gave Ellis an opportunity to display his ensemble skills with members of the Chamber Music Society, and Pears then joined a piano and string quartet group in a performance of Vaughan Williams’ song cycle On Wenlock Edge. A printed text would have been helpful here. It was frequently impossible to comprehend the words as sung, and in a work such as this in which the relationship of the poetry to its setting is of crucial importance, much of the effect of Vaughan Williams’ powerful composition was dissipated.

Aaron Copland’s 75th birthday

The association of Aaron Copland with the MacDowell Colony in
Peterborough, New Hampshire, goes back many years. Responding to a laudatory citation by William Schuman, chairman of the MacDowell Colony, Mr. Copland, speaking from the stage of Alice Tully Hall at the Colony's November 12 celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, recalled what those periods in the secluded woods of New England had meant to him as a young composer. With characteristic charm and wit, Mr. Copland underlined what everyone in the audience already knew—that the opportunity afforded musicians, artists, and writers to come together in an atmosphere of creation free from the pressures of daily existence has been and continues to be of inestimable value to the development of the arts in America.

Copland's remarks were just one highlight in an evening of highlights. There was, first of all, the music. The Duo for Flute and Piano, played to perfection by Paula Robison and Charles Wadsworth, was the best of all beginnings. With its wide-ranging intervals and propulsive, additive rhythms it revealed the composer's most familiar and characteristic musical face. In the Beginning, for a capella chorus, impressed as a sensitive setting of the words of Genesis, again showing the composer's concern for variety and balance. The piece was full of pleasant surprises, such as the non-explosive treatment of "And there was light" (how conditioned we are to the musical cliche), and the absolute clarity of texture. The Gregg Smith Singers, with Rosalind Rees as soloist, gave a brilliant performance.

A new choreographic work by Pearl Lang set to Copland's Sonata for Violin and Piano, with Hamao Fujiwara and Ann Schein as the instrumentalists, revealed yet another side of the composer's talents. Miss Lang, together with William Carter and the company, presented a visual interpretation of what the ear hears in abstract—the broad, sweeping gesture, the nervous impulsive movement, the sudden gathering of energy, the fun in the manipulation of motivic ideas.

The birthday celebration concluded with excerpts from several films with scores by Copland. As a special honor to this protean figure in American music, it was announced by William Schuman that the Norlin Foundation has made a grant of $250,000 to the MacDowell Colony for composers to work at the Colony. All in all, it was a wonderful evening for Aaron Copland and his well-wishers. One wonders what can be done for an encore at the eightieth birthday party.

A.S.

Group for Contemporary Music

The Group for Contemporary Music at the Manhattan School of Music inaugurated another impressive season of seven concerts on November 3. Themes recurring on the program were the sounds of the voice, the piano, and electronic sounds.

Continuing its tradition of featuring twentieth-century elder statesmen, the Group presented premieres of both versions of Milton Babbitt's Phonemena. The composer, who celebrates his sixtieth birthday next year, has written an engaging and attractive work. Phonemena's first version for voice and piano dates from 1969, the second for voice and tape from 1974. Babbitt's "text" is his own organization of phonemes, or basic speech sounds which make up words in the various world languages. The virtuoso vocal part, sung impressively by Lynne Webber, interacts clearly and precisely with the pitch and rhythm of the piano. The 1969 version was played expertly by the young pianist Jerry Kuderna. The 1974 version realizes the piano part on the synthesizer. The electronic sounds, due to their greater variety of colors, were integrated somewhat more smoothly with the vocalist's spurrerings.

Charles Dodge's In Celebration (1975) was in complete contrast to Babbitt's work, a synthesis, not a breakdown of actual speech. Dodge realized solely from electronic materials the complete text of Mark Strand's poem of the same name. This is a considerable feat. One sensed little attempt to fashion a cohesive musical totality, though word synthesis was obviously the focus of attention.

Piano and electronic sounds were brought together in a brilliant piece by twenty-three-year-old Joe Hudson. His Reflexxes (1975) certainly provided the most exciting moments of the evening. The electronic sounds sparkled with color, and abruptly...

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changed from lyric to dramatic. Though the point of departure here seems to be Mario Davidovsky's *Synchronisms*, Hudson has an original voice, one which bears watching. That champion of twentieth-century piano repertory Robert Miller carried off both the Hudson piece and Hugh Aitkin's *Piano Fantasy* (1967) with his usual skill and musicality. The two-movement Aitkin work owes much in gesture and detail to Copland's *Piano Variations*. Bold, declamatory statements alternate with tiny, nervously repeated musical fragments. This is a highly professional piece of work both from the composer and the pianist.

One was reminded again at this concert how many remarkable pianists there are who specialize in contemporary music. Add to Miller and Kuderna, the composer and pianist Frederic Rzewski (pronounced "Shefsky"), who played the solo part in Joe Spivak's Concertino for Piano and Five Instruments (1974). The Group is definitely a composer-oriented organization: Charles Wuorinen conducted the Spivak, and Harvey Sollberger conducted Donald Jenni's *Cherry Valley: August 1975* for nine flutes. With Wuorinen and Sollberger, the artistic directors of the Group, the music could not have been in more capable and dedicated hands.

**Gary Karr, double bass**

Strange as it may seem, Gary Karr emerged as a modern master of vocal style during his double bass recital at Alice Tully Hall on November 2. Although his 161 Amati bass is slightly larger than the instrument of a vocalist, the pallet of sounds which Karr draws from it are no less subtle, variegated, and expressive. Every nuance of his performance, in fact, recalled the technique of a singer—the barely audible slide down an octave or the imaginative repetition of phrases, first robust with vibrato and overtones and then delicate and smooth. In the works by Bottesini, which were as uninteresting as the silliest of Italian opera, Karr transcended the lack of musical grit with his profound musicianship and amazing technique, much like a great diva.

Most extraordinary was his rendition of Bruch's *Kol Nidrei*. Karr has said that this music sounds better on the double bass than in its original version for cello, but the superiority of his performance was due to his interpretation, not the particular instrument. For this work, Karr assumed an authentic cantorial style, sobbing between the augmented seconds and hovering on quarter tones adjacent to the actual written notes. His intense, frankly Judaic style rendered Bruch's music far more convincing than the dry, secular readings of most cellists.

Karr is a bit of a clown and likes to ham it up when the music calls for it (and sometimes when it is not so appropriate). He passed off the silly Tarantella by Bottesini as a vaudeville stunt, making bizarre faces and gestures. In the pizzicato sections of Hindemith's *Double Bass Sonata*, however, Karr's comedy became annoyingly cute as he caricatured a hip jazz musician. And occasionally the concern with humor diverted his attention from the notes, as in Couperin's *Au de Diable*, which was howlingly out of tune.

Harmon Lewis accompanied Karr at three different keyboards. His maladroitness at the organ was disturbing during the *Kol Nidrei*, but at the harpsichord and piano his performance was commendably reliable and sensitive. **M.B.**

**Lewenthal Romantic Revival Ens.**

Raymond Lewenthal has long been a leader in the "Romantic revival" of little known piano music. Now, he has expanded his sights and fashioned a festival of diverse instrumental ensembles from the Romantic era. The first concert took place on November 5 at the Hunter College Playhouse and three more were to follow at roughly monthly intervals. The great diversity possible within the ensemble concept provides the keynote of the series, since few of the compositions scheduled quite fit into an expected mold. Numbers range from melodramas to a *Kitchen Symphony* replete with egg beaters and sauce pans, and while such extremes can be amusing to note, they should not obscure the core of diversified, viable music.

In the first program, the melodramas—that is, spoken text with intermittent musical accompaniment—provided a fascinating step into the gothic world of malevolent spiritual forces that so intrigued the Romantics. The programed melodramas of Schumann and Richard Strauss, however, paled beside Liszt's great setting of Gottfried August Bürger's ballad *Lenore* in which the music both under scores and intensifies the grisly horror tale of a maiden and her spectral lover. Mezzo-soprano Herta Glaz, with a voice that could be as chilled as death itself, narrated the texts masterfully, while Lewenthal assisted ably at the piano—as he did in all the pieces on the program. The evening opened with a Trio Op. 1, No. 1 by the then-eighteen-year-old César Franck. Since his later beatification by pupils, it is easy to forget that Franck began his career as a fire-breathing virtuoso and scored the piano part of the Trio so massively that it would be difficult to maintain any semblance of ensemble even if the piano were located two blocks outside the hall. Guy Lumia, violin, and Timothy Eddy, cello, did the best they could against the cascading octaves and ponderous repeated chords of the keyboard. Yet despite the unbalanced writing, the work is cyclic in form and does hint at the Franck that eventually was to develop.

A *Tarantelle*, Op. 6, by Saint-Saëns for flute (John Wion), clarinet (Arthur Bloom), and piano is also a young man's work, and although Rossini mischievously introduced it at one of his soirées as one of his own compositions, the work presented little more than a plethora of tootles with some high-spirited playing by the instrumentalists. If the melodramas provided the most captivating historical items on the program, the musical climax was Chausson's Piano Quartet, Op. 30, a work which substitutes a prominent viola part beautifully played by Daniel Phillips—for the usual second violin. If ever a composition merited that overworked phrase "unjustly neglected," it is this quartet. It is mature, suavely realized, and presents an almost perfect balance in the motivic interplay between the piano and strings. Chausson was at the height of his compositional powers, and Lewenthal and his fellows were completely up to the musical demands of the work.

Judging from the opening program, Lewenthal has fashioned this ensemble series con amore. The programs feature a fascinating diversity
of instrumental combinations and present a lot of music that can and does deserve further hearing. C.S.

Menuhin Festival orchestra

Yehudi Menuhin’s increased attention to conducting in recent years (not to mention his activities as a pedagogue, humanitarian, and world citizen) has not ended his career as a solo violinist, but most certainly has signaled the close of his reign as one of this century’s great virtuosos. In the Menuhin Festival Orchestra of London, Menuhin has fashioned an ensemble which ideally suits his present needs. The orchestra, which played at Carnegie Hall on November 14, is essentially a chamber group—its string section numbers only twenty-three—and when Menuhin appears with it as violinist, as he did for half of this program, he is of necessity confined to the more unassuming specimens of the concerto repertory. Nevertheless, the opening work, Bach’s Concerto in D minor for two violins, offered a tantalizing glimpse of the Menuhin of yore. Without meaning to steal the show Menuhin relegated concertmaster Robert Masters and the accompanying strings to the background through the sheer force of that passionate exuberance which has always been the trademark of Menuhin’s tone.

Menuhin also was soloist in Frank Martin’s Images de la vie du Seigneur for violin and double string orchestra (with the orchestra’s first oboist Michael Dobson conducting). Written at the request of and dedicated to Menuhin, this is one of the last works the Swiss composer wrote before his death in 1974 at the age of eighty-four. Its six movements were inspired by a polyptych depicting scenes from the Passion. The music is a sterling example of Martin’s austere but deeply felt conservative idiom and makes its points with telling but economical strokes. An air of spiritual serenity pervades even the more agitated passages is about the only sign of instrumental combinations and present a lot of music that can and does deserve further hearing. C.S.

Menuhin Festival orchestra

Yehudi Menuhin’s increased attention to conducting in recent years (not to mention his activities as a pedagogue, humanitarian, and world citizen) has not ended his career as a solo violinist, but most certainly has signaled the close of his reign as one of this century’s great virtuosos. In the Menuhin Festival Orchestra of London, Menuhin has fashioned an ensemble which ideally suits his present needs. The orchestra, which played at Carnegie Hall on November 14, is essentially a chamber group—its string section numbers only twenty-three—and when Menuhin appears with it as violinist, as he did for half of this program, he is of necessity confined to the more unassuming specimens of the concerto repertory. Nevertheless, the opening work, Bach’s Concerto in D minor for two violins, offered a tantalizing glimpse of the Menuhin of yore. Without meaning to steal the show Menuhin relegated concertmaster Robert Masters and the accompanying strings to the background through the sheer force of that passionate exuberance which has always been the trademark of Menuhin’s tone.

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(vocally and dramatically) a thoroughly appealing David, and David Holloway and Diane Curry were notable as, respectively, Kothner and Magdalena. In fact, the only weak link was the wool-mouthed Pogner of Richard T. Gill.

The direction of John Cox was simple and direct; where he departed from Wagner's explicit directions he did so with taste and judgment, and the scenery of Carl Toms was, likewise, direct and evocative without being fussy. (He set the first act in the nave of the church itself, rather than in the antechamber, with the pulpit acting as Marker's box—an interesting idea, which worked well enough and had the merit of having the opening chorale sung direct to the audience.)

This Meistersinger, then, was strong in voice and filled with verve, spirit, and life-enhancement. That is exactly what Meistersinger is about (if you have a Sachs who can provide the pathos—as Bailey did), and those strengths overcame the chronic lack-of-rehearsal problems of the City Opera and the deficiencies mentioned above. City Opera made its case. P.J.S.

N.Y. Phil.: Caldwell debut

Musical events and media events are not necessarily the same thing. The latter occurs when an event billed as musical turns into an occasion where other matters take precedence. We can all cite examples. It must be admitted that the New York Philharmonic's first Pension Fund concert of the year (Avery Fisher Hall, November 10) looked like a classic media event. International Woman's Year... a concert billed as a "celebration of women composers" and given in collaboration with Ms magazine... conducted by Sarah (Time cover: "Music's Wonder Woman") Caldwell... sold out house... etc.

That it was not—and it was not—must be credited to Sarah Caldwell. She picked a very interesting program of five composers of this century, which if it included no forgotten or unrecognized masterpieces did include a lot of strong music that had the merit of wide variety of styles. Moreover, she drew from the Philharmonic playing of a high degree of polish and distinction. Better known as an impresario and a stage director, Caldwell has only recently begun to appear with orchestras, and even her operatic conducting in Boston is hampered by the physical layout of the theater, which lacks an orchestra pit. Her Met Tannhäuser in 1976 will tell us more, but on the strength of her Philharmonic debut she is a conductor of great competence.

The program began with a concert overture (typical of that genre) by the Polish composer Grazyna Bacewicz, who died in 1969. This was followed by the orchestral version of the Andante of Ruth Crawford Seeger's String Quartet. The first part closed with Lili Boulanger's prize-winning cantata Faust et Hélène. Presented in 1913, when Boulanger was nineteen, the work is a what-might-have-been piece, since she died at twenty-five. It demonstrates an exceptional musical talent in early development, but today is all too redolent of everyone's writing at that time, and is also haunted by the Prix de Rome banalities necessary for the competition. Caldwell and her soloists (Gwendolyn Killebrew as Hélène, Lenus Carlson as Méphisto and—least effective—Joseph Evans as Faust) made the best case possible for the relic, which does contain some lovely moments.

The latter part of the program included Pozzi Escot's Sands... and Thea Musgrave's Clarinet Concerto. Sands... written in 1965, is a small-scaled study in sonority, densities and pitch relationships scored for strings, drums, saxophones and an electric guitar which is used to impose its amplified sound across the other instruments.

The Clarinet Concerto is one of several Musgrave concertos for solo instrument and orchestra, all similarly organized. The clarinetist moves about a reseated orchestra (woods and brass to the fore, in groups, strings to the rear), and interacts with the groups, in the form of dialogue, imitation, opposition, and the like. A good deal of dramatic interplay is thus generated. It is another of the seemingly endless contempo-
Vladimir Spivakov, violin

It is probably cheating somewhat to refer to Vladimir Spivakov's approach to his art as mystical, since there is something about his entranced facial expressions and his seeming attempts to reach into the empty space around him for his musical ideas that suggests the otherworldly. But musically as well, the fact remains that the young Soviet violinist descends, with his exceptionally fluid technical facility, so deeply within himself that the full breadth of the musical meaning lying beneath the subjectivities of both performer and composer is expressed with a profundity I have never heard from any performer.

A perfect example of this was in Spivakov's performance, in his concert given in Carnegie Hall on October 28, of the First Sonata for Violin and Piano by Brahms. With his quite exceptional purity of tone, which grows in part from the use of a minimal vibrato, Spivakov might have been tempted to overemphasize the work's haunting and occasionally achingly emotive melodic lines. Instead, however, it was obvious that the violinist and his truly excellent accompanist, Boris Bechterev, had a global conception of the work in which each rhythmic cell, each thematic detail, from the tiniest octave tremelo to the broadest melody, and every one of the composer's rich harmonic structures had their own special meaning relating to a whole, never fully revealed until the conclusion of this beautifully controlled performance.

Much praise should also be given to the unusually interesting and well-balanced program. Opening with the Second Bartók Violin Sonata—whose taut, sometimes abrasive, sometimes vigorous, always deeply moving violin-piano interplays have never been revealed with such shape and empathy—Spivakov and Bechterev went on to perform, along with bassoonist Leonard Hindell and percussionist Gordon Gottlieb, a marvelously witty arrangement done by the two Soviet performers in 1971 of Shostakovich's early (1927) Aphorisms for piano. The late Russian composer was apparently delighted with the transcription, and for good reason, as the almost Webernesque textures of many of the separate pieces stand out brilliantly in this thoroughly appropriate reworking. After the Brahms Sonatensatz and Hungarian Dances No. 16 and No. 2, which followed the Brahms Sonata, Spivakov concluded the evening with four marvelously chosen encore by Bloch, Stravinsky, Gershwin, and Messiaen (the "Louange à l'immortalité de Jesus" from the Quatuor pour la fin du temps). Not surprisingly, Spivakov's total identification with the intensely meditative qualities of the latter work resulted in a performance of hair-raising beauty.

Alan Titus, baritone

Doubtless there are many reasons why opera singers give song recitals. Among them must be as an act of contrition, a need to do penance. It is a Lenten gesture, standing in one place on a bare stage dressed in a simple gown or the stark severity of white tie and tails. "Look at me," the singer says. "Last night I was Princess Turandot, painted and rouged, with nails out to there, or Pagliaccio brightly caparisoned, lurking in the shadows. Tonight I stand before you stripped of outward artifice, pure and humble, atoning for my theatrical sins."

Opera singer Alan Titus atoned insufficiently at his song recital in the Hunter College Playhouse on October 22. He will simply have to come back and do it all again, not with the bits and pieces of amusing banality with which he entertained his audience this time, but with the meat and potatoes of Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, even Duparc for heaven's sakes. A potpourri of songs by Berg, Krenek, Schoenberg, and Walton, mostly of only moderate interest, do not an opening group make. Even the inclusion of three previously unperformed songs by Kurt Weill, the first two discursive and argumentative and the third (Berlin im Licht) appealing because of the similarity of its idiom to Weill's more familiar works, did little to suggest that the baritone was serious about establishing his credentials as a recitalist.

Next a cycle of songs by Honegger to texts by Cocteau, all very clever and sly; next a pair of lightweight charmers by Milhaud, one about fill-
The United Nations' thirtieth birthday fell on October 24. To celebrate the occasion, the international organization commissioned a cantata entitled To Posterity by the Viennese composer Gottfried von Einem. Performed in the General Assembly, the work had the proportions and sheen of a masterpiece, but none of the substance. One could hear von Einem's conservatism and his continual references to older composers, especially Beethoven, Wagner, and Mahler, if only he mixed in some trace of individuality. Perhaps his trademark is the short, harsh brass bursts which he frequently ejects in the midst of melismatic passages, but this hardly constitutes a style. His harmony must also be faulted, not for its unabashed tonality but for its utter vapidity.

And the choral writing in To Posterity is embarrassingly homophonic, akin to Orff but without the rhythmic excitement. I would wager that posterity will ignore this cantata.

None but the best of performers was recruited for the premiere. The beautiful sound of the Temple University Choir and the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, compensated in part for the dullness of the music. Sadly, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was sabotaged by the awkward solo writing, which again and again climbed clumsily into the great baritone's weaker upper register. The only consistent delight of the evening was soprano Julia Hamari, whose limpid voice could have made a children's song sound like superb art.

Following intermission, there was a suitably diplomatic but characterless speech by Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and then a similar reading of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The members of the Vienna Philharmonic have rarely played with so little accuracy and coordination, but this was easily explained; they could hardly see the conductor through the massive glare of floodlights necessary to broadcast the concert on television. One wanted to whisk the performers away to a concert hall that would respect them and to place on their stands a new work worthy of their talents.

The singers generally performed with dedication to the revolutionary idea of the play and to the detail of the musical line. Claudia Visca, the Susanna, is a deft actress who could offer the broadest comic gestures in a way that kept a hint of danger. The long role did not tax a voice that is free and accurate, comfortable in ensemble but commanding alone.

Steven Williams was a forceful Figaro whose involvement in the part was so complete he sometimes forgot to focus his large, handsome voice. Carlos Serrano was nearly all the Count should be, lacking only the personal authority of his rank. His singing was well formed but sometimes underplayed. Katherine Ciesinski's Cherubino, busy as it was, was sung with great care and color. That second-act ballad was a high point in the production. Ellen Phillips, the Countess, did not sing in quite the same league. The other roles were ably taken, and the chorus joined the spirit of the production wholeheartedly.

David Effron's baton
managed a firm, warm version of the score, in its fidelity and care almost as revolutionary as the libretto. D.W.

ST. PAUL

Minnesota Opera: Susa premiere

Had its authors followed its source of inspiration closely, Black River—A Wisconsin Idyll could have been entirely a musical horror story. The take-off point of the new Richard Street—H. Wesley Balk—Conrad Susa opera, premiered by the Minnesota Opera Company November 1 in O’Shaughnessy Auditorium, was Wisconsin Death Trip, Michael Vesy’s grim sociological study of the dark side of small-town life in nineteenth-century mid-America. Librettists and composer, however, reached for the whole pulse of the Black River Falls community of Wisconsin and its people, and produced a predominantly lyric work suffused with compassion and understanding and relieved by scenes of lusty humor. It is part historical, part fictional, moving freely back and forth in time. Multiple characterizations, skilful lighting, a multilevel set, and choreographic movement all provide a cinematic fluidity.

Susa’s musical structure follows to a great extent the lines of a Baroque oratorio in its succession of recitatives, arias, ensemble pieces, and choruses, all addressed to the audience. The style, as in Susa’s previous Transfigurations, is eclectic. It combines quotations from Bach and nineteenth-century opera with hymn tunes, popular dance rhythms, and a good deal of original operatic writing of compelling character. Prosody is skillful, and the vocal lines give voices something to soar on gratefully.

The work focuses on three women, and their stories are told against the ritualistic background of weddings, funerals, church services, and graduations, and flashbacks to earlier days when the town’s founders bent the wilderness to their will, working, despoiling, roistering, building, and acquiring. Various background events, too, are alluded to by the chorus in news-item style—suicides, arsons, bank and business failures, epidemics, commitments to the state mental hospital. The three women are Clara Gray, her mind affected by the drowning of her three-year-old son in the Black River; her stepdaughter Lucy, a bride following graduation and a pregnant widow four months later; and Pauline l’Allemand, the only historical figure of the three.

Born Pauline Elhasser in Syracuse, N.Y., the real Pauline l’Allemand made her operatic debut as Zerlina in Dresden and sang the title role in the New York premiere of Lakmé at the Academy of Music March 1, 1886. In a long, demanding, and brilliantly sung scene by Barbara Brandt, Pauline, in Mendota State Hospital, relives her early life and successes, her ill-fated marriage, her steady downward American career of weary train rides and minor concert engagements, and her disastrous settlement in Black River Falls in 1898.

Other dramatic and vocal high points were provided by Janis Hardy as Clara, in her blood-spattered appearance at the graduation dance after a window-smashing spree, and in her “immolation” aria in the opera’s closing moments. In the role of Lucy, who refuses to stay and accept the rigidly confining life of the town for herself and her child, Margaret Smith was admirably fresh-voiced and appealing. Others who made their marks in multiple roles include Michael Riley, Vern Sutton, LeRoy Lehr, Yale Marshall, and John Brandstetter.

Balk, who was co-librettist, did the resourceful, imaginative, and highly effective staging, and conductor Philip Brunelle handled the work’s musical complexities with vitality and authority.

J.H.H.

SAN JOSE

San Jose Sym.: Hovhaness prem.

The world premiere of Alan Hovhaness’ Symphony No. 26 in F minor, Op. 280 ushered in the Bicentennial season of the San Jose Symphony on October 24. The Seattle-based U.S. composer conducted his own work—commissioned by the symphony—and received a warm reception from the capacity audience in the new Center for the Performing Arts.

Hovhaness had this to say about the four-movement work: “The first movement is a lament for the victims of twentieth-century man’s cruelty reinforced by the diabolical power of science. The second is a prayer for resurrection. The third is a dance of nature—celebrating growth and life of trees and living creatures. The final movement is a psalm to the glory of mountains and the starry universe. Out there in far space among billions of distant solar systems where the hand of man can never reach, there is hope.”

As the score makes clear, Hovhaness is a composer who has devoted his life to the development of a highly personal style—purity of expression, devout mysticism, and a decided Oriental pervasiveness. Although perhaps a little strange to uninitiated listeners, the Symphony is extremely subtle in its variety of melodic and rhythmic elements but is generally easy to assimilate, since the composer’s idiom creates an atmosphere of utter serenity.

George Cleve, regular conductor of the excellent orchestra, opened with a
well-paced reading of Wagner's Prelude to Die Meistersinger, the Dvořák Cello Concerto, played with refined mellowness by Pierre Fournier, and a sultrily atmospheric interpretation of Ravel's Rapsodie espagnole.

**SHREVEPORT**

Shreveport Sym.: Siegmeister

*Shadows and Light*, the first of three works commissioned of Elie Siegmeister by the Shreveport Symphony in commemoration of the Bicentennial, was given its world premiere November 9 by the orchestra under the direction of John Shenaut. The title refers to five paintings by five artists and is the latest in a series of fantasies by Siegmeister in which he translates his experiences in another art discipline into his own terms.

The first movement is titled *Night Ship* and is based on Albert Ryder's *Toilers of the Sea*. The painting itself is of a sailing ship at night shrouded by fog, and Siegmeister begins with a long wailing oboe solo over high, thin strings. Gradually the theme is passed to the flute and then the horns with some occasional passages on the tuba and contrabassoon that might well be a distant fog-horn. Finally the oboe returns to close the movement against a series of tone clusters in the trumpets.

Paul Klee's *All Around the Fish* depicts said fish on a platter surrounded by surrealist sights symbols. The music begins with undulating horns punctuated by the lower strings in a slap pizzicato. The trumpet attempts to present the theme with a bluesy sound but gets interrupted as other sections of the orchestra take it away from him. At one point there is a short Ivesian-style hymn quotation and the movement closes with a growl from the bassoon on one end and a high harmonic on the violins on the other.

Siegmeister really has fun with Fernand Leger's *The Great Parade*. The painting itself might be a circus parade with the black and white cartoon characters jammed close together and overlaid with sweeps and swirls of bright colors. So what could be more logical than a satirical parade, a little reminiscent of Ives or Ibert?

The second part of the commission is a ballet which the Shreveport orchestra will premiere next April, followed a year from now by the premiere of *Night of the Moonspell* in which Siegmeister joins forces with librettist Edward Mabley for a version of *Midsummer Night's Dream* set in Louisiana.

**WASHINGTON**

Canadian Op. Co.: Somers' "Riel"

There is a major composer in Canada and he has written a major opera. His name is Harry Somers. His Louis *Riel*—first produced north of the border in 1967—was given its American premiere in Washington on October 23, as part of the Canadian Government's two-week Bicentennial festival of theater, music, and ballet. The piece is altogether successful on two counts, disappointing on one. Somers's music is a marvelous display of disparate techniques unified by the stamp of personality we call style. His materials include what he himself apparently calls "abstract tonality" (which I assume means serial writing without the cant and cast of Old Vienna), straight diatonicism, folk tunes, and the juxtapositions of all three. There are no "melodies" in the
French sense, and yet what we assume must be the alternative—continuous recitative—is largely missing also, and it's here that Somers is so astonishingly inventive. What he actually does vocally is difficult to describe without a technical analysis, but there are lots of repeated notes; lots of hanging around two or three tones; some almost-Gregorian chanting; quite a bit of sung declamation that is a sort of Sprechstimme without the Sprech; and much plain speaking.

Secondly, an expertly contrived libretto by Mayor Moore and Jacques Langurand—in English and French—in addition to stage direction (by Leon Major) more adept than I've seen on the operatic stage in years, provide not one dull moment. There always seems to be something happening or about to happen, and the crowd scenes are so well manipulated that one is unaware of the entrances and exits—in at least one scene—of close to seventy-five people.

That said, it remains to report that the story itself, too complex for résumé here, revolves around the social and religious consequences of the Hudson's Bay Company's wanting to sell its holdings in the Canadian Midwest to the central government in Ottawa at the end of the nineteenth century. The French, the English, the Indians, and combinations of all three are at each others' throats. The setting and subject were far too impersonal for me, at least, to identify with either character or situation. I doubt if there were many wrung hearts at the death of Riel, the leader of a popular uprising who establishes, for a while, a provisional government.

Space permits only a blanket compliment to the Canadian Opera Company, its singers and orchestra, but Bernard Turgeon as Riel and Roxolana Roslak as his wife were especially remarkable. Conductor Victor Feldbrill seemed in total control of the Rocky rhythms of the complex score.

Nat. Sym.: Dorati Piano Cto. prem.

Antal Dorati is best known as an orchestral conductor, but like many of the world's leading musicians, he is a multi-talented man. It is not generally known that he spends a good portion of each summer writing music in his Swiss home, and he generally turns out at least one large-sized work annually. Last year, his "big piece" was a Piano Concerto, composed especially for his pianist-wife, Ilse von Alpenheim, and the composition received its world premiere on October 28, 1975 in the Kennedy Center Concert Hall with the conductor-composer leading the National Symphony Orchestra and with his wife playing the solo part.

According to Dorati, the work "was imagined with the sound of her playing in my ear, her very special way of music-making in my heart—in short, written for her, as well as any music can be for one person only, because in the last analysis, music will always exist in, by and for itself with free access for all." Work on the concerto went fast—Dorati spent just about three months on it—and it certainly seems evident from its upbeat mood that Antal Dorati and Ilse von Alpenheim are very happily mated, both as human beings and as artists.

Although the Dorati Piano Concerto is not especially taxing to the sophisticated concertgoer's ear, it is by no means a simple work. Its three movements are rather involuted and rhythmically and structurally complex, but the piece is lightened by a Puckish sense of humor and a number of unexpected turns of phrase which the composer may perhaps have borrowed from the practices of Joseph Haydn, with whose music he has had so much to do in recent years. The Piano Concerto also turns out to be much more "Hungarian" in feeling than other Dorati works which have been heard in Washington in recent years, and the continually shifting rhythmic accents call to mind Bartók the folklorist rather than Bartók the composer of twentieth-century masterpieces.

As one might expect, the performance was an excellent one, with soloist, conductor, and orchestra in excellent rapport, and it was very warmly received by a large first-night audience. It is a good enough piece to warrant further readings, and I expect it will receive them. That it will become a repertory piece is, however, doubtful, although compositions of lesser worth have received that exalted status over the years. T.L.

20th Century Consort debut

The avant-garde has showed few signs of vitality here despite a cultural explosion during the last decade which has transformed Washington into one of the country's liveliest musical cities, and for this reason the debut on October 25 of the 20th Century Consort in the National Collection of Fine Arts, under rather high-powered auspices, aroused con-
AT LYRIC OPERA:
A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE

Audiences had a fifty-fifty chance during the middle weeks of Lyric Opera's 1975 season. The lucky ones witnessed a marvelous, full-theater production of Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro. The losers got a trivially staged, musically chaotic Fidelio.

Figaro came first, preceded by a little intrigue. Sir Geraint Evans, a Chicago favorite, left town precipitously only eight days before opening night. The veteran Figaro couldn't go along with the Figaro of producer Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, and decided he'd rather fight than switch. Since Stafford Dean, the British baritone who sang this version of the opera in Cologne, was miraculously able to get onto the next plane to Chicago, Ponnelle had no cause for regret. And since Lyric promised him everything short of a one-man season in 1977, Evans went away feeling appreciated.

Figaro itself also came out of the battle unscarred. Chicago Lyric Opera is a little afraid of Mozart; the master's music hadn't graced an opera season since 1972, and then the company took the relatively safe route of turning the whole project (Così) over to Ponnelle.

Ponnelle's "Figaro"

Ultimately, though, if we're going to hear Mozart only every three years, we're lucky to have this director-designer in charge. Ponnelle's Figaro turned out to be a feast for the eyes, ears, and mind. The designs concentrate on wooden bars and beams, and on natural colors such as brown, ecru, and white. As people begin dressing up for the wedding festivities, black and white start to take over, so that the finale, in the shimmering, porcelain-like garden, has marvelous potential for mystery and revelation. Except for some extraneous junk in the Act I chamber, the plans are remarkably clean. Though what might be misconstrued as a rape scene between Susanna and Cherubino in Act II could well be done away with, most of the directorial touches serve beautifully to illuminate the labyrinthine plot.

Lyric's cast also made its way through the maze with confidence and some brilliance. Without for a moment minimizing the pure beauty of Margaret Price's "Dove sono," it was the ensemble singing that made this Figaro work. Everybody looked right, moved well, and seemed delighted to be involved in the Mozart-Da Ponte games.

To get back to that "Dove sono," Miss Price let the melodies spin out sweeter and more easily, her soprano so magnificently controlled that the listener hardly dared breathe. As her Count, Thomas Stewart had some vocal problems. But he looks twenty years younger now that he has shaved off his Wotan whiskers, and he reigned over the household with strength and wit. It was hard to believe that the young Figaro ever posed a serious threat to this Count's supremacy. Newcomer Dean, the last-minute replacement for Evans, frisked about merrily, but his singing was not on a par with that of his colleagues.

Catherine Malfitano made her Chicago debut as Susanna, as smart and bright as Mozart's favorite maid should be. Her musical inclinations were practically flawless, and her light little soprano rang prettily. Another new woman at Lyric, mezzo Maria Ewing, made an irresistably charming Cherubino, with big saucer eyes and just enough of a lovesick pout. Australian mezzo Heather Begg came all the way to Chicago to make her American debut as Marcelina. A better assessment of her talents will have to wait for a more significant assignment. Her aria, like Bartolo's, was cut. Those two traditional cuts, however, were the only Continued on page MA-40
mier of her *Space Play* and when Sarah Caldwell conducted the Philharmonic in "A Celebration of Women Composers," where she was represented by another dazzlingly inventive work. In the New York premiere of her Clarinet Concerto Stanley Drucker played, in the words of the *Times*, "from four different spots as a kind of traveling soloist with different bands and adding spatial interest to a fascinatingly intricate piece."

This concert, cosponsored by Ms. magazine, had been publicized as an "historic occasion" which would finally put to rest the question "why aren't there any woman composers?" To Thea Musgrave the question was pointless. Asked if sex had hampered her career she said "absolutely not." Being a woman had never been a professional problem to her. "The struggle is to be a good composer." She said in England there had never been a prejudice against the woman composer. "We have had the precedent of successful and accepted women composers starting with Dame Ethel Smyth who was, incidentally, also a militant suffragist. And then there are such composers as Elizabeth Lutyens and Elizabeth Maconchy, to name only two." Curious, we checked on Ethel Smyth and found that in 1911 she wrote a *March of the Women* which was played in the streets as accompaniment to processions of the Women's Social and Political Union.

She used the tune later in the overture of her opera, *The Boat'swain's Mate*.

"As a woman conductor I can only give you a limited answer, as I conduct only my own works—and then I conduct not as a man or as a woman but as the creator. There is a special psychological relation and advantage in conducting one's own symphony music or operas—especially opera. I may not have the experience of a routine opera conductor but I have this advantage—if something doesn't sound the way I imagined it when I wrote it I can discuss it directly with the performers." Ballet had another hazard, she said, speaking of conducting her ballet *Beauty and the Beast* when it was first given at Sadler's Wells in 1969 by the Scottish Theatre Ballet. "You have to get exactly the right tempo. It is much more difficult. Singers in a pinch can take another breath but you can't leave a dancer in mid-air if you're too slow or falling over his feet if you're too fast."

**The successful Thea Musgrave**

Thea Musgrave was born in 1928 in Edinburgh and lives in Santa Barbara where she and her American husband Peter Mark are both on the music faculty of the University of California. Mark is also artistic director of the Virginia Opera Association in Norfolk.

An idealistic young girl, she had started out to study medicine. "I wanted to help the world." But when she found the music faculty right next door to the medical school the inevitable happened. "Music had always tugged at me from the time I was five." Suddenly she realized "that music, too, had a very important mission, to help humanity on the next level. I also felt that, in this commercial and technological age, I wanted to make an artistic statement." She went off to Paris to study with Nadia Boulanger and, while still a student, won the Donald Francis Tovey Prize and the Lili Boulanger Memorial Prize (Lili Boulanger was another of the women composers on the Caldwell program). Before too long she had achieved a prominent position in British musical life. Her music was first brought to a wider audience by the BBC and performances at the Edinburgh Festival; soon after, major orchestras and chamber groups began to include her works in their repertoire. By now she is regularly represented at European music festivals.

Among her many commissions was her most recent opera, *The Voice of Ariadne*, introduced at the Aldeburgh Festival. "The opera had a woman composer and a woman librettist and a woman conductor—me—and, of some sixteen papers which covered the opening nobody mentioned that I was a woman." The opera was derived from a Henry James story. "It is about two cultures, an Italian count and his American wife and their relationship. They dig up a statue. It was originally Juno but we changed it to Ariadne as a symbol for the forsaken woman. It is a love story. Does that sound a bit corny?" For the voice of Ariadne, Thea Musgrave used prerecorded tape "because the statue is not a person. Only the husband hears her voice which has other-worldly sounds, like sea water washing over the island." She is now writing a work for the Scottish Opera, about Mary Queen of Scots—an appropriate subject for a Scotswoman.

We met in the offices of Novello. It was a very warm day for October and Thea Musgrave was wearing California-type clothes—red slacks and a red and white shirt. She is dark, tall, thin, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and has a friendly direct manner. Having rejected the "problem" of the woman composer, with which we began the conversation, she said her only real problem had been to readjust her life when she married an American. "I had come to Santa Barbara for three months to replace a colleague who was on sabbatical. I was teaching composition and I met Peter who was teaching viola. He had had his training in New York at Columbia and Juilliard and had been a boy soprano. At the Metropolitan he sang Feodor in *Boris* under Mitropoulos and was to be the Shepherd Boy in *Tosca* with Callas—but just then his voice broke!"

They were married in London. "I started by commuting but finally had to give up English residence. It is really not possible to arrange from California to have a plumber in London fix something wrong with the kitchen or bathroom! I finally brought over all my furniture. We have a house overlooking the Pacific. We're both still at the University and Peter tries to schedule his three opera productions in Norfolk during vacation periods." She has written a Viola Concerto for her husband and a work for viola and tape called *From One to Another*. She is also involved with his young opera company—helping with all the professional, social, and fundraising chores.

Between composing, teaching and traveling, Thea Musgrave has a busy life. Has she time for hobbies? "I read," she said. "I'm now on German literature but in translation. I have hotel German!" Does she cook? She sounded uncertain. "I never know what mood I'll be in. I'm a changeable cook." Scottish food, for instance? Thea Musgrave was definite this time. "No. Scones are much too fattening. And it would be difficult to have a haggis in Santa Barbara."
PAUL MOOR  
Berlin

IN EAST BERLIN:  
ENESCO'S  
LEGENDARY "OEDIPUS"

And in the West, Kagel's "Mare nostrum"

SOME INTERNATIONAL festivals have what they call a “theme.” This year’s Berlin Festival had three: a five-concert Kurt Weill cycle, the first five postwar years, and the Mediterranean area. In addition, it offered the customary gala panoply of orchestras, soloists, theater companies, and exhibitions.

The Weill cycle commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of that remarkable composer’s birth in Dessau (later the birthplace of the Bauhaus) and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death as an involuntary emigrant in New York. Strangely enough, few composers have had strong affiliations with Berlin, but Kurt Weill, starting with The Three-Penny Opera’s enormous success in 1928, certainly did.

Weill once wrote of his remarkable wife Lotte Lenya that although when she sang people listened as attentively as they did to Caruso, she could not read music. The London musicologist David Drew, whom Weill’s widow long since made a sort of musical executor, planned this cycle. The Berlin Festival hoped to fetch Lenya herself from New York as a participant, but an accident prevented her coming even as a listener. It would have meant a lot to her.

The five Weill concerts presented two world premieres, a 1919 string quartet and a 1920 cello sonata, both of interest primarily from the musicological standpoint. An ambitious 1921 Rilke song shows startling development and maturing, and from that point on the music fascinates.

David Atherton, the London Sinfonietta, and six English singers collaborated in two impressive concerts which included the brief original version of Mahagonny, the superb score from Happy-End, the Berliner Requiem, and lengthy excerpts from Weill’s first important American work, Johnny Johnson. One rejoices to hear of plans to record all this.

The one symphonic concert of the series presented a rather larky cantata called The New Orpheus, the Sec-

Mauricio Kagel: an indulgence of literary ambitions

Paul Moor is an American journalist and critic living in West Berlin.

HIGH FIDELITY / musical america
and Symphony, and the suite from *The Silver Lake*, on which Weill collaborated with Georg Kaiser. Anja Silja, Günter Reich, and other excellent singers joined the Radio Symphony Orchestra under the Israeli conductor Gary Bertini, who repeated earlier successes here and who looks, incidentally, like a strong candidate to succeed Lorin Maazel as this orchestra’s regular conductor.

Kagel’s switcheroo

This year’s most vaunted world premiere, commissioned by the Berlin Festival, came in the form of *Mare nostrum*, Mauricio Kagel’s latest contribution to what he used to call instrumental theater but now calls Musiktheater—although it has nothing in common with what the late Walter Felsenstein, who originally popularized the term, put on at the Komische Oper in East Berlin. Kagel, Argentine-born but long resident in Cologne, has taken as his fundamental and quite promising idea what the Hollywood boys used to call a switcheroo: South American Indians, about four hundred years ago, sail into the Mediterranean and discover, “pacify,” and convert the natives of one land after another, culminating their mission, true to historical form, with pillage and murder.

Two singers and six extremely versatile instrumentalists, sitting round a Mediterranean-shaped tank of water which starts out limpid but becomes increasingly polluted, deliver eighty minutes of pidgin German. It strives, unsuccessfully, for Joycean multi-meaning punning, and they embellish it with precious little music of any kind except for one seemingly endless, indescribably tedious wrong-note parody of Mozart’s *Turkish Rondo* which has an effect comparable to having your teeth ground for several uninterrupted minutes.

Mauricio Kagel has inventive ideas and serious, socially aware intentions. One can hardly fault him on that score. Things go wrong, though, in their realization, their execution. Composers who indulge their literary ambitions run great risks and rarely possess the necessary gifts. Attendants at the hall pressed into the opening-night audience’s hands the text for Kagel’s work, but after the performance. This hand-out identified what had sounded like long stretches of nonsense syllables as, in actual fact, various Mediterranean languages and some obscure South American Indian dialect. Perhaps this reverse-order exegetical approach, this unrealistic attitude towards audience limitations, helps explain why so many avant-garde works meet with so little acceptance from even the best-willed of listeners.

Enesco’s “Oedipus”

As they do every year, West Berlin’s *Festwochen*, or festival weeks, overlapped with East Berlin’s *Festtage*, or festival days. The many and varied attractions on the eastern side of the Wall included five guest performances by the Bucharest Opera from Romania, one of them George Enesco’s *Oedipus*, composed between 1910 and 1931 and unveiled in Paris in 1936. This work has become a bit of a legend among musicians, especially since the 1958 Bucharest production under Constantin Silvestri. The present production dates from 1964, and the Bucharest company has taken it to Paris, Sofia, Athens, Wiesbaden, and Stockholm.

Whereas Leoncavallo, Stravinsky, and Orff dealt with Oedipus in concentrated form, Enesco and his librettist Edmond Fleg took both of Sophocles’ Oedipus dramas and turned them into a full-length, three-act grand opera. It begins with poor, foredoomed Oedipus’ infancy and ends, years after his banishment from Thebes, with his death in Athens.

The score contains some powerful, gripping music, with especially effective use made of the chorus. One wonders why enterprising western companies have allowed this problematical but rewarding work to languish so long.
BAIN MURRAY
Warsaw

WARSAW AUTUMN:
A LAB FOR NEW SOUNDS

Polish composers
make a strong showing

Pears and Lutoslawski take a bow after Paroles tisses—a superb collaboration

The nineteenth Warsaw Autumn International Festival of Contemporary Music, with its East-West interchange of ideas, its unvanquished spirit of adventure and experimentation, was a vital and exhilarating experience for those attending the eight-day marathon of twenty-four concerts in the Polish capital at the end of September. Ninety-eight works were performed: twenty-seven by Polish composers and seventy-one by foreign guests from all over the globe. The Festival, planned by the Union of Polish Composers and funded by the Ministry of Culture, aimed for a balance of styles ranging from modern classics to experimental works. The former category included fine performances of the Ives Second Quartet, Schoenberg's Hanging Garden cycle, two Janáček operas (The Cunning Little Vixen and House of the Dead), some Messiaen organ music, and a Shostakovich memorial program.

Luigi Nono's Como una ola de fuerza y luz (Like a Wave of Strength and Light) for voice, piano, orchestra, and tape was impressively set forth by soprano Slavca Taskova, with Andrzej Markowski leading the Na-

Mr. Murray is professor of music at Cleveland State University and music critic for the Sun Press.
tertional Philharmonic Orchestra. The work, which has a haunting beginning with well-blended tape and vocal sounds, becomes turbulent and intense as the revolutionary aspects of the Argentinian poem are mirrored in the music. György Ligeti's San Francisco Polyphony surprised many by its change in style from the luminescent tone clusters of Lontano, for instance, to a more active, polyphonic writing.

Poland's finest

Highlighting the festival were a handful of works by some of Poland's finest composers. Witold Lutosławski led the Philharmonic's excellent Chamber Ensemble in his Paroles tissées (Woven Words), with tenor Peter Pears, now sixty-four, singing the part written for him. Their collaboration was superb, and the work, with its filmic wafts of sound, its volatile intensity, and its highly original use of controlled aleatoric writing, is a modern masterpiece. Its subtle shaping of the French language, its delicate handling of the harp and percussion against the voice, and the wonderfully fluid string clusters produced the sparkle of an exquisitely chiseled diamond.

Tadusz Baird's Psychodrama had the lyricism and tormented outpouring of sounds one might expect from an orchestral work with this title. It is beautifully put together, with poignant passages for solo winds and nervously grotesque strings that rise to a bright sheen of sound. Augustyn Bloch offered a brilliant, toccatalike work for organ, jubilate, performed expertly by Gerd Zacher. It exploits a number of attractively built clusters and rapid rhythmic figurations and achieves a rich, cathedral-like sonority.

In a sense, the festival was a laboratory of new sounds, often utilizing old and folk instruments in new ways. The best of these pieces included an excellent Concerto for Recorder and Orchestra by Kazimierz Serocki. The gifted virtuoso performer, Czesław Palkowski, had at his disposal six different recorders (soprano to double-bass), plus six separate mouthpieces for these instruments with which to obtain a wide variety of multiphonics, rasps, whistles, and bird-like calls over a deftly scored orchestral accompaniment. (No additional amplification for the recorders was needed, since the composer utilized soft string and harpsichord sounds in the background.) Tutti featured weird trills, jazzy rhythms, and a wide variety of new sonorities.

Włodzimierz Kotonski wrote a fascinating and hypnotic work, Aelolian Harp, for soprano, three zithers, electric bass guitar, lute, psaltery, jew's harps, small chimes, recorder, and electric organ which skillfully merged these diverse timbres. The instruments chimed, piped, and twanged in free rhythms as if blown by the wind. At one point the organ picked up a third-stream jazz pattern and the singer resembled a Berio-trained singer delivering an endless variety of non-words. Yet these were all part of a well-planned total texture, and the piece was well received.

A lighter touch

The festival had its share of pretentious pieces, and it was gratifying to hear Zygmunt Krauze's light, amusing Fête galante et pastorale for folk instruments and orchestra, which humorously explored the colors created by groups of bagpipes, hurdy-gurdies, recorders, fiddles, and café-styled piano music. Soloists, making full use of the stage and auditorium, were members of Krauze's Music Workshop ensemble.

Two more festival works that stood out were by Norway's Arne Nordheim. Signals for guitar, percussion, and accordion made good use of clusters and textural contrasts, and the virtuoso playing of Mogens Ellegaard made Nordheim's Dinosaurs for accordion and tape even more impressive. Close echo effects and distorted accordion tape sound enhanced the concept of the piece.

Also memorable were the Tallin (Estonia) Chamber Choir in a program of Baltic music, the Percussionists of Strasbourg in Xenakis' high-voltage Persephassa, and Warsaw's gifted Wilanow Quartet in George Crumb's Black Angels for electric string quartet, which made a hit with the audience. Bonuses of the festival included the in situ recordings of Polish music (appearing two days after each concert) and large displays of Polish works published by P.W.M. in Cracow and by Agencja Autorska in Warsaw.
ones made in this Figaro, which lasted four hours with but one intermission. Thanks in no small part to conductor John Pritchard, who presided over both the baton and the harpsichord, the time passed too quickly.

Semper "Fidelio"

Ah, but Lyric's Fidelio seemed as if it would never end. Even that great Florestan Jon Vickers couldn't save this production from the inept devices of conductor Yuri Ahronovitch. The Russian-born leader, who left his post as chief conductor of the Moscow Radio Symphony in 1972 to live in Israel and pursue a career in the West, must have studied Beethoven before. But he nevertheless made a spineless buff of the master's only opera, with tempos either so slow that the singers gasped for breath, or so fast that they missed their notes. He summed up all his eccentricities in the Leonore Overture No. 3, which appeared where Mahler liked it: between the scenes of Act II. The Overture, however, was so distorted as to be practically unrecognizable.

Under the circumstances, one could forgive the instrumentalists' and singers' bobbles. But that didn't make this Fidelio any more pleasant to hear. The opera's climax, when Leonora saves her husband from Pizarro's dagger, turned into a free-for-all, with vocalists and orchestra going their separate ways. The "Namenlose Freude" duet exploded into jagged bits and pieces. Ahronovitch went out of his way to pull Vickers back during his aria. The tenor lost the battle of the snail-slow tempos, but nevertheless communicated his dramatic point. Only Franz Crass, the Rocco, managed to convince the conductor to follow a reasonable pace, and he did so by blustering tastelessly.

Gwyneth Jones, the Leonora, had to cope not only with the opening-night vagaries but also with her lingering vocal problems. Now and then, her soprano had an attractive luster. But too much of the time, Miss Jones swooped in the general direction of her pitches with a sound that grated like fingernails on the blackboard. Walter Berry fairly oozed evil as the Pizarro, but his singing was sometimes so far off the mark that one might have suspected Beethoven of having experimented with bitonality. On the sweet side, Patricia Wise was a pert, charming Marzelline. And young Enoch Sherman, the Jacquino, went appropriately country-west in his role. Voketaitis was the stately Fernando. And young Enoch Sherman, the Jacquino, went appropriately country-west in his role. Voketaitis was the stately Fernando. And young Enoch Sherman, the Jacquino, went appropriately country-west in his role. Voketaitis was the stately Fernando. And young Enoch Sherman, the Jacquino, went appropriately country-west in his role. Voketaitis was the stately Fernando.

Ande Anderson, the production director of Covent Garden who came here originally in 1974 as Geraint Evans' assistant, didn't bother with much stage direction. Nevertheless, the presentation looked good enough, on strong, simple sets which a composer's effort "to convey a per-
strong version of the C major Quintet in the past year and a half? In September 1974, I dealt with the Juilliard and Tatrai editions, quite different from each other, and each with much to say for itself. Make way now for the Guarneri, which runs side by side with the Juilliard in terms of finesse, sensitivity, and attention to detail. The Tatrai, an impressive performance, has more rugged contours, less smooth ensemble, sometimes more sonority. It is Schubert in courtly clothes, if you will, and in this resembles the Rostropovich/Taneyev version, reviewed in June 1975, which strikes into the music with a healthy directness and without worrying too much about subtleties.

The Guarneri has always made a speciality of knowing what to look for below the top line in a score, and that sense of acute adjustment and balance prevails here. A special depth is given to the development section of the first movement, for example, and to the second subject of the finale, where the second-violin and viola parts underneath those first-violin triplets are given a chance to make their point, rather than being subded to background status, as is often the case.

The Guarneri's first two movements here give a general impression of chasteness; the readings are mellow and refined, due in part to the tanglu Wendt's tone—less biting and muscular than Robert Mann's in the Juilliard version. In the last two movements the gloves come off; there is plenty of grit and a healthy swing to the scherzo, and in the finale all five players bite into the sforzandos with a vengeance. In such company it is Schubert's Schubert series.


Tetiana \( \text{Anna Reynolds (ms)} \)
Valentina \( \text{Julia Haman (ms)} \)
Olega \( \text{Teresa Kubik (s)} \)
\( \text{Anna Reynolds (ms)} \)
\( \text{Teresa Kubik (s)} \)
\( \text{Julia Haman (ms)} \)

A Captain
\( \text{Richard Van Allen (bs)} \)
\( \text{Richard Van Allen (bs)} \)
\( \text{William Mason (bs)} \)

Comparison:

\[ \text{Mazurok, Vishnevskaya, Rostropovich} \]
\[ \text{Met} / \text{Ang. SRCL 4115} \]

A fine achievement, up to a point. Solti takes a basically noninterpretive approach—i.e., execute the music correctly and let it make its points. That approach has the negative virtue of avoiding the pervasive mannered ponderousness of Rostropovich on the Bolshoi stereo set and the occasional mannered hysteria of Khakim on the preceding Bolshoi mono set (now unavailable, but over-all still the best Onegin to date). Such fastidiousness has positive virtues too. This is much the most faithful replica of the score we have had on records, and Tchaikovsky's infinitely subtle orchestration is a major vehicle for the extraordinary compassion he lavishes on his characters as they brutalize themselves and one another. With a good chorus and orchestra and a cast of handsome young voices, the ardor-tinged melancholy of the

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first scene is realized most beautifully.

Still, Onegin needs more than a traffic coppy cast, especially with a wholly non-
Russian cast not overly endowed with vocal
heft, dramatic temperament, or experience of the opera. Surprisingly, Solti himself
seems somewhat wanting in theatrical
impulse. If anything, he is apt to underplay
Tchaikovsky's abundant tempo and dy-
namic manipulations. Both ball scenes
could do with more thrust and point; with
all their repeats, the échosaisse of the St.
Petersburg ball begin to seem endless.

It might do to let a great Russian cast (is
there such a thing anymore?) fend for itself,
but not this one. The conversational pas-

dagio in the country ball is tossed off,
and Stuart Burrows, the fine Lenski, simply
doesn't have the vocal reserves to depict,
without help from the conductor, the ir-

Comparison of the challenges of the

Onegin, the scene never builds, and it
comes as small surprise when the climactic
"In your house" ensemble sounds rather
merry. Similarly the Lenski/Onegin pre-
duel duet, one of opera's great "freeze-
frame" moments, passes almost unnoticed;

it is partly a matter of tempo—slightly faster
than marked, and I suspect that the marked
tempo itself is too fast—but more a matter
of articulation; it's difficult even to recog-
nize the basic canon structure.

As often happens, the Lenski makes the
most vivid impression among the principals
(the role is virtually foolproof). I have never
heard Burrows give a half-hearted perform-
ance, and he is, as always, highly sensitive
to rhythm and expressive nuance. Both
arias are excellent, and he even colors his
words in a manner highly persuasive to
these non-Russian ears. (I should add that
the cast has been well coached. Fluent Rus-

sian speakers will likely be bothered, but I
found words generally intelligible, with

few flagrant mispronunciations.) As noted,
he has problems in both scenes of Act II
that aren't entirely of his own making.

It is hard to fault either Bernd Weikl, the
Onegin, or Teresa Kubiak, the Tatiana. As
with much of this Onegin, they are gener-
ally musically correct without being emo-
tionally persuasive. Conrad L. Osborne
wrote in the December 1974 installment of
his Russian-opera discography that Yuri
Mazurok, Rostropovich's Onegin, "makes a
basically handsome sound and sings
fluently enough, but really without more
than the most generalized projection of at-
titudes and passions—he's boring, in short.)
Weikl too. There is more variety in his vo-
cal delivery, but often in odd ways. He ar-

vives for the duels sounding either jolly or
tipsey, neither of which makes sense to me:
he displays commendable animation in his
monologue at the beginning of the St.
Petersburg ball scene, but that's when we ex-
pect to find Onegin at his most dissipated.

The scenes with Kubiak are solid and unex-
citing, a somewhat work. The Letter Scene
is distinctive primarily for Solti's pains-

taking realization of the orchestral fabric.

A good Gremin can steal the show with
his few snatches of dialogue and one sum-

tuous aria, and Nicolai Chiaurov is a very
good Gremin; it's gratifying to hear the
voice in such healthy condition. Michel
Sénéchal is an obvious, but nonetheless in-
spired, choice for Triquet. His Russian lines
have a charmingly authentic French accent,
A country has in each age its musical spokesmen among performers as among composers, and Colin Davis' performances seem to me a musical reflection of the years in which Britain has striven to establish, without violence or oppression and at great material cost, a kind of socialism in which human dignities and freedoms are respected. He has held three "establishment" posts, as principal conductor of the Sadler's Wells Opera, the BBC Symphony, and now the Royal Opera, and of course his approach to life-and-music—he would not wish them to be divided—has caused conflicts. A traditionalist myself in many matters musical (among them, the ways that Wagner and Verdi should be performed), I have been, well, less than appreciative of some aspects of Davis' work. And I have also found him, when he conducts Berlioz, Weill, Britten, Peter Grimes, and above all, the music of Michael Tippett, the most inspiring conductor of our day.

Tippett is the visionary and creator of this time—a composer steeped in the past, open to the music and thoughts, the poetry and the politics of the present, dreaming dreams, seeing truths, and giving shape to his visions in the most directly eloquent music of our day. And when Tippett and Davis come together—as in the recordings of the operas The Midsummer Marriage and The Knot Garden, of the Second and Third Symphonies, and of the piano concertos, and now of the oratorio A Child of Our Time—the result is overwhelming.

A Child of Our Time is a Passion, shaped by events just before the Second World War, crystalized by the Rath assassination and the pogroms that followed. But, the composer writes, "though, after much searching, the final jolt into composition came from a particular and political event, I knew from the first that the work itself had to be anonymous and general, in order to reach down to the deeper levels of our common humanity." His latest word on the oratorio, in a note that accompanies the new recording, is a dark one. The Boy's final affirmation, I would know my shadow and my light, so shall I at last be whole, he calls "a sentence very easy to say, very difficult to do. I hold it to be just possible for individuals, but impossible for collectives in our present climate of self-righteousness; of groups, societies, nations."

Knowing the dark and the bright, striving to be whole, comprehending the ages that have shaped a present instant, feeling the world's pressure on a room we stand in—these have been the themes of Tippett's music. He gives no easy answers but helps us to understand. "My true function," he has said, is to continue an age-old tradition, . . . to create images out of the depths of the imagination, and to give them form, whether visual, intellectual, or musical—for it is only by this process of image-making that the inner world can communicate at all. Images of the past, shapes of the future, images of vigor for a decadent world, images of reconciliation for worlds that are torn by division—and, in a world of brutality, mediocrity, images of abounding, vigorous, joyous, exuberant beauty.

In Colin Davis' recording of A Child of Our Time, he and his performers make these images incandescent. The very sound of the opening measure—simply three trumpets blowing a minor triad—is tragic and potent. (In Berlioz, too, Davis has this power of making timbre specific and eloquent.) Janet Baker shows exactly how, in an otherwise stepwise descent on the words "open the heart," the return to the initial note can transform convention into poetry. The two-flute duet that follows and the violins' canon before the Boy's song in his prison are two examples among many of orchestral playing at its most communicative. Richard Cassilly's handling of the melisma is everywhere: in the structure of recitative, but (as Eliot remarked, when declining to write the words and urging Tippett to use his own) it was the text Tippett needed—alusive, image-packed—to release great music. The score's allusions to Bach's Passions are everywhere: in the structure of recita...
tives, arias, choruses as part of the action, and choruses—the spirituals—that function as did Bach’s chorales. A double chorus involving questions from the second choir pays specific tribute to the opening of the Motets. Passions," Let him be crucified" is reflected in “Away with them! Curse them! Kill them!” The chorus of the Self-Righteous, “We cannot have them in our Empire,” recalls “We have a law” in the John Passion; with complicated and disturbing ironic effect, the “villains” who sang that chorus in the Bach work have become the victims of the corresponding chorus in Tippett.

The black spirituals sound the faith of a suffering people, an authentic musical formulation, as were the chorales, of collective emotions. Davis charges them with the same emotion that fills all his interpretation. The Gramophone reviewer feels that “something crucial is lost” when they are handled as “part of the drama.” But in his preface to the score (a study score is published by Belwin-Millert) Tippett asks that “the spirituals should not be thought of as congregational hymns, but as integral parts of the Oratorio.”

The recording is brilliant. The playing is superb. The singing is peerless. But, beyond describable things, the work and its performance seem to be a fount of spiritual strength and beauty. The old, confident affirmations, the customary optimistic finales, cannot honestly be made in an age when, as Tippett once put it, God seems to have turned His ass, not His face, on mankind. In his Third Symphony, Tippett takes the din from the finale of Beethoven’s Ninth—and then a soprano soloist, singing the blues, proposes, not an Ode to Joy, but an ode to the limited but precious opportunities for joy in a world of so much sorrow. A Child of Our Time is a tragedy, filled with a compassion that is not sentimental, but an ode to the limited but precious opportunities for joy in a world of so much sorrow.

VERDI: Un Ballo in maschera.

Riccardo Ricciardelli, Renato Ratti, Amelia Curri, Unica Ghezzi, Osvaldo Cairola, Giorgio Giorgetti, Kenneth Collins, Martina Arroyo, and the Royal Opera Chorus are handled as “part of the drama.” But in his preface to the score (a study score is published by Schott/Belwin-Mills), Tippett asks that “the spirituals should not be thought of as congregational hymns, but as integral parts of the Oratorio.”

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VERDI: Un Ballo in maschera.

Riccardo Ricciardelli, Renato Ratti, Amelia Curri, Unica Ghezzi, Osvaldo Cairola, Giorgio Giorgetti, Kenneth Collins, Martina Arroyo, and the Royal Opera Chorus are handled as “part of the drama.” But in his preface to the score (a study score is published by Schott/Belwin-Mills), Tippett asks that “the spirituals should not be thought of as congregational hymns, but as integral parts of the Oratorio.”

The recording is brilliant. The playing is superb. The singing is peerless. But, beyond describable things, the work and its performance seem to be a fount of spiritual strength and beauty. The old, confident affirmations, the customary optimistic finales, cannot honestly be made in an age when, as Tippett once put it, God seems to have turned His ass, not His face, on mankind. In his Third Symphony, Tippett takes the din from the finale of Beethoven’s Ninth—and then a soprano soloist, singing the blues, proposes, not an Ode to Joy, but an ode to the limited but precious opportunities for joy in a world of so much sorrow. A Child of Our Time is a tragedy, filled with a compassion that is not sentimental, but an ode to the limited but precious opportunities for joy in a world of so much sorrow. A Child of Our Time is a tragedy, filled with a compassion that is not sentimental, but an ode to the limited but precious opportunities for joy in a world of so much sorrow.
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tours of the music.) In Act III, he gallops through the quartet—the moment when the three men sing the big tune, “Scosterrů dell’America il pianto,” and Amelia strikes in at the cadences—making it sound vulgar. The subsequent quintet, “Di che fulgor,” goes at a lick that deprives it of sparkle. And the festive choruses of the final scene are frenzied. On the credit side, there is orchestral playing of keen, intense colors (Muti is the New Philharmonia’s principal conductor), animated and athletic delivery of the music, precision in dotted-note rhythms, energy. Something is out of tune in the chords that close Act I, but that is exceptional.

The love duet of Act II, with its frequent tempo changes, is a good indicator of the conductors’ diverging approaches. Under Toscanini, it is an irresistible torrent of emotions, propelled (if I may mix metaphors) by incandescent orchestral playing. Gigli/Caniglia/Serafin and Di Stefano/Callas/Votto shape the emotional progress of the scene more variously, but one continuous line does seem to run through the different sections, the tempos, and the expressive fluctuations within those tempos, cohered. Muti, to my ears, exaggerates the slowdown at Domingo’s “quante volte dal cielo” phrases, rising to the tenuto A’s, and also overdoes the piano at Amelia’s “Ebben si, t’amo.” When the latter section returns, turns tutto forza (“Si, t’amo/Irradiami d’amor”), it is—well, one can hardly say too broad, for this expansive moment, but at any rate broad in a way that cuts it off from, rather than making it the consequence of, what has gone before.

(While on the subject of this duet, two minor points. First: When the allegro tempo is resumed at Riccardo’s “M’ami, m’ami,” the printed score of 1914 gives him C sharps, while most vocal scores have C naturals. Placido Domingo, as is usual Domingo, as is usu- 

lar, sings the latter. I have not seen the autograph, but Frank Walker, who had, once told me that the sharps were authentic. Second: At “Oh quel soave brivido,” where Toscanini made the strings, ppp leggerissimo, sizzle with excitement, Muti lets them be almost inaudible beneath the voice. Similarly with the flute and clarinets that double Amelia’s entry. In other recordings they are more audible.)

Martina Arroyo makes consistently better sounds than the heroines of the three sets mentioned above (Maria Caniglia, Herva Nelli, Callas). At her best she is splendid—rising and opening out, for example, to the climax, the high C of the first aria. (Muti is also very good here.) In the duet, there are some exquisite soft phrases. Arroyo lacks the incisiveness of Callas and Caniglia’s majestic but often unruly temperament. Sometimes the big voice seems to be swallowed up inside her when one wants it to shine out firmly, with less soft grain to its timbre. The whispered warnings in该项目的第二部分，大提琴家和小提琴家都发挥了重要的作用，但其中最重要的是他们的“halo”般的音色。这种声音在表演中出现，但并不经常。德米琴科的音色常常是难以把握的，但这种声音在一定程度上源于其他时期的演绎。德米琴科总是值得信赖的，有时令人兴奋，但他并不认为这是一种表现。他不认为在所有Verdi的角色中，他能理解他对Bocelli（在第76卷38）
Foster, but to be acutely susceptible, in many of his songs, to camped-up revival. (For extra measure, he still exacerbates Southern animosities by having celebrated Sherman's infamous march through Georgia.) One of the many merits of this latest entry in Nonesuch's superb documentations of musical Americana is that it gives us a chance to hear straight performances of the temperance favorite, "Come Home, Father!" usually known nowadays only in "mellerdrammer" travesties, and of that hardy salon perennial, "Grandfather's Clock."

This generous sampling of his compositional range shows that there's much more to Work than most of us ever realized. That's not to claim that his celebrations of nationalistic pride, western pioneers, and slaves' music-making (in, respectively, "Who Shall Rule This American Nation?", "The Buckskin Bag of Gold," and the ever-popular "Kingdom Coming") match Foster's best kindred song types, or that most of his comic and pathetic songs don't invite present-day caricaturing. But "Take Them Away—They're Driving Me Crazy" is cheerily humorous; "Poor Kitty Popcorn" is both amusing and touching; and there is genuine poetic eloquence in one of Work's last and most aesthetically ambitious songs, "The Silver Horn."

Yet this album is far more than a belated tribute to Work or an invaluable historical document. It is even more appealing because of the nearly unattacked performances by everyone involved, with special honors going to the delectable mezzo Joan Morris and pianist William Bolcom (both of Nonesuch's earlier "After the Ball" fame) and to the cleanly unmimedrecording. The double-fold album includes useful notes by Jon Newsom and the complete texts, most of them by Work himself.

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which might well have been heard in the thirteenth century, with an eye for variety as well as propriety. Monophonic hymns, cheerful processions, gentle Marian songs, and an elaborate polyphonic setting of the Christmas Eve antiphon Judea et Jerusalem re-create an imaginative ceremony of the past. Readings of three short selections in medieval English provide an unusual and attractive contrast to the musical numbers.

By and large the music does not overtax the resources of the Boston Camerata, a semiprofessional ensemble of singers and instrumentalists who perform with style. The occasional instrumentation is well conceived, if occasionally a bit heavy on the tambourine. Special commendation is in order for the engineering, which successfully combines live presence with a slightly remote cathedral effect.

**JASCHA HEIFETZ IN CONCERT.** Jascha Heifetz, violin; Brooks Smith, piano. [John Pfeiffer, prod.] COLUMBIA M2 33444, $13.98 (two discs) [recorded in concert, October 23, 1972].


On October 23, 1972, Jascha Heifetz came out of semiretirement to play a solo recital at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles on behalf of University of Southern California scholarship funds. He had been on the faculty of USC since 1962, and most of his public appearances during that decade had been with the Dimitri T.-Piatigorsky/Pennario trio. The sense of anticipation in the packed auditorium was well rewarded. The intonation was as secure as ever, the musical thrust as vigorous, the bow arm—with one or two small lapses—as flexible as of yore. The recital was recorded, with a miraculous minimum of audience noise—except for those occasional bursts of applause that Columbia has retained.

Heifetz opened the program with the Franck sonata, and my impression that night was that he had mellowed with the passage of time. There was warmth in the first movement, a good-lucky voice on the G string in the opening of the second, a free-flowing fantasia spirit in the third. The fourth-movement canon was trim, precise, straightforward. A comparison, however, of this 1972 performance with the 1937 version recorded with Rubinstein (on Sera-phim 60230) reveals that the actual change was less than might have thought. It is, in fact, uncanny that over a thirty-five-year span Heifetz should have retained an inner metronome that ticks off the same tempos in the first three movements. The fourth movement was slower with Rubinstein and fancier in the violin line—given more to hairpin dynamics then, done more plainly now. Most other violinists take slower tempos throughout this sonata, and the 1972 Heifetz-Smith is faster than Stern/Zakin (Columbia MS 8139) and Perlman/Askhe

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The Bloch is appropriately muscular, dark, and heavy: the Debussy finespun and fluid. Falla's "Nana," in yet another light, is "covered" and melancholy.

This recital documents vividly that one of the century's great instrumentalists is almost as strong a presence at seventy as he was at twenty, and that is cause for celebration.

Leontyne Price and Placido Domingo: Verdi and Puccini Duets. Leontyne Price, soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; New Philharmonia Orchestra, Nello Santi, cond. [Richard Mohr, prod.] RCA RED SEAL ARL 1-0840, $6.98. Tape: • ARS 1-0840, $7.95; • ARS 1-0840, $7.95.

Verdi: Un Ballo in maschera. Teatro alla Scala; Bimba. bimba. non piangere. Puccini: Manon Lescaut; Oh, saro la piu. notte densa. Puccini: Manon Lescaut, Oh. sarò la pri.

Even though RCA's boast, printed on both sides of the record jacket, that Price and Domingo constitute "the operatic duo of the century" is hardly borne out by what one hears on the present occasion—for me, at any rate—this recital is not without its considerable virtues.

For one thing, there are few sounds in opera today as thrilling as those Domingo constitute "the operatic duo of the century" is hardly borne out by what one hears on the present occasion—for me, at any rate—this recital is not without its considerable virtues.

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Paul Simon: Rock of the Westies. Elton John, piano and vocals, Ray Cooper and Roger Pope, drums, Davey Johnstone and Caleb Quaye, guitars; James Newton Howard, electric piano and synthesizer. Medley: Dan Dare (Pilot of the Future); Island Girl, Grow Some Funk of Your Own; I Feel Like a Bullet (in the Gun of Robert Ford), Street Kids; Hard Luck Story; Feed Me, Billy Bones and the White Band. Gus Dudgeon, arr. Walk Softly; Mr. D.J.; The Sha-la Bandit; seven more. Jerry Wexler, Gene Page, arr. Walk Softly; Mr. D.J.; The Sha-la Bandit; seven more. [Jerry Wexler and Aretha Franklin, prod.] Atlantic SD 18151, $6.98. Tape: CS 18151. $7.97; TP 18151, $7.97.

Rock music, like basic black in fashion, can hide a multitude of sins—such as poor lyrics. In rock that is played at any appreciable level of intensity, the words cannot be heard, except perhaps for a snatch here and there or a phrase that's repeated often enough to emerge through the clamor. There are lyricists who have come up with some brilliant songs, but then a hundred of their mediocre ones slip in under the same blanket simply because they are masked as concerns the casual listener. A case in point is Bernie Taupin, lyricist for British rock pianist and singer Elton John. While one declines to call any of his works brilliant, he has produced several gems, among them "Your Song," "My Father's Gun," and "Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters." John gives the man much credit, as in a notation from the sleeve of "Rock of the Westies": "Without Taupin, E. John would be serving pig swill to out-of-work cubmasters." Not true, according to a close examination of the texts of the newest John/Taupin LP.

Including the printed words may be likened to a passer of bad checks attaching his confession to the checks. Of the nine songs here, only three have much to offer, and even they aren't making new points. "Island Girl" is about a prostitute; "Grow Some Funk of Your Own" is about a fight over a girl; and "Street Kids" is pretty much as it sounds. Still, "Rock of the Westies" works musically, in spite of the lyrics. John's melodies, singing, and ability to assemble one of the finest backup bands in rock carry it.

Paul Simon is quite a different matter. His rock is relatively soft and at no time buries the lyrics. His newest recording, "Still Crazy after All These Years," is yet another sterling testimony to his abilities. But which abilities? Performance, music composition, or lyric-writing?

The first two of these talents are unquestioned. But, while Simon has not to my recollection written a bad lyric, he seldom has written anything of real literary merit. Even his best work tends to start strong and then drift off, as if the idea was his main interest. The title song illustrates this. The lyric doesn't say one bit more than anything that could be garnered from reading the title, yet it comes off as deeply affecting. Simon is a much better lyricist than Bernie Taupin, and he doesn't hide his verbal insufficiencies, relying instead on emotional singing or a smart turn of the arrangement to complete musically what he is unable to complete verbally. One comes away from the experience entertained—at times moved—but one remembers the feeling, rather than any specific lyric.

If I appear to be picking nits, that is deliberate. Both of these recordings are in fact very good ones, among the best pop product to appear in months. And that is the point: Over the past decade so-called progressive rock has gotten something of a free ride as far as lyrics are concerned. Each of these records offers a different approach to lyrics and lyricism, and what to do with lyrics when they go awry. The whole question demands a good deal more attention than it has received, which means, for starters, listening a little more closely.

Aretha Franklin: You. Aretha Franklin, vocals; vocal and instrumental accompaniment; Gene Page, arr. Walk Softly; Mr. D.J.; The Sha-la Bandit; seven more. [Jerry Wexler and Aretha Franklin, prod.] Atlantic SD 18151, $6.98. Tape: CS 18151. $7.97; TP 18151, $7.97.

There seems to be no musical situation in which Aretha Franklin cannot sing her best—and Aretha's best is still the best. Like Ray Charles, she goes across all the boards.

John F. Indcox

August 27, 1902—December 16, 1975

High Fidelity's first record reviewer and longtime theater and film record reviewer.
The levels on which Franklin sings this time are quickly established on the first track of each side. Side 1 begins with her successful single, "Mr. D.J.," which she wrote; Side 2 begins with "Without You"—much energy, little song. The album was cut on the West Coast with arranger Gene Page, currently best known for his work with Barry White, though he was a heavy worker for many years before the Barry White period. He is a solid and supportive arranger, and he brought in a dependably funky rhythm section including David T. Walker, Ray Parker, Clarence McDonald, Scott Edwards, and Ed Greene. Also featured is Aretha's angel choir: Margaret Branch, Brenda Bryant, and Pam Vincent (with Cissy Houston too). The stage is set; here comes Aretha, strong and focused, sweetly abandoned.

And yet something is wrong. Aretha just rubs her magic on, no matter what the quality or intent of the song. I guess that's called professionalism, but the magic is so portable, so packageable. The album is stingy with real material—presumably a concession to "commercial reality." There are only two outstanding songs: Aretha's "Mr. D.J." and Van McCoy's "Walk Softly" ("Now that I've cried my love to sleep, don't wake it up."). The rest are automatic, stale, dull, corny, and full of lies.

I could listen to Aretha Franklin sing a dial tone. But it follows naturally: The more the song, the more the singer. We're ready when you (Franklin? Jerry Wexler? Atlantic Records?) are. M.A.

DONOVAN. Donovan Leitch, guitar and vocals; instrumental accompaniment. Universal Soldier; Colours; Catch the Wind; Donna Donna; Sunny Goodge Street, seven more. Pye 502, $6.98.

THE SEARCHERS. Tony Jackson, bass and vocals; Chris Curtis, drums; John McNally, guitar; Mike Pender, guitar. Needles and Pins; Don't Throw Your Love Away; Take It or Leave It; Love Potion Number Nine; eight more. [Tony Hatch, prod.] Pye 501, $6.98.

Pye Records is a major British label that, like most British labels, would like to make a mark in the U.S. Its most recent effort is a reissue series titled "The Pye History of British Pop Music," which provides examples of the music of the pop groups involved in the so-called "British invasion" that occurred in the wake of the Beatles' American debut in 1964.

Donovan and the Searchers were a major part of that invasion. Donovan's mark was made in terms of modified folk music, while the Searchers dealt in what was, a decade ago, fairly standard British rock. Both of these albums are valuable to those interested in the pop music of the 1960s. The 1950s have long since been ground up by the nostalgia mill, and now it is time to reissue over what seemed to be, in the words of the Seven-Up commercial, "a time of agonizing reappraisal."

The Donovan LP is fairly representative of his early recordings, with his original version of "Catch the Wind" shining through. The Searchers' popularity did not last as long as did Donovan's, yet the band produced some pretty music. Its best-known song, "Needles and Pins," leads off this collection, but its version of the fairly obscure Rolling Stones tune "Take It or Leave It" is worth noting.

AMERICA: History (America's Greatest Hits). America, vocals, keyboards, guitars, and bass; strings, rhythm, and vocal accompaniment. A Horse with No Name, I Need You; Ventura Highway, nine more. [George Martin, prod.] WARNER BROS. BS 2894, $6.98. Tape: ★ ★ M 52894, $7.97; ★ ★ M 82894, $7.97.

Part of the enjoyment of most "greatest hits" collections is the opportunity to trace the evolution of the artist's work in the concentrated form of a single LP. In the case of America, "History" demonstrates that causing melody has characterized the group's career from its very beginning. This trio, all of whose members sing, play, and write, also has the ability to create pleasing lyrics dealing with love—found, lost, and unrequited. Then, too, these are three harmonious, plaintive voices. The result is unbeatable. To ice this agreeable cake, add George Martin's clean, crisp, energetic production, in a class by itself.

Ranging from the merely pleasant ("Only in Your Heart") to the truly moving ("Sister Golden Hair" and "Lonely People"), America demonstrates that over four years it has produced music that is essentially the same. The group has not progressed; it has not regressed. It has consistently used its own successful formula, and the formula still works. When you have a winner, why look for variations?

H.E.
This latest incarnation of Hot Tuna falls somewhere between the Grateful Dead and Canned Heat in that spectrum of flashy sounds labeled the "San Francisco sound." With "Yellow Fever," onetime Jefferson Airplane members Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady, together with drummer Bob Steeler, make music aimed at the groin rather than the head. "Yellow Fever" is in fact far more direct in its approach than the band's last disc, "America's Choice." Here the music is totally visceral, with none of the spacey, laid-back feeling of the earlier record—familiar too from the antics of the Jefferson Airplane and its successor, the Jefferson Starship.

"Baby What You Want Me to Do," the LP's opener, is a prime example of what Hot Tuna is up to this time around. Rough guitar and even rougher bass are held back only by the drums, played in the style of such drummers as Ginger Baker and Clive Bunker. In addition, Kaukonen's vocals provide a telling point of difference between this band and the many hot and heavy boogie bands that took up residence in the San Francisco Bay area during the late Sixties. His soft voice provides an unique, engaging contrast to the band's thunderous musical shenanigans, which make even "Jelly Roll Blues" take on an indiscriminately rough edge.

While this approach will surely attract a good number of the heavy-metal kids who now subsist on a musical diet of Aerosmith and Montrose, the sound might grate on older Tuna fans who remember fondly the more airy sounds of yore. A little more variety could keep both camps happy.

**ERIC CARMEN.** Eric Carmen, lead vocals, piano, synthesizers, guitar, and harpsichord; string section, synthesizers, keyboards, horns, and vocal accompaniment. *Sunrise, That's Rock 'n' Roll, Never Gonna Fall in Love Again,* seven more. [Jimmy Lenner, prod.] A R I S T A A L 4 0 5 7 , $ 6 9 8 . Tape: [H 5 3 0 1 - 4 0 5 7 , $ 7 9 5 ; : H 8 3 0 1 - 4 0 5 7 , $ 7 9 5 .

Even though the Raspberries was probably the most talented of the early-Seventies American bands that based its musical sounds on its more successful English counterparts, poor management and an unsympathetic record company prevented it from progressing past cult status. When the group disbanded, after its "Starting Over," from his Raspberries days, that would take the production pressure off Lenner and allow him to relax just a bit. Then we'll have the extraordinary disc that Raspberries fans have been waiting for.

**BARRY MANILOW.** Tryin' to Get the Feeling. Barry Manilow, vocals and piano; keyboards, strings, rhythm, and vocal accompaniment. *New York City Rhythm, Tryin' to Get the Feeling Again, Why Don't We Live Together,* eight more. [Ron Dante and Barry Manilow, prod.] A R I S T A A L 4 0 6 0 , $ 6 9 8 . Tape: [H 5 3 0 1 - 4 0 6 0 , $ 7 9 5 ; [H 8 3 0 1 - 4 0 6 0 , $ 7 9 5 .

**DRACULA.** Four scenes read by David McCallum and Carole Shelley; directed by Ward Botsford. C A E D O N T C 1 4 6 8 , $ 6 9 8 .

Bram Stoker was an Irish writer who "made it" at age fifty, when his Gothic horror romance *Dracula* was published in 1897. He produced no other significant works, though he hardly had to; *Dracula* was enough to keep him in Guinness for the rest of his life.

This latest representation of *Dracula* is a good one indeed. David McCallum and Carole Shelley read their parts well, with the feeling created by Stoker and without the false melodrama familiar to viewers of the many *Draculas* movies. McCallum, who achieved his principal fame playing popular TV and TV-type roles, here exhibits considerable ability for serious work. Director Ward Botsford, like the actors, distinguishes himself by keeping hands off. There are, praise be, no special effects at all—no howling wolves, no creaking doors. There is only the majesty of Stoker's prose.

M.J.
Freda Payne: Out of Payne Comes Love. Freda Payne, vocals; horns, rhythm, strings, and vocal accompaniment; Ron Stockert, Jimmie Haskell, and Ben Benay, arr. I Hear Rumors; Look What I Found; Million Dollar Horse; six more. [Bob Monaco, prod.] ABC ABCD 901, $6.98. Tape: H 8022-901, $7.95.

For those of us hooked on the record business, one beautifully done project can wipe out the effect of twenty dead ones. This album by Freda Payne is easily one of my favorites for the year. What's more, it succeeds across the board, from look to content to intent.

Freda Payne has had an odd, stop-start sort of recording career. She had several hits in the r&b mold some years ago, but they were so formula-ized as to be faceless. This never worked for Payne; she has too much face. She never got the personal treatment she needed. Till now. This album was produced by Bob Monaco, who produces Rufus, a group that has never made a bad LP. I do not know Monaco, but I will vouch for his style: He goes for the throat, in the nicest possible way.

Payne's new release combines her class, her sass, and her ease with high-energy market material. She sounds a sort of recording career. She had several hits in the r&b mold some years ago, but they were so formula-ized as to be faceless. This never worked for Payne; she has too much face. She never got the personal treatment she needed. Till now. This album was produced by Bob Monaco, who produces Rufus, a group that has never made a bad LP. I do not know Monaco, but I will vouch for his style: He goes for the throat, in the nicest possible way.

Payne's new release combines her class, her sass, and her ease with high-energy market material. She sounds a bit like Melba Moore. I'll bet the two appreciate each other. Payne is beautifully supported by a West Coast rhythm section including Ron Stockert on keyboards, Dennis Belfield on bass (both members of Rufus), and Mickey McMeel on drums. Another equally fine rhythm section used is Scott Edwards on bass, Ollie Brown on drums (both from L.T.D.), and Ben Benay and Jimmy Benson on guitars.

Stockert wrote a particularly good string arrangement for "You Brought the Woman out of Me," sort of a "Son of Ode to Billie Joe" string sweetener written so often by Earl R. Klasky and wonderfully photographed by Antonin Kratochvil at Cyrano, an atmospheric restaurant on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

Leslie West Band. Leslie West, guitar and vocals; Corky Laing, drums; Mick Jones, guitar; Don Kretmer and Bill Gelber, basses; Frank Vicari, horns; Sredni Vollmer, harp; Ken Ascher, piano; vocal accompaniment. Money (What'sa Gonna Do); Dear Prudence, We'll Find a Way, We Gotta Get out of This Place; six more. [Leslie West Band, prod.] PHANTOM BPL 1-1258, $6.98. Tape: BPK 1-1258, $7.95; BPS 1-1258, $7.95.

Good old-fashioned havoc is the stock-in-trade of Leslie West and his newest assemblage of accomplices. West's taste in music runs to the very loud, with tortuous guitar solos and angst-ridden vocals, and he is very good at this sort of rock. His recordings are clean, crisp, and unencumbered by excess instrumentation or pretense.

Though it's hard to pick a highlight from this fine album of hard rock, one might mention the Beatles' "Dear Prudence" and the Barry Mann/Cynthia Weil composition "We Gotta Get out of This Place." M.J.

Continued on page 123

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Hudson Brothers: Ba-Fa Bill, Mark, and Brett Hudson, vocals, instruments, and songs. Apple Pie Hero; My Heart Can'T Take It; Lonely School Year; nine more. [Bernie Taupin, prod.] Rocket Pig 2169, $6.98. Tape:  C 2169, $7.98;  T 2169, $7.98.

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Now take the Hudson Brothers. (Please.) Tape: NO C 2169, $7.98; WT 2169, $7.98.

I Believe; Rag Doll; Break Away; Disney Girls; My Little Town; five more. [Richard Perry, prod.] Columbia PC 33700, $6.98. Tape:  PCT 33700, $7.98;  PCA 33700, $7.98.

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel have hit upon a fascinating device that might save the record industry enough money to pay for the wine whose cost has skyrocketed, thanks to the Arabs and their high oil prices. They combined to perform the vocals on "My Little Town," an outstanding song written by Simon. And now that recording appears on two new Columbia LPs: Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years" (reviewed separately this month) and Garfunkel's "Breakaway."

The idea of getting double duty from the same track is indeed an interesting one, with tremendous potential. Why should Simon and Garfunkel be the only ones to benefit from such an arrangement? "My Little Town" used five backup musicians. Why shouldn’t, say, pianist Barry Beckett use this cut when he's around to make his first solo album? (No doubt he will. Arabs or no Arabs, everybody makes solo albums these days.)

Garfunkel's voice is that of the perennial accompanist; he has not displayed the ability to be a feature performer. His best mo-
ments to date have come when he has sung songs of exceptional caliber, and those are lamentably scarce. Other than "My Little Town," the only interesting song on "Breakaway" is "Disney Girls," a Bruce Johnston composition that, although a mile singosny, is at least ear-catching. The rest of this overarranged LP is simply boring.

M.J.

Dudes: We're No Angels. Kootch Trochim, bass and vocals; Ritchie Henneman and Wayne Cullem, drums and vocals; Ron Segarini, David Henman, and Brian Greenway, guitars and vocals. Saturday Night; Fuel Injection; I Just Wanna Dance; seven more. [Mark Sectar, prod.] Columbia PC 35577, $6.98.

Cross Barry Manilow with the Who and add a touch of Framptonesque vocals, and you come up with the Dudes, one of the more interesting rock hybrids to appear in recent months. Its sound belies the fact that this band rose from the ashes of the Wackers and April Wine, two worthy bands of the Sixties. All six members are given credit for vocals, and the dense harmonies give a brightness to their sound that naturally belongs on car radios in the summer. Guitarists Segarini, Greenway, and Henman play with that clean but distorted edge popularized by the early Raspberries.


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and their solos and fills (skillfully herded by producer Mark Spector) give lightness to a potentially dark and dirgy sound.

This is a group without pretensions, and because of it "We're No Angels" will outlive many of the derivative discs being marketed today.

H.E.

**The Eiger Sanction.** Original film soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by John Williams. MCA 2068, $6.98. Tape: F T 2088, $7.98.

John Williams' moody, soulful and quite lovely theme (originally heard as a waltz) for Clint Eastwood's The Eiger Sanction could not be anything but a film tune. There is a Francis Lai mistiness to it that immediately evokes the almost self-conscious slickness of the entire medium of recent cinema. The theme keeps popping up in various forms and colors throughout the disc, broken here and there by the customary ostinatos, rock beats, sustained-string suspensions, baroque pastiches, etc.

Nothing terribly earthshaking, but eminently listenable. It would be more so but for MCA's typically dull sonics. R.S.B.

**The Wind and the Lion.** Original film soundtrack recording. Composed and conducted by Jerry Goldsmith. ARISTA AL 4048, $6.98.

The demands of a film such as John Milius' The Wind and the Lion, which disappeared from New York before I had a chance to see it, probably give the composer precious little latitude. But I would have thought a composer like Jerry Goldsmith could avoid a bit better than he did the clichés of the genre, whether in the pseudo-Arabianisms or the inflated title theme (which seems to be derived from a rather grating American bugle call).

In spite of a decent love theme—written in collaboration with Paul Francis Webster—and some good action music (as in the "Raissuli Attacks" cut), most of the music on this disc is so very deja entendu that my main reaction was annoyance (heightened by the incessant reappearance of the bugle-call motive). But I imagine the score fits the film quite well. R.S.B.

**STEVE KUHN:** Trance. Steve Kuhn, acoustic and electric piano, Steve Swallow, electric bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Sue Evans, percussion. A Change of Face; Squirt; The Sandhouse; live more. ECM 1052, $6.98.
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Although Steve Kuhn was playing with John Coltrane fifteen years ago (briefly and, as Kuhn admits, not to the satisfaction of either of them) and he has a strong and very communicative musical personality, he has not yet broken through to the listening public to the extent that one might expect at this stage of his career.

This record may help bring him forward. It is a sampling of his work that shows a broad and colorful range, from several trancelike, impressionistic, searching pieces on the first side (including a dark, haunting waltz called "Trance" that could have pop potential) to a remarkable tangle of sounds and tempos in "The Young Blade." Kuhn plays both acoustic and electric pianos and, unlike almost all his piano-playing colleagues, loses nothing in shifting from acoustic to electric. He gets a strong, positive sound from this usually obstreperous instrument and finds in it dynamics that he can stamp on many others.

Kuhn is a melodist, but his melodies are his own kind of melodies, singing in a very individualistic way that gives them a sense of adventure. This is music that can wash over you pleasantly or engage your attention repeatedly.

**Oscar Peterson Big 6:** At the Montreux Jazz Festival 1975, Toots Thielemans, harmonica; Milt Jackson, vibes; Oscar Peterson, piano, Joe Pass, guitar; Nels Pedersen, bass; Louis Bellson, drums. Au Privave; Here's That Rainy Day; Poor Butterfly; Reunion Blues. [Norman Granz, prod.] PABLO 2310 747, $7.98. Tape: S 10747, $7.98.

Norman Granz was given three days at the 1975 Montreux Jazz Festival to do whatever he wanted to do with whatever musicians he wanted. As an inveterate recorder of his musical projects, he naturally recorded the full three days and has issued the results on ten LPs.

Since Granz was using musicians of a very high professional caliber—Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Milt Jackson, Zoot Sims, Benny Carter, Count Basie, and Oscar Peterson among others—and the circumstances were generally happy, each disc in the series has memorable moments, notably "Milt Jackson" (2310 753) and "Basie Jam" (2310 750), the latter by a sextet with Basie at the piano. But groove for groove, the best of the lot is this LP, nominally led by Oscar Peterson, although any of the five of the musicians last might with equal justification have been identified as the leader. This is a remarkably tight, responsive group that swings at any tempo—from a joyous "up" on "Au Privave" through a surprisingly bright "Here's That Rainy Day" to a reflective but pulsing "Poor Butterfly"—propelled by a rhythm section that generates power. Louis Bellson in particular is remarkably imaginative in catching nuances from soloists, shifting inflections, and underlining tensions.

The opener, "Au Privave," is a driving gem on which Toots Thielemans does his best work of the set, using his harmonica to give this hornless sextet the full impact and sound of a tenor saxophone as he rifles behind Milt Jackson's billowing solo. In this very fast and somewhat inspired company, Jackson constantly stays just one step ahead of his colleagues as the challenges keep bringing out the little extra bits of resource that make for some remarkable performances. Peterson is moved, too, rising above his usual mechanical virtuosity to provide fills that brighten the backgrounds and prod the soloists.

The other records in this 1975 Montreux Jazz Festival series are "JATP" (2310 748), "Dizzy" (2310 749), "Ella" (2310 751), "Pass" (2310 752), "The Trumpet Kings" (2310 754), and a two-disc sampler, "The Montreux Collection" (2823 707).

**Bucky Pizzarelli with Joe Venuti:** Nightwings. Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Joe Venuti, violin. "I'm Coming, Virginia; New Orleans, It; Pennies from Heaven; The Real Godfather Blues; Nightwings" six more [Bob Thiele, prod.] FLYING DUTCHMAN BDL 1-1120, $5.95.

One gets the feeling that Bob Thiele, who produced this record, was not precisely sure what he wanted to do. There are provocative elements present, but there is no sense of direction. What we have is a scatter-shot mixture of unaccompanied guitar solos by Bucky Pizzarelli and duets by Pizzarelli and Joe Venuti. Venuti appears in only five of the twelve selections, so Pizzarelli is the dominant performer in space and time as well as in performance. Yet it is not a really satisfying Pizzarelli record either.

There are enough good things in the set to make it of some interest. For example, Venuti's only solo piece—the Beatles' "Here, There, and Everywhere"—is in a soulful ballad style that he usually hides behind his jaunty jazz attack. And on "The Real Godfather Blues" he plays a strong pizzicato solo over the bass string of Bucky's seven-string guitar that almost sounds as though Joe had taken up the guitar himself. Pizzarelli gets involved in some trickery on his own with an effectively high, tight acoustic-guitar solo dubbed over his electric-guitar accompaniment on a charming tribute to the trombonist in the Jean Goldkette band, Speigle Wilcox. And, again alone, he plays one of his most affecting pieces, Django Reinhardt's "Nuages." But an attempt to develop the manner of "Nuages" into a violin-guitar duet fails to get off the ground on "Nightwings," while Venuti's ballad style turns as heavy on "Sleeping Bee" as it is charming on "Here, There, and Everywhere."

The best perspective on these two musicians together comes in the appropriately titled "Joe pizz," a bright and airy piece on which both cut loose in their most characteristic fashions.

**Larry Ridley:** Sum of the Parts. Sonny Fortune, alto and soprano saxophones and flute; Onaje Allan Gumbs, acoustic and electric piano; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Larry Ridley, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Errol "Crusher" Bennett, congas. Changes Chikuyo; Feelin' Blue; Indiana Avenue; three more STRATA-EAST 19759, $6.98.

Because Larry Ridley has been one of the most ubiquitous jazz bassists in the East for
Fats Waller: The Complete Fats Waller: Vol. 1, 1934-35. Herman Autrey and Bill Coleman, trumpets; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Ben Whitted, Gene Sedric, Rudy Powell, and Mezz Mezzrow, clarinets and saxophones; Fats Waller, piano; Billy Taylor and Charlie Turner, basses; Harry Dial, drums. How Can You Face Me; Honeyuckle Rose; I Ain't Got Nobody; twenty-six more. RCA BLUEBIRD AVM 2-5511, $7.98 (two discs, mono).

Fats Waller's music is so much fun that there is a tendency to take it too lightly. One easily recalls the gaiety of his rollicking stride piano, his mocking approach to lyrics of every degree, and the good-time feeling with which he could charge his performances through his exclamations and outcries. Yet one recalls too that he was burdened with an awful lot of junk during the nine years that he recorded for RCA. So a lot of it must, it would seem, be heavy going.

But the fact is that Waller's work remains as fresh today as when he recorded it. This two-disc set, part of RCA's inexpensive Bluebird reissue series, is the first album in a complete chronological issuance of all the records made by Waller from 1934, when he started recording for RCA, until his death in 1943. (One exception: The solo recordings, rather than being distributed among the chronological sets, will be released all together.) This first volume takes him only from May 1934 to March 1935. There are twenty-nine selections (two takes on four numbers), and the incredible thing is that none of them is less than very good. Waller had a genius for turning trivia into triumph. And even good material did not faze him—it just came out better.

"The Complete Fats Waller" ought to be a basic in every jazz collection, not just because of the pleasure it gives, but as a constant reminder of the brilliance of the man, both as a musician and as an entertainer.

J.S.W.
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Virtuoso fiddling: angelic and Gallic. From his first emergence out of Israel, Itzhak Perlman has claimed ranking among not only the outstanding virtuosos but the true poets of the violin. Now he comes fully into his own in a program giving full rein to both his scintillant technique and his evocative poetic eloquence—a program that also prodigally proffers some of the most effective accompaniment-collaborations (by Jean Martinon and the Orchestre de Paris) and the most resplendent recorded sonics one is ever likely to hear: Angel 4XS/6XS 37118, cassette/cassette, $7.98 each.

Spectacular fiddling dominates the Ravel Tzigane (superseding his 1969 RCA version) and the familiar Saint-Saëns warhorses, the Op. 83 Hokou-noise and the Op. 14 Introduction and Rondo capriccioso. Yet even here Perlman’s dazzling dramatic éclat is restrained and shaped by sure artistic control, while the glowing radiance of his Chausson Poème can only be suggested by paraphrasing Pope Gregory I’s amazed impression of the first English youths he had seen ("Non Angli sed Angeli") and deeming this “not so much Israeli as angelic music-making."

Perlman hasn’t yet remade his Lalo Symphonie espagnole of 1969, but the new one we do have from a French pupil of Heifetz’, Pierre Amoyal, differs markedly from Perlman’s and other superstars’ big-toned, boldly theatrical approach in its relatively small but silken tonal qualities, lyric delicacy, and above all Gallic elegance. The soloist’s grace, however, is somewhat incongruously allied with Paul Paray’s gruffly robust Monte Carlo orchestral accompaniment and the extremely powerful, rather heavy recording—qualities better suited to Paray’s rousing, rhythmically lifting performance of Lalo’s Rapsodie norvégienne: Musical Heritage MHC 2101, Dolby-B cassette, $6.95.

Outdoor boy’s Beethoven/thinking man’s Stravinsky. Not even a Toscanini or a Szell has ever recorded a Beethoven First Symphony small scaled, good-humored, and revirescent enough to satisfy my personal—perhaps unduly idiosyncratic—tastes. In the past, Ansermet came closest, but now at last I find most of the restful and breezy invigoration I’ve been looking for in the gleamingly bright and crystalline recorded performance by Neville Marriner’s more chamber-than symphonic-sized Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields ensemble. His coupled Second Symphony is no less freshly appealing, particularly for its zestful rhythmic pulse. And although this latter work is better suited for larger-scaled treatment, and despite my fond remembrance of the incomparable Szell reading, I find special pleasure in Marriner’s version: Philips 7300 087, Dolby-B cassette, $7.95.

Another, more recently recorded Philips cassette testifies even more convincingly to the ever increasing skill of that company’s engineering staff in capturing not merely impressive, but exceptionally honest and natural orchestral sonics—plus the distinctive ambience of the particular auditorium in which they resound. It also testifies anew to the maturational of Bernard Haitink into one of the conductorial magisters of our time, one who can bring new lucidity, tauter integration, and overwhelming dramatic conviction even to a work as often well played on and off records as Stravinsky’s Sacre du printemps. The composer’s own version remains sui generis, of course, as indeed does that by Boulez, also for Columbia, and perhaps a few others. Nevertheless, Haitink, the London Philharmonic, and Philips’ engineers proffer no less searching illuminations of this milestone music, further distinguished by an even more aurally rewarding sonic replica of the performance itself: Philips 7300 278, Dolby-B cassette, $7.95.

More super-Stokowskian Bach. I have been clairvoyant in qualifying my November 1974 farewell to the "hypenated Stokowski" as "not for good." For already his London/Czech Philharmonic program of Bach transcriptions and a more recent Angel disc-only remise of the original 1959 Capitol Bach-Stokowski program have been augmented by more of the same from the incredible nonagenarian sorcerer. And the new performances with the London Symphony for RCA are unique in some respects. They include the first commercial recording of a very early (1915) orchestration of the S. 645 Wacht ouff! chorale, and the first stereo recordings of the transcriptions of the mighty Chaconne from S. 1004, Pre-ludio from S. 1006, Air in D from S. 1056, and Arioso from Cantata No. 156. (The remaining three selections—S. 576 “little” Fugue in G minor, S. 478 Komm, süßer Tod, and Ein’ feste Burg—were first recorded in stereo in the Capitol/Angel collection noted above.)

What’s most remarkable here, however, is that all but one (the familiar Air in D) of these pieces are included among the lushest, most inflated and melodramatically romanticized scores in the whole Bach-Stokowski repertory. Yet despite all that, even the most outraged Bach purist will have to fight his damnedest to resist mesmerization. For Stokowski himself obviously is in better health and more surely “in control” than when he recorded earlier in Prague. (Now he even may seem hyperactive and too hard driving.)

The uninhibited emotionalism of both transcriptions and performances are incalculably enhanced by quite extraordinary sonic intoxications. Even London’s Phase-4 vividness is excelled and its unnaturalness avoided, while new triumphs in ultra-richness are achieved in Robert Auger’s incandescent engineering: RCA Red Seal ARK/ARS 1-0880, cassette/cassette, $7.95 each. But why no Q-8 edition?

Rodrigo bis—and bis! Super-richly dismissed by connoisseurs as lightweight, Joaquin Rodrigo’s Concierto de Aranjuez has craft and atmospheric appeal for guitar aficionados that can become potently persuasive to everyone in first-rate recorded performances. Two of the best of these have just been remade, in more-than-ever revelatory audio engineering, both by John Williams with Daniel Barenboim and the English Chamber Orchestra (Columbia MAQ 33208, Dolby-B Q-8 cartridge, $7.95) and by Julian Bream with John Eliot Gardiner and the Monteverdi Orchestra (RCA Red Seal ARK/ARS 1-1181, cassette/cassette, $7.95 each). Only the readings remain much the same: Williams’ extraverted, big-toned, more dramatic; Bream’s introverted, poetic, more chamber-than concert-styled. It’s the recordings that are new and ideally suited, with robust big-hall sound in luminous quadrphony for Williams, warmly intimate stereo for Bream.

Markedly different too are the coupled guitar concertos. Williams chooses the relatively familiar 1951 one by Villa-Lobos: Bream gives the record premiere of a 1974 work by Sir Lennox Berkeley—a dreamy mood piece of more pastel charm than healthful vitality.
“The Sony TC-756 set new records for performance of home tape decks.”

(Stereo Review, February, 1975)

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