HiFi/Stereo Review

APRIL 1966 • 60 CENTS

HOW MANUFACTURERS INSURE EQUIPMENT RELIABILITY
SPECIAL BONUS: A CALENDAR OF CLASSICAL COMPOSERS

Music of India

RETAILERS: SEE LAST PAGE FOR SPECIAL DISPLAY PLAN
t sold as laboratory instruments. But they are designed to 'bring home the broadcast' Otherwise fine music would not sound fine. And that is why a properly installed in an FM-stereo broadcast is not precisely right. If stereo reception sounds wrong call the FM station and complain about the poor broadcast.

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

By William Anderson

IT is our constructive habit around these editorial offices to tease our minds from time to time with conjectures about who the readers of HiFi Stereo Review are and how we can make the magazine of maximum usefulness to them. Editorial surveys (in which some of you may have taken part) provide us with a good deal of information in this pursuit, but our best clues still come from reader correspondence. We received the other day a charming and disarmingly candid example, brimming with compliments (we get the other kind too), from a new reader in Michigan who appealed to us for the sort of help we love to give:

"As a new subscriber to your magazine, let me say I find it both informative and entertaining. Your covers are beautiful and the format is the best of any magazine I get. . . . I know absolutely nothing about music except whether or not I like something, and I'm dying to learn. Without spending a lot of money, how can I learn to really appreciate music and where should one begin to build a good record library?"

We flatter ourselves that this new subscriber has come to the right place. Regular readers of HiFi Stereo Review will long since discovered our basic editorial premise: to provide, through our articles, monthly columns, and record reviews, expert instruction and guidance through the mazes of audio and recorded music. Ignorance of a subject is not yet a crime, and we go to great pains in all our editorial content to avoid either talking down to the reader or retreating to those ivory towers wherein the initiates whisper their secrets to each other. Thus, for example, both tender novice and seasoned audio buff can profit from our regular column "Audio Basics" and from even the most specialized of our technical articles. And on the musical side, our "Basic Repertoire" series, basic libraries, and comprehensive music articles are designed to hold the attention of the most knowledgeable music lover without ever leaving the novice out in the cold.

The essential power of music—just what it does to us and how—is one of our profoundest psychological, perhaps even physiological, mysteries, and is doubtless destined to remain so. But there is no need to write about it mysteriously, to fly off in a transport of giddy passion through thickets of impenetrable and highly subjective prose. There is more nonsense written on the subject of music than on any other I know of, and it is our firm intention not to add to it. James Lyons' introduction to the world of Indian classical music in this issue is an excellent example of the no-nonsense approach: it ably explains a subject with which few of us can claim to be overly familiar, sensitively relates it to the contemporary music scene in the West, efficiently dispenses of some current misconceptions, and provides a sample discography whose authority and enthusiasm have already propelled at least this reader into the record shop. Music Editor James Goodfriend's Calendar of Classical Composers, also in this issue, is another example, and its immediate usefulness will be amplified in months to come through a series of articles that will comprehensively cover the stylistic elements of each of the major periods in Western music. A service magazine, of course, is the kind of classroom that you are free to walk into or out of whenever you please, and if at any time you find yourself learning more than you care to know about either audio or music, by all means retreat to the enjoyment of the music itself. That is, after all, where it's really at.
Before you send money to any record club, join the best one for 3 months, free!

Now, without paying a cent or obligating yourself in any way, you can join for three months the one record club that has every single advantage and none of the disadvantages of all the others—including those advertised in this and similar publications. (Your trial membership applies equally to phonograph records and 4-track recorded tapes.)

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S46B
Yankee Tunesmiths

- The article by Wiley Hitchcock about William Billings and the Yankee tunesmiths in your February issue was of great interest to me. I suppose it goes without saying that the article is a remarkably good one in every respect—it will henceforth be required reading in my graduate seminar in the History of Music Education. The beautiful way in which you have gotten the article up also deserves the highest commendation.

- The Great American Composers Series as a whole is absolutely first-class material, and were all the articles gathered together in a book it would represent a real contribution to American musical scholarship.

- Re Wiley Hitchcock’s brilliant article on Billings and the early tunesmiths: it’s a rare thing to find so scholarly an essay written with grace and humor. His respect and enthusiasm for the music delight me. I hope you will induce him to write more in this area.

John Edmonds
Department of Music
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Ladies’ Men

- I read Leonard Altman’s article on lady composers (February) with interest and pleasure, but was astonished at his making no mention at all of Peggy Glanville-Hicks.

Of course, Peggy isn’t a “lady composer,” in Mr. Altman’s pejorative sense, but for many of us she is the female composer, the only one I have any knowledge of who ranks up there with all the men. Miss Glanville-Hicks, without being the least unfeminine, is a brilliant theorist, very definitely has a mind of her own, and has developed an approach to form and style as individual and as vital as that of any male around today—with the possible exception of the great Stravinsky. I noticed Mr. Altman’s deft sidestepping of the contemporary scene, and sympathize, but if one is going to stick one’s neck out far enough to mention Ethel Smyth and Germaine Tailleferre, surely the one female composer who has really challenged the men, Peggy Glanville-Hicks, could have come in for a mention also.

Record jackets at twenty paces, Mr. Altman!

Ray Ellsworth
Brooklyn, N. Y.

- Although it is not my general policy to defend the fair sex in such matters, I must take issue with Leonard Altman, at least in connection with the ladies’ participation in the musical composition of our own century. Here are a few notable examples omitted by Mr. Altman:

Lili Boulanger, the younger sister of the influential Nadia, and composer of some striking settings of psalms and prayers for chorus and orchestra. Lili died in her early twenties in 1918, but the power and vigor of her work still lives in performances conducted by Igor Markevitch on Everest 3059.

Ruth Crawford Seeger (late mother of the folk-singers), who wrote a string quartet in 1931 that is a masterpiece of form. (Please note, Mr. Altman, I said form!) Moreover, it is twenty-five years ahead of its time. It has been recorded on Columbia MS 6142 by the Amati Quartet.

Grazyna Bacewicz, one of the foremost Polish composers writing today, and very much a woman. I happen to possess several Polish recordings of her works, and she can hold her own with the top-ranking male composers of her generation.

Krysyna Mozumanska-Nazar, another formidable Pole, whose Hexachord for Orchestra was considered worthy of performance at the Warsaw Autumn Festival of September 1965.

Then, of course, we have Peggy Glanville-Hicks and Pauline Oliveros, whose influence is well known in contemporary circles.

True, there are still few women in the field of musical composition, but I believe they will grow in number and stature as the cultural taboo diminishes. Then we shall all be richer through their efforts.

David Carp
San Francisco, Calif.

Mailmen, Firearms, and Music

- Re the woodcut you are now using at the top of your Letters to the Editor column: I am just mildly interested to know who on HI/F/Stereo Review’s staff owns a copy of The Age of Firearms. If there’s anyone else out there sufficiently split to entertain a passion for cannons and cannons, cartridges (Continued on page 8)
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and counterpoint, baroquen and Palestrina, I’d like to know of him—Ships Passing in the Night, Light on the Far Horizon Where Never Light Should Be, and so forth.

ROBERT HELD
Greve in Chianti, Italy

“Aus Münster vom 25 des Weinmonats im Jahr 1648 abgefeiert,—Freud, und Frieden—bringender Postreuter,” reads our copy of this dandy old German woodcut. Which is to say that the music the maestro is playing on his posthorn is the joyful news of the Peace of Westphalia, which was concluded October 24, 1648, in Münster, and brought the Thirty Years War to an end. Would that it had been the end of the Age of Firearms. As for us, cameras, counterpoint, and Palestrina keep us quite busy enough in the Age of Hi-Fi. Nobody here but us musicians.

Readers vs. Reviewers

• Re Morgan Ames’ tape review of Giuseppe di Stefano in the January issue. If she must review recordings, let her move about in her own genre.

RAYMOND B. BERNSEE
Ketchikan, Alaska

• In a recent discussion on the theater, critic Eric Bentley spoke of the particular breed of critic who makes a quick name for himself via the “acid approach,” such as Gene Lees. As with many others, I was greatly impressed with his no-holds-barred approach. I argued at my disadvantage that Mr. Lees was digging and pursing some sort of truth that was admirable. But it is time for the unmasking: if Mr. Lees’ brutal attacks are somewhat forgivable, his many inaccuracies are certainly not.

In the January issue, and this is what it took me, after screaming the praises of Georges Brasses, Mr. Lees states that this is probably the first album issued here by Mr. Brasses, Mr. Brasses can be heard on two LP's on the Epic label. And if he were a real fan of this man, he would know that he could be also heard on the first album issued in the States by Patechou on Columbia.

Cyril Peters
New York, N.Y.

• Miss Morgan Ames is a welcome addition to your writing staff, even if she does sound like Gene Lees writing under a pseudonym (her review of Jerome Kern Revisited in the February issue is just like Lees in style and tone). But once again you have a reviewer whose tastes are about ten years behind the times. There’s nothing wrong with this, of course, but a closed-ears policy—of Chad and Jeremy she says (February). “I prefer music”—isn’t exactly the ideal method of critical assessment.

SKPETER GOLD
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Lees replies: “I stand corrected by Mr. Peters about the contents of the Schumann catalog. Miss Ames and I disagree about as many things in music as we agree about. Her one resemblance to me results in her attempt to get at the mechanics of the thing. She apparently believes, as I do, that the art of music is largely unrecognizable; the craft is not. Anyone who tries to explain a Bach fugue has to discuss the craft, not the art.

The art is, and will remain, a mystery. Knowledge of the craft has always been considered requisite to the criticism of classical music. In recent years, it has been conceded that such knowledge is helpful even to the criticism of jazz, though, alas, this did not occur until jazz was almost purified as an important musical movement. All I have done is apply an interest in and a knowledge of the craft to the discussion of popular music. That so modest an innovation has stirred so much justifiable anger, on the condition of that music and the nature of its consumers.

Now someone else in the field is operating on the same assumptions; Miss Ames and I can and will disagree about the art of music, which is a matter of opinion, but not about the craft, which is a matter of information. In the rush of letters over my review of the recent Judy Garland-Liza Minnelli album, the missed point is that, in saying they sang out of tune, I wasn’t expressing an opinion but stating a fact. I’m sorry to many of Miss Garland’s admirers were hurt, but unfortunately Miss Garland’s information is something over which I have no control.

It may interest Mr. Gold that Miss Ames used to arrange for and coach the Good Time Singers on the Andy Williams television show. She was briefly trained in operatic techniques in singing and was in demand in California as both a chorus singer and a teacher.

It has been my life’s experience that I usually learn more from those with whom I disagree than from those with whom I agree. The tone of Mr. Peters’ and Mr. Gold’s letters suggests that perhaps neither of them has made this discovery. It is sad that so many people arrive early at their prejudices and spend the rest of their lives defending them.”

• Morgan Ames’ lovely comment about our song No More Songs For Me in her review of “My Name Is Barbra.” This certainly makes it easier for us to go on writing the type of song we prefer to write most—a genre the “marketability” of which is usually in inverse proportion to its quality.

RICHARD MALTHBY, JR.
DAVID SHIRE
New York, N.Y.

• It seems that Gene Lees is capable of stirring up quite a furor among your readers. But I’ll bet the gentleman who said he was cancelling his subscription will continue buying the magazine from newsstands in order to read Mr. Lees.

NORMAN FLEMING
Atlanta, Ga.

• Since I don’t suppose record reviewing pays anyone enough to live on, the best reviews are generally written as labors of love. You have a number of record critics whose reviews are evidently the product of more than a commercial interest.

Nat Hentoff has written extremely perceptive jazz reviews for many years now, but I am finding that his folk-music reviews grow continually less perceptive and less (Continued on page 11)

Hifi/Stereo Review

CIRCLE NO. 108 ON READER SERVICE CARD
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superficial. In the February issue, for example—how can anyone be taken in by the obscure befuddlement of Bob Dylan's recent "Highway 61 Revisited"? It is a critic's job to get beyond first impressions to true understanding. From Henoff's descriptions, it is obvious that he has listened to the songs, but I suspect that he listened once, with half an ear, and decided that they were probably good.

Similarly, in the January issue Henoff wrote a singularly impertinent review of Elektra's "Singer Songwriter Project," missing entirely the quality of Richard Farina's songs, which I began to appreciate only after repeated hearings, and stressing their superficial similarities to other songs.

I listened to these records repeatedly (I am reviewing for a small magazine) and found that my judgments of them changed and deepened with repeated hearings. I doubt that Henoff can find the time for such intensive work. He has his fingers in too many pies, and I respectfully suggest that he likes the taste of folk-music pie best.

Leslie Guber
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Henoff replies: "As far as I can determine on my letter, Mr. Guber means the superficiality of critical judgments by the reviewer, which I deny to my own column. It's a fine way to remain self-satisfied!"

Readers vs. Readers

Mr. Guber would like to comment on two letters which appeared in the February column, as I can assure you that disgruntled cranks like Mr. George A. Sacher, who took you to task for both your advertising and your editorial content, etc. in the magazine, I have been a subscriber for the past three or four years, and my only complaint is that HiFi/Stereo Review is not published weekly instead of monthly. The index is right in front where it belongs, the columns are timely and intelligent, Julian Hirsh's equipment reviews and articles could serve as textbook examples of how to present highly technical subjects in an interesting, coherent and readily understandable manner, and you manage to achieve exactly the right balance between music and audiophiles. The humor, contrary to Mr. Sacher's remarks, is both welcome and very well chosen (although you're not including nearly enough of those terrific Gomer and Flinstones cartoons lately).

Mr. Guber lists a letter about the stereophonic superiority of phonocord tapes over records simply doesn't fit with my own experience. I too have been collecting four-track tapes for several years, and feel that they have a /r/ way to a position close up to their good points. Fully forty percent of the tapes I've heard are defective in some way, and the surface noise and hiss is often intolerable. I'd like to hear these "primer surfaces" Mr. Kuhl speaks of. Either he's been listening to nothing but master tapes, or his equipment is badly in need of repair.

Stephen Sapper
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sand on George A. Sacher's thumbnail? Be cutting off his subscription to the most distinguished music magazine being published today, he spits only himself. Where else is he going to find such brilliant articles as those on flamenco in the January issue and

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on William Billings in February? Everybody
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be grateful.

R. V. FREEMAN
Aspen, Colo.

Off Bass?

Mr. Goddissays “the bass is too big to
hide.” Who wants to hide it? We love it,
and are proud of it. Even modern jazz mu-
sicians know better than to “slap it around.”
He says that “you may not always hear the
bass but you can feel it.” Is he placing the
bass in the percussion section?

MARTIN FLOWERMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Goddissays: “Taste, sound, and
pace play a role in bringing home the
heart of the same concert. Is Mr. Flowerman
perhaps too close to his bass to enjoy a
light-hearted appreciation of it with us?”

The Voices of Spain

Mr. Goddissays for the article in the January issue
titled “The Voices of Spain.” Very pleasurable.
This is an excellent and informativ-
iece. Please allow me to add to those
singers mentioned a couple of tenors, An-
tonio Pardi (1870-1946) and José Palafré
(1879-1946), and the baritone Ramón
Blanchard (1865-1934).

Why not do a series on this? How about
the voices of Italy, France, Sweden, etc. et cetera?

J. V. SELLANO, JR.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Reader Siclliano is invited, for a starter,
to our “Scandinavian Opera Quiz” in the
September 1963 issue.

Munch and Bizet’s Symphony

With reference to the recording of the
Bizet Symphony in C Major, conducted by
Charles Munch in the Reader’s Digest
“Treasury of Great Music” album, Martin
Booksman makes the following statement
(November): “The Bizet symphony, strange-
ly, has never before been recorded by
Munch.” Please advise Mr. Booksman of
the existence of the English Decca set EDA-111.
The Bizet Symphony with the London Phil-
harmonic Orchestra conducted by Charles
Munch. Munch gives a scintillating per-
formance in this (c. 1947) recording, and
the sound from the 78’s still holds up well
when heard on the proper equipment.

We note with interest that in both cases
the orchestra is one associated with Sir
Thomas Beecham: the London Philharmonic
in the earlier version, and the Royal Phil-
harmonic Orchestra in the performance for
the “Treasury.”

STANLEY H. MAYES
Secretary
Sir Thomas Beecham Society
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Mr. Booksman replies: “I am grateful to
Sir Alby for reminding me of Munch’s
earlier recording, which had a brief currency
(Continued on page 14)
Every major high fidelity and music critic recommends Dual

17 out of 20 have already taken their own advice

An impressive consensus—coming from those whose professional responsibilities make them intimately knowledgeable with all high fidelity equipment.

What has earned it? No less than the complete fulfillment of every claim of performance we have made. And these have hardly been modest.

Flawless tracking as low as 1/2 gram... well beyond the limits of today's finest cartridges. Total operation so silent, tonearm so isolated from external vibration, that you can actually play a Dual atop a speaker system with bass turned up full and still detect no acoustic feedback.

Plus such exclusive Dual operating and design features as: fully automatic and manual play in either single play or changer mode, 6% variable Pitch-Control for all four speeds, continuously variable direct-dial stylus force adjust, powerful constant speed Continuous-Pole motor, 7-1/2 lb. dynamically balanced platter, compact dimensions of just 12-3/4" x 11-1/2".

And to all this, the new Dual 1019 adds continuously variable direct-dial anti-skating compensation, feather-touch "stick-shift" Cue-Control, single play spindle that rotates with your records... plus other exclusive Dual features.

For further details, write for brochure and complete reprints of test reports. Better yet, visit any authorized United Audio dealer and see for yourself why Dual is the only choice for the perfectionist.

Dual 1009 Auto/Professional Turntable ... closes the gap between the automatic and manual turntable. $99.50.

Dual 1019 Auto/Professional Turntable ... most sophisticated record playing instrument in the world. $129.50.
NEW THORENS TD-150AB

A superb turntable in the world-famous Thorens quality tradition. Features silent, two-speed operation (33 1/3 and 45 rpm), plus integrated tone arm that incorporates latest safety lowering device with pneumatic damping action. You get everything you ever wanted in an integrated turntable, including the Thorens reputation for precision craftsmanship. Only $99.75

OTHER FEATURES INCLUDE:
- Extra-light, low-mass aluminum plug-in shell with exclusive adjustable vertical tracking angle. Adjusts to optimum playback stylus angle for any cartridge.
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- 12-inch, 7 lb, precision balanced, non-magnetic platter.
- Spring-loaded suspension system to minimize vibrations.

THORENS TD-124 Series II

The Finest Transcription Turntable on the market today.
A brilliant example of Swiss craftsmanship acclaimed throughout the world. Unmatched for mono- or stereo-performance. Has more outstanding features, more built-in extras, than any transcription turntable in its price range. No other instrument like it available. Illustrated with the Ortofon RMG-212 Tone Arm.

Only $125

IMPORTANT 15° STYLUS OWNERS

It is an ignored fact, that in any record changer or automatic turntable that stacks records on a turntable, the 15° stylus will have its greatest tracking error when used for single play because of the compromising angle of its tone arm. Therefore, for correct tracking and optimum playback performance, any stylus including the 15° stylus should be used with a non-automatic turntable.

A "MUST" FOR RECORD LOVERS!


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in the U.S. at the 183rd end of the 78-rpm era and then disappeared from the catalog with the advent of LP.

Sibelius

This is in response to Alphonso J. Riede's letter, which you published in the December issue. Mr. Riede informs us that he has patiently awaited certain works of Sibelius on records for fifteen years. He claims these works have "never seen a disc surface."

I fear Mr. Riede's "creeping feeling of depression" about this situation has prevented him from looking through the Schwann catalogs of that decade and a half—not to mention the World's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music. Otherwise he would have been aware that the Stockholm Radio Orchestra under Stig Westerberg recorded suites from both King Christian II and The Tempest, which were available for a while here on Westminster XWN 18739, and that the latter work is also available as done by Beecham on a ten-inch Philips import. Furthermore, Belzazzar's Feast was recorded on 78-rpm by Robert Kajanus and the London Symphony (Victor M715). I seem to recall Schonhut excerpts on discs too.

This is not to say that these works should not get up-to-date stereo recordings.

ABRAM CHIPMAN
New Haven, Conn.

Bouquet for W. F.

In your May 1965 issue our (meaning the Mid-America Chorale's) recording "Sing Unto the Lord a New Song" was reviewed by William Flanagan. Would you please thank him for what I consider the most perceptive review of the seven so far released this record? This music was selected by Composers' Recordings, Inc., for us to record; I would hope Mr. Flanagan's own excellent music might be included in any subsequent disc that is recorded by us.

JOHN DEXTER, Director
Mid-America Chorale
Des Moines, Ia.

Far-Flung Correspondent

In going over a few copies of HiFi/Stereo Review for the past two or three years, I have made a few notes. I have enjoyed the various cartoons that you use. "A Day in the Life of a Hi-Fi Salesman" by John Milder (November 1964) was very interesting; a number of such shop-talk articles during the year would be interesting to any hi-fi fan. The article "Twenty-five Stereo Demonstration Records" (July 1965) was also very good. You might do more on that subject, and give the names of other records that didn't quite make the select twenty-five.

I would like to see more on speaker-enclosure construction; i.e., not just once a year. Many of us are unable to buy the ready-made quality products advertised in the magazine, and must do a lot of our own work. In that regard, why not give the odd article to such subjects as cabinetry and how to finish it, and plans on how to make an equipment or record cabinet, etc.

GORDON BISHOP
Sudan Interior Mission
Zinder, Niger Republic

Several of your suggestions had already occurred to us, Mr. Bishop, and you should see some of them in print before the year is out.

CIRCLE NO. 20 ON READER SERVICE CARD

THORENS TURNTABLES
The speaker that went unnoticed until the ratings that count came out—

The ADC 303A Brentwood

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

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

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

AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. Picket District Rd., New Milford, Conn
Proper Zero Level

Q. I have a high-quality stereo tape recorder that I use mostly for recording off the air. Over the years I have found that if I record with VU-meter readings of +2 or +3 on peaks I obtain a much better overall signal-to-noise ratio than I do when I set for zero level on peaks as recommended in the unit's instruction booklet. I have been told, however, that when I go over zero level my recorder is operating in the region of distortion. On playback, my tapes sound perfectly fine. Am I recording distortion that I can't hear and should I be recording at a lower VU level?

PHILIP GIACALONE Flushing, N.Y.

A. I'm sure that you are "recording distortion that you can't hear," since every time anyone tapes anything some distortion of the original material takes place. A good pragmatic test of permissible distortion is annoyance value. If your tapes sound fine to you, then there is no point in suffering an audible loss of signal-to-noise ratio simply to better a distortion figure that it already inaudible. It is not impossible that the VU meters in your unit are out of calibration and when they are reading +3, they actually are at 0 db.

Lightening a Tone-Arm

Q. I would like to replace the phono cartridge in my inexpensive stereo record player with a better unit that will track at under 3 grams. I plan to modify the arm's tracking-pressure adjustment to allow it to get down to the 3-gram figure. Is there anything wrong with this?

Karl Molinar Northfield, N.J.

A. Several things! It is probable that the horizontal-bearing friction of your tone arm is high enough that the arm requires a heavier-tracking cartridge in order to follow the groove. Substitution of a lighter-tracking cartridge (and adjustment of the arm's tracking force to match) may simply result in groove jumping. In addition, friction at the vertical pivot may result in excessive stylus pressure whenever a record warps is encountered. Unless the tone arm in your unit is reasonably good, any attempt to replace the phono cartridge with a lighter-tracking one will simply leave you with a poorer-performing player.

Professional Hi-Fi

Q. Why does professional audio equipment, such as is used in broadcast and recording studios, cost so much? By and large, from what I can see, the specifications are no better than, or even inferior to, good hi-fi equipment.

A. MALLOWEN Miami, Fla.

A. Aside from a few special features useful to professionals, the cost difference between home and studio gear reflects the mechanical and electrical quality built into the studio equipment. Professional gear is designed for long-term, high-quality performance under conditions of continual use. To achieve this, the professional equipment is built to greater mechanical precision and with heavy-duty components. Electrically, the professional equipment uses the best grade parts available and at voltages and currents well under their maximum ratings. In short, with professional equipment one pays a premium not for performance, but for reliability.

Expansion and Compression

Q. My components are, I believe, in a short hair of the industry's current "state of the art," yet I find that all my efforts are for nought because of the dynamic-range compression employed in the recording and broadcasting processes. Can anything be done to counteract the volume compression used by FM stations and record and tape manufacturers? Do they use anything like a "standard" compression curve? Where can I find circuits (or manufactured products) for a device that will expand the dynamic range to its original proportion?

CRAIG STARK Somerset, N.J.

A. It is difficult to compensate for volume compression precisely, because there is no playback expansion device that can exactly follow the vagaries of the automatic or manual compression that is applied to the music in recording or broadcasting. Several years ago, Fairchild produced a device called a Comander (designed for use with a hi-fi system) that, in effect, automatically turned up the gain of an amplifier when the music got louder. This enhanced some symphonic music, but when there was a situation, for example, in which an or-

(Continued on page 18)
Scott's best solid-state components!
Build them yourself and save $160

Now you can enjoy the world's most advanced solid-state engineering, and save up to $160, when you build these Scott solid-state kits. Scott kits give you the same features, performance, quality, and long-lived reliability you've come to expect from their factory-wired counterparts... the only difference is, you build them.

And building them is easy... Scott's exclusive kit construction book with full-size, full-color step-by-step diagrams reduces the possibility or wiring error... cuts construction time to a minimum. All critical circuits are pre-wired, pre-tested, and mounted on heavy-duty printed circuit boards at the Scott factory. All wires are color-coded, pre-cut and pre-stripped to the proper length. Here is a preview of the exclusive Scott features you'll find in your Scott Kit Pak:

Power-Packed LK-60 120-Watt Stereo Amplifier Kit

Rugged silicon output transistors give full audio frequency performance at high power... drive even the most inefficient speakers.
Massive military-type heat sinks keep output transistors running cool... assure top performance under high power output conditions.
Rugged pre-wired, pre-tested printed circuit boards greatly reduce the possibility of error... stand up under years of strenuous use.
Exclusive Circuit Monitor allows you to set output stage bias and balance for absolutely minimum distortion, without external test equipment.

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Patented Scott Time-Switching multiplex circuitry insures lowest distortion and best stereo separation. Multiplex section is pre-wired and pre-tested.
Scott silicon transistor IF circuit provides amazing stability, selectivity, and wide bandwidth... far superior to germanium transistor performance.
New Scott silver-plated front end gives exceptional sensitivity... outperforms and outlasts even the best conventional tube or transistor front ends.
Exclusive "Three-Way" front panel tuning meter serves as a signal strength indicator, zero-center indicator, or highly accurate alignment meter.

Specifications LK-60: Music Power/Channel @ 4 ohms, 60/60; Frequency Response, 15-30,000 cps ± 1 db; Power Bandwidth, 20-20,000 cps. Price, $189.95.
Specifications LT-112: Usable Sensitivity (IHF), 2.2 µV; Selectivity, 4.0 db; Cross Modulation Rejection, 80 db; Price, $179.95.

For complete specifications and features of both Scott solid state stereo kits, fill out this coupon:

Please send me complete information on these great Scott kits:

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CIRCLE NO. 100 ON READER SERVICE CARD

APRIL 1966
WHO NEEDS IT?

That's the first question Tandberg engineers ask themselves when they design a tape recorder. Is a part really necessary? Is there a better way to design it? ☐ Tandberg gives you what you really need in a tape recorder—not something that's just fashionable and technically inferior. ☐ Take mechanical push-button controls, for example. Tandberg uses one operating lever instead. Why? Fewer parts reduce possibility of breakdown—and mishandling by pushing the wrong buttons is eliminated. The result: a more reliable tape recorder with substantially reduced maintenance problems and costs. ☐ A Tandberg tape recorder gives you superior performance—because it's been designed with you in mind.

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Because the number of queries we receive each month is greater than we can reply to individually, only those questions selected for this column can be answered. Sorry!
Only the new Scott S-8 is designed for solid-state components!

Only the new Scott S-8 is designed with Controlled Impedance!

Scott engineers have developed a new kind of speaker system, specially designed for finest performance from solid-state components. Of all speakers now on the market, regardless of price, only the S-8 is completely compatible with new solid-state equipment. Here is why:

Solid state amplifiers and receivers give best performance over a fairly narrow range of load impedance. The impedance of ordinary speakers, however, varies considerably as the frequency changes. With increased impedance, available power is reduced. Lowered impedance may overload the amplifier output circuits.

Even the most expensive speakers available today were designed for tube equipment where impedance is controlled by output transformers. These speakers do not offer, for example, 8 ohms impedance to the amplifier at all frequencies. In fact, the impedance can vary from as little as 2 ohms to as much as 20 ohms at different frequencies.

Now, Scott has designed an 8-ohm speaker system specifically for use with transistor components. The impedance range is controlled by integrated engineering development of both speakers and crossover to match the capabilities of today's solid-state equipment. The S-8 gives you the kind of sound you wanted when you bought transistor components. What more could you ask? The price? Only $69.95, each. Complete system, including 5-8 speakers, Scott 342 solid-state FM stereo receiver, and automatic record changer, well under $500 at most dealers.
JUST LOOKING

AT THE LATEST IN HI-FI EQUIPMENT

- **Acoustic Research** has introduced a new revised speaker model, the AR-1X. The new 3½-inch tweeter of the older model has been replaced by a new 2½-inch unit that has improved smoothness, dispersion, and high-frequency range. The crossover frequency has been lowered from 2,000 to 1,200 cps. The new AR-1X is compatible in stereo with the AR-4, and is identical in appearance. Price: $57 in oiled walnut, $51 in unfinished pine. Owners of the older AR-1 models who wish to update their systems can buy conversion kits at $15 each directly from AR. The AR-1 conversion requires skills comparable to those involved in wiring an amplifier kit.

**circle 181 on reader service card**

- **Dynaco** has introduced a new stereo preamplifier available both factory-assembled (Model PAS-3X/A) and as a kit (PAS-3X). The new units replace the PAS-3 series. The PAS-3X utilizes a unique tone-control configuration (Dyna patents are pending) in which the phase- and frequency-controlling elements are removed from the circuit when the control is in the mechanical position of its rotation. This provides a "flat" position of the more complex switch-action systems, at the same time retaining the infinite resolution capability of continuous-control systems. Harmonic and IM distortion are guaranteed to be below 0.05 per cent at 3 volts output in the range of 20 to 20,000 cps. Up to 10 volts output is available at less than 0.15 per cent distortion into loads as low as 10,000 ohms. Other specifications for the PAS-3X include an equalized RIAA input with 60 db gain and less than 2 millivolts of noise and the unique Dyna blend circuit which has a partial-blend position for the required 6 db of blending to utilize Dyna's three-speaker stereo arrangement. This removes a common limitation of most stereo reproducing systems, which provide accurate source localization only from listening positions located midway between the speakers. Price of the factory-wired Model PAS-3X/A, $109.95; the kit Model PAS-3X, $69.95. A conversion kit to bring older PAS-3 preamplifiers up to the standards of the X series costs $10.

**circle 182 on reader service card**

- **Knight**'s new KG-790 is an all-transistor AM-FM stereo tuner kit. Stereo signals are indicated by a pilot light, and the tuner is automatically switched to stereo reception. FM sensitivity is 2.5 microvolts for 30 db of quieting (IHF), capture ratio is 2 db, and audio frequency response is from 50 to 15,000 cps ± 2 db. Harmonic distortion is less than 0.5 per cent at 1 volt output, hum and noise are —60 db, and channel separation exceeds 40 db at 1,000 cps. The sensitivity of the AM section is 3.5 microvolts for a signal-to-noise ratio of 20 db. Kit price: $139.95. An oiled walnut cabinet costs $19.95.

**circle 183 on reader service card**

- **Martel Electronics** is importing the Uher Royal Stereo 8000E tape recorder. This transistorized unit can record and playback in four-track stereo and four-track mono. Separate recording and playback heads permit monitoring from the tape while recording. Features include a built-in mixer control for both channels: four-speed operation (1/2ips, 15/3ips, 33/2ips), synchronous sound-with-sound recording; multiplay sound-on-sound; echo effects; and a built-in automatic slide-projector control. Wow and flutter are under 0.015 per cent at 7½ ips and separation is 50 db. Frequency response at 7½ ips is 50 to 20,000 cps ± 3 db; at 3½ ips, 50 to 16,000 cps. Price: $560.

**circle 184 on reader service card**

(Continued on page 22)
Per-form-ance (per-for-mans), n. 1. operation or function usually with regard to effectiveness. 2. a notable deed, achievement, exploit. **High Performance:** See KLH.

And listen.

This is the Model Twenty—one of the complete stereo radio-phonographs by KLH.* It is compact, sensibly priced, and delivers a level of performance usually associated with much larger, much more costly music systems. Our Model Twenty is one of the ways we define high performance.

Listen to it. We think you'll understand our definition. For a complete list of KLH dealers, write to: KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. 500.

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APRIL 1966

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SUPEREX ELECTRONICS, 1 RADFORD PLACE YONKERS, N.Y.

Reeves is producing a new Mylar-base Soundcraft recording tape on a 2½-inch reel that triples playing time without any sacrifice of quality. The new tape, known as TP-3, is packaged in special self-mailers and has a recently developed oxide formulation that is claimed to have 5 db more output than any other extended-play tapes. TP-3 provides 300 feet of 0.5-mil Mylar on each 2½-inch reel. This gives 6½ minutes of playing time at a speed of 1²/₃ ips, or 32 minutes at 3½ ips.

circle 185 on reader service card

Viking’s Model 807 is a tape playback unit, without electronics, that is designed for connection to tape-head or magnetic-phono inputs of music-system amplifiers. A head-shifting mechanism makes possible full-fidelity playback of full, half-, or quarter-track prerecorded tapes, stereo or mono. The two-motor unit operates at 1½ and 3½ ips. Price, complete with walnut base: $121.95.

circle 186 on reader service card

Whitecrest’s Model W-2 is a two-way loudspeaker system consisting of an 8-inch edge-damped low and mid-range driver and a plastic-dome tweeter. The crossover frequency is 9,500 cps, and the frequency response of the system is 50 to 20,000 cycles. Power-handling capacity is rated at 30 watts, and impedance is 8 ohms. The W-2 is 18 x 12 x 9⅛ inches, and the cabinet has an oiled walnut finish. Price: $80.50.

circle 187 on reader service card
Perfection results from **CHOICE...NOT CHANCE**

Since no single phono cartridge can be all things to all people, we earnestly recommend that you employ these individual criteria in selecting your personal cartridge from the broad Shure Stereo Dynetic group:

**YOUR EAR:** First and foremost, listen. There are subtle differences in tonality that beggar description and are quite unrelated to "bare" specification—yet add immeasurably to your personal listening pleasure.

**YOUR EQUIPMENT:** Consider first your tone arm's range of tracking forces. Too, keep in mind that the cartridge ordinarily represents the smallest monetary investment in the system, yet the ultimate sound delivered depends first on the signal reproduced by the cartridge . . . "skimping" here downgrades your entire system.

**YOUR EXCHEQUER:** Shure cartridges cover the entire economic spectrum. And they are ALL Shure in quality, all Shure in performance. Even the least costly has received copious critical acclaim.

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| Where cost is the dominant factor, the M3D provides extremely musical and transparent sound at a rock-bottom price. The original, famous Shure Stereo Dynetic Cartridge . . . with almost universal application. Tracks at pressures as low as 3 grams, as high as 6 grams. For any changer. Only $15.75 | Top-rated cartridge featuring the highly compliant N21D tubular stylus. Because of unusually clean mid-range (where most music really "happens") it is especially recommended if your present system sounds "muddy." For 2-gram optimum tracking (not to be used over 2½ grams). Only $17.95 (Also, if you own an M3D or M7D, you can upgrade it for higher compliance, if tracking force does not exceed 2½ grams, with the N21D stylus for only $12.50.) | **15° TRACKING, ELLIPTICAL STYLUS**

Professional performance at a modest price. Compares favorably to the incomparable Shure V-15, except that it is produced under standard Shure quality control and manufacturing techniques. Remarkable freedom from IM, Harmonic and tracking distortion. Will definitely and audibly improve the sound of monaural as well as stereo records. A special value at $35.50. Upgrade M44 cartridge (if you can track at 1½ grams or less) with N55E stylus, $20.00 |

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Bounce-proof, scratch-proof performance for Garrard Lab 80 and Model A70 Series automatic turntables. Especially useful for applications where floor vibration is a problem. Spring-mounted in tone arm shell. Unique safety feature retracts stylus and cartridge when force exceeds 1½ grams . . . prevents scratching record and damaging stylus. $38.00

For the purist who wants the very best, regardless of price. Reduces tracking (pinch effect), IM and Harmonic distortion to unprecedented lows. 15° tracking. Scratch-proof, too. Produced under famed Shure Master Quality Control Program . . . literally hand-made and individually tested. In a class by itself for mono as well as stereo discs. For manual or automatic turntables tracking at ¾ to 1½ grams. $62.50

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CIRCLE NO. 29 ON READER SERVICE CARD

ANTENNAS FOR STEREO

NEW converts to stereo rarely realize that the antenna requirements for stereo FM reception are far more stringent than for mono. Complaining of fuzzy sound in stereo broadcasts, they blame the tuner—or perhaps the station—when in fact it is usually their antenna that is at fault. It takes a stronger signal to achieve adequate noise suppression in stereo than it does in mono, and only in the strongest signal areas can simple indoor antennas provide acceptable stereo reception. The need for an antenna with improved pickup is reason enough for upgrading your antenna system when you convert to stereo, but there are other compelling reasons.

Another factor, multipath distortion, assumes added importance in stereo. Multipath reflections of a TV signal result in double outlines and blurred images. In FM reception multipath produces a rasping quality in the sound and a loss of stereo separation. Multipath distortion is caused by nearby buildings, metal structures, or hillsides which reflect FM signals in a series of echoes. These echoes hit the antenna fractions of a second later than the direct signal and in erratic phase relationships with each other and with the direct signal. The result is a mish-mash of mutually interfering signals that make hash of the musical waveform. Multipath (which occasionally affects mono signals also) can make stereo signals totally unlistenable because good stereo reception requires the maintenance of accurate phase relationships among the parts of the very complex stereo broadcast signal.

One way to foil this brand of sonic mischief is to install a directional antenna. As the name implies, antennas of this type are sensitive only to signals arriving from one particular direction. When such an antenna is aimed at the station you want to receive, it picks out the signal arriving directly from the transmitter and rejects flanking echoes. If all the stations you normally listen to lie in one direction from your house—in a nearby city, for example—you simply point a directional antenna that way and leave it. But if you want to tune in stations from various directions, you may have to install an antenna rotator, which makes it possible to orient the antenna toward the different stations you want to hear. Directional antennas usually look like the kind of TV antennas you see in outlying areas, consisting of sets of parallel metal rods. A good antenna may have anywhere from three to eight such elements.

The outward resemblance between TV and FM antennas leads many people to believe that they can be used interchangeably. Not so. Although there are a number of antennas designed to cover both TV and FM frequencies, don’t assume that an ordinary TV antenna, no matter how complex, will do a good job on FM. If you live in a strong signal area and are suffering from multipath effects, it may be sufficient to replace the fixed flat-line folded dipole that came with your set with a “rabbit-ears” type of TV antenna. If each leg of the antenna is extended about 30 inches, you will be tuned to the middle of the FM band and you can try adjusting both the direction and the angles of the legs for the best compromise between maximum pickup and minimum multipath. But an antenna designed specifically to cover the FM band—aside from whether or not it will also cover the TV frequencies—is still your best assurance of getting good FM stereo sound from all stations.
New power (60 watts) and the glory of Harman-Kardon sound in FM stereo and AM

Outstanding at $309*! The all-new SR-400B AM/FM all-transistor receiver for unequalled power bandwidth, frequency response and reliability.

Music will sound noticeably more lifelike on the speakers you now own when connected to the SR-400B. More usable power extends the bandwidth beyond the audible spectrum for a remarkable improvement in clarity and definition—realism you can feel. The transparent beauty that is Stratophonic Sound.

Cast your eye at the SR-400B above. With 60 watts IHF music power it easily handles tremendous crescendos without blocking. Delivers a flat, full-power frequency response of 8 to 40,000 cps ± 1 db. Its extremely high damping factor cancels low-frequency distortion. Regulated power supply provides optimum working voltages to all stages, even at full power.

The newly styled SR-400B gives you the convenience of up-front controls, tape monitor switch, headphone jack and easy-to-read tuning meter. Plus, a Harman-Kardon exclusive: two-system speaker selector so you can enjoy stereo in one or two rooms—separately or simultaneously. At $309* no other receiver equals the performance or features of the SR-400B! And for straight FM stereo, the SR-300B offers the same superior performance at $30 less—only $279*.

Much of the credit for the superb performance, typical of Harman-Kardon’s “B” Series, goes to engineering which includes diffused-junction germanium transistors in all output circuits. Germaniums increase bandwidth and reliability, are far cooler in operation than any silicon output transistor now available.

Hear the classic purity of Stratophonic Sound, on the SR-400B or SR-300B, at your Harman-Kardon dealer soon.

*Prices slightly higher in the West. Walnut enclosure optional. Prices subject to change without notice.

HARMAN-KARDON, INC., 401 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

A subsidiary of The Jerrold Corporation

LEADER IN SOLID-STATE STEREO COMPONENTS
Wharfedale

gives small speakers big futures with new, investment-guarding

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See how you can convert your present bookshelf speaker to a full-size system in three simple steps.

1. Slip bookshelf speaker into back of Expandule.
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Wharfedale's exclusive Expandules convert bookshelf speakers into magnificent-sounding floor models, preserving your investment when you are ready to improve upon the original speakers in your music system. Each Expandule contains a high-compliance, low-resonance woofer of appropriate size, plus the correct matching network to extend bass response and improve sound projection into the room...complementing the performance of the original bookshelf speaker. Expandule enclosures are table-top (30") height, and of slim-line design. Finished in oiled or polished walnut, they blend perfectly with present home-decorating trends. The handsome appointments and tasteful styling completely cohere the fact that the Expandule also contains the bookshelf speaker. Matching legs are optional.

Wharfedale is a smart investment, because you can start your music system with Wharfedale Achromatic bookshelf units (W30, W40, W60) and add the Expandules (E35, E45, E65) when you are ready... or now! Of course, we also offer the splendid W90 and W70 integrated floor-standing models for the finest realization of the Wharfedale sound, at highly attractive prices.

Mail this coupon for the Wharfedale Comparator Guide, a description of the Expandules, and a list of other speaker systems which they accommodate.
Write Wharfedale Dept. WD-126, Westbury, New York 11590.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ______ Zip ______
THE NEW IHF AMPLIFIER STANDARDS: Until 1958 there were no generally accepted standards governing the measurement of amplifier performance. In that year, the Institute of High Fidelity (IHF) issued their standard IHF-A-200. Drafted by a committee of top-level engineers representing the leading manufacturers of high-fidelity amplifiers, it defined for the first time a series of measurements which would provide a common basis for rating amplifiers.

But in 1958 stereo was in its infancy, and IHF-A-200 was intended only for single-channel amplifiers. Like other measurement standards, it did not establish any numerical criteria for acceptable performance, but merely defined such test conditions as line voltage, load impedance, control settings, and other factors that could influence test results. In other words, it did not state what the results of the measurements should be, but simply how the measurements should be made. For the most part, I agreed wholeheartedly with the 1958 IHF standard. I had, some years previously, built up my own standards for amplifier measurements which, in most respects, did not differ greatly from IHF-A-200. The chief difference was in respect to the so-called music-power rating, introduced in the IHF standard. I disagreed with the philosophy of such a rating system, and still do—but that is a matter for a future column.

The IHF has recently released a new Standard Methods of Measurement for Amplifiers, which differs from the 1958 standard in a number of respects. It details conditions for some nineteen tests, which require thirty-one graphs for their complete expression. Some of the basic features of the new standard were described by Daniel von Recklinghausen in the January 1966 issue of HiFi/Stereo Review. A complete performance specification, using all the tests covered by the standard, is unnecessarily complex and time consuming for the purposes of the Hirsch-Houck Laboratories reports. However, as a matter of routine, we have always made most of these tests on amplifiers we have tested, even though space does not permit publication of all the data.

I am pleased to see in the new standard that the continuous power rating of an amplifier is now defined with all channels driven. This has been a standard procedure at our laboratories since the inception of stereo, but was and is seldom used by amplifier manufacturers in establishing their ratings. Some still do not rate their amplifiers with both channels driven.

The most significant innovation of the new standard is the substitution of “dynamic-power” ratings for the old “music-power” ratings. The old music-power measurement was unrealistic and impractical, since it required operation of the amplifier from an external, well-regulated power supply, instead of the amplifier’s own power supply. Unfortunately, many transistor amplifiers cannot withstand full-power operation for the time needed to make the power and distortion measurements, even with their own nonregulated supplies. Driving them to the higher levels attainable with a regulated power supply invites destruction of the output transistors.

The new dynamic-power test is actually a tone-burst measurement similar to the one I use for loudspeaker transient-response testing. The test signal is applied and the distortion is read on a calibrated oscilloscope connected to the output of a distortion meter during the period of the burst. This method of measurement does, indeed, indicate the power output and distortion of an amplifier under transient conditions, during which the power-supply voltages do not vary significantly. Although it overcomes the inadequacies of the old music-power measurement, I consider that it merely legitimizes a relatively meaningless and misleading specification. As I see it, the transient-distortion measurement is an indication of how bad an amplifier is, rather than how good it is. An ideal amplifier would give identical readings under continuous and dynamic test conditions. If the dynamic power is greater than the continuous power, it is an indication of inadequate power-supply regulation and is certainly nothing to be proud of.

Of course, the apparently higher power output obtained under dynamic conditions looks better in advertised ratings, so they may be expected to be popular with manufacturers seeking their share of a highly competitive market. This condition has existed for at least seven years, and I expect that it will continue, but I would like to go on record as a dissenter. (Continued on next page)
Scott LT-112 Stereo FM Tuner Kit

Scott's LT-112 stereo FM tuner is unusual in several respects. It is one of the Scottkits, which are designed to be as simple and foolproof as a kit can be. It is almost completely "solid-state" in design, using only four Nuvisor tubes in its tuning section, and transistors throughout the rest of its circuits. Best of all, it is one of the finest stereo FM tuners we have tested and is easily the best kit-built tuner we have checked.

The critical portions of the LT-112 are supplied prewired and aligned, making it possible for a relatively nontechnical builder to obtain optimum performance. These portions include the front end, i.f. section, and multiplex circuits. Each of these is on its own printed wiring board. The mechanical construction of the kit involves mounting the front-panel controls, the tuning-dial mechanism, and power-supply components. Wiring consists of interconnecting the various boards and controls and wiring the power-supply section. The only alignment needed is a simple touch-up, using receiver noise and received signals. A special setting on the front-panel tuning-meter switch is used for this operation. The advantage here is that the kit builder at some later date can recheck the alignment without taking the tuner to a service shop. Hifi/Stereo Review's kit builder reports that no more than a Saturday afternoon need be set aside for assembling the unit and that it worked beautifully even before the touch-up alignment.

The heart of any FM tuner is its front end. The Scott LT-112 has essentially the same front end as that company's factory-wired tuners, and this probably accounts in large measure for its excellent performance. Having the characteristic stability of Scott tuners, the LT-112 has no need of A.F.C., since it does not drift perceptibly during warm-up. The tuning meter can also be set, by means of a front-panel switch, to operate as a zero-center tuning indicator or a relative signal-strength indicator, in addition to the alignment function already mentioned.

The audio section is on its own circuit board and has a 5,000-ohm output impedance, sufficiently low to feed all normal lengths of shielded cable without loss of high frequencies. At the output of each channel is a two-section rejection filter that completely removes all multiplex pilot signal and 38-ke oscillator signal from the outputs. This insures whistle-free off-the-air tape recordings.

The Scott LT-112 met or exceeded all its specifications that we were able to check. Its sensitivity was 2.1 microvolts (rated 2.2). Harmonic distortion at 100 per cent modulation was about 0.5 per cent (rated 0.8 per cent). Capture ratio was 2.4 db (rated 4 db). Hum was −66 db, which is the lowest we have ever measured on a tuner. Previously we had believed the residual hum of our generator to be about −60 db.

Channel separation is rated at 35 db. We measured it as 40 db at middle frequencies, and better than 30 db from 30 to 2,000 cps. It was better than 15 db even above 10,000 cps. The subchannel filter reduced the separation to about 5 db at the very high frequencies, but did not noticeably degrade the stereo effect. Overall frequency response was ±1.5 db from 30 to 15,000 cps.

The limiting action of the Scott LT-112 was excellent—that is, extremely abrupt. Essentially full limiting and minimum distortion were obtained for any signal stronger than 3 or 4 microvolts, so that full fidelity could be had from even the weakest signals. This makes it an ideal tuner for fringe-area reception.

The tuning action of the LT-112 was smooth and completely noncritical. In every respect it was faultless, and it appeared to match the performance of some factory-made tuners selling for perhaps twice its price. Because of its simple construction and apparently trouble-free nature, it (Continued on page 32)
I don't understand my Oscar

Neither do a lot of other people.

He's an electronics engineer. And he talks like one. But at home, too? Just because he designed Bogen's new RT8000, does he have to bend my ear with silicon output transistors and oversize heat sinks?

I already know everything I need to know about it. It's gorgeous enough for a shelf in our living room (actually, the walnut-grained tuning scale was my idea). It plays beautifully, whether Oscar turns the volume all the way up, or I listen to some nice, quiet Mantovani. It has AM (which Margie's $500 receiver doesn't have) and FM-stereo. When I dial, a little light blinks on whenever I reach a station broadcasting in stereo and the receiver switches to stereo automatically. And it gets any station Margie's receiver can get. It's so simple to operate, too: With a tuning knob that gently but firmly lets me zero in on a station. And a clever switch that lets me listen in the living room, or den, or in both rooms at the same time. Or for using earphones, when Oscar's talking.

It looks beautiful. It sounds beautiful. Even without Oscar's discount, the price is beautiful, too.

What more does anybody have to know?

RT 8000
Solid State 70 watt AM/FM-Stereo Receiver
BOGEN
COMMUNICATIONS DIV. LEAR SIEGLER, INC.
Paramus, New Jersey
is a logical choice for anyone who wants the finest in FM reception at a most reasonable price. An instruction sheet is available for those who might wish to add an oscilloscope tuning/multipath indicator to the LT-112. The price of the LT-112 Scottkit is $179.95. An attractive walnut case is available for about $21. The factory-wired version, the 312B, is available for $249.95.

For more information, circle 188 on reader service card

AMPEX MODEL 1150 TAPE RECORDER

The Ampex 1100 Series tape recorders are four-track, three-speed machines, with fully transistorized electronics. They are available in several versions and are, in many ways, unlike any others we have used. The Ampex engineers have taken a fresh, unconventional approach to tape-recorder design, and our reactions to the resulting product are somewhat mixed. Nevertheless, the Model 1150 that we tested is a machine that meets or exceeds its specifications and produces impeccable sound either from prerecorded tapes or those of its own making.

The Ampex 1150 is also one of the easiest-to-use machines we have found for playing recorded tapes. During playback, there is no need to interchange tape reels after playing in one direction, either for four-track stereo or mono recordings. For playback only, the 1150 is essentially a one-reel machine. The tape is passed into the head slot and then laid in a slot between two plastic covers in the upper right-hand area of the deck. Moving the PLAY/RECORD lever upward threads and winds the tape automatically on a special take-up reel beneath the covers. The other lever (FAST WIND) can only be operated when the tape motion is stopped, making tape spillage or breakage virtually impossible.

Tape direction is controlled by a small switch under these levers, with arrows to indicate the direction of tape travel. Unlike most machines, the Ampex 1150’s single motor actually reverses direction when this switch is operated. This requires a pause of several seconds when reversing the tape travel.

The Ampex 1150 has two playback heads, one for each pair of stereo tracks. When tracks one and three have been played to their end (or at any other time one chooses), the reverse switch can be operated to move the tape in the opposite direction. This simultaneously switches to the other stereo playback head so that tracks two and four are played while the tape returns to its original supply reel.

Unfortunately, the Ampex 1150 can only record in the left-to-right direction (tracks one and three) when set up with the automatic threading arrangement. There is a single combined record/playback head for these tracks, and a playback-only head for tracks two and four. To record four-track stereo you have to remove the plastic covers over the take-up reel and remove the special reel by unscrewing the retainer. You then screw a short spindle section onto the shaft, and place a conventional 7-inch tape reel on the right-hand spindle. Now recordings can be made as with any other recorder.

On the positive side: once more, there is a very effective automatic tape-reversal system built into the Ampex 1150, so that one need not even operate the reversing switch at the end of a reel. Pressing a lever on the panel, with the instrument in the RECORD mode, records a 20-cps (subsonic) tone on tracks one and three. When the tape is subsequently played, it will reverse direction and switch to the other pair of tracks at the point where the 20-cps tone was recorded. The tone can be added to commercial tapes or to one’s own recordings at any desired point. All of Ampex’s prerecorded tapes are sold with the tone recorded at the proper reversal point.

The record-playback performance of the Ampex 1150 was excellent when checked with Scotch 111 tape. Ampex’s engineers state that even better results would have been obtained if the response had been measured with the Ampex-manufactured tape for which the machine was aligned. The 1150 is rated at 50 to 15,000 cps at 71/2 ips, and 50 to 7,500 cps at 31/2 ips, all within ±4 db. We measured the record-playback response at ±4 db from 50 to 15,000 cps, and ±1.5 db from 40 to 12,000 cps, at 71/2 ips. At 31/2 ips it was ±4 db from 50 to 7,500 cps. At 17/8 ips, response was ±4 db from 30 to 3,000 cps.

Playback response, as measured with the Ampex 31321-04 alignment tape, was ±2 db from 50 to 15,000 cps. Signal-to-noise ratio was 43 db at 71/2 ips and 45.5 db at 31/2 ips (rated 46 and 44 db). Wow and flutter at 71/2 ips were 0.03 and 0.04 per cent, respectively, which better by a wide margin Ampex’s rating of 0.15 per cent. In fast forward and reverse, 1,800 feet of tape were handled in less than 180 seconds.

In general, we feel that the 1150’s lack of third-head monitoring capability and its overall design approach make it a more logical choice for those whose primary interest is playing recorded tapes rather than recording their own. The unit has a very low noise level (one does not hear the tape hiss that plagues so many tape recorders) and very low distortion. Once one is accustomed to its special operating requirements, the Ampex 1150 is a top-flight performer, and it makes a smoothly operating, flawlessly-sounding adjunct to any high-fidelity system. The price of the Ampex 1150 is $369.95.

For more information, circle 189 on reader service card
AR INC. SPEAKERS ARE CHOSEN FOR CRITICAL PROFESSIONAL USE—BUT THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR THE HOME.

Professional

Studio at WTFM in New York, one of the world's pioneer radio stations in FM stereo. AR-3 speakers monitor the audio quality throughout WTFM's studios and control rooms, as they do at many other broadcast stations. WTFM cannot afford to use speakers that provide false information.

Domestic

Library in the home of Virgil Thomson, distinguished American composer and dean of music critics. The speakers over the bookcases are AR-3's, chosen for their non-electronic, musical sound. Reflection in the mirror is Mr. Thomson watching the photographer.

AR speakers are $51 to $225. A catalog of AR products—speakers and turntables—will be sent free on request.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC., 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141
CIRCLE NO. 59 ON READER SERVICE CARD
If you are not afraid of loading your own camera...

here are the picture-taking advantages built into the New Fujica Drive

You get a full weekend's shooting on one roll of film because you can take twice as many pictures on any 35mm film...with the Fujica Drive, the usual 12, 20 or 36 exposure roll gives you 24, 40 or 72 shots.

You can use any 35mm film...even new high speed color films (ASA 200).

Your exposures are automatically correct. The built-in computer electric eye is so automatic, it sets both the correct lens openings and shutter speeds and signals when it's better to use flash.

You get full range exposure control. Switch from automatic to manual exposure and make any settings you wish with speeds up to 1/300th.

The film advances automatically. One winding of the powerful spring drive and you can snap off 20 consecutive shots as fast as you can press the button.

You get a 5-element f/2.8 lens that takes pictures so sharp, you can project color slides onto your largest screen with every detail brilliantly clear...get excellent enlargements from your black and whites.

A precision camera. Small enough to fit into your pocket, light enough to operate with one hand...and surprisingly simple to use.

The Fujica Drive costs less than $70. One demonstration at your dealer is all you need, or write for color brochure.

FUJICA DRIVE

FUJI PHOTO OPTICAL PRODUCTS, INC.
A subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.
623 Stewart Ave., Garden City, Dept. A-25, N.Y. 11532
CIRCLE NO. 25 ON READER SERVICE CARD

ONE OF THE more alarming social phenomena of the past year has been the commercial success of the misnamed "protest song," a pop religious musical form aimed chiefly at the youth market.

What have we done to these kids that they should sit around phonographs getting their kicks from such stuff as this? Youth should be humming about June and moon and meeting million dollar babies in five-and-ten-cent stores. It should not be wasting the golden years brooding to the melancholy message of the revival tent, which is the burden of the protest song.

The protest song is not a protest song at all, of course, but a morality song cast in the form of a lament. In a folk or a rock rhythm, and sometimes in a combination of the two, the singer expresses himself in favor of the old-time American virtues and Christian principles.

He deplores hypocrisy, violence, the mistreatment of man by man, the arms race and the abuses of democratic freedom. Commonly, he paraphrases the evangelist's warning that we are all doomed unless we mend our ways.

A major theme is the soul-deadening effect of society's refusal to forego sin. The singer may complain that in a world such as this he can't get no satisfaction. He may warn his dad that materialism, exemplified by dad's desire for a color TV set, is creating a sterile world in which the young feel bereft and purposeless.

The school board's insistence upon making him get a haircut he may find a betrayal of the democratic right of self-expression. He may be desolated by the refusal of the Chinese Communist regime and the people of Selma, Ala., to live by the precepts of Jesus and practice love.

Morally, the lyrics are pure enough to be set in embroidery over horsehair sofas. Yet, ironically, there has been a good deal of opposition from middle-class parents, who seem to have been galled by the term "protest songs" into

(Continued on page 36)
1. With 1 Finger Of Your Right Hand, Pick Out Key A, Key F, Etc.

2. Now Put 2 Fingers And A Thumb Of Your Left Hand On The Red Keys... The Green Keys...Or The Black Keys.

3. That's All It Takes To Play Complete Songs On The New Heathkit/Thomas COLOR-GLO Organ

Play Complete Songs In Minutes... Instead Of Months! Color-Glo key lights on this new Heathkit/Thomas Transistor Organ show you the correct notes and chords. You play melody, harmony and bass notes instantly... even if you've never played an organ before!

Switch On The Color-Glo, And You're Ready To Play! Each key on the upper keyboard lights up with a letter. You simply match the key's letters with the letters on the music to play melody. For harmony, there are 3 red keys, 3 black keys and 3 green keys on the lower keyboard. Just press and hold the notes that match the background color in the Thomas Color-Glo music book (included). To add the bass, press the pedal that's marked with the same color as the harmony notes. That's all there is to it Touch the switch again, and the Color-Glo keys disappear, leaving a beautiful spinet organ.

All Genuine Thomas Factory-Fabricated Parts! Other features include ten organ voices; repeat percussion; two 37-note keyboards; 13-note heel & toe bass pedals; variable expression pedal; 2 levels of vibrato; balance control; 12" speaker; 50-watt EIA peak music power amplifier; and hand-crafted walnut cabinet. The transistorized tone generators, the heart of the organ, are warranted for 5 years.

Build It In About 50 Hours! Takes no special skills or knowledge... you even tune the organ with a pretuned tone generator. Easy credit terms available, too. Get the full story... use the coupon to send for demonstration record and the FREE Heathkit catalog.

Hear It Perform Yourself!

Hear It Perform Yourself!

Send 50c for 7" 33½ rpm demonstration record (see coupon).

For full details on this, plus over 250 other Heathkits, mail coupon or write Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022 for FREE Heathkit Catalog.

Kit GD-325 Organ, 153 lbs............................ $349.95
GDA-232-1, matching walnut bench, 18 lbs............ $ 24.95
With just a flip of a switch, the new Uher 8000E tape recorder offers you 4 track stereo, monaural recording and playback, 4 speeds, 4 heads, synchronous sound on sound, multiplay sound with sound, echo effects, exclusive built-in automatic slide synchronizer (Dia-pilot), optional sound activator, (whew) and a host of other fantastic features. (You'll also flip over its all new solid state circuitry.)

If the above isn't enough reason to switch to Uher, you should listen to its concert hall sound.

Get in the groove, any groove

With the Cueing Device affixed to your Miracord 40A or 40H turntable, you can locate your cartridge stylus to start play in any selected groove on the record.

It works simply and precisely, and independently of the arm and turntable mechanism. A flip of a lever raises a small platform, and elevates the arm a bare fraction of an inch, so that it can be moved across the record without touching the surface. Thus the stylus can be positioned exactly over any band or groove. Resetting the lever lets the platform (and arm) sink slowly, gently lowering the stylus into the selected groove. All Miracord 40 Series turntables are pre-drilled to accept this accessory. Price is $12.50 at most hi-fi dealers.

Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp., 40 Smith Street, Farmingdale, N. Y. 11736

Miracord 40 Series Cueing Device

CIRCLE NO. 36 ON READER SERVICE CARD

CIRCLE NO. 5 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Putting their feet down, and thereby guaranteeing the music's popularity among their children.

"The Eve of Destruction," one of the biggest sellers of last summer, is banned on many radio stations, for example, despite the fact that it contains nothing more subversive than a hysterical youth's rather disarming admission that he is scared silly by the complexities of the modern world.

Appalled by the problems confronting humanity in the 1960's, he calls upon society to return to the old copybook maxims or suffer the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Sung to a trumpet on a sawdust floor, it would have been a perfectly orthodox pulse-pounder for Billy Sunday.

It is difficult to fault the millions of the affluent young who lay out good money for this music. Nobody wants to come out against righteousness. And yet, it is a curiously middle-aged, even an old, taste to prefer music that dwells on morality, sin and corruption without a trace of humor or light-heartedness.

In earlier generations, the nature of youth was to squirm in the tabernacle, to cast a yearning eye on the tree beyond the stained glass window, and to assume that damnation was something that happened to old people and that youth was for living.

Traditionally, morality lectures and warnings about the disasters inevitable in life have come from the aged or from the middle-aged, and young people accepted them as one of the drearier burdens of youth.

Now, however, we may be developing a generation of juiceless young fuggies who acquire the taste for righteousness twenty years before it would naturally become their fate. It is unnatural. Moon and June are for youth, and million-dollar-babies, and nonsense about maizy doats and dozy doats.

When the young start swinging to lamentations about not getting no satisfaction and society's mindless pursuit of color TV and democracy's sellout by the school board, they have moved into premature adulthood. This is unhealthy.

When they start becoming righteous about it, the situation is simply intolerable. The modern world is impossible enough as it is without having to cope with millions of kids who are convinced that destruction can be averted if the Chinese will switch to love and dad will turn off the color TV.

The time to stop the protest song is right now. Parents of America, unite! Tell your children that you simply love these good old religious protest songs of theirs. You have nothing to lose but your children's self-righteousness.

The new E-V SEVEN speaker system—like the VW beetle—is not for everyone. You have to be someone special to appreciate its value.

That's because the E-V SEVEN doesn't go along with the crowd. There are no claims that it's the world's finest loudspeaker regardless of size—none of that malarkey. (You know better, and so do we.)

So let us show you how much rare value we've packed into this practical-sized cabinet. Value you'd not suspect in a speaker this size.

First off: it really fits a bookshelf. Just 9" deep, 10" high, 19" wide. Easier to park anywhere you want to play it.

Then the sound: it starts with an honest 50 cps from the 8" acoustic-suspension woofer. On up—smoothly—to 15,000 cps from the 3½" cone tweeter.

And no mere switch or volume control adjusts the highs. An expensive RC network actually "tilts" the E-V SEVEN's response—up or down—from flat to whatever your room may need. Continuously smooth. Absolutely unique.

You can put up to 50 watts peak power into the E-V SEVEN; no strain, just music. Beethoven. The Beatles. Anything! All this for just $65.00 list, in an oiled walnut cabinet finished on four sides.

The E-V SEVEN is carefully engineered, carefully constructed, and far ahead of the other compacts in value—just like the VW.

There is one big difference. We think you'll like our styling better!
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In 1834, four years after he produced the *Symphonie fantastique* (at the age of twenty-seven), Hector Berlioz completed another large-scale symphony with a descriptive title. It was *Harold in Italy*, a four-movement work with an important viola solo part that was originally intended to be played by Niccolò Paganini at the first performance.

And thereby hangs a tale that began in the final days of 1833 at a concert at the Paris Conservatory. The *Symphonie fantastique* was performed on that occasion, for a wildly enthusiastic audience. In his memoirs Berlioz recalled what followed: "To crown my happiness, after the audience had gone out, a man with a long mane of hair, with piercing eyes, with a strange and haggard face, one possessed by genius, a colossus among giants, whom I had never seen and whose appearance moved me profoundly, was alone and waiting for me in the hall, stopped me to press my hand, overwhelmed me with burning praise, which set fire to my heart and head: it was Paganini!" Berlioz goes on to report that some weeks after this initial meeting Paganini came to visit him and proposed that he compose a solo piece for viola—Paganini intended it as a vehicle for a treasured Stradivarius instrument he owned.

Berlioz wrote of his commission from Paganini:

I tried then to please the illustrious virtuoso by writing a solo piece for the viola, but a solo combined with the orchestra in such a manner that it would not injure the expression of the orchestral mass, for I was sure that Paganini, by his incomparable artistry, would know how to make the viola always the dominating instrument. His proposal seemed new to me, and I soon had developed in my head a very happy idea, and I was eager for the realization. The first movement was hardly completed, when Paganini wished to see it. He looked at the rests for the viola in the allegro and exclaimed: "No, it is not that: there are too many rests for me; I must be playing all the time." "I told you so," I answered; "you want a viola concerto, and you are the only one who can write such a concerto for yourself." Paganini did not answer; he seemed disappointed, and left me without speaking further about my orchestral sketch.

When the completed score was played for the first time—in November, 1834, at the Paris Conservatory—it...
was not Paganini but an obscure violinist named Chrétien Urban who played the solo part.

The overall title Harold in Italy and the descriptive titles for the four movements of the score ("Harold in the Mountains: Scene of Melancholy, Happiness, and Joy"; "March of the Pilgrims Chanting the Evening Prayer"; "Serenade of a Mountaineer in the Abruzzi to His Mistress"; "Orgy of the Brigands") are from Lord Byron's poem Childe Harold, about a melancholy dreamer who in his poetic wanderings about the Italian countryside seems to epitomize perfectly the goals, aspirations, and internal conflicts of the early Romantics. But like so many nineteenth-century musical works with supposed literary programs, Berlioz’s Harold in Italy depends not one whit on its literary associations: it can be heard and enjoyed purely for itself without knowledge of its extra-musical implications.

The standing of Harold in Italy in today’s record catalogs and concert halls is ascribable to the efforts of two conducting giants of the recent past, Serge Koussevitzky and Arturo Toscanini. Both Koussevitzky and Toscanini repeatedly conducted Harold in Italy a quarter of a century ago, when the score was thought to be little more than a curiosity and a museum piece. Koussevitzky led the first performance of the work recorded in this country: William Primrose was the violinist in these sessions, held in November, 1914, and the orchestra, of course, was the Boston Symphony. After its distinguished career as a five-disc set of 8-rpm recordings, this performance was made available briefly by RCA Victor as a Vault Series long-playing record; like nearly everything that Koussevitzky recorded for RCA Victor, the performance was a stunning one, with a passionate commitment that is the most frequently missing element in the music-making of today. Unfortunately, since RCA Victor has withdrawn all the Koussevitzky recordings from the catalog, present-day listeners are deprived of the recorded legacy left by one of the supreme conductors of the twentieth century.

William Primrose has dominated the recording scene where Harold in Italy is concerned ever since that pioneer performance with Koussevitzky. About half a dozen years later he made a new recording in London for (American) Columbia, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (ML 4542); eight years after that, Primrose went to Boston for a third recording of Harold in Italy, this time with Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LSC/EM 2228); and it was only illness that prevented Primrose from performing the viola solo in Leonard Bernstein's 1962 recording with the New York Philharmonic (Columbia MS 6358, ML 5758)—the Philharmonic's principal violist, William Liner, took over here forPrimrose.

In addition to the Primrose-Beecham, Primrose-Munch, and Liner-Bernstein recordings, there is only one other performance of Harold in Italy currently available—the Angel recording (S 36123, 36123) with Yehudi Menuhin as violinist and Colin Davis conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Granting the curiosity value attached to hearing Menuhin as a violinist in so extended a role, his performance strikes me as conspicuously undernourished. It is difficult to say how much of this is Menuhin's fault and how much the conductor's. But in a score that has drawn sparks from other performers, the Menuhin-Davis collaboration is a distinct letdown (the sound reproduction is fine, however).

The Primrose-Beecham view of Harold in Italy, like the Menuhin-Davis, tends to understatement of the dramatic, but the poetic elements in the music are handled so lovingly and with such conviction that the reading attains a validity all its own. There is no stereo version of this recording; Primrose-Munch and Liner-Bernstein are the stereo alternatives, both of them highly charged, dramatically oriented performances. Primrose is the more assured and more suave violinist of the two, and for this reason his is the stereo recording I prefer. Nevertheless, the team of Liner and Bernstein has been given somewhat better reproduction, and their performance emerges with cleaner, more sharply defined textures.

Only the Menuhin performance is currently available on four-track stereo tape (Angel ZS 36123); however, the extremely vivid and well-balanced sonic reproduction is little compensation for the generally soporific performance.
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THE MUSIC OF INDIA

FULL APPRECIATION BY WESTERN AUDIENCES OF THE MILLENNIA-OLD
CLASSICAL MUSIC OF INDIA WAITS UPON THEIR DISCOVERING
THAT IT IS (A) NOT JAZZ, AND (B) NOT FOLK MUSIC

By JAMES LYONS

"Darshan" is a term drawn from the ancient and intellectual language of Sanskrit, and is one of those words that fortunately cannot be translated. I say fortunately because such words have a way of enriching not only our vocabularies but our lives. Darshan defines a quality of mind and heart given to only a few men; and, more precisely, it defines that "optional extra" gift, given to many fewer men, for transmitting or radiating the essence of their specialness. All great musicians have a kind of darshan. But words do not travel with their connotations intact. Only a great musician of India can have genuine darshan.

One who has it is the super-shownman sitarist Ravi Shankar, and audiences across America lately have been basking in its glow. He generated more than ever when last I heard him play, which was in New York's hallowed old Town Hall earlier this season. The management had set up extra rows of scating to cope with the traffic, and, even so, some would-be customers were turned away cash in hand. Of those who did get in, perhaps half looked and acted as if they belonged either at a downtown hootenanny or at an uptown jam session. Many were tie-less or jacket-less, wearing beards and boots and wild sweaters. All through the evening they swayed ecstatically. At first glance one might have assumed they were moving in time with the music, and surely most of the poor innocents must have thought they were.

Only a decade or so ago no Indian virtuoso could have filled this relatively small house, let alone Carnegie Hall, where another capacity audience turned up this past season to hear Ravi's brother-in-law, Ali Akbar Khan, play his magic sarod. But today Indian music is an "in" thing, and you had better be with it because it's a big part of what's happening, baby!

The only trouble with it is the way it is happening—it may come as something of a surprise to these young enthusiasts that (1) Indian music is decidedly not jazz, and (2) Indian music is decidedly not folk music. Yet the young moderns I have talked with insist it must be one or the other, which helps to explain why it has become a new fact of life on the musical scene, both live and recorded—for example, there are upwards of eighty long-playing discs currently available for the delectation of fresh converts.

The differences between jazz and Indian "classical" music (the only kind of Indian music most Americans have heard) run dramatically deep. And these distinctions are also, I should think, almost patently clear-cut. They are to be found first and most obviously in the disparate maturity (to understate the case) of the two forms; second in the respective concepts of form per se: and third in the dissimilarity not only of the end products involved, but the means of arriving at them. And there are no doubt other, subtler distinctions.

To particularize, the foregoing differences could be pinpointed as follows:

First, Indian "classical" music has been around for two or three thousand years, whereas jazz is a child of the twentieth century (or an illegitimate offspring of the wicked eighteenth and nineteenth). Second, Indian philosophers, aestheticians, theologians, mathematicians, poets, and musicians have long since evolved matrices of tonal expression with meaningful referents to the whole of man's existence, whereas jazz is still aspiring to the conditions and the high office of art. Still trying to transcend its tandem raison d'être of protest and individual self-realization. Third—and most crucial—Indian composer-performers improvise over the melody, within the awesome discipline of becoming one with their accompaniment in a structure of rationale-laden and intricate rhythmic patterns. With a confidence proportionate to their genius, they make their adventurous way guided only by a sense of destination implicit in the ethos that attaches irrevocably to the chosen raga, or melodic theme, they are exploring. Jazz musicians, however, improvise over the chordal structure (excepting the tootlers of the Twenties, for whom melodic improvisation was a matter of neo-rocco frills, and excepting also those few progressives of today who like to work against recurrent ostinatos in a manner that only distantly approaches the interplay that is the without-which-not of Indian music).

The jazzman, in the main, could not care less about the

It takes both muscle and lung power to blow the ram-singa, or ranasinga, a huge metal horn associated with town watchmen, ceremonial, and war.
nuclear melody, and certainly no extra-musical quality is seemed to be inherent in the tone; fettered only by the ground rules of the game as he personally perceives them, the jazz soloist can freewheel anywhere, over and around the rhythm pulse of the moment, flying as his fancy dictates and his stamina permits.

How, then, can anyone hear jazz in Indian classical music?

So it is too with the notion that Indian music is "folk" music. To be sure, what with a population of four hundred million speaking a baker's dozen principal languages and more than two hundred others (not counting dialects), the sprawling subcontinent is possibly the world's richest repository of "ethnic" raw material. But the Ravi Shankars and Ali Akbar Khans work their spells within what is plainly another, purer sphere of expression in the grand tradition of an indisputably "fine" art—and that is where they are at when they are eliciting swoon behavior from hip kids who dig them the most. "In" it may be, but it is a clear case of misplaced chic—although ignorance in this instance is box-office bliss. The law of supply and demand is just as inexorable in the rarefied world of the artistic marketplace as it is elsewhere. And just as susceptible to shrewd manipulation, too—but that is another story.

The roots of this absurd situation—the right music being appreciated for the wrong reasons—are entangled with those of phenomena more anthropological and social-psychological than merely musical. A sticky wicket it is, and lots of luck to any Ph.D. candidate who attempts to break down the many driving impulses involved via factor analysis or any of the other statistical techniques beloved of behavioral science. Less scientifically, however, it is easy enough to trace the growing popularity of Indian music to Ali Akbar Khan's first New York appearance, which was a small-scale but particularly posh affair in April of 1955 under the aegis of the Museum of Modern Art. These highly prestigious auspices insured a measure of attention by the press, and the notices were predictably panegyrical. (Indian musicians have it made in the Occident because few of our musical experts know their way about any sonic realm other than that of the tempered scale.) Winthrop Sargeant, music critic of The New Yorker, made the best sense, as he often does:

"Since, as the saying goes, the world is shrinking these days, I suppose it is natural that we should be getting better acquainted with the musical arts of cultures other than our own—arts that seem to differ from each other as much as languages do. Unlike some of the others, the one practiced by the inhabitants of India evidently possesses those characteristics of intellectual complexity and emotional richness that we associate with art, as distinct from folk music. I have, from time to time, heard and admired the playing of Indian musicians, both here and in India, but I have never before encountered quite the degree of virtuosity in this idiom that was displayed at the Museum of Modern Art on Tuesday evening of last week by two superb Indian artists. . . . I found their music endlessly fascinating from a technical point of view and curiously hypnotic in its emotional effect."

All of the other critics expressed enthusiasm more or less unreservedly, though vitiating their praise with careful disclaimers.

What it all comes down to, however, is that the New York Times report was headlined "Performance Akin to Improvised Jazz," and this was the label that was to stick. Moreover, World War II and jet airplanes had shrunk the globe, and the time was right for cross-cultural postures. The foundations sent several of our "serious" composers across the Pacific to translate Eastern aesthetics into Western terms. And in jazz, too, East and West drew nigh: Ornette Coleman actually took up the double-reed shehnai; and it cannot be denied that such as Don Ellis, Yusef Lateef, and notably John Coltrane were notably influenced by the mystique (and the reality) of the Indian raga.

Visiting virtuosos from India still bristle when eager young Americans persist in drawing them into intellectual conversations about jazz. But the artists no longer argue with their fans; they have learned to field embarrassing questions good-naturedly, or, if that fails, merely to smile inscrutably (how else?) and feign fatigue.

So much for what Indian music is not. Now, to what it is.

Capitol's import affiliate, Odeon, which has been bringing in scads of Indian LP's, this past Christmas sent
out a promotional calendar featuring a color close-up of the singer Lata Mangeshkar. She is described as "India's greatest artiste" in the caption. This is like saying that Bing Crosby is America's greatest artiste. In short, there are "pop" and "classical" stars in the Indian firmament, too. And since the wasteland of television has not yet embraced the Indian subcontinent, the principal musical and entertainment medium for the masses is still the motion picture. For lo these many years Lata Mangeshkar has been the hottest thing in filmgfeit (movie songs). India's, if you're curious, are about on a par with ours, qualitatively. Quantitatively, the movie repertoire looms large in any record catalogue, and so it does in Capitol's Indian imports. But this is not the kind of Indian music that is sent (to paraphrase Beethoven's perception of his Missa Solemnis) from the heart to the heart.

Few of us understand Hindi, Urdu, Gujarati, Tamil, Telegu, Bengali, or Marathi, much less Kanarese, Malayalam, Punjabi, Konkani, Oriya, or Pushtu, and it would be extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to explicate the more "classical" genres of Indian vocal music without such understanding. This is a pity, for much of it is profoundly beautiful. Considerations of pure vocal craft being universal, however, students of the voice would do well to investigate the recordings of such singers as Bhimsen Joshi and Bade Ghulam Ali Khan, either of whom makes our Callases and Caballés sound like nothing much technically.

Indian classical instrumental music, however, is another thing entirely: it is accessible to Western understanding. Full Western-type orchestras are out of the question in this music (for reasons to become obvious), which leaves for consideration only what we would call chamber music—typically, a trio comprising the solo virtuoso, his accompanist (who may be a virtuoso himself), and a third instrumentalist who provides a simple drone behind them. That such an innocuous-sounding ensemble can—and does—become a vessel of divine fire is the enduring wonder of Indian music.

The ever quotable Virgil Thomson once remarked that "you feel music viscerally or you do not feel it at all." This is the sort of epigram that drives musicologists (especially Central European ones) into paroxysms of polemic. Fortunately for such organization-happy scholars, Indian music has more than enough to engage the intellect. But first, last, and above all, the music of India—hereinafter I mean its instrumental "classical" music—is a visceral proposition. It can be insinuatingly languorous, beguiling, intoxicating. And although it can also be intellectually stimulating, it is always the literally suspenseful excitement of it, unremitting and cumulative, to which the listener responds.

Of course there are several possible ways to inculcate or to develop for oneself a fuller "appreciation" (hate that word!) of Indian music. Ideally the interested party should (a) read up on the ancient history of this ancient land, (b) expose himself to translations of the Veda texts from which the rationale of the raga emerged, and (c) get straight on the cognates of Western music (they are fewer by far than might be presumed) the better to know what not to listen for.

Why bother? Because even the best-educated Occidental invariably and habitually associates the period known as Antiquity only with the Greeks and Romans; because it was later monotheistic religions that shaped our philosophies; and because ears attuned to harmony (even the most sophisticated ears, such as a music critic's or a constant concertgoer's) do not easily hear, really hear, a sound that is essentially nonharmonic when they are already fascinated with fiercely complex and endlessly subtle rhythms. The conditionings of a lifetime are not set aside without a certain amount of effort.
Hearing all there is to hear, then, is not so easy. But listening is easy enough, provided you listen to what is going on: thematically at the outset, then emotionally and poetically (each raga is meant to reflect a describable mood and an atmosphere appropriate to a definite season or even a definite hour of the day or night), and finally rhythmically.

The foregoing suggests another of the many differences between Indian music and jazz. Whereas jazz is a contemporary statement, a kind of highly personal journalism, Indian music is a painstakingly organized legacy of attitudes towards life as they have endured and slowly evolved over three millennia—hence, a realm of experience at once elaborately defined and yet, in Western terms, indefinable. As all this implies, the Indian raga is surrounded by a plethora of rules and regulations for the performer. The listener faces only the pleasures of familiarity—although even that is no prerequisite. Nonetheless, the following précis of the raga system may be helpful to those curious enough to pursue its source the genesis of an unfamiliar delight.

To start with, Indian music is not composed. Not in our sense, anyhow. Indian musicians do not play from printed parts. There are no scores to be had. No work exists on paper. The instrumentalist is the composer, then and there, and beyond a point (but within the ground rules) each performance results in a unique creation.

The composition is based not on "themes," as we understand the term, but on ragas (male) and raginis (female) in which categories they are classified. These are neither scales nor modes, though they partake of both conveniences. They are rather precise melody forms, a sequence of notes ascending and (often differently) descending, within which the performer must "say" everything. To stray tonally beyond the limits of the sequence is roughly comparable to a Western musician's hitting a patently wrong note.

On the face of it this sounds rather like our theme-and-variations scheme. But in fact the raga framework offers expressive possibilities beyond the furthest reach of any

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**GLOSSARY OF THE MORE COMMON INDIAN INSTRUMENTS**

**Basari**—A bamboo flute, usually transverse but sometimes of the fipple or vertical variety. Limited in range (two octaves) and difficult to play, but enormously expressive in the hands of a master.

**Eraj**—A bowed instrument used chiefly for accompanying; adapted by Muslims from the sarangi, it usually has four main strings, two of brass and two of steel, plus seven sympathetic wire strings.

**Morin—**Literally, "earthen body." A barrel-shaped drum with leather parchments at either end; both faces are tuned in unison. In North India it is used chiefly to accompany the rana, but in South India it is used in all ensemble performances.

**Sarangi—**Perhaps the most important bowed instrument in Indian music. Widely used for accompanying voices, but often heard also as a solo instrument. It is played as if it were a miniature cello (which it resembles), with the bow convexly arched inwards. It usually contains three main strings made of gut and a fourth made of brass (tuned C, G, and E or F), plus eighteen sympathetic strings but sometimes many more. The word itself means hundred-stringed; some sarangi are.

**Sarod—**A wonderful many-voiced string instrument. It has a gourd-style sound box and usually twenty-five strings. Ten are plucked with the right hand while the left controls vibrato, and the remaining fifteen provide sympathetic resonance. Of the ten playing strings, four are for the melody, two are for rhythmic accentuation, and the other four are tuned to the dominant of the scale.

**Shehnai—**An oboe-like, double-reed instrument capable of producing exquisite sounds, though it more often is played by semi-virtuosos who manage to make it simulate a scared sheep. As implied, an extremely difficult instrument to master.

**Sitar—**An ancient member of the rana family, current in its present form for about seven hundred years. It is fashioned from seasoned gourds and teakwood, and has a long track of twenty metal frets with six or seven principal strings above them plus (usually) thirteen resonating strings (sometimes strummed with the little finger of the right hand). The main strings are plucked by a wire plectrum worn on the index finger of the right hand.

**Tabla—**In usual usage, the word is a plural form. Loosely speaking, the tabla are a pair of small drums, one of copper and one of wood. Actually, the tabla is the right-hand drum and the left-hand one is the banya, but "tabla" always refers to the set of two. Though physically very different from the mridang, the tabla are based on the same principle and serve the same musical purpose.

**Tambura—**Sometimes transliterated tambora, this is a simple drone instrument, long-necked, with four or five strings tuned to provide a tonic reference for the ensemble.

**Vina—**More often transliterated "veena." It is common in South India, where the typical instrument has a somewhat whiny and metallic tone in contrast to the sweeter-voiced North Indian varieties. The origins of the vina are lost in time and there are so many variations in design that no "typical" type can be described (both the sarod and the sitar are derived from the vina). Usually, however, it is a stringed instrument made of jackwood, rosewood, or ebony with a hemispheric resonator at the bottom and another smaller resonator (a seasoned gourd) near the top of its long neck. The average of twenty-four frets are embedded in wax. Pegs and two sets of bridges control the strings, one set each for the main playing strings and the "open strings" which provide overtones and preserve the rhythm.
Western form, Our octaves are limited to a dozen specified pitches; the equivalent Indian span provides these plus conventionally numerous others in between those familiar to us. To illustrate: if an hour-long ragi were written out on staves and the pages bound, the resulting volume would approximate in girth the orchestral score of Parsifal—if not, indeed, the whole of the Ring cycle. (Do not be confused by the double duty expected of the word “raga”—or simply “rakt”—as it is sometimes known. The raga chosen for the occasion becomes, in effect, the title of the whole piece. That is all there is to this seeming ambiguity.)

Keys—i.e., tonalities—are unknown in Indian music, and so, therefore, is modulation (changing from one key to another). To more than compensate for this, the fundamental rhythmic units may vary in nattas (number of beats) from three to an incredible 108 within the system of tala (or tatha), which assembles 360 rhythmic cycles with fixed time units. To say that a raga is “in ten” could mean, for example, that the division of beats is three-three-four or two-three-two-three or four-four-two, with the proviso that there is an emphatic stress on one of the beats (known as the sam).

The sam is perhaps the most nearly unique feature of this system. That any two virtuosos could travel so fast, each following his own route, as it were, and yet repeatedly come face to face on the beat at exactly the same instant, is among the abiding wonders of Indian music. And the integrity of the tala demands no less. Other expressive commitments notwithstanding, the solo instrument and the drums absolutely must come together on the sam, and it is towards this pivotal beat in the rhythmic cycle that they reach—so, with delicious agony, does the listener—during those moments of virtually un-bearable tension which are, for Indians, a concomitant of great musicianship.

Unlike our tempered scale, which has enriched Western music by facilitating an almost infinite variety of harmonic structures atop each pitch in the scale, Indian scales are faithful to the pure interval. To put it another way, they are not tempered. Each of the seventy-two melas or “parent” scales has, for all practical purposes, twenty-two intervals, or shrutis, within the octave. In the construction of any given raga, certain pitches are used and others omitted. The “C” of Indian music, which we may consider the tonic or “home” note of the raga, is not, as it is in Western music, a fixed number of frequency vibrations. The C is where the artist chooses to place it; it is the relationship between that C and the other notes of the raga that is constant. In consequence, Indian melody is not made up of any random selection from the twenty-two shrutis, but is built on five, six, or seven notes of a predetermined pitch inflection or coloration selected expressly to communicate a mood.

Short of an entire volume devoted to the subject, it is possible to delineate the musical form of the raga only roughly. (There are some 700 ragas in the Indian “standard repertoire” and a mathematically possible total of just under 69,000, by the way.) The opening section—serene, slow, and rather like an invocation—is called the alap. Here the ascending and descending structure of the raga, respectively the avrohana and avarohana, are stated by the solo artist, unaccompanied, and developed with exquisite tracery, often at great length. Next, with the entrance of the rhythm instrument, comes the jor (literally, “putting pieces together”), in which the thematic material is rewoven into innumerable melodic patterns.
Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the tempo increases and so does the complexity, until suddenly we find ourselves in the final *jhala*, which is, at its best, a display of coruscating virtuosity the likes of which are completely unknown in the music of the Occident.

By now it is surely clear that virtuosity alone is not enough to make Indian classical music with. Not that the subcontinent does not have its share of whiz-fingered technicians who (like so many of our own prodigies) can perform with positive perfection without ever becoming involved, without ever making contact with the music. But the musician had better have *darshhan* if he really intends to reach the listener. Most of the export virtuosos have it, or they would not have attained that privileged status. So also do most of those who make records—the economy of the industry. over there is roughly akin to what ours was a quarter-century ago—which is to say, among other things, that you just about have to exude *darshhan* to get a recording contract. The uninformed Western listener, in short, can be pretty sure of encountering only good goods in Indian music.

But not even the *darshhan* of a Rubinstein-Heifetz-Schnabel-Horowitz-Toscanini or who-have-you is going to make any difference if you just sit back for a few minutes of listening and expect the "international language" (that chimera, that myth) to penetrate your prejudiced ears. There are many tunes in this world, and most of us are attuned to but one of them. Baroque and rococo and romantic and impressionist and neoclassic are not really separate musics, but merely part and parcel of the Western tradition in its richness and diversity. They are one music, which includes also (are you ready?) the fox-trot, country-and-western, and rock ‘n’ roll.

Indian music, on the other hand, like the sequestered *gagaku* (the Imperial Court music) of Japan and a profusion of other musics, is unique, one of a kind, a universe of expression unto itself. It does not give up its secrets at first hearing. Only by repeated exposure, only by listening, will anyone learn how to listen—and that goes equally, of course, for Indians approaching Beethoven for the first time.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once described opera as "an esoteric and Irrational Entertainment"—but surely the Indian *raga* is by definition more exotic, more alien to everything in our Western heritage than opera is. It is also irrational (inner logic notwithstanding) because it dares to raise its appeal on what the Indian critic Shirish Gor once called the "aesthetic of affect," meaning that, ideally, it will get to you. This notion has been repeatedly torn to shreds by musicologists, but it remains a fact that the Sanskrit term from which *raga* comes is a word that means simply "to please." And one cannot expect that to happen right away—not more than enough to be "hooked" by, at any rate.

It is perhaps not untoward to point out that North and South Indians find each other’s music either reprehensible or incomprehensible, and a few moments is about all that either can take of the other’s musical poison. We have no right to be that cavalier. We are not Indians. We must re-possess a certain confidence in the power of music to say what words cannot. And remember that at any Indian concert a *raga* is apt to unfold for several hours. So empathize with the poor Indian musician who wanted to keep going even after the recording engineer gave him the red light—and come back for more. After a while you will need no urging, and you will enjoy hearing these extra parts that come with the broadening of your auditory perceptions.

James Lyons is the distinguished Editor of The American Record Guide and a prolific writer on musical subjects. He recently was elected Board Chairman of The Society for Asian Music.

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A SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY OF INDIAN MUSIC

**Master Musician of India: Ustad Ali Akbar Khan**. Connoisseur Society CS-162, mono and stereo 33⅓ and stereo 45 rpm. You might as well start at the top with this magnificent recording by the greatest santoorist of them all.

**The Sounds of India: Ravi Shankar**. Columbia WL-119, mono only. Delightful, and all the more so because this master of the sitar introduces the *raga* himself.

**Ragas Yaman and Shri: Punnalal Ghosh**. Odeon MOAE-102, mono only. The late wizard of the Indian flute performs with transcendent artistry and exquisite effect.

**Ragas Gournadi and Malkaus: Bade Ghulam Ali Khan**. Odeon MOAE-105, mono only. I would unequivocally place this with the outstanding vocal recordings of all time. The man is unbelievable.

**Ragas Todi and Mishra Tshurmi: Bismillah Khan**. Odeon MOAE-120, mono only. Surely this artist is the most wonderful Pied Piper ever heard on records. His *vherentai* sounds like a celestial oboe.

**The Drums of India: Chatur Lal**. World-Pacific 1103, mono only. This extraordinary *tabla* virtuoso died recently in his fortieth year. Our loss may be inferred from this disc.

**Ragas Miyan Ki-Todi and Puriya-Dhanashri: Bhimsen Joshi**. Odeon MOAE-129, mono only. Here is another amazing singer. I know of no other, anywhere, who sings more compellingly.

**Ragas and Talas: Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha**. World-Pacific WP-1151, mono only. The attraction here is chiefly Rakha, who is for me the supreme master of the *tabla*.

**Three Classical Ragas: Ravi Shankar and Chatur Lal**. Angel 35168, mono only. The first of Ravi Shankar’s recordings to reach America, and still one of his finest.

**Music of India: Ali Akbar Khan and Chatur Lal, with spoken introductions by Yehudi Menuhin**. Angel 35208, mono only. After fifteen years, this remains my favorite Indian program. What music-making!
HOW MANUFACTURERS PROTECT YOUR HI-FI EQUIPMENT

AN INDUSTRY EXPERT DESCRIBES THE MANUFACTURING PROCEDURES NECESSARY FOR ADEQUATE QUALITY CONTROL

By RICHARD F. POWELL

Every time a would-be moon rocket or survey satellite misses orbit, falls into the sun, or otherwise malfunctions, Sunday-supplement commentators invoke the mystic term "reliability" and hold forth on the problems of ensuring it. What is reliability? As currently used, it means the quality that keeps things from blowing up, breaking down, or otherwise falling apart during use. For examples of products that have a high degree of reliability, consider your refrigerator and your telephone. When was the last time they required the attention of a serviceman? Why can't the same reliability be built into a hi-fi system? Why not, indeed?

One thing is sure: hi-fi manufacturers, as well as others, must do more than make advertising claims in order to deliver a truly reliable product—and offering more liberal warranty terms is not the answer, either. A warranty is useful after troubles have occurred; it does nothing to prevent them. Manufacturers genuinely concerned with their customers' long-term satisfaction consciously design and manufacture their equipment to minimize the amount of service necessary. A longer than-usual warranty simply reflects the confidence of a manufacturer that he has done a good job in preventing trouble from occurring.

The technical branches of the armed services are constantly faced with problems of reliability, and in cooperation with industry, they have developed techniques to test and ensure it. During the development of these techniques it was found that statistical methods used in life-insurance computation could be applied to the life characteristics of electronic equipment. There are striking similarities between the correlation of the equipment failure rate to the time curve and the correlation of the human death rate to the age curve. Reliability, therefore, is subject to statistical measurement.

The most effective approach to ensuring reliability in audio equipment therefore may be thought of as efforts...
toward lengthening its life span—identifying the causes of death (failure), and either removing them or reducing their severity. This requires that specific causes of failure be eliminated in all phases of design and production. Reliability must first be designed for, and then built into the product; it cannot be tested in or inspected in.

A necessary first step in designing reliable equipment is the careful selection of parts and materials. It isn't simply that a part must be "good"; it must be good for its intended application. Designers are encouraged to use specific types of parts (such as resistors, capacitors, and coils) that have proved to be trouble-free in the past. A manufacturer will not place large orders for new parts until samples have passed a series of physical and electrical tests. Consideration is given to the "quality history" of a supplier before granting new approvals as well as in maintaining approvals already granted. When, as sometimes happens, a supplier furnishes production quantities of parts that are not of the same quality as the initial samples, approval is immediately cancelled.

For example, to take an extreme case, a manufacturer might find that there is a sudden increase in the assembly line rejection rate of a certain transistor amplifier because the units show a high rate of breakdown during final test. The problem is traced to a particular transistor in the amplifier. Production is stopped, and all similar transistors from the same manufacturer are immediately segregated and returned to the supplier for analysis. (A "cushion" stock of the same type of transistor from another supplier or rush deliveries from an alternate source would allow production to be restored in short order.) In a case such as this, it might take the supplier months of intensive work to locate and correct his problem. He must then submit new samples, and when they pass a complete recheck, the approval of his transistor can be reinstated.

But the occurrence of such a problem is usually prevented by the incoming inspection department. Their job is to check all incoming shipments using Military-Standard statistical sampling techniques. A record is kept of the quality history of each supplier of each part, and the purchasing department is informed if there is any slippage in quality. The supplier of the part is immediately informed and requested to take prompt corrective action.

In addition, the designer of a product makes a significant contribution to its reliability by allowing large safety margins. These are provided in two ways. The first, which guards against gradual deterioration of performance, is to design the circuits to operate normally under what engineers refer to as "worst-case" conditions. Therefore, tolerances in electrical components are kept conservative (for example, resistors that are within ±5 per cent of their nominal values are chosen rather than ±10 or ±20 per cent) so that the chances of there being a cumulative error in one direction sufficient to degrade operation is substantially reduced. A second margin of safety, which guards against sudden or catastrophic failure, is adherence to a conservative policy of allowable stress on parts. The design permits no more than one-half of the parts manufacturer's rated voltage, for example, to be applied to parts that are sensitive to stress. This means that the temperature of all heat-sensitive components such as transistors, resistors, and capacitors is kept well below their maximum ratings. It is interesting to note that these are the same standards that are applied in the design of the electronic equipment used in the space vehicles of the Apollo manned space program.

Another design factor that contributes greatly to reliability is the use of standardized "building blocks." For example, whenever possible, the same i.f. amplifier and multiplex section subassembly units are used in tuners, tuner kits, stereo-compact systems, and receivers. Using the same proved-in-use circuit modules in a variety of equipment not only results in economies for the manufacturer, but also results in a far more reliable product because these modules will already have undergone reliability testing in manufacture and will have stood up under countless hours of "field testing" in customers' homes. Once the design for a hi-fi component is completed, technicians build one or more prototype units by hand. The prototype units are tested and thoroughly evaluated from both the technical and marketing points of view. If the prototypes successfully pass the evaluation, a small production line is set up to produce a pilot run of perhaps two dozen units. These pilot-run units are again retested and distributed for use-tests in the factory and in the homes of a selected group of company personnel. Written reports are turned in and are reviewed by a committee, which then presents its recommendations to management: go, no-go, or everyone back to the drawing boards.

A warranty is useful after troubles have occurred.
Parts samples must pass physical and electrical tests.

Up to this point, we have been examining the problems associated with the selection of reliable parts during the design process. Now the problem is how to put these reliable parts together in a reliable way. Some idea of the magnitude of this task can be grasped by considering soldered connections. If an assembler can solder one hundred connections and get ninety-nine of them perfect, one might consider this good performance. The laws of probability gang up on us, though, since the probability of having all joints correctly wired and soldered is the mathematical product of the probabilities of having each individual joint correctly wired and soldered.

To illustrate, if the probability of having each joint perfect in a typical FM receiver, which has three hundred and fifty-five handwired joints, is 99 per cent, the probability of having all joints perfect would be 3 per cent. Obviously 97 per cent rejection of the finished product is far from good enough. With proper training of the wirers and solderers on the assembly line and with stringent enough controls, it is possible to increase the probability of perfection on the assembly lines to as high as 95 per cent.

At the end of the assembly line, every unit is individually aligned (when required) and tested to meet factory specifications. Further rechecks are made by quality-control inspectors thereafter to ensure that nothing was overlooked during the alignment and test procedures. Samples are also drawn at random from each group of units presented for inspection before they enter the finished-goods stockroom. The sample units are completely inspected mechanically and completely tested electrically to factory specifications. If a defect is found, the entire group is rejected and returned to the department from which it came, where it must be completely retested before it may be submitted again. These procedures reduce defects and errors to an almost negligible percentage, which is probably as close to perfection as is possible with fallible human beings involved in the process. Since people are fallible, occasional defects do slip through. This is the main reason for a warranty.

All these efforts are to no avail if damage occurs during shipment from the manufacturer to the ultimate user. As a result, it is necessary to design not only a reliable piece of equipment, but also a shipping carton that will protect it from the various shocks and vibrations of shipping. There are limits, however: a carton could be designed to protect its contents from a 5,000-foot drop from an airplane, but it would be ridiculously large and costly. Container design is based on the worst likely handling in shipment rather than the worst possible. A good pragmatic test for a manufacturer to tell how well a carton is doing its job is to ship the unit across the country to a distributor on the opposite coast and have him—without opening the carton—ship it back to the factory. Of course, samples of packaged units are periodically taken from stock and unpacked for inspection to find out whether packing is being carried out as specified.

An essential part of any reliability testing procedure is the production life-test program. This involves selecting at random a percentage of the units going through final quality control and operating them under "accelerated" conditions for 24 hours. The tests are designed to encourage failures where weaknesses exist, but to avoid damage to perfectly good units. The test for an amplifier, for example, consists of operating it with a 125-volt line (instead of the usual 117 volts), switching it on and off (8 minutes on, 2 minutes off) for 8 hours, and then operating it continuously for 16 more hours. All this is done while the amplifier is delivering full power to a load resistor. This sort of test quickly spotlights potential defects, because the first 24 hours represent a period of relatively high failure rate (a phenomenon that engineers refer to as "infant mortality"). Any failures under the life tests are analyzed to determine their cause.

Reliability, as you should be aware by now, is the product of endless attention to detail, from the initial design of a product to its final packaging. Although little of this usually comes to the attention of the audiophile, he is the one who benefits because he has a product that not only works well when he first plugs it in, but will continue to deliver high-quality performance for years to come.

Richard F. Powell is Manager of Product Engineering for H. H. Scott, Incorporated, well-known manufacturer of hi-fi equipment, and his duties include supervision of quality control.
The Incredible Simon Barere

Where do our giants of music come from—and where do they go? It would seem that we have yet to learn how to care for them properly

By Fritz Kuttner

On a rainy April night fifteen years ago, a packed Carnegie Hall was hushed as pianist Simon Barere, with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under conductor Eugene Ormandy, struck the imperious opening chords of Grieg's A Minor Concerto. The evening was a festive one, an elegant audience, including many diplomats and other officials of the Scandinavian countries, having come together for a concert sponsored by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The non-official music lovers in the hall—my wife and I included—were there for another reason: it was the first time in many years that the incredible Barere had appeared with an orchestra in New York City.

Two minutes after the Grieg began, my wife touched my arm in surprise, and I looked back at her in equal astonishment. In crossing his left hand over the right, Barere had struck a wrong note! This had never happened before when we had heard him play; according to legend, he was infallible when playing in public. But within a few bars his tempo dragged, his hands stopped, and he leaned slowly forward until his forehead hit the keys with a cacophonous impact. Then he swayed to the left, and with a dreadful thud fell to the floor, unconscious. The stunned audience seemed scarcely to breathe, and it must have been half a minute before the last musicians, at the back of the orchestra, stopped playing. A physician in the audience rushed to the stage and helped to carry the stricken man to the green room. Half an hour later, at the end of the intermission, an audience standing nervously and half in tears heard the choked announcement: oxygen and other medical efforts had been in vain, and Simon Barere had died backstage. The rest of the program was cancelled. So ended a fantastic life and career, one that was unique in the annals of modern music.

What is the stuff musical giants are made of? Cultivated antecedents, generations of wealth, a family made up of scholars and artists, a protected childhood with the best education money can buy? Let us see. Simon Barere was born in the ghetto of Odessa, to poor Jewish parents, the eleventh of thirteen children. The two oldest brothers, fifteen and seventeen years his senior, were self-taught but competent popular musicians who earned
their living playing in cafes and restaurants. Simon’s mother liked music, and his father didn’t really dislike it unless it was played while he was at home. He used to chase the four-year-old Simon away from the piano again and again, but the boy would be back at it the moment his father left the mom. When Simon was five, he got his first piano instruction from a teenage girl living on the floor above. She taught him the elements of reading music, a little something about the scales, intervals, fingering. More sporadic training came from the two older brothers when they were visiting back home: they taught him popular tunes and folk songs. By the time Simon was seven, he had left Odessa for jobs in the far eastern reaches of Russia.

Then, only one year later, tragedy struck: Barere’s father died, leaving his wife and the youngest three children unprovided for. At that point Simon went out and got his first job: playing piano in a movie house. It was the only place he could work, because nobody could see, in the darkened theater, that a child of eight was doing a man’s job. He played so well—pop tunes and operetta scores—that he made enough money to support himself, his mother, and two little sisters. In the morning he was a child and went to a special public school that emphasized music (Benno Moisicvitch had gone there a few years earlier), and in the afternoons he sometimes played with other children his age. But in the evening he suddenly became a man, a competent entertainer who supported his family by working—mere child’s play!—ten to twelve hours every night, seven days a week. Did that break the boy? Yes, in one respect: it broke the amateur in him and made him a highly skilled and efficient professional musician.

During the next few years, Barere graduated into better establishments where he played together with balalaikas, violins, and practically any kind of entertainment combo. By the time he was eleven or twelve his skill had grown considerably, and employers didn’t have to hide him away in the dark any more. With steadily increasing pay, he performed in good restaurants or night clubs, having developed an astounding pianistic technique, stunning facility at sight-reading, and a large repertoire of popular and semi-classical pieces.

Legend has it that between his twelfth and fifteenth year Barere played the piano ten hours every night in the most luxurious brothel in Odessa, beloved and pampered by the... mmm... staff, and Barere himself told me it was this nocturnal routine that built up his colossal technical ability. Whether it merely amused him to corroborate a good story, or whether it was the truth, we cannot say for sure, but the tale is not at all improbable. The ghettos of Odessa and Nikolaev have given the twentieth century more great performers than any other places of comparable size and educational opportunities, and of several of these masters it is reported that, as teenagers, they earned a living by playing in bordellos.

When Barere was sixteen, tragedy struck again: his mother died. Recognizing his pianistic genius, she had for years insisted that some day he must go to St. Petersburg, study in the conservatory, and get a thorough musical training. So it was that the teenager Barere honored the wish of his late mother. Soon after her funeral he placed his two young sisters in the care of friends, and set out for St. Petersburg and its Imperial Conservatory, oblivious of (or ignoring) the fact that under the Czarist regime (this was in 1912) Jews were not permitted to enter either Moscow or St. Petersburg without a special police permit. He arrived on a dark and wet evening in early November and went straight to the conservatory. At about 8:00 P.M. (there were several witnesses) he walked into an office and was confronted by a rather stout gentleman who asked what he was doing there. Barere explained that he had just arrived from Odessa and wanted to study at the conservatory. Asked whether he could play any instrument, he said, "Sure, I play the piano!" "Play something for me," suggested his questioner. The boy said he knew only two classical compositions, one by Chopin and the other a paraphrase by Liszt on themes from Rigoletto—these had always been "quite successful" when he performed them in restaurants. So, he started with the Rigoletto and the stout man all but fell off his chair with astonishment. He was Alexander Glazunov, famous composer and director of the conservatory. Next Barere had a go, with dizzying speed, at Chopin’s Etude No. 4 in C-sharp Minor, and Glazunov dragged him right away into another building where the piano department was. Shouting "Now listen to this!"

soon, according to the legend, had Mmes. Essipoff and Vengerova arguing over which of them was to get this prodigy as a student. Essipoff won, and Barere was enrolled by 9:00 P.M. But he was warned not to go out during the next four days—it would take that long to arrange for him to stay in town as a Jewish student.

Before the police documents arrived, however, Barere had gone out and gotten himself a job playing in a posh restaurant. Thus, young Barere secured himself a high-salaried position on his second day in town and was able to support himself and his two sisters back in Odessa. During these student years he always had first-rate jobs, including the Villa Rode, one of the most famous restaurant-night clubs in Czarist Russia, where he played both popular and classical music for several years.

The great Russian conservatories always had a reputation for thorough training and a severe curriculum aimed at all-round musicianship, and admittance to them was a highly coveted privilege. But oddly enough, all the rules for a balanced musical training were suspended in Barere’s case; he was left alone and given nothing but
concentrated piano instruction. No harmony, no counterpoint, no history of music, no studies of form and style. All these courses, his teachers felt, were only the means to an end—i.e., to make first-rate performers of the students. This youngster, however, had already achieved the end and didn't need the means any more. Glazounov said and wrote of him: "Barere is an Anton Rubinstein in one hand, and a Liszt in the other."

Barere remained at the conservatory for seven years, much longer than usual, because the director insisted upon keeping him as a student to prevent his getting drafted, feeling that this kind of genius should not be wasted in the army or endangered at the front during World War I. In 1919, aged twenty-three, Barere received the Rubinstein Prize, left the conservatory, and went to Odessa to bring his two sisters back to St. Petersburg. His pockets filled with the savings from years of night club work, he got lost in happy homecoming celebrations and, in a few foolish nights of wild gambling with former friends, lost all his money. Since the elegant high-paying establishments of the aristocracy and wealthy bourgeois had gone out of business after the Bolshevik revolution, it made little sense to return with empty pockets to St. Petersburg. Thus, when a man Barere hardly knew suggested that he become his manager and arrange a concert—the first solo recital of classical music he was to give in his life—he accepted. The recital created such a furore in Odessa that Barere had to give six more in the next six weeks. This proved a much easier and faster way of making a good living than nightclub work and prompted the artist to give up any idea of returning to the entertainment business.

In 1920, Barere married a gifted young pianist, Helen Vlashchek, and they both started touring the vast reaches of Russia, including Siberia and places as far afield as Vladivostok, usually in separate appearances and different towns. Soon the first offers for concerts outside Russia started to come in, but he rejected them. By the time he realized his mistake, the freshly engineered Iron Curtain had come down. It was not until 1928 that his government sent him out as a cultural ambassador to give recitals in the Baltic and Scandinavian countries. He made Riga, Latvia, his headquarters, and several years later, after enormous difficulties, his wife and young son received permission to join him there.

In 1932 he moved to Berlin and immediately established his fame in Germany with a series of triumphant concerts. However, a year later this glamorous European career collapsed when the Nazi laws against Jewish performers made further German appearances impossible. At the same time, his manager in London suddenly died, and Barere found himself without bookings and without funds. In desperation he turned back to his former entertainment skills: an admirer, then president of the German film company UFA, offered him a high salary in the stage show at the Hamburg UFA Theater. Under an assumed name, Barere appeared four times daily, performing such popular classics as Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody and Chopin Nocturnes. Within a few days, block-long lines were forming at the box office, everybody wanting to hear this incredible pianist, the newspapers trying to guess who this man was who played like the world's greatest, yet had never been heard of before.

In six weeks of playing in this vaudeville act Barere made enough money to move with his family to Stockholm. But the experience of that brutal cut-off of a fourteen-year concert career, the shock of being forced back into the role of a commercial entertainer, caused a severe breakdown. For almost two years he sat brooding and refused to touch a piano. The family lived on the earnings of Barere's wife, who built up a distinguished recital career in Sweden and gave hundreds of piano lessons to advanced students.

Finally, late in 1935, the artist got hold of himself. A new management called him to England for a number of brilliantly successful recitals; he appeared with the Royal Philharmonic under Sir Thomas Beecham and cut eight records for HMV, among the most stupendous pianistic achievements ever put on disc. Barere, at the age of forty, was at the summit of his musical and technical mastery. In November of 1936 he appeared for the first time in the United States and, playing at Carnegie Hall, stunned...
both audience and critics. Returning several times for further recitals, he decided finally to stay for good, and in 1939 his family followed to make their home in New York City. From then on he played hundreds of recitals all over the country, in Canada, South America, Australia, and New Zealand, and wherever he went both the press and the public responded with extravagant enthusiasm.

What precisely was the unique quality of Barere’s playing that every knowledgeable person had to recognize immediately? Barere, in the pianistic sense, was a freak. The word may sound unkind, but it describes his talent correctly. His technique was self-taught, completely unorthodox—and highly practical. While most pianists usually keep their wrists and hands in a fairly straight line with the forearm, Barere always turned them inwards at a 45-degree angle. His hands looked as powerful as those of any other great performer, but when you touched them, they were unbelievably soft—shaking hands with him was like grasping jelly. He would always tell you not to squeeze his hand: it was too sensitive and hurt.

He never practiced to prepare himself for concerts, for both his memory and his manual dexterity were always there when called upon. More than any other artist he was proof of the theory that all manual skills are strictly based on brain functions, and never mind the motor control. Once the pianistic automatism had been fully developed in the brain as a memory function, he needed nothing more than to call on that memory in a trance-like condition of fierce mental concentration. For example: In the summer of 1946 Barere was spending his vacation in a cottage in Massachusetts. One evening around midnight he received a telephone call from the Brooklyn Academy of Music: could he substitute the next evening for Artur Rubinstein, who had cancelled his performance at the last moment because of illness in his family? Barere said yes, jotted down the items of Rubinstein’s program, and the next day took over his colleague’s performance without having touched a piano in the previous three months.

Many studies have been made on the physiological aspects of pianistic speed, among them those by David Saperton, the late Jan Holcman, and Professor Homer W. Smith of the New York University College of Medicine. It appears that Barere’s speed at the keyboard, in the measurements of most researchers (including my own) exceeded that of all other great performers by amounts of from 10 to 30 per cent. But, more important, he also showed, despite this unequalled speed, more control, exquisite coloring, subtle shading of touch, and artistic beauty than most of his peers. Some critics and a few of his colleagues had reservations about Barere’s stupendous virtuosity, accusing the artist of an obsession with speed and a willingness to sacrifice to it more important musical considerations. It is true that Barere greatly enjoyed the full exploitation of his stunning abilities, and at times he would brag with childlike pride about having played this or that virtuoso piece quite a bit faster than the great Mr. X or Mr. Y (for example, Josef Lhevinne and other musicians needed one-and-one-half sides to record Schumann’s Toccata in C Major; Barere’s HMV disk is the only one to do it on one side). But it is unlikely that he ever subordinated musical beauty or majesty to stunt virtuosity or speed per second. His pianistic perfection was so secure, it came so effortlessly and automatically, that he could always put it into the service of a superior musical conception.

What did Barere’s great keyboard contemporaries think of him? Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Hofmann, Josef Lhevinne, Leopold Godowsky, and many others were admiring friends and frequent visitors at the Barere home. Isidor Philipp, the great pianist and teacher, used to write an admiring and grateful note after every one of Barere’s New York performances and Noel Strauss, then senior critic of The New York Times, coined the phrase that followed the artist around the world: “Truly a giant of the keyboard.” Finally, there is the more recent judgment of one of Russia’s greatest musicians who concertizes regularly in the United States. Asked about the new keyboard titans Russia keeps producing in such numbers, he replied wistfully, “There is only one man whose art comes close to that of the late Simon Barere: Sviatoslav Richter.”

No other pianist ever garnered so many uninhibited superlatives from the press and excited audiences. A check of the acclaim accorded other titans of the piano in the
last thirty-five years will reveal that they abound in evidence of the fullest critical admiration, but compared with the reviews of Barere's performances they sound restrained and rather like routine reporting. How, then, could it happen that this colossus, this veteran of several thousand recitals and countless orchestral appearances, had only a moderate income, died without any savings, and appeared in concert only a few times each season in the last seven or eight years of his life, especially in New York City? The answer is a sad story that has much to do with the complex structure of modern concert management and its coldly commercial principles of operation. Under the system, an artist is assigned an orbit of activity and a scale of fees, both of which are rigidly maintained irrespective of artistic merit or audience appeal. No attempt is made here to fix any blame, nor do I presume to understand the mysterious financial intricacies of a billion-dollar industry that has been the subject of intensive, though inconclusive, congressional investigations. But one thing is clear to anyone who knew Barere and his professional and material circumstances: his fees were held by his management to the medium level of $1300 to $1500 per appearance, while the "top" performers were receiving $3000 or more. Sometimes his fees were cut back to this level even when Barere got bookings for himself at a much higher figure—without any effort on the part of his representatives—for no other reason than keeping his fees low and "uniform." No doubt there were strategic reasons behind such managerial vagaries, but it is difficult for one to understand the rationale of such seemingly uneconomic decisions in the field of artist "marketing."

It is equally incomprehensible that no American record company of the time had either the initiative or the foresight to cut a single disc of Barere's incredible pianism. RCA Victor released under U.S. license four 78-rpm recordings made overseas and that was all. In 1951-52, after the artist's death, his son Boris, a very able pianist himself, released three 33⅓-rpm discs produced from acetate masters privately recorded during Carnegie Hall recitals between 1948 and 1950. Another three discs were released by Remington Records (now out of business), also mostly from private Carnegie Hall recital recordings. Unfortunately, the processing of these acetate masters by a clumsy recording engineer butchered the job in every technical aspect. And yet, the genius of Simon Barere's artistry still shines through all the sonic rubble jammed into the grooves.

The modesty and humility of this pianistic titan was at times very moving. Only two months before his death—he was almost fifty-five then—he said to me over luncheon at the Russian Tearoom, next door to Carnegie Hall: "You know, I believe now I am really learning how to play the piano!" Although admired and lionized by those who found it chic to have him at their parties, he shunned such company and stayed with the people he loved. The reason was not at all any inferiority he felt owing to his lack of formal education. Barere was a smart dresser, with elegant old-world manners, an unashamed epicure who knew a lot about fine food and drink, and a connoisseur of beautiful women. For years he overate, and weighed over two hundred pounds until his health became precarious and doctors ordered him to reduce.

He did, but probably too late. In 1947 he felt ill during a walk and hailed a cab to take him to his physician. In the taxi he collapsed, and the driver, in desperation, took the unconscious man to the nearest place he could think of: the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital. There, in the emergency room, he was pronounced dead on arrival. But one young doctor thought he could still detect a faint trace of life, and began resuscitation efforts. After one hour, he had Barere conscious again, and treatment of his uremia attack (a kidney failure) could begin. The condition had been mildly with him since his adolescence, but his love of food and his excessive weight led to high blood pressure and finally caused the near-fatal seizure. When he had recovered after five weeks of hospitalization, his doctors warned him that he must give up his recital career. He could well live for another ten or fifteen years if he avoided all exertion; otherwise they couldn't give him more than a year or two. But one day after his hospital discharge Barere was on his way to Dallas for another concert. "This is not life—if I can't play the piano I might as well be dead!" he declared.

The uncanny clairvoyance that sometimes goes with artistic genius did not permit Barere the luxury of illusions. As early as 1936, during a walk with his son, he told him suddenly, "I am going to die some day on the concert stage." Shortly before his death he was very happy because he had signed up with a new and energetic management firm that would give him the higher fees he should have been receiving for more than fifteen years. They had just booked him for a Scandinavian evening in Carnegie Hall—for the first time in many years he was again to appear with a great orchestra under a famous conductor—and many more such events were already planned. That afternoon Boris dropped in for a chat; his father, in high spirits, was bubbling over with the happy news. Then, without any apparent reason, he fell silent; with tears in his eyes he walked over to Boris and embraced him. overpowered by emotion. "Son," he said, "soon you will live without me—I won't be around much longer." Four weeks later Simon Barere died on the Carnegie Hall concert stage.

Fritz Kuttner, a musicologist and writer on musical subjects and a long-time observer of the American concert scene, was a close friend of Simon Barere. A complete discography of recordings by Barere may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dr. Kuttner, care of HiFi/Stereo Review.
Mr. A. C. Gonzalez, of Trona, California, traces his interest in music back to one of his earliest childhood memories, an incident that occurred when he was a five-year-old in Mexico. He writes: "I remember it as though it were just yesterday. There was a brass band of eight men dressed in white cotton slacks, blouses, huaraches, and straw hats. They were hired to play at a religious celebration for the Virgin in the little mining town of Pánuco, Sinaloa."

Later his family moved to Mazatlán and then to San Blas, where "there were mariachis, orchestras, and brass bands all over, all the time, and of course where there was music, there I would be." Forty years later Mr. Gonzalez, now the father of six sons and a daughter named Mavi (the name is a song thrush), regrets that he never learned to play a musical instrument. But he says he did the next best thing—he built a hi-fi system for his home.

Mr. Gonzalez's set, shown above, represents some two and a half years of carefully budgeted purchases. Seen above Radio Shack's Realistic turntable are two more Realistic components, the Model TM-8 AM/FM stereo tuner and the SAF-40B 40-watt stereo amplifier. Below the Allied Radio Knight KN4400 stereo tape recorder, with its pair of Electro-Voice 729 microphones, is a Fisher X-100 40-watt stereo amplifier that serves the tape deck as a quality power amplifier. There are Mosley speaker-jack wall plates installed in several rooms and in several places in the Gonzalez living room. The reason for this, says Mr. Gonzalez, is that his wife arranges the furniture every week, and the extension speaker jacks make it possible to reposition his Realistic speakers for the best effect with any furniture arrangement.
The VIOLIN

By IRVING GODT

The violin is the most expensive instrument in the orchestra. Fiddlers in first-rate orchestras usually play first-class instruments, and these outvalue solid gold flutes and even, with rare exceptions, the larger strings (violas, cellos, and double basses) of comparable quality. Prices as high as $50,000 for a fine Stradivarius or Guarnerius have induced many treasure hunters to drop their shovels and go poking about hopefully in cluttered old attics. However, such dusty searches can end in especially poignant disappointments; it is not terribly difficult to find a violin labeled "Antonius Stradivarius"—but both the label and the instrument may date back no farther than 1936 and may never have been any closer to Italy than Hong Kong or Honshu.

Average orchestral violinists can't usually afford rare antique instruments. These find their way into the hands of successful soloists, rich collectors, or museums. But a working fiddler will often spend as much for a new instrument as for a new car ($2,000 to $6,000). That lush string tone of some orchestras is luxurious indeed; it may cost close to a quarter of a million dollars—not counting the players' salaries. That may run another million a year.

Violin-like instruments—that is, bowed instruments with a sound box and a fingered neck—probably originated somewhere in ancient Central Asia and spread from there in all directions, but our earliest record of the use of the bow dates from the ninth century. In Italy in the sixteenth century, the word violino (Italian for violin)
was used to designate viols and other instruments related to our violin, but very different from them in tone quality and structure. Around 1600, *violino* meant either violin or viola; to specify our modern violin Italians used the term *soprano viola da braccio* or *triple*—that is, "the high arm-viol" as opposed to the "leg" viol or *viol da gamba* family.

Antonio Stradivari (or, as Latinized, Stradivarius) the most celebrated name in fiddles, stands at the end of a great line of Italian luthiers (violin makers): Gasparo da Salo, Giovanni Paolo Maggini, and the families Amati and Guarneri. We prize the instruments of these early makers less for their antiquity and superb workmanship than for their unique tonal beauty.

Violins are the most numerous instruments in the orchestra. In a hundred-man symphony, the sixteen to eighteen first violins and the sixteen second violins together account for a third of the roster. The principal violinist (concert master) is usually the most important player in the orchestra, be it symphonic or chamber. He plays the solo violin passages that occur in symphonic works, such as those in Rimsky-Korsakov's Scheherazade, or the principal violin parts in *concerti grossi*, such as the Bach Brandenburg Concertos. As leader of the violins, he functions as a kind of "part whip" who sees that the bowing and phrasing of each man in the section conforms to the effect sought by the conductor. In performance, the men behind him watch his bow as carefully as they do the conductor's baton. Almost as much as the conductor, he is responsible for that unity of sound, the silky sheen that marks the best string sections.

The violin has four strings of wire, gut, or wire-wound gut. The player tunes them (G, D, A, E) by twisting the pegs at the end of the neck to stretch the strings to the proper tension. The E-string, the thinnest and highest, sounds with a clear ringing quality that has earned it the nicknames *chiaroletta*, *caytum*, and *Saugeau* (French, Italian, and German tributes to its singing capacities). Most people know the rich, mellow tone of the lowest, the G-string, through Bach's *Air for the G String*, a title that would have surprised Bach, since he wrote it for the upper strings of the orchestra fiddles as the second movement of his Orchestral Suite in D. The G-string thing was a nineteenth century error in taste.

The insignificant-looking bow, the stick with a hank of horsehair stretched between its ends (centuries ago it had the convex shape of the archer's bow), is the precision tool with which the violinist creates the profusion of tone qualities latent in his instrument. A seemingly endless variety of bowing styles endows the violin with its irresistible expressive power: *legato* (smoothly connected notes), up-bow, down-bow, *martellato* (hammered strokes), *spiccato* (bouncing strokes), *col legno* (using the wood of the bow instead of the horsehair), and double stops (playing two strings simultaneously). These and many other basic techniques can be combined in subtle ways through the taste and imagination of the artist.

No other instrument in the orchestra can match the melodic abilities of the massed violins. The pulsing lyricism of the third movement of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, the infectious sweep of the waltz in Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, and the voluptuous climax of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* Prelude attest to but one side of its character. The vehement first announcement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the tense excitement in Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*, display another. The whole string orchestra playing pizzicato (plucking the strings) lends an unusual breathlessness to the third movement of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. Wagner, in the opening bars of the *Lohengrin* Prelude, blends a quartet of solo violins with the rest of the violins divided into four groups to achieve an effect of purest transparency. And the double and triple stops at the end of Peter Warlock's wonderful *Capril Suite* evoke the gleam of brandished blades (the last movement is a sword dance).

A generation ago, an orchestra might show off its first violins by having the whole section stand up to play, in unison, The Flight of the Bumble Bee. Paganini's *Moto perpetuo* or the prelude of Bach's Partita in E. Perhaps commercial TV will rediscover this specialty act in its eagerness to make music video-worthy. But a fine violin corps doesn't need stunts to exhibit its discipline and command of beauty—just good music will do.

![Table of Violin Makers](image)

*Although the size and shape of the violin have not changed drastically through the years, the bow has undergone considerable modification. The examples above illustrate the developments of less than one hundred years.*
INTRODUCTION TO THE MUSICAL CALENDAR

Music being what it is, its history cannot be reduced to a conveniently arranged, equally spaced series of pigeon holes, each stuffed with the appropriate materials. Directions, trends, and classifications exist in music only after the fact; no trumpet blows to signify the beginning of a period or the end of one. And composers compose; they do not arise to be included. The Calendar of Classical Composers on the facing page begins with the year 1400. Of course, certain composers have to be included. But there were great and important composers who lived before that date and therefore are not, and there were others living after it who also are not. Their names are absent purely for reasons of space limitation; their styles are represented by other composers, and the space they might have occupied has been usurped by other perhaps less accomplished men who personify a style less rich in exemplars. Any compendium of this kind is necessarily personal, subjective, and arbitrary. One may deal coolly and scientifically with mathematical theorems or chemical hypotheses, but when it comes to the artistic productions of man, every prejudice, guilt, and hidden love in one's system creeps to the surface and subtly modifies all efforts to be objective.

Nonetheless, allowing that the calendar is not a substitute for Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, nor for a college course in music history, it has a number of very practical uses. It facilitates comparisons—of composers and their styles with one another, with the historical periods in which they worked, and with certain historical events outside the field of music—and in so doing offers an overall perspective useful to any explorer of music. Second, it shows (by overlapping colors) that personal influences blend into one another more or less gradually, that individual composers may strike a style or an aesthetic view, or may lag behind one, that change may come to one country earlier than to another (Italy, for centuries, was years in advance of the remainder of Europe), or may not come at all (Impressionism never took hold in Germanic countries).

The Calendar, then, offers to the beginner a simplified guide to the intricacies of music history, to the intermediate an opportunity to place his knowledge in perspective, and to the knowledgeable a handy tool for reference and even, perhaps, a few factual surprises. As an adjunct, the major stylistic periods are briefly—and simply—defined below. They are a prelude to a series of extensive articles, to appear in forthcoming issues of HiFi/Stereo Review, that will treat each of the major periods in depth.

—James Goodfriend

The Renaissance was, above all, the great age of polyphonic vocal music. Religious music was dominant; but there existed a large amount of secular dance and processional music, together with a continuing tradition of secular vocal music that amounted, by the end of the period, to an important body of work. Voices and instruments were used comparatively interchangeably, though there were the beginnings of a separate, purely instrumental music. Music printing was invented. The principal forms of the period included the motet, mass, madrigal, chanson, and later the Lutheran chorale in vocal music. The dance forms, the pavane and galliard, and such non-dance forms as the rondeau and canzona in instrumental music.

The Baroque period evolved from the Renaissance by slow degrees, the most sudden development being the invention of opera. Solo vocal music developed to a high degree, and much music was written for specific instruments in purely instrumental musical forms. Major and minor keys and well-tempered tuning all but completely replaced the old church modes, and the typical melodic line was a highly ornamented one. Orchestras began to assume a relatively standard make-up. Principal vocal forms of the period were opera, oratorio, cantata, recitative and aria, and song; principal instrumental forms and styles were fugue, passacaglia, theme and variations, dance suite, church and chamber sonatas, chorale prelude, concerto grosso and French overture, concerto, and Italian sinfonia.

The Rococo began as a rebellion against the Baroque while continuing certain of its ideals. Poliphony and the "learned forms" of composition virtuosity disappeared, music was replaced by a concentration on expressivity, clarity and lyricism, resulting in both light, elegant, and somewhat superficial music, and heavy, sturm und drang romanticism. The period saw the development of the symphony and the replacement of the concerto grosso with the solo concerto, and the refinement of orchestral techniques including full orchestral crescendos and diminuendos. Comic opera and opera seria began, and the piano replaced the harpsichord and organ as the dominant keyboard instrument. Principal forms were the symphony, concerto, solo sonata, and song.

The Classic period was the first to exhibit a true dominance of instrumental music. The establishment of the sonata principle governed the development of the symphony, solo sonata, and some chamber music forms. Chamber music itself rose to a new position of importance, while the solo concerto achieved its classical form. In most countries (some, like England, had achieved it earlier) music moved away from noble patronage to publicly supported concertos. The single most important instrument was the piano. Principal musical forms were the Italian opera and German opera, the four-movement sonata and chamber music forms, and the three-movement concerto and solo sonata forms, plus the lighter divertimento and serenade.

Romanticism embraced many separate movements and had many different aspects. To varying degrees composers placed their emphases on expressive content rather than on formal elegance, leading first to an unprecedented emphasis on the development section of the sonata form, and later on for simpler and freer forms altogether. A new predilection for pure melody arose at the expense of that harmonies became far more daring. Music grew both larger and smaller as the size of the orchestra increased and the musical miniature began a life of its own. The lied became a unique art form. Idealism brought new ideas into serious music, and, instrumentally, it was the age of the virtuoso as a public hero. Germany turned serious and built toward the Wagnerian music drama, and Italian opera became more concerned with the dramatic. The principal forms of sides opera and music drama, were the symphony, the virtuoso solo concerto, the symphonic poem, song, and an abundance of more or less free forms that went under the name of impromptu, nocturne, prelude, fantasia, etude, balade, and the like, or under no formal name at all. The art of orchestration came into its own.

The division between the Romantic and the Late Romantic or Post Romantic is a purely artificial one. One either sets an arbitrary line between the two more harmonious periods, or confusingly, regards each composer individually, ignoring comparative data. Late Romanticism is the name of a style, of its own, rather than continuous and in some cases carriers further the trends of its predecessor. Musical Romanticism arises today, and music is produced today that has far more in common with Brahms and Strausvny than with Schumann. Late Romanticism is with us still. The increasing emphasis on expressivity lies, among Late Romantics, to greater and greater degrees of chromaticism, and finally, in 1908, to the doors of one of the most powerful of Modern movements: dodecaphony, or twelve-tone composition. Performing forces grew to mammoth size and works to enormous length.

Impressionism is getting to be a bad word, and it must be taken today—even more than the word "Baroque"—apart from its literal meaning. Impressionism was a basically French movement that found echoes in other lands, was characterized by a new approach to form, and it is the hallmark of Western music of the preceding few centuries, by a use of harmonies and in themselves rather than as elements in a progression, and by an interest in the temperamental and geographical effects of weather, and the old church modes, folk music, the music of the Orient, to a certain extent even classical jazz. Rather than specific forms, certain harmonies and harmonic changes are taken to be hallmarks of Impressionism. Others techniques and styles of the time include brauchism, jazz and jazz-influenced music, polytonality, atonality, machine music, electronic music, music concreta, primitivism, folk music, a scientific approach to folk music, and music as political propaganda.

Neo-Classicism, a modern movement distinct enough to be seen as an entity, is not, as its name might imply, a reactionary return to the music of the past nor is it bound up with the music of the Classic period. It is rather a reaction to the excesses of Late Romanticism in the form of an objective rather than expressive attitude, and of form and of orchestral effects and of texture. As part of this approach, Neo-Classicism emphasizes a contrapuntal texture, limits orchestral size and color, divorces music from program associations, and adheres to a style of modernism that is partly stock music (toccata, fugue, concerto grosso, passacaglia, and dance suite), using two or, in conjunction with purely twentieth-century melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic language. The primary eighteenth-century influence has been Johann Sebastian Bach.

An additional copy of the Calendar may be secured by circling number 180 on the Reader Service Card, page 23.
CALENDAR OF CLASSICAL COMPOSERS

RENAISSANCE

BAROQUE

ROCOCO

CLASSIC

LATE ROMANTIC

IMPRESSIONISTIC

MODERN

Neo-Classic

FROM THE YEAR 1400 TO THE PRESENT - PREPARED FOR HI/FI STEREO REVIEW

BY JAS. GOODFRIEND
ANNO 1966
expressed in his music.

Deep down at the core of this man like this, for everything he is

music that is enshrined...there is

with Serkin it is music

also with his whole soul...always

not only with his whole body but

musician revered and influential

"One of the most persistently admired, beloved, and influential"
MAHLER'S TENTH SYMPHONY REALIZED

New Columbia release is a musical event of the first magnitude

"O ile leape up to my God...." This line from Edith Sitwell's Still Falls the Rain (by way of Christopher Marlowe's Faustus) could stand as a fitting epigraph to Gustav Mahler's last symphony as revealed in Columbia's newly released recording with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The sense of the epigraph is beautifully conveyed in the final ecstatic soaring of the orchestral strings up to the serene harmonies that round off this remarkable musical masterpiece.

Mahler had sketched out the music for his Tenth Symphony in 1910, and at first—shortly before his death in May of 1911—he had given instructions that the sketches be destroyed. Two of the movements (the long opening Adagio; as well as the brief Purgatorio that forms the third part in this performing version by Deryck Cooke) were left in sufficiently finished shape as to harmony and orchestral indications that the composer's widow, Alma Maria Mahler Werfel, felt it possible to authorize publication, in 1924, of a facsimile in which Alban Berg and Ernst Krenek had a hand. By the time regular publication came about in 1951, conductors Alexander von Zemlinsky and Franz Schalk, who had led the initial performances, had also done some tinkering of their own. It is this version of the two movements that was recorded on the Epic (George Szell), Westminster (Hermann Scherchen), and SPA (F. Charles Adler) labels.

While working on an illustrated BBC lecture on the Tenth Symphony for the 1960 Mahler centennial, British musicologist-composer-critic Deryck Cooke became fascinated with the challenge posed by the unrealized Mahler sketches; and, with some diffidence, Cooke presented the initial stage of his attempt to bring the complete Mahler Tenth into being as living music in a December 19, 1960 broadcast.

There were some sizable gaps in the score as given on this broadcast (I have heard a copy of the tape), and after the broadcast there remained some question as to the feasibility of Cooke's attempting a real completion—not only because he had not been alone in the first attempt, but also because Mrs. Werfel had decided to put a stop to the whole business. By 1963, however, this obstacle had been overcome, and the Cooke performing version of Mahler's Tenth Symphony was premiered in England and Germany a year later. Eugene Ormandy conducted the American premiere on November 5, 1965, and the Columbia recording sessions followed immediately thereafter.

There can be no question but that Deryck Cooke has captured to perfection the sense of Mahler's orchestration and harmony, working as he has all the way from the original sketches (including those of the earlier-published first and third movements). The end result is a five-movement symphonic masterpiece of immense dramatic impact, piercing lyrical beauty, and remarkable architectural cohesion. It is clear from this recorded performance that Mahler had at
last achieved a genuine synthesis of the lyrical manner of Das Lied von der Erde and the Ninth Symphony and the polyphonic technique he had struggled fiercely to perfect in the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Symphonies. Where even the Rondo burleske of the Ninth sounds rather forced in its ingenuities, the extensive use of thematic metamorphosis and interlocking between movements, not to speak of complex polyphony, seems to come entirely naturally in the Tenth from first to last, reaching a magnificent climax in the thematic combinations leading up to the last-movement apotheosis.

In essence, the Mahler Tenth Symphony falls into two main sections, further divided into five movements. The first section comprises the great opening Adagio (music that clearly anticipates Alban Berg in its climactic, hair-raising dissonance toward the end), and a brief scherzo of lighter character. The mood is not one of exhausted resignation, but of exuberant vitality.

The three-movement second section evokes the world of Dante's Commedia—but in the order of Purgatorio, Inferno, and Paradiso. As with Dante's Purgatorio, so with Mahler's: it is no place of hellish torment, but a place where the soul must undergo necessary purification from earthly sin before eventually being received into Paradise. Mahler's music here is brief, and tinged with a sense of regret. There follows what might be called the Inferno movement, a Satanic scherzo (Mahler noted at one point, 'The Devil dances this with me!'). A note of hysteria, underlined by prevailingly dissonant texture, dominates here, and there are echoes of the first movement of Das Lied von der Erde—The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe. The movement ends with the most startling single note of the entire Symphony—a deathly thud of the muffled bass drum, almost terrifying when first heard.

It is this same deathly thud that opens the last movement. This astounding dramatic tour de force came about because of an incident that Mahler witnessed in 1907 from his suite in the old Hotel Majestic overlooking New York's Central Park (he was conducting at the Metropolitan Opera at the time): a fireman's funeral, whose only sound as heard by him was the thud of a muffled bass drum reflected from the side of the building and from the street below.

Though the early pages of the movement are steeped in gloom, a long and extraordinarily lovely flute solo gives promise of redemption. As the movement proceeds, there are episodes of turbulence and torment, recollections of themes from the previous movements culminating in the gigantic dissonance from the first-movement Adagio.

There follows the resolution, taking the form of a long epilogue unsurpassed anywhere in Mahler's work for its impassioned beauty. Here is no longer the saddened, exhausted, and resigned being we knew from the final pages of Das Lied von der Erde and the Ninth Symphony, but one who has somehow discerned the fabric of existence in its wholeness, and rejoices even at the moment of ultimate confrontation.

There will, I trust, be more than one recorded interpretation of this symphony in Deryck Cooke's realization. The music deserves no less. Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphia Orchestra have done a great and glorious thing in the first recording, as have producer Thomas Frost and the engineering staff. The interpretive emphasis here is on drama and passion, and perhaps there will be other recorded readings that will reveal more of the purely lyrical depths of the score, especially in its more serene episodes. For the present, however, we can only express our utmost gratitude to Deryck Cooke, to Eugene Ormandy, and to Columbia Records for making the experience of this Tenth Symphony a deeply moving reality.

The recorded sound is, in a word, unsurpassable—it is a marvel of full-bodied spaciousness, transparency, and depth, and the stereo localization of the instrumental choirs is most realistic.

David Hall

CHESTNUTS AND SURPRISES BEAUTIFULLY SUNG

The exceptional artistry of Victoria de los Angeles and Kenneth McKellar redeems programs of favorites

It is ironic fact that the world's "most beloved" songs have also become the most tiresome as a result of our overexposure to them. In fairness, however, we cannot condemn any music for its excessive popularity. Nor can we deny the fact that, in performing this type of music, singers also demonstrate an act of courage. After all, the mere performance of an obscure song may rate a favorable critical comment, while with O sole mio a tenor risks comparison with Caruso himself, and a soprano's Il Bacio will usually be judged against Bori's or Sutherland's.

Actually, however, there is ample evidence from the earliest recorded era that hackneyed and even brazenly inferior material can be redeemed by exceptional performing artistry. And if all singers involved in similar endeavors possessed half the taste and musicianship displayed by Victoria de los Angeles in Angel's new "A World of Song" or Kenneth McKellar in London's "Concert Classics," we would perhaps never tire of Ich liebe dich or Santa Lucia.

Seven of the Spanish soprano's choices are certainly overfamiliar, but they are all enchantingly done, at times
with a rich infusion of sentimentality that, in this case, is hardly misplaced. There is no evidence here of the lately rumored vocal difficulties; her tones are plush, richly colored, and steady, her communication affecting emotionally. The enunciation, however, is not always clear and, in the case of the Dvořák song, the language (German) is hard to identify. It is evident that producing beautiful tones was uppermost in the artist’s mind, and in this effort she succeeded brilliantly.

The less familiar portion of “A World of Song” includes a characteristically sweet eboumon by Hahn, an evocative Sicilian song by Sadero, the Brazilian Azulão in a Canteloube-like setting, and two zarzuela excerpts that are interpreted with nothing less than a bewitching mastery. Colorful and sympathetic accompaniments and opulent recorded sound add to the fun.

Tenor Kenneth McKellar’s program is a similar mixture of chestnuts and surprises. Orchestral and piano accompaniments alternate here in a way that makes for one or two disconcerting sequences, but the artist is always on sure stylistic grounds in moving from Plaisir d’Amour to Die Forelle to “Nessun dorma.” His diction is exemplary in clarity, though I would not call his command of either German or Italian entirely idiomatic.

The esoteric portion of Mr. McKellar’s program includes two sensitive songs by England’s John Ireland and Ralph Vaughan Williams, and a seldom-heard Bizet air that perhaps he should have sung in French and not in English. The real prize, however, is Berlioz’s youthful Élégie, a gorgeous Romantic outpouring. The annotations are unnecessarily apologetic about Robert Sharples’ orchestration of the composer’s piano setting. The song indeed “cries out for orchestral accompaniment,” and the present treatment is very effective.

Except for noticeable evidence of artificial enlargement of the voice through reverberation, the sound is impressive and nicely detailed.

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**BEST ENTERTAINMENT**

**BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS:**

**MAN OF LA MANCHA**

Composer Mitch Leigh and lyricist Joe Darion score with an unusual treatment of Cervantes’ masterpiece.

Stanley Kubrick, the motion-picture director and producer, recently expressed admiration for the skill (and in some cases creativity) that go into the making of television commercials. And have you ever listened carefully to the music of some of them? There is a lot to be heard in these brief bits from time to time.

One of the men who write such music is Mitch Leigh. A one-time student of the late Paul Hindemith, Leigh, thirty-eight, owns a company called Music Makers, which is, among other things, a recording studio on New York’s 57th Street. Leigh is also the man who wrote the music for *Man of La Mancha*, the unorthodox musical that opened at the ANTA Theater last November. The show has created a fuss among professionals in New York, and I understand tickets are sold out well into the foreseeable future.

Small wonder. Leigh has written far and away the best musical score for Broadway of the last eight, maybe ten, years, a score you can listen to as music rather than as an auditory souvenir of the show—usually musical-comedy albums are most useful to those who have already seen a performance. But whether you’ve seen the show or not, you can enjoy this album, and the last score I remember saying that about was *A 1 Fair Lady*.

Though I haven’t seen it, *Man of La Mancha* seems, from the evidence of the album, to have an odd and in-
teresting structure. Described as "a musical within a play," it starts with Cervantes in a cell, awaiting trial before a court of the Inquisition. Some prisoners steal his uncompleted manuscript of Don Quixote. Pleading for its return, he tells them its story himself, slipping into the Quixote role, at which point the show becomes musical.

Leigh has used Spanish musical materials to create a score of rich texture; yet, so well has he blended his influences, so personal is his style, that I can't imagine anyone but an American writing it. The music is warm, often sensuous. It is also extraordinarily biting at times, as when Aldonza, the slut Quixote has mistook for his dream girl Dulcinea, tells him she was "born on a dung heap" and is likely to die on one. There is a folk-like song called Little Bird that the mule-drivers sing. Later, when Quixote has convinced Aldonza of her worth and she refuses to lie with the drovers, she is mercilessly beaten. Little Bird is then repeated, the drovers singing it with malicious while fierce bitter expletives from the brass punctuate their violence. The song becomes disturbing in the extreme.

Richard Kiley, whose talent has grown and grown and grown in recent years, is magnificent as Quixote. Today the best singer in our musical theater as well as one of its finest actors, he sings the score with power, conviction, and intensity. It's a good thing he does, too, or Joan Diener would walk off with the show in the role of Aldonza. Miss Diener delivers with jarring intensity two of her key songs, It's All the Same, in which she says it's a matter of indifference whom she lies with, and Aldonza, wherein she tells Quixote to look at her and see her as she is—a filthy whore "reeking of sweat." Her delivery of these songs is shrill, harsh, nervous, and extremely effective. When she reprises the song Dulcinea as Quixote lies dying, her soft singing indicates that the earlier vocal harshness was entirely deliberate. Everyone, in fact, sings his assigned part well, particularly tenor Robert Rounseville as the padre.

I was disturbed slightly by one discordant note in the show: the tendency of the song I Like Him to characterize Sancho Panza in terms of New York show-biz Jewish humor. This is a style that normally delights me, but I can't see how it fits the Spanish character of the play.

The orchestrations, turned out by Leigh's team of arrangers at Music Makers, are as fresh as everything else in the show. They utilize French horns, double reeds, and classical guitar— instruments one doesn't ordinarily hear in Broadway shows. And the parts are extremely well written. The recording quality is as warm as the music, and nicely balanced as well.

Genie Lees

 LIAM CLANCY: A STIRRING PROGRAM OF IRISH SONGS

His solo album for Vanguard reveals strength, charm, and fine musicianship

Liam Clancy is undoubtedly best known as a member of the fine, lusty group of singers called The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. Here, in Vanguard's new release, he is on his own—I believe for the first time on disc—and the experience is a complete delight. Except for one song, The Rocky Road to Dublin, which Luke Kelly sings with him, Clancy appears alone, accompanying himself on either six- or twelve-string guitar. He seems to me to have all the qualities that "professional Irishmen" try for and can't get: enormous charm and great strength are two of them, and these don't always go together. But strong and charming Clancy is, and bolstered also by a fine musicianship and subtle actor's sense so beautifully handled as to be all but invisible. Only someone listening carefully several times will hear how his effects are achieved.

His subject matter is what you might expect: the Troubles of the Irish Revolution, of course—and drinking, and women, and hard times. And it sounds as though he knows all about those things. All the material is fascinating, but Mr. Clancy's album would deserve to be the best of several months for his inclusion and performance of two songs. They follow one another on his album, and my copy is already a little worn on the two bands. To take the second first—Royal Canal: Brendan Behan used this song as a frame in which to set his play The Quare Fellow; and Clancy sings it beautifully, getting the listener completely involved before he hammer home the play on words with which the song ends. It is, by the way, a prison song.

And secondly, the first: The Patriot Game; credited here to Behan's brother Dominic. If Bob Dylan and my suspected chronology run true to form, then Dylan used this song for With God on Our Side as one more of his contemporary reflections on ageless topics. But for once, if I'm right, Dylan didn't improve on the original. The Patriot Game is the most softly chilling, precise anti-war song I've heard, every bit as good as Johnny, I Hardly Know Ye (and how Clancy could sing that!)

Good sound, but there is to my ears no discernible difference in quality between the mono and stereo versions.

Joe Goldberg

© © MAN OF LA MANCHA (Mitch Leigh-Joe Darion). Original-cast album. Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, Robert Rounseville, others (vocals); orchestra, Neil Warner cond. I, Don Quijote; It's All the Same; What Do You Want of Me; and nine others. KAPP KRS 1505 $1.79, KR 4505 $3.79.

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**Lists of the top equipment choices of four magazines are available on request. All four chose the AR turntable. (Three of the four, incidentally, chose AR-3 speakers.)

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HIFI/STEREO REVIEW'S CHOICE OF THE LATEST RECORDINGS

CLASSICAL

Reviewed by WILLIAM FLANAGAN • DAVID HALL • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS

© BACH: Cantata No. 203, "Amore traditore," Jacques Villiesch (bass); Gustav Leonhardt (harpsichord). Cantata No. 209, "Nun sei die dulde," Agnes Giebel (soprano); Frans Vester (flute); Gustav Leonhardt (harpsichord); the Leonhardt Consort. Telefunken SAWT 9465 $5.79, AWT 9464 $5.79.

Performance: Excellent No. 209
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Fine

Of these two secular chamber cantatas, No. 209 is the more effectively performed here. Agnes Giebel is in excellent voice, and both her sympathetic treatment of the text (concerning an Italian artist who is persuaded to return to his native country) and the stylish playing of the Baroque ensemble are a pleasure to the ear. The solo bass cantata (all about love betrayed and the resolution to renounce it) is less satisfactory partly because the bass soloist is not capable of much color and dynamic nuance, and partly because the first movement of the work is taken at a hectic tempo. Too, although the music is scored only for voice and a partially realized continuo, a cello would have strengthened the bass line. This is done in a superior recording of the cantata on Odeon 91063 (mono or stereo) by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, who invests his part with far more dramatic expression than Villiesch does here, and Edith Picht-Axon, whose harpsichord playing is more graceful than Leonhardt's. Telefunken's sound is first-rate, and texts, in both Italian and German, are included.

© BACH: Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor (BWV 582); Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (BWV 565); Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor ("The Great," BWV 542); Prelude in D Minor (BWV 539); Prelude and Fugue in G Major ("The Great," BWV 541). E. Power Biggs (pedal harpsichord). Columbia MS 6804 $5.79, ML 62044 $4.79.

Performance: A curiosity
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Natural

The pedal harpsichord, a combination of a regular two-manual (keyboard) harpsichord and a pedal board, and the pedal clavichord
two clavichords, one on top of the other, plus a connecting pedal board—were the practice instruments used in the eighteenth century by organists who preferred the comfort of an instrument at home to the frigid environs of an organ loft in winter. Of the two, the pedal clavichord, because of its lower cost, was by far the more common. On record, the pedal harpsichord has been rare (a Cook recording by Bruce Prince-Joseph of some Bach pieces is presumably still available); the pedal clavichord has not to my knowledge ever been recorded, although the application of solos: inmediae, a practice considered acceptable only in French music or at least pieces written in the French style, seems not only stylistically incorrect but arbitrary as well. Then, too, one has the feeling that Biggs would have sounded more at home on an organ—although technically I have no complaint. Columbia's sound is quite impressive.


Performance: Op. 102 best
Recording: A trifle cramped
Stereo Quality: Favors left channel

It was Beethoven who originated the cello sonata as we know it today. His Op. 5 pair, especially the second of the two, reveals the young Beethoven in top form, just as Op. 69 is a piece with the G Major Piano Concerto of the middle period, and the Op. 102 pair is typical of the more accessible aspects of the late Beethoven style.

Casals young and Casals old, Fournier and Guld, Schuster and Württer, Starker and Bogn, Rosenberg and Richter, Janigro and Zecchi, a decade ago, and now Janigro and Jürg Demus today, have all taken a shot at the Beethoven cello sonatas in their entirety. To choose any single version out of this illustrious company as being the best of all is an impossible task.

Taking the new Janigro recording on its own merits, it is my impression that he and Demus are more at home with the tense intensities of the Op. 102 set than with the expansiveness of Op. 69 or Op. 5, No. 2. They bring fine momentum and tension to Op. 102, No. 2 in particular. The microphone of cello and piano seems rather close up and a trifle cramped in the bass.

NOTICE: The 1965 Polar Index to Review Reviews is now available. In a format much like the Schwebn catalogue, this booklet indexes, by publication, month, and page number, records and tapes of all kinds which in 1965 received critical reviews of substance in ten leading American music and sound periodicals, among them HIFI/STEREO REVIEW. To obtain the Index, write to Polart, 20115 Goulnurn Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48205, enclosing $1.50 (postpaid).

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with the left channel being favored throughout the four sides.

Speaking for myself, I would not be ready to throw out either my Rostropovich-Richter records or those of Starker and Begin from the 1950's.

D. H.


The Fine Arts Quartet takes a more lyrically expansive view of the great Op. 59 quartets than the Juilliard with their hair-raisingly taut and dramatic versions for Epic (reviewed in January). However, the three records of the Concert-Disc series include not only a fine version of the "Harp" Quartet, as was the case with the Juilliard album, but the tersely dramatic Op. 95 for good measure. The latter gets the most impressively dramatic performance of the lot here. Judging by the number of Beethoven quartets per dollar, this album is an outstanding buy. However, on my stereo review copy, the pickup tracking was borderline in some of the climactic passages of Op. 59, No. 2.

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Warm and persuasive Recording: A-1 Stereo Quality: Excellent

The Weller Quartet, composed of young players from the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, burst upon my awareness by way of this Beethoven disc, and one of the Brahms Opus 51 quartets, like a low-charged thunderbolt. This is to say that the ensemble resembles nearly the lyric Pro Arte Quartet of the 1930's than it does such contemporary groups as the Juilliard String Quartet, with its fierce tautness of approach. Not that the Wellers are lacking in backbone. But they display not only unerring intonation and mutual resiliency, but also a total warmth that is altogether captivating. Thus their readings of the fast movements of the "Harp" and Op. 95 quartets are a trifle more weighty than we are accustomed to hear from contemporary chamber groups, but they carry their own special charm.

On the other hand, their pacing of the great Adagio of the "Harp" Quartet is a little faster and more flowing than usual, an approach that offers new and valid insights into this music.

The ensemble playing is utterly impeccable, as is London's recording. If these recorded performances can be counted on as the norm for the Wellers, then let us have more of them and soon!

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Sounds marvellous Recording: Excellent Stereo Quality: Excellent

One of the most fascinating traits of the post-Webernian twelve-tone absolutist is his apparently compulsive need to reach back into the history of music—recent or even further—to nail down musicological documentation of the inevitability of post-Webernian ascendency. I recently heard the American composer Milton Babbitt in a public address, suggest that a serious re-evaluation of the contribution of Scriabin was long overdue. Seems we've all been doing Scriabin in, that

Next month in HiFi/Stereo Review

Estherhaza: Haydn's Castle.

Transistor HiFi:

Today and Tomorrow

Recording's Lost Generation

Behind the Scenes in Popular Recording

exhausted old "mystic" chord of his constitutents, after all, a primitive precursor of today's advanced serial organization. He is suddenly very significant. Of course, we would do well to sweep the "mystic" part of it under the rug—even though this adjective describes Scriabin's aesthetic intent vividly. But, anything goes: these days such breath-takingly diverse and mismatched fellows as Franz Liszt (those fascinating piano transcriptions of Wagner's!), Charles Ives, Claude Debussy (Ravel's classification doesn't fit the bill, so he's finished, of course), and Olivier Messiaen (he wrote one "totally organized"-type non-Webernite piece, then more or less let it go at that)—all find themselves on the same Procrustean bed.

If I make too extensive a point of all this, it is because the music we hear in this extremely valuable and very exciting new Angel issue seems almost to have been assembled to make such a point: how, as it were, from Charles Koechlin (1867-1950) and Olivier Messiaen (1908--) with the help of Webern—France has evolved its newest genius, Pierre Boulez.

The most extraordinary thing about the three works involved here is, of course, that they are so totally different from each other and so personal. (That last word is definitely not In with the New Critics!) The Koechlin piece is extravagantly varied, drawing as it admittedly does on the widest range of contemporary musical devices, remarkably picturesque, and in its post-Impressionistic way evocative. This is indeed a composer we should hear more of.

The Boulez work displays pretty much what his best work has usually displayed: an extraordinarily enlightened and cultivated ear that, in the musical product itself, can make even the most outré, complex musical configuration immediately communicative. I find the first movement by far the most extraordinary. But perhaps this is because its technique is less Webernian. Still, even in the shadow of its parts, it is a ravishingly beautiful work and one that all who are interested in recorded contemporary music should make instant acquaintance with.

The Messiaen piece I find something of a bore—after the first impact of its extravagant sonority wears off. Could be that I tire easily of birds and bells. The performances of all the music seem to me uniformly remarkable in both instrumental technique and interpretive projection. And Angel has supplied recorded sound and stenote that are of the highest quality.

D. H.


Performance: Virtuosic Recording: Excellent Stereo Quality: Very good

These are the third and fourth volumes of what will eventually be an eight-disc collection of the complete works for solo piano by Brahms. Katchen impresses one with his all-encompassing technical command; his first of notable notes towards the close of the early Second Sonata, for instance, do not seem to faze him a bit. He also has a big tone and a warm approach, vital elements for Brahms' piano music. In the two sonatas, the playing is exciting and convincing. The other disc offers a fine, sympathetic account of the Waltzes, but in the Rhapsodies and the less frequently heard Ballades, well played though they may be, a certain quality of rhetoric seems to be missing. The Ballades in particular are a trifle bland, and I think that Jürg v. Vinschgauer (on an import, Columbia STC 80577) achieves better results with the impetuosity and the fermata of this music. London's sound is spacious and warm.

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Superb Recording: First-rate Stereo Quality: Good

In the knotty and formidable Brahms Op. 51

(Continued on page 76)
A society woman who invited Fritz Kreisler to dinner added to her note: "P. S. Please bring your violin." Mr. Kreisler was equally polite and wrote a note accepting the invitation. He too had a postscript: "P. S. My violin never dines out!"

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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Immaculate
Recording: Superb
Stereo Quality: Excellent

This is, in just about every sense, a perfectly beautiful recording. The compositions represented are all excellent musical company, and they are at their best here. The Corelli Concerto Grosso—a particularly fanciful and beautiful one—sets the tone for the release. A cunningly appropriate one because Michael Tippett’s Fantasia Concertante is derived from a Corelli theme. This contemporary work is remarkably beautiful and eloquent: Tippett’s impeccable virtuosic craftsmanship abounds always, but without the tendency it often has to attract attention to itself.

The British work, rather more familiar in this country, is hardly less admirable, although it does not cut so deeply. It is amusingly conceived for the instruments, it sings most fetching when it is of a mind to, and it holds one’s interest steadily.

The performances are wonderfully precise and detailed—the string playing in itself is a miracle of vitality. Angel has supplied recorded sound and stereo treatment that catch every nuance just about as perfectly as modern engineering techniques permit. \( \text{W. F.} \)

CORELLI: Concerto Grosso in F, Op. 6, No. 2 (see BRITTEN)

© DUFAY: Messe "L’Homme Armé." Berkeley Chamber Singers, Allen Gilchrist cond. LYRICHORD LLST 7150 $5.95, LL 150 * $4.98.

Performance: Commandable
Recording: Good
dStereo Quality: Fine

Although not a first recording, this most famous of the L’Homme Armé Masses (so called because the canto firmus is based on the French secular song, The Armed Man), is at present the only available version. Of some thirty Masses written on this tune, Guillaume Dufay’s is one of the two most distinguished (the other, by Josquin des Prés, was published in 1502, some fifty years
after the presumed date of Dufay's composition). It is an unusually powerful work, essential for any Renaissance collection. The Berkeley Chamber Singers, a California group perform it in a straightforward fashion here, without anachronistic long-line phrases or dynamic swoop. At the same time, I have two criticisms: in a *causus firmus* Mass of this period, instrumental doubling would have been stylistically desirable, and discords as well as accents in complex rhythmic passages should receive more stress than they do here. Otherwise the interpretation is worthy. The stereo separation is good, but a few moments of distortion mar the otherwise fine sound.

I. K.


Performance: Lovely
Recording: Spacious
Stereo Quality: Good

If this recording of Dvořák and Ravel is a fair representation of her musicianship and technique, young Edith Peinemann is a violinist to keep an ear on, so to speak. Indeed, I look forward to a Mozart concerto series from her, for her pure yet warm violin tone, her innate sense of just phrasing and rhythm, and her impeccable intonation recall the wonderful classic playing of Szigeti and Szymon Goldberg in their pre-World War II primes.

The Dvořák Concerto, with its rather overworked and overlong first movement, is scarcely an ideal vehicle for a disc debut, but Miss Peinemann does lovely things with the beautiful slow movement and joyous finale. The accompaniment provided by the Czech Philharmonic under Peter Maag is as bracing and authentic as can be, and the recorded sound is bright, clear, and spacious—done, I should guess, in the Rudolfinum Concert Hall in Prague, where the Czech Philharmonic gives its regular concerts.

It is interesting to hear Ravel’s gypsy tour de force played with a decided Central European *tzigane* flavor, as opposed to the Gallic *brut* treatment that characterizes the majority of recorded performances. The results, on this record, are delightful and wholly convincing.

D. H.

ELGAR: Enigma Variations (see VAUGHAN WILLIAMS)


Performance: Elegant, subdued
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Very good

I am surprised—if far from either disinterested or displeased—by Maazel’s performance of these standards from the Falla catalogue. Where one might have expected him to cut loose with the virtuosity and orchestral fireworks that mark both his capability and his frequent manner, he has chosen to present the music with restraint and attention to refinement of musical detail. Cer-
certainly Grace Bumbry’s singing in El Amor Bruja comes over as almost a reactonarily straightforward interpretation after Leontyne Price’s hopped-up, quasi-Supervia recording of a year or so ago. The final effect of the performance as a whole is that it is interesting and attractive, but perhaps a little too shy on temperament: one need not succumb to the stylistic exces-

sses that are usually thought necessary to the effective performance of The Ritual Fire Dance, for example, to avoid the near-blankness of Mazzel’s reading of it here. The recorded sound is rich and handsome and the stereo effect is fine. W. F.

masel: Dances and Marches, Volume 3: March in D Major (K. 408, No. 1); Six German Dances (K. 406, No. 2); Twelve German Dances (K. 368), Vienna Mozart Ensemble, Willi Boskovsky cond. LONDON CS 6413 $5.79, CM 9414* $4.79.

Performance: Thoroughly delightful
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

This series, which will eventually encompass Mozart’s entire output of marches and dances, has so far been an out-and-out delight. Juxtaposing chains of dances with the marches is an extremely clever idea and keeps the listener from accruing a sense of three-quarter time.

A glance at the Köchel numbers above indicates that much of this music was written late in Mozart’s life; it is, needless to mention, also of amazing high quality. Still, for the sake of contrast, there is the early set of Minuets, K. 65a, written just as the composer turned thirteen, and played here by only two violins and a double bass instead of by the small chamber orchestra employed elsewhere.

The festive air of the marches is also more appealing, particularly the two Hoffnauer marches, K. 219 (which was originally attached to the K. 250 Serenade) and K. 408, No. 2 (which Mozart wrote to go along with the Hoffnauer Symphony). Boskovsky plays all of this to a turn; he is quite properly Viennese in his lil, and the variety of his tempos in dances of the same kind prevent any feeling of tedium. London’s recording, barr-
ing a tendency to stridency without a slight top cut, is first class.

I. K.

© PERGOLESI: Concerto No. 1, in G Major, for Flute, Strings, and Continuo, J. A. HASSE: Concerto, in A Major, for Flute, Strings, and Continuo, LEO: Concerto, in D Major, for Four Violins, Strings, and Continuo, Concerto, in A Major, for Cello, Strings, and Continuo, Burghard Schaefer (flute); Dietrich Volholz, Elfriede Fröh, Gisbert Terebesi, and Helga Schön (violins); Wolfganq Boettcher (cello); Norddeutsches Kammerorchester and Berliner Kammermusikkreis, Mathieu Lange cond. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON ARCHIVE 75240 $5.79, ARC 3240* $5.79.

Performance: Worthv, Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Fine

Of the three composers represented here, only Johann Adolph Hasse (1699-1783) is not Italian, but his music is thoroughly Italianate in style. Pergolesi’s flute concerto (al-
though the work is attributed to him, there is some doubt as to its authorship) is a pleasant, melodious affair, and this performance is easily among the best of several available recordings. The concerto by Hasse, who

HANDEL: Nine German Arias from "Irdischen Verzückung in Gott." Edith Mathis (soprano). Ensemble consisting of violin, viola da gamba, recorder, flute, the-

orbo, oboe, bassoon, and cembalo. ODEON ST 91262 $5.79, 91263 $5.79.

Performance: Engaging
Recording: Ultra-clear
Stereo Quality: Spacious

According to the liner notes, these arias date from 1729, which means that they were prob-
ably written during Handel’s visit to Ger-
many in that year. Since no further information is given, and the standard reference books fail to provide more data, this is a relatively obscure chapter in the composer’s vast output.

While Handel’s gift of exploiting the most effective range of the voice is very much evident in these arias, they do not represent the composer’s highest inspiration. The young Swiss soprano—remembered for her outstanding work in Odeon’s recording of The Seasons—displays a tone of liquid beauty and remarkable purity. Her phrasing of the long Handelian lines is nicely con-
trolled and nearly articulated, although her handling of the da capo embellishments (par-
icularly the trills) is on the tentative side. The gemlike instrumental settings are ex-
tremely well played, and the brilliant, wide-
spread stereo sound is sheer joy to the ear.

G. F.

HASSE: Concerto for Flute, Strings, and Continuo (see PERGOLESI)

KOECHLIN: Les Bandur-Log (see BOULEZ)

LEO: Concerto for Four Violins, Strings, and Continuo; Concerto for Cello, Strings, and Continuo (see PERGOLESI)

MAHLER: Symphony No. 10, performing version by Deryck Cooke (see Best of the Month, page 67)

MESIAEN: Chronochromie (see BOULEZ)
the lines are clearly drawn: Corelli is a more natural interpreter for this role, particularly opposite the Nilsson kind of Turandot; on stage, Busoni commanded not the strength of Corelli's vocal sound nor the flamboyance of his theatrical personality. On records, however, there is much to be said for Busoni's way of caressing phrases versus Corelli's straightforward assault on them. There is a listening joy in the Busoni brand of lyricism in the two arias, and even more revealingly, in the big legato phrase "O divina bella, o maraviglia" (Act I) that the Italian tenor cannot equal. For some, therefore, Busoni will be a choice that need not diminish Corelli's often thrilling, and by no means inarticulate, for the remainder—praise in great measure.

Renata Scotto is a believable, pure-toned Liù, quite touching in the final duet, without the special magic (and without the gorgeous floated B-flats) of the other Renata who has not one but two recorded documentations of the way this part may never be sung again. Gianattii is a somnous, dependable Timur; all others are adequate or more, but Mezzizi lacks the authority of the role. (The RCA Victor set was stronger in all these roles.) I found Molinari-Pradelli's conducting brisk and generally efficient, but distinctly less impressive than the work of RCA Victor's Erich Leinsdorf, who revealed more grandeur, more color (in an opera literally bursting with color!) and firmer control in the mercurial Ping-Pang scene.

(Continued on page 82)
The new KLH* Model Twelve is the result of some pointed questions about what kind of improvements might go into a speaker system designed for perfectionists.
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CIRCLE NO. 30 ON READER SERVICE CARD
While Angel’s engineering may not be the last word in the realization of this spectacular-sounding score, it is opulent by any standard, and its balances benefit voices and orchestra alike. In that respect it has a clear advantage over the older set. G. J. 

RAVEL: Tzigane (see DVOŘÁK) 


Performance: Authentic 
Recording: Excellent to satisfactory 

Ned Rorem's songs Poems of Love and the Rain were commissioned, on a grant from the Ford Foundation, by the American mezzo-soprano Regina Sarafy. Explaining the structure of the cycle, Rorem wrote: "The technical problem I set myself is, so far as I know, unprecedented, going on the principle that if a poem is good there is more than one way of musicalizing it...I selected poems by several Americans and set each to music twice, and as contrastingly as possible...To these poems were added an Interlude whose words are sung once, and a Prologue and an Epilogue...though each poem is repeated, none of the music is...the order arranged for these seventeen songs is "pyramidal": the sequence works toward the Interlude, then backtracks—as in a mirror." 

Taken as a cycle—rather than in terms of its individual songs or any of the composer's many other single songs—it is clearly Rorem's best work to date. The approach is unequivocally serious, even disciplined. Rorem’s long-standing apparent confusion of what is straightforward with what is merely easy is at a heartening minimum in this work. And, what is perhaps most impressive, he has wrestled the charmingly facile fluence of the writing into ever more adventurous vocal shapes and events, even as he has gone further to take some of the previously characteristic slackness out of the accompanying harmonic substructure. 

We have some quartet with Rorem's "pyramidal" resetting of identical texts, The gimmick—it can scarcely be called a "technical problem"—tends to stress the composer's ingenuity at the expense of the music itself by inviting us to be more pleased by one setting than the other. We consequently are even more than usually directed to listening to the work in terms of its parts, thus vitiating its effect as a whole, continuous musical statement. But still it is as a whole that it makes its most compelling effect as one of the best song cycles yet composed by an American. 

Regina Sarafy sings with her customary opulence and musicianship, but I found her enunciation of the words difficult to catch without the text before me. Still, her performance is extraordinarily serious and powerful. The composer accompanies her effectively, although I suspect that there is more latent tension in the accompaniments than his perhaps excessively "pretty" playing might suggest. 

CRI's refurbished edition of an older recording of Rorem's Second Piano Sonata serves, as much as anything else, to remind of us of how substantially the composer's music has matured since 1949. The Sonata itself is very slight, extremely musical, and not unexpectedly tentative. 

The recorded sound on the cycle is uncommonly good, and the revisal sound far better than one might have expected it to. IV., F. 

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MOZART—Wind Serenades No. 11 & No. 12; cond. Winograd H/HS-25013 


RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT: 


Performance: Lovely 
Recording: Good 
Stereo Quality: Good 

Until the time of its deletion, the two-disc Decca-DGG recording of the Rosamunde music under the late Fritz Lehmann was the standard for the complete score. The Vanguard single-disc Utah Symphony version, though good, was still no match for the older set. We can therefore take special pleasure in this new Amsterdam Concertgebouw recording which brings us both the idiomatic ease of the old Decca recording and the economy of a single disc. 

The overture used here is familiar and lovely Zemlinski faire to the somewhat peripheral Alleluia and the Dominican Chant by Lehmann. Haitink employs a light and lyrical touch throughout, an approach vastly to the advantage of such numbers as the B Minor Entr'acte, which usually sounds unbearably dark and heavy. Contralto Aafie Heynis is (Continued on page 86)
Why Build Heathkit Electronics? A desire for top-quality products at 50% savings, to be sure. But it goes beyond that. The reason people choose Heathkit is pride. Not just the pride of owning something new, but something a bit better that you have created yourself! From watching your Heathkit grow and take shape from your own efforts. It's a labor of love and a lot of fun. The large pictorial diagrams and simple, step-by-step instructions make it easy. And when you finish and turn it on you'll know that unique self-satisfaction that comes with "do-it-yourself". You will have joined the millions of people, from ages 11 to 79, people with no special electronic skills or knowledge, who successfully build Heathkits. People like you! Give it a try. Your FREE Heathkit catalog is waiting for you now.

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her usual lovely self in the Romance, producing phrases of exquisite beauty, yet warm substance. The choral singing in the pastoral and hunt music is likewise sheer delight.

All told, what with a thoroughly satisfying job of recording, this is a disc that is unalloyed pleasure from beginning to end. D. H.

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**TELEMANN:** Four Sonatas for Flute and Continuo ("Methodical Sonatas"): No. 1, in C Minor; No. 2, in A Major; No. 3, in E Minor; No. 4, in D Major. Samuel Barou (flute), Alexander Kougel (cello), Robert Conant (harpsichord). DOVER SCR ST 7004 $2.00, HCR 524 $2.00.

**Performance:** Exquisite **Recording:** Excellent **Stereo Quality:** Good

Telemann's "Methodical" Sonatas, if I may quote from Albert Melt's enlightening annotation for this new Dover release, are "Baroque solo sonatas accompanied by a continuo, which in this performance is played by a harpsichord and cello. In Telemann's hands, however, the continuo is not merely an harmonic support...[it] allows the continuo instruments to participate at all times in the thematic elaboration of a movement or uses them in imitation or dialogue with the solo instrument."

The release itself is attractive on every count. The musical material is more than Baroque curiosa, containing as it does some of the most elegantly beautiful and pure melodic writing I've encountered on records in some time. The performances, moreover, are extraordinarily sensitive and—there is no other word—loving. Samuel Barou, one of the best young flutists in America, has rarely turned out anything but first-class work on records. Here he quite oudoes himself, and his companions are scarcely to be admired any less.

The recorded sound, moreover, is clear and elate, and has a good deal of presence. The two-dollar retail price is, I should think, the clincher.

**TIPPETT:** Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli (see BRITTEN)

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**VAUGHAN WILLIAMS:** Symphony No. 8 in D Minor. ELGAR: "Enigma" Variations. Hallé Orchestra, Sir John Barbirolli cond. VANGUARD EVERY- MAN SRV 1815 $1.98, SRV 181 1 $1.98.

**Performance:** Superb **Recording:** Good **Stereo Quality:** Good

Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra have come up with another Vaughan Williams reading that—like their recent recorded performance of the "London" Symphony, also on the Vanguard label—is not likely to be matched either tomorrow or the next day. And what an extraordinary piece this Eighth Symphony is! Not just because it was composed (in 1958) by an octogenarian, but because it represents a contemporary master turning a third-century style to totally new ends and achieving utterly fresh musical results without kicking over the traces. I shouldn't care to play musical rat-

ings by comparing it with any of the other eight Vaughan Williams symphonies, but for compactness, surprise switches, and sheer concentration of musical interest—along with the more familiar lyricism—this one is unique. And while the contemporary connotations of the word "elucipation" and the name of Vaughan Williams are not likely to come to mind concurrently, this work is the epitome of a highly personal sophistication.

Barbirolli's performance of the high-point of Elgar's Victorian romanticism, the "Enigma" Variations, is wonderfully warm and appropriately grand—yet another proof of the conductor's pre-eminence in British music of this particular school.

The recorded sound is generally very good. And since the release is such a valuable one, I hope most urgently that the sibilant surface noises that turn up on my review copy are a peculiarity of that particular disc.


**BENIAMINO GIGLI:** Arias and Duets. Donizetti: L'Elisir d'Amore: Quanto è bella, Verdi: Un Ballo in Maschera: Porgi o cara (both with Maria Callas, soprano): II Trovatore: Ai nostri amanti (with Cord Else, mezzo-soprano), Puccini: Manon Lecène: Ab, Manon, mi tradisci; Noto poco, pover madama: Turandot: Nanna dama. La Bohème: O soave fanciulla (with Maria Callas). Cilea: L'Arlesienne: E la volta torna, Alfano: Don Juan de Mañeras, Tu sol, il bel ciel, Beniamino Gigli (tenor), orchestral accompaniment. ANGEL COLH 143 $5.79.

**Performance:** Characteristic **Recording:** Old, but well restored

If all of Beniamino Gigli's recordings were spliced together and ended to end, the result would be an immense tape running for nearly fifty hours. Most of this giant output has already been transferred to microgroove and, at the rate the discs are coming, total representation may not be far away. These two new additions to the Gigli discography have a commensurate quality about them. (Continued on page 90)

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OPERA HIGHLIGHTS: USES and ABUSES

By George Jellinek

There comes a time each year when the endless grind of record releases is temporarily halted, when companies take stock of their bulging catalogs and turn toward operatic highlights, a handy ploy to realize extra sales from their considerable investments in complete opera recordings.

In the words of one of our industrial phrasemakers, highlights are "for those who like a little opera a lot, or a lot of operas a little." Highlights are also for record companies who like a lot of sales more than a little. But this is all right because, aside from being commercially successful, these abridgements also serve a useful artistic purpose. Faced with a vast recorded repertoire and many alternate versions of a single opera, after which will find a disc of excerpted highlights a logical supplement to their "choice" complete set. Highlights are thus a product of expediency, but this need not obviate artistic validity as long as they are evaluated in their true light—as arbitrary groupings of excerpts and not as replacements for the real thing, the composer's original design, the complete opera.

Some operas lend themselves easily to excerpted treatment; in fact, a brief sequence of truly inspired pages may even create, at times, an impression not always borne out by the total presentation. It would be futile to pretend that Lucia di Lammermoor, to cite just one example, can only be enjoyed in uninterrupted totality. On the other hand, the same composer's compact little Don Pasquale discourages excerpting because of its non-stop quicksilver meritment. Conversely, the expansive (and expensive) creations of Wagner and Richard Strauss make abridgements a necessity—for those who do not wish to be inundated but don't mind getting their feet wet.

Operas can be excerpted in two ways. The right way is to plan a production of highlights with as much care and artistic dedication as would go into any recorded venture. Angel's French opera series offers good examples of this method: Lakmé, Thaïs, Hérodade, and others. There are no complete versions available, so highlights become the end product. The wrong way is to take a complete recorded opera and reduce it to a one-disc format by way of post-mortem editing. This thankless and difficult task can be achieved with artistic success whenever scenes are presented intact and the emphasis is on dramatic continuity and not on disconnected snippets. A conscientious type editor can do very well with Verdi's operas (except Falstaff) because of the large number of natural endings in the composer's constructional scheme. Puccini and Wagner, however, must be approached with extreme caution. I shall not dispute the fact that Musetta's Waltz is a legitimate "highlight," but Puccini himself wrote no concert ending for it, and therefore it should not be included in an abridged version with an abrupt fade for its ending. Record producers, I am sorry to say, feel—or at least act—otherwise. Technical skill and artistic conscience on the part of the producers, therefore, must be criticized along with performance values in this type of production, and sixteen of this season's crop of opera highlights discs provide a good opportunity for this approach.

Bellini's Norma and I Puritani, with their succession of arias, duets, and ensemble numbers, are eminently excerptable and offer no serious challenge to the record producer. RCA Victor's complete Norma received a very ill-tempered review from me at the time of its release (May, 1965), and the only modification I can offer for these highlights is that with less music the damage is proportionately lessened. This is a disc for uncritical Sutherland fans and for listeners willing to accept an excessive amount of off-pitch singing. I Puritani is, fortunately, vastly superior. Character projection being a secondary matter in this opera, Sutherland displays her customary brilliance and fewer obvious mannerisms. Bonynge's direction here exhibits the verve generally absent in his Norma, and there are very good contributions from such reliable vocalists as Capecci, Flagello, and Duval.

Mozart, like Bellini, built his operas on a succession of "closed numbers," but highlights from Mozart and highlights from Bellini are a world apart. For one thing, it is impossible to assemble a dishful of Mozart highlights without omitting at least as much equally treasurable music as one includes. For another, a sequence of arias with a sprinkling of duets but without any of the miraculous ensembles—as is the case with RCA Victor's highlights from The Marriage of Figaro and Don Giovanni—cannot in any way be representative of Mozart's operatic art. With these reservations, the Figaro disc is an absolute delight, offering excellent singing and stimulating conducting (Leinsdorf). The Don Giovanni disc has a serious technical flaw (an abrupt cutoff after "Là ci darem la mano") and, in Birgit Nilsson, an uneven Donna Anna, but the remainder of the cast is excellent. Thoroughly convincing in Dona Elvira's elegant neighborhood in Seville, Leontyne Price appears rather affected in that city's gypsy quarter—her Carmen is a fussy and not fully formed characterization, though it has moments of vocal luminosity. The special qualities Karajan imparted to RCA Victor's Carmen are not revealed in this abbreviated format. There is, furthermore, no Micaëla at all, but Franco Corelli (Don José) and Robert Merrill (Escamillo) are in
top form. While Karajan's exacting leadership elicits an artistic performance from Corelli in Carmen, similar control from the pit is absent in Angel's Andrea Chénier. Consequently, the tenor is loud and often careless with his phrasing, though his ringing, clarion sound is frequently impressive. Antonietta Stella is an adequate Maddalena, and Mario Sereni is a very good Gerätt, although the powerful resonance his voice displays on this recording is the result of considerable audio alchemy.

Since Puccini is a holy terror for tape editors, and since Tosca and La Bohème can be had complete on two discs, I am not very much in favor of recommending highlights here on general principles. RCA Victor nevertheless deserves compliments for a really skillful Tosca abridgment; it offers extended scenes whenever possible (such as Act III, from "E' lucevan le stelle" to the final curtain) and comes very close to the opera's essence. It is on a consistently high level here, but some of the opera's inherent excitement is dampened by conductor von Karajan's overdeliberate tempo.

As for Angel's La Bohème, the highlights capture the most attractive aspects of Thomas Schippers' conception, leaving out some of the complete set's less impressive moments. This is a very pleasing disc, especially when Mirella Freni and Nicolai Gedda occupy the spotlight. Equally beautiful singing is offered on RCA Victor's Madame Butterfly excerpts by Leonette Price and Richard Tucker. Supported by surprisingly passionate and idiomatic direction on the part of Leinsdorf, the only complaints here concern technical matters: fade endings for the Flower Duet and "Addio, forlito ari!" (Curiously, the disc's opening grooves give out the stirring measures of The Star Spangled Banner.) Of the three Verdi discs (all on RCA Victor), two are quite successful. Again, the producers have chosen some of the most effectively realized sections of the excellent La Forza del Destino set. and what is offered here by Price, Tucker, and Merrill is Verdiian style at its best. The orchestral introduction to "O tu che in sven agli angeli?" however, should have been retained and, surely, a more legitimate "highlight" could have been found in this lengthy opera to take the place of the vulgar "Rataplan." By contrast, all the choices for Otello are logical. The cast is good, particularly Vickers, a thoughtful, artistic, non-stentorian Moor. For sustained excitement the performance is no match for the Toscanini and Karajan versions, but as a complement to either complete set, this abridgment can be warmly recommended. The Rigoletto disc, however, leaves undeniable doubts for the superior singing of Miss Moffo and Mevers. Kraus and Merrill, who are frequently neutralized by Georise Solti's willful conducting.

The four Angel highlights reveal the hazards that producers bent on tampering with gargantuan scores must face. Certainly, the presentation of Liederabnicht from Tristan und Isolde on one disc is desirable from every point of view, emphatically including the artistic result. But, unfortunately, the nearly full hour afforded by a single disc is not enough—the scene goes on for much longer, forcing an abrupt fadeout at a climactic point. This is an unsatisfying disc for other reasons as well: atonal perspective dominated by the orchestra, poor balances, and generally indistinct sound. Nor is there much to praise in the Meistersinger highlights. Here the sound is excellent, and the aura of a convincing on-stage presentation (Munich) offers some enhancement, but the singing lacks real distinction, and chopped-up endings are much too frequent.

The Siegfried disc is quite another matter. It offers two complete scenes (the forging of Nothing and the final duet) precisely in the way Wagner sought to be highlighted, and can be recommended without reservation. Solti is in his element here, the technical realization of the Fingring Scene is superb and, while the Mime of Gerhard Stolze is fearfully overacted, the jubilant Sprechstimme he produces is more than offset by the brilliant singing of Birgit Nilsson and Wolfgang Windgassen. Almost equally wonderful is RCA Victor's one-disc condensation of The Flying Dutchman. While I would have thought that the conventional structure of this early Wagner opera would make abridgment relatively easy, I am sorry to report that the sudden cut-off at the end of Senta's Bullied is, possibly, the unkindest cut of all. But this is the only flaw in an otherwise outstanding production.

Every one of these presentations (except Tristan) offers excellent sound. But, even by such remarkable standards, the suspended sonics of Siegfried, The Flying Dutchman, and Madame Butterfly rate special recognition. RCA Victor and Angel have provided helpful libretto extras; London gives only notes of variable quality.
what would have been the late tenor’s seventy-fifth year. They also complement each other neatly: the RCA Victor disc documents Gigli’s first American seasons (the period from 1921 to 1930), while the Angel release covers his autumnal years (1937-1949).

Gigli made his Metropolitan debut in 1920, four weeks before Caruso’s last appearance there. He was thirty then, and the RCA Victor album proved not only to be the unique grandeur of his voice but also to the artistic polish that made him then, and in the decades that followed, the natural successor to the immortal Neapolitan. Every one of the eight arias here is outstandingly sung: the Donizetti and Boito items are entirely in a class by themselves. As for the four songs, they are a maudlin lot, but everything benefits by this kind of singing.

The Angel collection opens with Donizetti’s “Quanto è bella,” recorded twenty-five years after the RCA Victor version. The voice has the same warmth and caressing quality, if not perhaps the same youthful lavishness or freedom. The art behind it, however, is even more varied and imaginative, the technique—with a remarkable messa di voce and graceful ornamenta—is even more absorbing. The arias from La Forza del Destino, Us Ballo in Mascherata (taken from the complete set), and Masson Lessant offer persuasive dramatic art together with exquisite singing.

Both discs have their ups and downs, but the balance heavily favors the positive. Technically, both are satisfactory and, considering the age of the masters, eminently listenable. In his outstanding evaluation of Gigli, which accompanies the Angel collection, Rudolf Celli writes correctly observe that Gigli’s “art” is never above all, to communicate with a mass public rather than an elite, and this was one of the reasons for his universal popularity.” He did display occasional lapses from stylistic grace, but he poured much art—and heart—into his singing, more than enough to compensate for his weaknesses.

KENNETH MC KELLAR: Concert Classi-cis (see Best of the Month, page 68)


Performance: Dazzling but uneven Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good

This collection of showpieces for the Phila-delphia Orchestra’s first-chair virtuosos is an amusing and entertaining grab-bag if ever there was one—you certainly can’t complain of its lackneyed repertoire. The lovely Fauré Élégie is always welcome, especially when played as sumptuously as it is here by cellist Lorne Munroe (who has defected from Philadelphia to the New York Philharmonic). First viola Carlton Cooley has been composing for years, and it is good to see him now getting major disc exposure with his pleasing Arias and Dance—at which he is surely the best interpreter. The other item worthy of more than passing notice is the amusing little trumpet concertino by Danish composer Knudåge Riisager (b. 1897), which gets a neat treatment by Gil- bert Johnson. All told, this record is both pleasing and instructive, with good sound throughout. I look forward to Volume Two of the series.

MADO ROBIN: Opera and Song. Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor: Il dolce sonno... Spargi d’amaro piante (Mado Robin)

MADO ROBIN

Unwanthy artistry in the roval strasmosphere


Performance: Dazzling but uneven Recording: Good

It is fairly safe to say that this record con-tains the highest musical notes emitted by a human being in this generation. The late Mado Robin (1918-1960) was not even con-tent with singing; all the notes in the highest tessitura as written; she interpolated her own, even more daring, embroideries. These stratospheric notes—always full, accurately on pitch, and declivious musical-sounding—are abundantly displayed in the present col-lection, culled from London’s previous Mado Robin releases which have been out of circulation in recent years.

Criticizing an artist of such astonishing skill calls to mind the story about the tight- rope acrobat who auditions for a blase theatrical agent. The man tries one hair-raising stunt after another without so much as drawing a grunt from his bored spectator. Finally, the pièce de résistance: the acrobat sits on a bicycle, high on the tightrope without any visible means of support, with both arms under his chin, and begins to play Bach’s un-accompanied Chaconne. At this, the agent finally exclaims, “Well, he’s no Heifetz!”

Well, Mado Robin’s other gifts are similar-ly of the conventional kind, Her bright tone is no more produced with the same pleasing quality; her intonation is generally dependable, but certainly not the last word on the subject; and her coloratura agility frequently appears slipshod. In the present instance, the Gounod arias are above reproach in their charm and expressiveness, and the intimate variations in the Alabieff and Adam showpieces are handled with com-mendable virtuosity. In the Italian arias, however, the soprano is far less convincing. The Donizetti scene is particularly unidiol-nic, suffering from Robin’s mispronuncia-tions and from Blaireau’s oddly-paced con-ducting ( Fistoulari’s leadership, in the Bellini and Alabieff works, is decidedly better).

The Mad Scene in Mado Robin’s inter-pretation, incidentally, concludes with an in-terrupted B-flat (!) above high C. She goes no higher, but every selection is guaranteed to have a note from the area of F to A. The disc, then, is obviously unique, and recommendable as a curio not without musical pleasures. Its sound is still, despite its age, very enjoyable.

G. J.

RECORDER OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Charming Recording: Adequate Stereo Quality: Nice spread

Charm, in musical matters, refers to some-thing neither profound nor terribly difficult rendered with the utmost in taste and tech-nique. It is a quality only rarely found on records today, and its original appearances should be emphatically noted.

This is a charming record. It is something of a grab-bag in repertoire (the Lotti Cru-ciﬁxus, which opens the record, has the odd quality of sounding out of place after the fact) and so differentiated that one will probably not care to play both sides the same evening. But there is far more enjoyment latent in its grooves than would be necessary to justify its price.

The Strauss arrangements, in particular, contrast an accuracy of singing, ironical attacks and homogenous rubatos, splendid intonation, and a light touch to a degree that automatically brings a smile to one’s lips. One almost feels that a chorus should not be able to sing so gottural a language so trippingly. Frühlingsstimmen contains a (Continued on page 92)

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APRIL 1966

CIRCLE NO. 35 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The recording quality is adequate to its subject; the stereo spread is unpretentious and pleasing. James Goodfriend


Performance: Impressive
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Fine

Hardly has there been a more intriguing opportunity for record buyers since the Bellini Oboe Concerto issued by Stereo Compact years ago. Now comes another one of the same novelty. The first, with Roger Lord accompanied by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 277, OL 277) was an excellent performance, but the present one has the advantage of offering Bellini's full, original orchestration rather than a reduction for strings. Equally operatic in flavor is another novelty, the Donizetti Concerto for the alto oboe and English horn. For good measure, Vanguard has added a very tuneful, rather Mozartean concerto for oboe and flute written in 1774 by Antonio Salieri, an eminent Italian who taught Beethoven and who was long (and unjustly) accused of having poisoned Mozart. The collection is rounded out with still another Italian work, a quintet for oboe and strings by Boccherini, which here has been expanded into a concerto.

Lardrot, as usual, is an impeccable soloist, and his command of his instrument fully justifies the album title. In the Donizetti, however, a less sober approach and a greater degree of dynamic variety might have made of that work a more entertaining experience. Raymond Meylan, who also supplied the excellent program annotations, makes an exceptionally fine impression as the flute soloist in the Salieri. The orchestral playing is precise and efficient, though the addition of a harpsichord continuo in the Salieri might have been advisable on stylistic grounds. Finally, Vanguard's reproduction is first-rate.

I. K.

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To demonstrate another case in point — imagine yourself an unseen observer in a conference room of a large organization. A tape recorder, fed by a single microphone in the center of the conference table, is in use to store all that is said. Many speak at once; some face away from the microphone; it appears that all that is said may never be recorded, but every word is captured on the magnetic tape for later review.

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University makes only dynamic microphones, and they have the precision and reliability of modern day computers. Look at the inside to confirm this. The bullet shaped dome of the directional cardioid is a precise and significant component of the system. It smoothes the vital mid-range to provide a more dynamic, natural quality of sound. Filters, in a special configuration, soften sudden bursts of sound, minimize sibilants and protect the inner components from dust, dirt and the elements. A series of ducts further extend the performance of the microphone's transducer element providing gross and fine tuning (similar to the bass ducts of a speaker system) to sharpen the directional characteristics and reinforce the bass response.

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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

THE BEATLES: Rubber Soul. Beatles (vocals); rhythm accompaniment. I Can't Get It Out of My Head; Four Strong Winds; I'm Just a Rocker; Enjoy Yourself; Girl; Run for Your Life; and eight others. Capitol ST 2442 $4.79; T 2442 $3.79.

Performance: Full of life
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

The Beatles sound more and more like music. It's no accident. Their product is slick and, despite many imitators, still distinguishable their own.

In the music business there are miracle workers of all sorts: coaches who can teach anything, writers who can write anything, and arrangers who can make something of nothing or the reverse. The Beatles apparently were wise enough to call upon the best of them and it shows in the growing excellence of their albums.

Don't think because so many professionals enjoy the Beatles that they are blind to their tricks. I am among those post-teen Beatles fans who perceive how they tromp on the art of music, and I delight in how well it works for them. Their best features are their vocal blend (at least a couple of them appear to have excellent ranges to work with) and their unflagging vitality. They cover their small technique and narrow musical concepts with (1) glorious showmanship, (2) all-pervading wit, and (3) careful manipulation of rock-and-roll's rhythmic sensuality.

Musicians play guessing games about where the Beatles derive their better tunes (no one is much interested in the bad ones). One arranger I know swears that Yesterday is lifted from one of Bach's 'Brandenburg' Concertos. Another maintains that it is an old English folk melody. All agree that the disjointed quality of their songs, good and bad, indicates that they had a hand in restringing them.

This album is certainly one of the best the Beatles have released. Their blend is excellent, their performance smooth, and their charm, wit and excitement run high. The best single selection is a well arranged folk-flavored ballad called Norwegian Wood. Even the lyric is good except for a few dumb lines. The recording quality is the best you're likely to hear in the rock-and-roll field. M. A.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

LUIS BONFA AND MARIA TOLEDO: Brazilian. Luiz Bonfa (guitar), Maria Toledo (vocals); orchestra. Bobby Scott cond.elusive: W.Bra, Sarha: Samba de Orla: Pierre-to and eleven others. Phillips PHS 600199 $4.79; PHM 201999 $3.79.

Performance: Impeccable
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Clean

The wife of guitarist-composer Luiz Bonfa, Maria Toledo comes so late to the American recording scene that she will probably pass unnoticed by the people who unaccountably buy Astrud Gilberto's bossa nova records. This is a shame. Miss Toledo is an infinitely bigger talent. For one thing, she is Bonfa's lyricist—she wrote the lyrics for ten of the Bonfa tunes heard in this album. As a singer, she has warmth, intimacy, ease of delivery and attack, musicality, and good intonation.

Bonfa is, of course, an outstanding guitarist in the Brazilian idiom. He accompanies his wife with taste, skill, and sympathy. On some tracks, he delivers some superior uncomplicated guitar work. The arrangements by Bobby Scott and Bonfa are excellent, and the sound is good. G. L.
Jacques Brel is a young Belgian-born singer and songwriter in the tradition of Edith Piaf and, even more, Charles Aznavour, whom he evidently much admires. His work is not yet known to the country, despite a highly successful concert at Carnegie Hall in December of last year. This album, made up of material recorded for the Barclay label in France, will permit a few more people to have a crack at digging him.

Brel's tunes are limited melodically, but his strength lies in his extraordinarily penetrateing lyrics and his intensely dramatic reading of them. I doubt that other singers would record his material in English, as they are now beginning to record Aznavour's. And there isn't a large enough audience in the U.S. with a good knowledge of French to appreciate Brel at its smallest. Even if precise and literate translations of Brel's material were done, and he learned English well enough to present it himself, I would still be skeptical of wide success for him.

The American public in recent years has been too thoroughly brain-washed by television and radio into the acceptance of mindless music. The folk fad and rock and roll have trained people not to think when listening to a popular song. Brel's jolting irony and wide-ranging subject matter would leave all too many listeners wearing a blank and puzzled look. The folksie make pallid passes at "significance" in song; Brel achieves it.

I can think of no foreign singer who so completely requires that you follow him word for word as Brel does. There are no charming happy melodies to carried you along here. You must pay attention not only to the words but to the orchestrations, which provide auditory scenery for Brel's readings of his own striking stuff. For example: Zinga is a song about an army officer who waits for the enemy to come and make him a hero but simply grows old, still waiting, and is retired by the time they do come. The song is marvelously sardonic, but its tune isn't much. The same thing is true of an unvarnished, which describes naked soldiers going through their induction medical; the song is a devastating comment on the dehumanization armies practice against men everywhere—and, incidentally, the song doesn't preach, as our own "protest" songs do; it demonstrates, and it avoids the pitfall of political content. Another song, Matatilo, portrays the time in the German army of a man whose girl is about to arrive, a girl who can only lead him into hell. The point of everything—the increasingly excited orchestration, Brel's growing intensity—is lost unless you can follow the words.

Reprise has had the wisdom to provide in the liner notes some exceptionally thorough and accurate translations of the songs. I can't estimate to what extent they will help those who don't speak French to get into Brel's material. Personally, I love the man's work.

G. L.

○ ○ ERROLL GARNER: A Night at the Movies. Erroll Garner (piano), Kelly Martin (drums), Eddie Calhoun (bass). Charmaine: Three O'Clock in the Morning: Fast 2 Gig-Wo: and nine others. MGM SE 4155 $1.70; E 4355 $3.79.

Performance: Bright Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good

Erroll Garner lives around the corner from me. I often run into him on the street, a dapper little pixie of a man, dashing off to God knows where in that funny tight-lipped smile of his and a look of knowing much more than he's saying. His music seems to me very much like that, His sense of humor has grown, if anything, more sly as the years have gone by. His style is unchanged: since the Forties he has had it locked into a specific groove, based on his odd (and again pixieth) rhythmic sense and that way he has of punching out four left-hand chords to each bar. Garner is a musical primitive, but a primitive of rare perception. The ending he puts on I'll Get By here is hilarious.

The album is tied rather weakly to the idea of movie music. Actually, it's an album of standards that were only incidentally heard in movies, sometimes long after their first popularity. One, in fact, was never heard in a film at all. It doesn't matter; the title is

Jacques Brel

Songs of significance and jolting irony

only an excuse, and what we have here is just very good Garner. I'm glad to hear him again.

G. L.

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M. A.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

© J. JACK JONES: For the "In" Crowd. Jack Jones (vocals); orchestra and chorus, Don Costa cond. Yesterday, I Went to Meet Her. The Weekend, and nine others. KAPP KS 3463 $4.79; KL 1465 $3.79.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Whether you like the current trends in music or not, the better songs being written in the rock-and-roll field often have a wacky excitement about them. Some of our best pop singers and musicians are attracted to them and not only for commercial reasons. Here, Jack Jones sings a group of rock-and-roll tunes, tastefully arranged by Don Costa. The better selections have that tense, compelling quality peculiar to the idiom. They include Yesterday by Lennon and McCartney (two Beatles): What the World Needs Now is Love by Burt Bacharach and Hal David; Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow, a striking tune by Levitt and Sexter; and Just Yesterday by Signman and Ogerman.

Jack Jones, a superb pop singer, performs well despite the limitations of the material (and although this kind of music has merits, so far it also has distinct limitations when compared with quality pop music). The album is recommended for people who have an interest in today's music but who, like me, can't take the raucous recording techniques and screaming arrangements ordinarily associated with it.

M. A.

© JONAH JONES: On the Sunny Side of the Street. Jonah Jones (trumpet), Hank Jones (piano), James Brown (bass), Osie Johnson (drums). Side by Side: Angel; Side Your Service; and nine others. DECCA DL 74088 $4.79; DL 46088 $3.79.

Performance: Tasteful
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

Jonah Jones was about fifty when he made it. For a nightclub engagement where the management wanted softer music than he was wont to play, he stuck a mute in his horn, and a commercial style was born. Capitol records signed him and put out a series of best-selling albums, all of which were, he said, heavily stylized pop-rap that gave Jones little room to show off his capabilities. Yet even the jazz critics, whether a carnosius bit as a rule, were merciful; everyone liked the man, knew how good a trumpeter he really was, and was pleased to see him earning some money.

Evidently the Capitol contract has expired. Jonah's nad may be over. Now he's recording for Decca, which has had him make another blandly pleasant "Jonah Jones" album. The trumpeter plays with a pick-up group that includes the wonderful Hank Jones, one of my favorite pianists. Jonah does some of his usual schuffle-rhythm stuff, but mostly he just plays the tunes, lets Hank have his chorus or two, then comes in to play some controlled and tasteful older style small improvisations.

G. L.

© TOM LEHRER: That Was the Week That Was. Tom Lehrer (vocals and piano). MIL Lullaby: George: Murphy: The Folk Song Army; and nine others. REPRISE RS 6179 $4.79; RS 6178 $1.79.

Performance: Hilarious
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Good

Almost the only good thing about the heavy-handed satire show That Was the Week That Was was Tom Lehrer. An MIT math teacher who writes and performs satiric songs, Lehrer got in some good zigs before the show went off the air. I've been enjoying Lehrer ever since he first sang about The Old Dope Peddler. He's still at it. In this album, he puts his finger on a good many of the idiocies of our time, from folk singers (his put-down of the protest-song movement is classic in its simplicity and directness) to politicians to rocket-maker Wernher von Braun, whom he characterizes as able to count backwards to zero in German and English and already starting to learn it in Chinese.

I think my favorite track is MIL Lullaby, which takes pot-shots at the multi-lateral atomic fleet Washington tried so hard to promote. It will be remembered that many Europeans were nervous about this idea; so apparently was Lehrer. The song urges baby to sleep because MIL keeps him safe.

It is an interesting comment on the progress we've made that Lehrer's first records were considered somewhat scandalous, almost underground discs. Now they're perfectly respectable. Mind you, for those who don't get laughs from gallows humor, he may prove a little strong still. He breaks me up.

G. L.

© MARILYN MICHAELS: Marilyn Michaels, Marilyn Michaels, Marilyn Michaels (vocals); orchestra, Hal Weiss, Sy Oliver, and Bobby Scott cond. Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey: Lover Man: Carnival; and nine others. ABC PARAMOUNT ABCS 533 $4.79; ABC 533 $3.79.

Performance: Exaggerated
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

The Barbara Streisand influence is spreading, as I feared it would. First it was Liza Minnelli, sounding like a cross between Streisand and Judy Garland. Now it's Marilyn Michaels, sounding like a cross between Streisand and Eydie Gorme, and Yma Sumac. I fear we're in for a siege of girl singers who breathe heavily and make loud noises and over-read lyrics to the point of embarrassment and exaggeratedly mouth their syllables and hit notes out of tune with vast assurance and aplomb. This is called being an "exciting performer."

Miss Michaels (like Miss Streisand before her) is obviously loaded with talent and utterly determined to misuse it in pursuit of a "personal style." She has an excellent basic voice of great range and power; what she lacks is a sense of proper restraint. And the word "understatement" obviously has no meaning to her. She is determined to "communicate" at whatever cost. When she's out of tune, it is almost invariably because she's pushing her voice too hard—overblowing the instrument, as horn players say. Miss Michaels does Maubua de Carneal in Portuguese and part of Be My Lure (in which she's more out of tune than even Mario Lanza used to be) in French. About
all you can say for her French is that it's better than her Portuguese.
Miss Michaels could be important, but she is starting off firmly on the wrong foot, listening, no doubt, to all the cooing showbiz sharpies who are assuring her, "Honey, you're gonna be another Streisand."  G. L.

@ ANDRÉ PREVIN: Plays Music of the Young Hollywood Composers. André Previn (piano); orchestra. Emily, Pink Panther Theme: Dixie; Nick of Time; and eight others. RCA Victor LSP 3491 $4.79. LPM 3419 $3.79.

Performance: Disappointing
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Many themes in this set reinforce the belief that some of today's best composers are working in films. Listen to Johnny Mandel's Emily. Henry Mancini's Soldier in the Rain, Johnny Williams' Twisted Theme, and Michel Legrand's I Will Wait For You. (Unfortunately for me, my favorite Previn music, from Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, is not included here.)

Johnny Williams is responsible for much of the arranging, and it's uniformly lovely; so it is the orchestra's performance. Previn's playing, though polished, falls short of greatness. In Legrand's I Will Wait For You, he begins meaningfully, but at the piece proceeds, he laps into trite arpeggios and characteristic sixteenth-note twists. Compare Previn's Soldier in the Rain with Mancini's original version on the "Dear Heart" album (RCA Victor LSP 2990). The piano on Mancini's recording is starkly simple and moving. Previn's is complex timbral by comparison, and his general is frustrating. One wishes he would relax, look deeper into the value of well-placed simplicity, and fulfill his promise.

Nevertheless, this is a tastefully done album of beautiful themes, and it is highly recommended.
M. A.

@ BILL PURSELL: The Romantic Piano of Bill Pursell. Bill Pursell (piano); orchestra. Bill Pursell cond. Who Can I Turn To; When I Fall in Love; Blues for Juliette; and eight others. CATALOG HY 54.79, 2421 $3.79.

Performance: Heavily romantic
Recording: All right

Bill Pursell, who according to the liner notes "can play piano for a country-music recording session one night and perform a piano concerto with the Nashville Symphony the next" is a capable pianist. (There are dozens, nay hundreds, of capable pianists in this country.) In this album he plays mostly in a "classical" type of pop style—Chopin's running figures in the left hand under the melody, that certain extra ring of the melody note at the top of the chord, arpeggios, and stuff. He plays cleaner than Roger Williams or Don Shirley. He's at his best with some of Chopin's tunes, O Mero, in which he plays a nice second line under the melody. Having found it, however, he simply repeats it. You should listen to Clare Fischer's So Doce Samba on World Pacific to see how much more imaginatively this kind of thing can be done; in fact, Bill Pursell should listen to it.

He is accompanied by a string section which producer Don Law claims in the notes is given by the engineer "a full orchestral dimension... though there are only fifteen musicians in all." Nuts. It sounds just like fifteen men; you can't get weight of string sound by microphone placement, or by gouging the volume or reverberation. You have to hire more fiddles, that's all.

And my word, they've got lousy string players in Nashville! They have that edgesoever-so-slightly-out-of-tune sound that makes a string section harsh. They're expressionless, which may be attributable to their limitations as players or to Pursell's limitations as a conductor; I can't say. But man, they are bad string players—better than those in my old high school orchestra, I guess, but still pretty amateur.

There's a good guitar player in the rhythm section, which is otherwise wooden. Guitar players they've got in Nashville! I'll give them that much.
G. L.

@ GIFT BAKER: Baker's Holiday. Chet Baker (flugelhorn, vocals); Alan Ross, Henry Freeman, Seldon Powell, Leon Cohen, and Wilfred Holcombe (reeds); Everett Barkdall (guitar); Hank Jones (piano); Connie Kay (drums); Richard Davis (bass).

Living: You're M; Thrill; My Way; two others. LIMELIGHT LS 86018 $5.79, L 82019 $4.79.

Performance: Small-scaled
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Very good

In intent, this is a tribute to Billie Holiday: Chet Baker plays songs associated with her, and sings four of them. In actuality, Baker's performances are limited in emotional scope—a thing which is nothing here of the biting intensity and compelling individuality of Miss Holiday. Nor, it should be added, does he evoke her mordant wit and often painfully vulnerable tenderness. Baker has improved as a vocalist—his line is more secure and his diction clearer—but he is monochromatic to the point of blandness. His flugelhorn playing is lyrical and neatly contoured, but it too fails to call to mind the passionate expectations and raw memories characteristic of Miss Holiday's style. Jimmy Mundy's arrangements are lithe and refreshingly unpretentious, but the leading player in this tribute has been miscast.
N. H.

@ ART BLAKEY: Sou! Finger. Lee Morgan. Freddie Hubbard (trumpet); Lucky Thompson (tenor and soprano saxophone); Gary Bartz (alto saxophone); Victor Sproule (bass); John Hicks (piano); Art Blakey (drums). Sou! Finger: Ball's Boss; Spot Session: Freedom Monday; A Quiet Thing; The Hub. LIMELIGHT LS 86018 $5.79, LM 82018 $4.79.

Performance: Spotty
Recording: Okay
Stereo Quality: Okay

Art Blakey conceives of his Jazz Messengers as a sort of mobile training ground. As the young musicians he has hired become sufficiently well known to go out on their own, he hires new ones. Sometimes, when they are new, these fledglings give Blakey a perfectly dreadful band. Later they may become superb.

This album contains a little of both. It is unusual in that it has two trumpeters both long associated with Blakey: Freddie Hubbard and Lee Morgan. The former is more restrained, the latter quite restless; sometimes prone to incoherence. Also unusual is the presence of the old master Lucky Thompson, whose light soprano opening to his own Spot Spiv is the most delightful thing on the record. The three newcomers—Blakey, Hubbard, and Morgan—are less distinguished. (With his dull rhythm patterns, pianist (Continued on page 100)
For years since its introduction, the Dynaco preamplifier design has been generally accepted as one in which the noise and distortion are so low and the quality so high that attempts to improve it would be laboratory exercises rather than commercial enterprises. Yet we have always been questioned as to why we did not gild this lily by adding step type tone controls. The enthusiastic audiophiles who ask this tell us that they want to be sure that their tone controls are out of the circuit when not being used. Our answer has always been that continuous controls give a range of flexibility which cannot be attained with step type controls, and that the "neutral" position of our controls produces a flat response characteristic adequate for the most critical need.

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Complete specifications and impartial test reports are available on request. In Europe write Audidyne a/s Christian X's vej 42, Aarhus, Denmark.
Hicks is hardly even professional). Blakey himself takes one of his amazing solos on his own high-life tune Freedom Monday.

Soul Finger gets its name from the mysterious vamp figure that John Hartry uses for all the Bond films, A Quiet Thing, blocky and far too slow, is some indication that Blakey's style cannot really encompass ballads. Despite bright flashes, the album is Blakey's usual thing, but this time is too often.

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**


The Happy Jazz Band consists of former professional musicians who now have a variety of daytime jobs, from the wholesale grocery business to a post in the Treasury Department. The only comparative youngster in the group is cornetist Jim Cullum, Jr., the twenty-five-year-old son of one of the organizers of these San Antonio enthusiasts. The band has been functioning since 1962, and since 1963 it has had its own night club, The Landing, on the San Antonio River.

The musical allegiance of the players is to the New Orleans-rooted traditional jazz of such early titans as Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver. They also have a penchant for some later Midwestern variants on traditional jazz by Bix Beiderbecke and a few others. Their leading virtues are a carefully balanced, richly textured ensemble blend; cohesive arrangements that do not simply imitate those on old records; and an infectious joie de vivre in their music. The soloists are good, though not outstanding. The elder Cullum's clarinet is flowing and penetrating; his son's cornet struts crisply; and Gene McKinney provides a lusty bottom to and a commentary on the front line with his tail-gate trombone.

Rarely has traditional jazz been as well recorded as it is here, in terms of total clarity of interweaving parts and a full but not exaggerated sense of presence. The engineering standard for this kind of music has been set by F. D. Nunn's Audiophile Records, and it was Mr. Nunn himself who journeyed to San Antonio to record these proceedings. Happy Jazz Records, Inc. is at 110 Oak Park Drive, San Antonio, Texas.


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Dept. 0206 Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80302
Chicago-based pianist Eddie Higgins is graceful in his execution and lucid in his conception for his instrument. For the most part, however, his work in this set lacks the dimension of originality that separates the major improvising talents from the small army of skilled minor jazz artists. He does not dig deeply into the possibilities of most of the songs, but prefers instead to construct well-ordered, easily flowing variations that do not command a listener's total absorption. Twice he reveals a somewhat larger potential—in a charming original for his daughter, "Skelly's World," and in a subtly shaded exploration of John Lewis' "Django." The rest may demonstrate his professionalism, but not his importance to jazz. Higgins' support from Richard Evans and Marshall Thompson is expert and resilient.

@ @ SHAKE KEANE: The Big Fat Horn of Shake Keane, Shake Keane (flugelhorn), unidentified orchestra. \textit{Wise and different} voices on his flugelhorn—from Miles Davis bent notes to straight circus blower—has some moments of real invention, within the limitations of the album.

On balance, I look forward to a jazz album from Keane, and in the meantime recommend this set as a beginning corrective for Hirt fans.

J. G.

@ @ YUSEF LATEEF: \textit{1984}, Yusef Lateef (tenor saxophone, Taiwan flute, MaMa flute, Czech flute, cork flute, oboe); Mike Nock (piano); Reggie Workman (bass); James Black (drums). \textit{In A Swing / Love Will}: \textit{Lotte to the Wind: The Greatest Story Ever Told}: and five others. IMPULSE AS 84 $5.98, A 84 $4.98.

Performance: Searching
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Very good

A composer and multi-instrumentalist, Yusef Lateef has long been involved in a quest for new colors in jazz and, to a lesser extent, new forms. In the past he has utilized various Eastern instruments and even a pop bottle for unexpected textures; and in the title track of this set he incorporates a diversity of flutes and his own adaptations of Far Eastern and Near Eastern instruments. Lateef's intriguing aural kaleidoscope of 1984 is based on a twelve-tone technique of his own devising, and the result is a provocative addition to the jazz color range.

The rest of the album is less exploratory and more immediately coherent. Lateef, one of the very few jazz oboe players, is heard on a large instrument that can easily be compared to the oboe. And on another track, he plays an unusually full-bodied, mellow jazz flute. Tenor saxophone, he can be a hard-driving, blues-laced soloist; an experiment with the speech-like cries and other "human" sounds that are characteristic of the new jazz tenor wave; and, most effectively, a romantically in the vintage jazz ballot tradition. In this last role, he is especially persuasive in his own reflective piece \textit{Gee / Sam Gee.}

At forty-five, Lateef continues to be one of the most individualistic and unpredictable of jazzmen. He has never limited himself to any single, currently fashionable groove. Instead, he constructs his own pyramid of challenges out of a considerable knowledge of the jazz past and a growing intimacy with the folk music of other cultures. A next step might be the commissioning of Lateef to score an album for a large orchestra. Because I expect that his penchant for experimenting with colors could be more rewardingly displayed if he had greater instrumental resources.

@ @ GARY MC FARLANE: \textit{The In Sound}, Gary McFarland (vibes); Bob Brookmeyer (trumpet); Kenny Barrrell, Gabor Szabo (guitar); Bob Bushnell, Richard Davis (bass); Candido (bongo and conga drum); Sol Gubin, Grady Tate (drums); Spencer Sinatra (flute and alto flute); Sadao Watanabe (flute and tenor saxophone). \textit{The Moment of Truth: Here I Am / Wine and Bread: I Can't Get No Satisfaction}: and six others. VERVE VG 8632 $5.79, V 8632 $4.79.

Performance: Pleasant but with little depth
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Excellent

(Continued on next page)
For several years, Gary McFarland has demonstrated an attractive, gently lyrical talent as vibist and composer-arranger. Occasionally, as in his "Point of Departure" album on Impulse, he has also given indication of a more challenging and self-searching conception that eventually could lift his work to new levels of expressivity. In this set, however, he soars rather than surprises and stimulates the listener.

Four of the originals are his, and while immediately appealing, they don't stay in the mind. Similarly, McFarland's arrangements of the other material are thoughtful, often witty, but never seizing—emotionally or in terms of revealing a broadening or deepening musical imagination. In this album he is given to frequent humming and occasional whistling to add a vocifer-like texture to the performances. Those sounds too are well-mannered and in context, but they skimp the surface of his feelings. I would not be so disappointed in McFarland's newest set had he not revealed in the past a capacity for less polite music-making. There's certainly nothing meretricious about this album, but it contains nothing that would compel me to keep it in my collection. I would indeed like to hear the "in sound" of McFarland expressing what he feels. Way down underneath this amiable smalltalk.

\textcopyright{} THELONIOUS MONK: MISTEROISO. Thelonious Monk (piano); Charlie Rouse (tenor saxophone); Butch Warren, Larry Gales (bass); Frank Dunlop, Ben Riley (drums). \textit{Wild You Need?}. Mistoiso: Honeydrike Rose: Beneha Swing: Evidence: and three others. \textit{Columbia} CS 9216 $4.79, CL 2416 $3.79.

\textbf{Performance: Varies}
\textbf{Recording: Varies}
\textbf{Stereo Quality: Good}

The latest Thelonious Monk disc for Columbia has been culled from tapes made by two different Monk quartets in such disparate places as Newport, Lincoln Center, Tokyo, the Village Gate, Brandeis University, and the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco. Monk and tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse perform on all tracks.

With one exception, Monk sticks to the narrow repertoire (mostly his own compositions) that he has been employing for nearly twenty years. This rarely adds to it, and the addition here is enlightening. \textit{All the Things You Are} has tempted nearly every jazz pianist around to construct an overblown pastiche. It is fascinating to hear Monk absorb it into his craggy, no-tricks approach.

The tracks range from indifferent to superb. Best of all is the blues \textit{Misterioso}, on which Rouse plays one of his finest solos.
FOLK

LIAM CLANCY: Liam Clancy (see Best of the Month, page 70)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Subtle, absorbing

Recording: Excellent

The kayakum is a plucked string instrument, invented in southern Korea in the sixth century. Since then it has become a prestigious instrument in the court and folk traditions of that country. Based on a Chinese prototype, it is related to the Japanese koto and to similar instruments in the West. The instrument is capable—as this program by Byongki Hwang demonstrates—of a remarkable spectrum of tone colors through minimal shadings of vibrato, portamento, muted sounds, and harmonics. Occasionally here, through overdriving, Hwang accompanies himself on the cimbalos, a double-headed drum shaped like an hourglass.

Hwang is thirty years old and currently holds the position of instructor of kayakum at the National Musical Institute in South Korea. He made this recording in May, 1965, at the University of Hawaii as part of the East-West Center Press's continuing program of cultural interchange. As an introduction to the expressive range of the kayakum, Hwang has chosen several different forms fundamental to its repertory. Styles is like a fantasy, requiring considerable melodic inventiveness on the part of the performer and also a firm but subtle command of rhythmic nuances. The other three compositions, based on traditional Korean folk and court music practices, are by Hwang: The Poem, Grand Hwa, is a fascinating interior monologue—the rise, development, and after-effects of a fantasy. Th. Fall, and Th. First emphasize the intimate connection between nature and music in the Korean heritage. The former, for example, evokes an autumn sky, a drizzling rain, and a solitary walk in a garden. The latter is divided into Green Shade, Cuckoo, Rain, Moonlight.

For me, the music continues to repay many replays. It has what Hwang refers to as a shine—the feeling that remains after reading a poem and closing the covers of the book—a mood which is often too quickly interrupted or entirely neglected in today's high-speed world.

The production of the album by the East-West Press of Honolulu is superb—the quality of the sound, the lucidity of the notes, and the comprehensive eight-page insert with essays on Korean music by Barbara Smith and Hwang himself. For listeners who are open to a new aural and emotional experience, I strongly recommend this set as being especially valuable as an antidote to today's high-speed world.

N. H.

© @ JUDY RODERICK: Woman Blue, Judy Roderick ( vocals); Artie Traum, Dick Weissman (guitars); Paul Griffin (piano), Ted Sommer (drums). Vanguard VSD 79197 8579, VRS 1917 84.79.

Performance: Promising

Recording: Very good

Stereo Quiz: Good

Judy Roderick is a young folkie who differs from most of her kind in a couple of particulars: she's pretty, and she sings rather well, within the limitations of her medium. Her voice has body, clarity, and an interestingly subtle edge that sounds as if it results from smoking. She does some blues rather well andunnanctuates in a way that is comprehensible. She shows signs of understanding what a lyric means—Real, Ah, Baby—for example.

The folkies lately are borrowing from all over the slate, including jazz, which most of them handle miserably. Miss Roderick makes the mistake of doing some material from this source—L notion, Len—which the inner notes say she learned from the singing of Peggy Lee. Originally, by Jon Hendricks, and Blue and Black, by Ears Walker. These music comparisons, and Miss Roderick doesn't come off well. As soon as you compare her to Peggy Lee, she's in trouble. Since Miss Lee is now in her forties, of course, and a master performer, direct comparison is unfair. So compare Miss Roderick's singing on L notion, Len to something of Miss Lee's done when she was Miss Roderick's age—l'll Do It Your Way, Do Re Mi, for example, recorded with Benny Goodman a twenty years ago or more. Judy Roderick instantly becomes an amateur. The authority and earthy, womanly sensibility (which the lyrics of both songs demand) simply aren't there. Her Black and Blue isn't bad. But if you compare it with Frankie Laine's record of the song, made about fifteen years ago, you again see how poor these good folkies are even when compared with competent pops singers.

Miss Roderick may not be entirely to blame for the shortcomings of these numbers. She is accompanied on L notion, Len, and Contemp with Blue by piano, bass, and drums. They sound like a local trio in a West Side bar. The pianist (Paul Griffin) comes over as if he learned blues changes last week. You simply are forced to compare him with jazz pianists, since he's working in their format. Imagine how Hank Jones would play here and you've got Griffin's number. On other tracks, an amplified guitar is played by Artie Traum. His solos are negligible. Maybe he's young—all the folkies' fans claim youth as an excuse. But the brilliant Charlie Grass is dead by the time he was twenty-four, and his superb solo work had already revolutionized jazz guitar.

Miss Roderick has talent, real talent. Now if she'll learn some real music and acquire a proper vibrato instead of that silly little quaver with which even the best folkies seem to be afflicted, she might in time become an interesting singer.

(Continued on next page)
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**SABICAS:** El Rey del Flamenco. Sabicas (guitar). La Trinidad. Malagueñas; Zapatoado en Re; Danza. Flamenco; Rondeza; and six others. ABC PARAMOUNT ABCS 526 $4.79, ABC 5269 $5.79.

Performance: All emotion
Recording: Superb
Stereo Quality: Very good

The title of this disc means "the king of flamenco," and I see no point in going into that at all, for designations of royalty seem to get passed around among flamenco guitarists as easily as among calypso singers. But, aside from that, unlike Juan Serrano, who seems cold, or Manitas de Plata, who has incredible technique, Sabicas seems all compressed emotion. He is a heart-on-the-sleeve romantic, with a full, resonant tone. A tone, by the way, that has been captured superbly in this recording.

Since I am not as familiar with this music as I might be, I wish the back of the jacket had been given over to informative notes such as sometimes accompany flamenco releases, rather than to exonyms from The Carib Box and other music journals. I would especially like to have known about band one, called Gualadquiater, which suddenly becomes, about halfway through, something that I know as a Lincoln Brigade song called Los Castro Gredales. But the music and the recording are superb, and you can't have everything.

J. G.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

**MARION WILLIAMS:** The Great Gospel Voice of Marion Williams, Marion Williams and the Stars of Faith (vocals), unidentified instrumental accompaniment. Pack-in 'Up, O Come, All Ye Faithful; He'll Understand; Michael Row the Boat Ashore; When We Meet Again; He's Got the Whole World in His Hands; Somebody Beggar; and five others. Epic BN 26175 $4.79, LN 24175 $3.79.

Performance: Exceptional
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Very good

Many gospel singers operate on the conviction that fervor is all. Their hosannas have power, a surging beat, and blazing colors; but after a while, they become wearying, for they have little intimacy, individuality, or unpredictability. Marion Williams is an exception. To begin with, she has an exceptionally warm, vibrant voice. It can be both sweet and imperious, skimmingly light-hearted and tollingly somber. She also possesses a diversely expressive vibrato which she controls with precision. Melodically, she may be the most inventive of all gospel singers — which can be witnessed in her stunning performance of Amazing Grace where her imaginativeness is all the more impressive in its understatement. Her time is equal to that of a superior jazz improviser. The beat flows, does crotchets in the air, still flowing; jumps ahead, provocatively lags back, still flowing. And she can vary her texture almost as widely as if she were a quartet.

Furthermore, there is not only joy in her performances but a leaping sense of fun. She takes pleasure in the art of musical creation. And she does not consider musical ornament (the kind of fun that breaks up musicians) a sacrilege. Most of the songs in this album are familiar (He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, When We Meet Again, Joy to the World, and the like). But their possibilities, Miss Williams makes clear, have been far from exhausted.

The Stars of Faith chorus accompany her gloriously, and three of their members have solos. The most intriguing is the husky ruminative Frances Steadman (Swing Low, Sweet Chariot). At the triumphant center is Marion Williams whose artistry is so universal that it reaches even those for whom the songs are not testaments of faith, but only songs.

N. H.

**MAMA YANCEY/ART HODES:** Mama Yancey Sings. Art Hodes Plays Blues. Mama Yancey (vocals). Art Hodes (piano). Cabbage Patch; Good Conductor; Street Lawyer; Daddy Trouble in Blind; Get Him Out; How Long; Grampa's Bell; and three others. VERVE/FORKWAYS FVS 9015 $5.79, FW 9015 $4.79.

Performance: Convincing blues story-telling
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Mama Yancey, a singer and the widow of blues pianist Jimmy Yancey, resembles her husband in that her range of technique is comparatively narrow. But within the style at her command — speech-like blues singing — she is a penetrating performer. Her voice is not intrinsically a powerful instrument, but her narrative skill and her ability to extract the core of the lyrics through phrasing result here in an extraordinarily affecting album. At first, her voice sounds weighted with age (she is about seventy); but gradually her strength and deep blues seasoning take possession of the imagination, so that the overall impact is that of a distilled autobiography in blues. Pianist Art Hodes is also limited in scope, but as a bluesman he is both authoritative and uniquely probing in style. He and Mama Yancey are almost as well suited to each other as she and her husband were. Credit is also due blues singer Barbara Dane, who recorded and edited this album.

N. H.
MAN OF LA MANCHA (see Best of the Month, page 69)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

* * *

THE ZULU AND THE ZAYDA
(Harold Rome, Osie Davis, Menasha Skulnik, Louis Gossett, Christine Spencer (vocals); orchestra and chorus, Meyer Kupferman cond.) Preludio: It's Good to Be Alive; River of Tears: Some Things; May Your Heart Beat Young; Crocodile Wife; Water Ways; Down the Stone: Like the Breeze Breeze; Oygetzuchau; Hantawi; How Cold Cold Cold; Eagle S-diloun; Finale. COLUMBIA KOS 2880 $6.79; KOL 6480 $5.79.

Performance: Refreshing
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

The Zulu and the Zayda, a Broadway show set in Johannesburg, concerns a seventy-nine-year-old Zayda (Jewish grandfather) and a young Zulu who is hired by Zayda's family to care for him. Despite the language barrier (the Zulu speaks Zulu while Zayda speaks Yiddish), a delightful friendship ensues, causing discomfort and, eventually, trouble for all concerned in the color-conscious city. In the end, friendship wins.

When the show opened in New York last November, a story circulated that director Dore Schary insisted it was not a "Jewish" show. "Yeah?" a friend commented to him, "How many Zulu theater parties have you booked?" Hearing this, plus the fact that the show was playing matinees on Sunday rather than Saturday, I suspected that the show would fall into the usual ruts of specialized humor. Not so. This original-cast album demonstrates that one needn't be Jewish to be charmed by The Zulu and the Zayda.

There are fine performances by Osie Davis, Menasha Skulnik, and Louis Gossett, Harold Rome's music is imaginative, and his lyrics are direct and meaningful. But the show owes its greatest debt (on this record, at least) to the freshness and flow of Meyer Kupferman's orchestrations. He has set music to this ingenious instrumentation that provides support for the melodies without getting in the way.

Some of the better material on this well-recorded disc are Crocodile Wife: How Cold Cold Cold (both by Davis); Zulu Lori Song: Eagle S-diloun (both by Gossett); and a striking ensemble song titled Some Things.

This album, like the Golden Boy original-cast album, will provide relief for those who like good shows but are bored with the outdated, monotonous musical approach dominant on Broadway in the past several years.

M. A.

(Continued on next page)

APRIL 1966
Spoken Word

A n invitation to the thoughtful is within... it says in big letters on the envelope of a recent promotional folder sent to 50,000 potential customers by Spoken Arts, a record company specializing in the spoken word and celebrating its tenth anniversary this year. The envelope is decorated with a handsome photograph of Arthur Luce Klein and his wife, Luce Arthur Klein (ii), who run the company, shown relaxing in matching turtleneck sweaters and scrutinizing one of their album covers. The envelope also contains the wishful question, "May we share the pleasure of our Spoken Arts recordings of the world's great plays, poems, humor, stories, essays, and speeches with your friends?" An illustrated two-color folder is enclosed.

When I spoke to Dr. Klein recently, the folder had just gone out, and he was still awaiting some reassuring response from the "thoughtful," but he sounded fairly optimistic that the listening public would cooly up to his offer of packaged culture programs, including album sets of six discs each under such rubrics as "living history," "living drama," "living Shakespeare," and "living poetry," with the bonus of one free disc with the purchase of each package. There is also a program of stories and poems for children.

Ten years ago, when the Kleins set out to help transform the spoken word on discs from a novelty item to a major branch of the recording industry, others in the business were extremely dubious. How could anybody make a profit out of such recidivate materials as the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Chaucer, Abraham Lincoln's letters, Beowulf, and the amusing remarks of British essayists? The Kleins, together with their competitors over at Caedmon, have pretty much proved these skeptics wrong. Spoken Arts sales are up. The Columbia Record Club features their product, Encyclopaedia Britannica Films distributes it to schools and colleges, the Book-of-the-Month Club has taken on the records for children, and major companies, including Columbia, RCA Victor, Vanguard, Capitol, and Decca are now bringing up the rear by expanding their spoken-word departments to give more attention to drama, poetry, and literature as well as the reliable staples of topical documentaries, nightclub routines, and comic monologues.

Dr. Klein, now forty-eight, nurtured the dreams of establishing a "library of living literature for the phonograph" when he cut his first disc in 1938 at the University of California in Berkeley, in the course of a career that had already included acting, writing, directing, and teaching. He got his first taste of theater at the University of Michigan where in his freshman year he performed a long soliloquy in Schnitzler's The Green Cockatoo in the original German. It was Schnitzler's poetry that provided the text for the first professional recording Klein made at Berkeley when he was an assistant professor in the drama department, and it was Henry Schnitzler, son of the poet and playwright, who did the speaking on the first Spoken Arts record, "The Golden Treasury of German Verse." (That anthology of thirty-eight German poems is still going strong; talking records do not seem to reach obscurity as rapidly as their musical counterparts.) Klein's wife, whom he met in France during World War II, and who holds the degree Licence-Civilités—the French equivalent of a B.A. in literature—encouraged him to follow through. Today she writes all Spoken Arts' liner notes.

Since Schnitzler, the Kleins have released hundreds of highbrow recordings of the spoken word, and even a few musical ones—"Chinese Folk Songs" and three records of the keyboard works of Purcell, for example. The library ranges from original-cast recordings of French, where the catalog ranges from the stories of De Maupassant to a two-volume "treasury" of André Maurois with the author reading from and commenting on selections from his novels and aphorisms.

The spectrum is broad, the standards lofty. And the Kleins, who used to do all the work themselves, from sweeping a tiny recording studio to pasting on the labels, boast today a staff of eight and a new, larger studio in New Rochelle, N. Y., where they also own a house and are bringing up three daughters and a son. The whole family has been pressed into service on more than one occasion. Some of the French fairy tale recordings ("Contes de Perrault," SA 787) include the voices not only of Dr. Klein's children, but of his mother-in-law as well.

On Spoken Arts, as on all labels, there is, of course, gloss amid the gold. Many of the Shakespeare condensations suffer from poor acting and dub of inappropriate music from overfamiliar classics, as well as the dubious device, when it comes to great drama, of condensation itself. There is also a tendency to be stingy about supplying texts, which can be extremely frustrating, especially with difficult poetry. On the other hand, the performance level of Spoken Arts is probably the whole, uncannily high. A sampling of recent releases embraces many of the virtues of this company's output and a couple of characteristic faults. 

EDITH HAMILTON: Echoes of Greece. SA 928. The erudite and majestic author of the best-selling The Greek Way to Western Civilization, who died in 1963 at the age of ninety-five, was recorded five years earlier at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington. C. S. Hamilton, his great godson, at the time this recording was made is evident in her old-fashioned prejudice against all modern art, from Picasso to Dylan Thomas— and the recorded sound is terrible—but when she gets going on what we can learn about living from the Greeks and Romans, the lecture is penetrating indeed.

TREASURY OF LEWIS CARROLL. Read and sung by Christopher Casson. SA 897. Mr. Casson, with his harnessed voice like sweetest honey, offers generous helpings of scenes and songs from the Alice books. The Hunting of the Snark, and even the little-known Sylvia and Bruno, read so infectiously that the competition from so keen a source as Grendon in "Nonneste Verse," with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Richard and Stanley Holloway no less—and all in top form—is matched and, during some singularly delightful stretches, almost surpassed. For all ages.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS: Gargantua and Pantagruel. SA 878. The silver-tongued Hilton Edwards conveys, with evident licking of chops, all the earthy humor and vivid action in four selections from Book I and two from Book II about the birth, youth, and fantastic sexual exploits of these two giants in the most ribald of all French satirical novels, every salty word intact.

FABLES DE LA FONTAINE. Volumes One and Two. Read by George Riquier. SA 895 and 909. These are charming readings, in French, of the famous old fables as retold in rhyme by one of the wisest and wittiest poets of the seventeenth century. M. Riquier brings the storks and foxes, mice
and lions, wolves and sheep of the instructive fables to beguiling, especially the most French of all, "Les Deux pigeons" (a saga about the horrors of travel), which may explain why most Frenchmen prefer to stay home. A French text is supplied, but an English one is sorely lacking, especially with all the archaic phrases in which La Fontaine's style abounds.

**CHRISTOPHER LOGUE: The Death of Patroclus.** Alan Dobie, Christopher Logue, Vanessa Redgrave, Terry Scully, Martin Starkie, Douglas Cleverdon, Director. SA 526. A terribly fashionable English adaptation of Book XVI from Homer's Iliad, in which the action of the assault on Troy gets muddled with broadside in fine words about the rights and wrongs of war, and the roughness of the plot stands curiously ill at ease with the fussiness of the prosody. Superbly acted, though, and brilliantly directed by Mr. Cleverdon without the intrusion of a single sound effect.

**DR. LOUIS FINKELSTEIN: Wisdom For Our Day—The Jewish Tradition.** SA 901. The chairman of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America asserts that "if Judaism did not exist it would have to be invented." In gentle, fatherly tones, he tells how, by transmitting the principles and ideals of their faith from one generation to the next, Jews in a thousand years, have supplied their children with the spiritual equipment to make moral decisions in times of crisis. He suggests that the role of religion is to imbue men not with dogmas, but with the guiding principles for right conduct.

**LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE.** E. Martin Browne and Hettie Raeburn. SA 901. A director and a schoolteacher make hush of Shakespeare, proving once again that these handmaids of the drama should stay off the stage and away from the business ends of microphones. Romeo and Juliet. At Y-a-a Lits, It, Richard III, Julius Caesar, Ant on, and Cleopatra, and The Tempest. A lemon.

**SHAKESPEARE: Songs and Sweet Airs.** Sung and read by Christopher Casson, Barbara Mc Caulghey, and Pamela Mant, SA 9010. A captivating record wherein Mr. Casson does what he is best at: playing the harp and singing, with superb assistance from the ladies. Songs and vignettes of scenes from Romeo and Juliet, At Y-a-a Lits, It, Richard III, Julius Caesar, Ant on, and Cleopatra, and The Tempest. A lemon.

In the near future, Dr. Klein promises such oppen-watching prospects for the "thoughtful" as a fifteen-record set featuring seventy-seven modern American poets from Edgar Lee Masters to John Updike, Patrick Bedford in a second volume of readings from James Joyce's Finnegans Wake (the first one was excellent), more French plays by the Comic Frenchman, a treatise of French verse with Jean Vilar, and readings from the novels and tales of Robert Louis Stevenson. Quite a prospect. The Spoken Arts trademark, appropriately, is a pair of human lips set in a particularly square and firm-looking jaw.
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Performance: Authoritative
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Fine
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 40'24"

Perhaps because it is written in a little too consciously archaic a manner, and is rather sparsely scored, Benjamin Britten’s Cantata Misericordiam, based on the Good Samaritan parable, impresses me less than the Sinfonia da Requiem, composed twenty-three years earlier in 1940. For some years display the latter is a good match for his Young Person’s Guide to the Orchestra. In its full-scale tragic effect (it was written in memory of Britten’s parents) it might be described as romantic, although there is enough that is reminiscent of Stravinsky and Prokofiev to give the work a modern cast. In contrast, the cantata, which was composed for the centenary of the Red Cross, is less obviously appealing, and does not sustain interest throughout. Britten’s direction of both pieces is certainly authoritative, and the contributions of Pears and Fischer-Dieskau (in the cantata) are on the highest level artistically. The tape processing, despite a slight lack of brilliance as compared with the disc version, is excellent, and the stereo spread is effective. The text of the cantata is enucleated-I. K.

© HANDEL: Rodelinda (highlights). Teresa Stich-Randall (soprano), Rodelinda; Maureen Forrester (contralto), Bardos; Alexander Young (tenor), Grimaldo; Hilde Rossl-Maylan (contralto), Edige; Helen Watts (contralto), Pullo; Martin Beep (harpschord continuo); Vienna Radio Orchestra, Brian Priestman cond. Westminster GRT 17102 $6.95.

Performance: Worthwhile
Recording: Mostly excellent
Stereo Quality: Widely spaced
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 60'05"

Handel’s opera Rodelinda (1725) was released complete on discs by Westminster well over a year ago. Reviewing the recording at that time, I remarked that the performance had many merits; in an excellent cast (except possibly for Alexander Young, who sounded uncomfortable in his role) the imaginative harpsichord continuo, and a reasonably stylistic approach on the part of the conductor, I say “reasonably,” because, though added cadenzas are fairly frequent, much more could have been done with da capo embellishments. Except for Bertarando’s “Dato, vii,” most of the arias are relatively unproven, but the quality of the music is remarkably high throughout. A selection of highlights may be one way of getting to know the opera’s best movements, but I prefer to have the entire score.

© MESSENET: Héroïdale (highlights). Régine Crespin (soprano), Salome; Rita Gorr (mezzo-soprano), Héroïdale; Albert Lance (tenor), John; Michel Dens (baritone), Héroïdale; Jacques Mars (bass), Phanuel: Orchestra of the Théâtre National de l’Opéra, Paris, Georges Prête cond. Thaïs (highlights), Jacqueline Brumaire (soprano), Thaïs; Michel Dens (baritone), Athémis; Christiane Gayraud (mezzo-soprano), Albina; Choeurs René Duflos and Orchestra of the Théâtre National de l’Opéra, Paris, Pierre Dervaux cond. Angel Y28 3674 511.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Locking bass
Stereo Quality: Fair
Speed and Playing Time: 3½ ips; 98'55"

Since recordings of these two operas, not to speak of local performances, are real rarities, I would be delighted that Angel has recorded these first-rate highlights sets and paired them on tape. Though there are at present two complete versions of Thaïs on discs, neither work could be had on tape in whole or in part before this release. With their pseudo-religious plots, their abundant lush melodies, and their familiar contexts (included here, of course, are the Thaïs Meditation and the familiar “Vivons, taillons” from Héroïdale), these two operas go extremely well together, and the choice of selections by and large is logical (though certainly not all-inclusive). Both casts treat the scores idiomatically and sympathetically. Individual honors go to Crespin and Dens, though Gorr and Brumaire make some notable contributions. The conducting, a little too straight-forwardly paced in both, is nonetheless good.

Both disc originals (His master was issued about three years ago, Thaïs is reviewed in this issue) boast fine sonics. On tape there is a definite lack of bass, and not even a heavy bass boost is sufficient to make it match the solidity of the disc’s bottom end. An A-B comparison also revealed a slightly punched sound in the treble of the tape version. There is distortion in few of the loudest sections of Thaïs, but this corresponds to equivalent points in the disc sound. Angel has supplied the usual supertape to enable the buyer to obtain the disc libretto. I. K.

© OFFENBACH: Les Contes d’Hoffmann, Nicola Golda (tenor), Hoffmann; Gianna d’Angelo (soprano), Olympia; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (soprano), Giulietta; Victoria de los Angeles (soprano), Antonia; Jean-Cristophe Benoit (baritone), Nicklausse; Nicolai Giauvescu (bass), Lindorf; George London (bass), Coppélius and Doctor Miracle; Ernest Blanc (baritone), Dapertutto; Michel Sénéchal (tenor), Spalanzani; Jean-Pierre Laffort (tenor), Schmilch and Luther; Robert Guy (bass), Crespel; Jeannine Collard (mezzo-soprano), voice of the mother (and second voice in Barcarolle); others; Choeurs René Duflos and Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.
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Andre Cluytens cond. Angel 35S 3667 $17.98.

Performance: Attractive
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Superior
Speed and Playing Time: 3% ips; 15" 58"

As a first complete Talks on tape, this reel is welcome, although it seems to me that the paper promise of the cast is only partially fulfilled in the hearing. Cluytens very obviously has a way with the score, but his conducting definitely lacks the charm of, say, a Beecham. Gedda is excellent, and so, by and large, are Hoffmann's three lives, of whom de los Angeles is the most impressive. Neither Blanc nor London, however, is ideal vocally for the villain's characterization. The minor roles are very competently handled, especially the buffa tenor parts of Jacques Lureau (I was quite delighted with his Frantz in the fourth act), but the use of a baritone rather than a mezzo-soprano in the part of Nicklausen, even though it is occasionally done in Europe, is not really defensible.

The orchestral playing is generally good, though not immaculately precise or tonally elegant. The reproduction on tape has lost a little of the high's to be heard on the disc version, and the bottom end is somewhat woolly, with less detail than one might have desired. One may obtain the disc libretto by sending a postcard to Angel Records in Los Angeles. But I have found that this necessitates waiting up to a month.

I. K.

COLLECTIONS

© ITALIAN ORGAN MUSIC OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

Performance: Lyrical
Recording: A shade bass-heavy
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 48'30"

These keyboard works range in style from Baroque splendor to barocè naive. The organ's bass sounds a bit heavy in the more grandioso pieces, perhaps because of the acoustical properties of the recording locale, but in the transparent Scarlatti and Pasquini works the sound is fine. The Scarlatti D Major Sonata was definitely written for organ; however, I am at a loss to discover the identity of the G Major Sonata labelled 'Longo supplement No. 57.' Since the Longo supplement contains only forty-five numbers, a real charmer is the Zipoli Ollettorium, complete with jingly symphilita.

Neither the organ nor Tagliavini's performances have for the Baroque purist (note the use of the tremolo in the Zipoli Elizazioni), but there is very little on discs in the way of Italian organ repertoire of this period, and none on tape before this release. With minor reservations, then, I recommend this tape as extremely pleasant, and it comes thoroughly delightful listening.

D. H.

ENTERTAINMENT

© HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS: Going Places! Tijuana Brass (in instruments): Tijuana Taxi; Spanish Flea; Felicia, and nine others. A AND M AMB 112 $6.95.

Performance: Asleep
Recording: Bad
Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 30' 10"

This group is making noise these days on the commercial market. Their gimmick was to add a rhythm section to a Mexican mariachi band, then do up some brainless arrangements of nothing tunes. Tabasco sauce on white bread.

The recorded sound is harsh and unclear. The band plays flat and sounds bored. I don't know if this drive will offend, but I guarantee it won't inspire.

PETULA CLARK

Raising the level of popular singing

© RAY CHARLES SINGERS: Songs for Latin Lovers. Ray Charles Singers; unidentifiable orchestra. Song of the Jet: Carnival; My Guitar and My Song; and nine others. COMMAND RS 47 886 $7.93.

Performance: Flavorless
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 34' 6"

The pure, effortless choral sound produced by groups like the Ray Charles Singers is extremely effective when used properly. In the work of Ravel or Debussy, or in numerous film scores, the sound can be celestial, eerie, or heartbreaking. In this album a group of excellent studio singers, under Charles' direction, have competently sight-read a group of four-part arrangements, producing the desired result; a bunch of pretty nothing.

These singers are too skilled to make mistakes. There are no faults in this package besides an occasional flat alto section or a thin spot in the bland harmony. The thing is as mechanically correct as an algebraic formula, and just as cold. Ray Charles has managed to scrape all the urgent beauty off Gene Lees' and Antonio Carlos Jobim's Song of the Jet until it is as gallus as a glass marbe. He tidies up all the lovely turns and
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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

@ ROBERT FARNON: Robert Farnon and His Orchestra Play the Hits of Sinatra. Orchestra, Robert Farnon cond. All the Way: The Second Time Around; All or Nothing at All; and nine others. PHILIPS PTX 600179 $5.99.

Performance: Superb
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Speed and Playing Time: 3½ ips; 33" 24"/s

Britisher Robert Farnon is to arrangers what Frank Sinatra often is to singers: a goal, a gauge. Here Mr. Farnon has arranged for orchestra a group of songs made famous by Sinatra. This new release indicates that the arranger's earlier album using songs associated with Johnny Mathis ("Portrait of Johnny Mathis," PHILIPS 600167) must have met with some success. It is reassuring to think that Farnon's records are being appreciated by people other than musicians and arrangers.

This album is better than the earlier Mathis-based album because it contains a better selection of material. Among the loveliest orchestrations here are Only the Lonely and

twists in Luis Bonfa's Carnival till it is as smooth as Naugahyde.

When you come home so staggeringlly exhausted that you cannot be inspired or pleased by anything, not even music, this album will spare you from silence. M. A.

@ PETULA CLARK: The World's Greatest Singer Sings the World's Greatest Hits. Petula Clark (vocals); orchestra, Tony Hatch cond. Never on Sunday; Volare: Have I the Right; and nine others. WARNER BROS. WSTX 1608 $5.95.

Performance: Pleasant
Recording: Echoey
Stereo Quality: Fair
Speed and Playing Time: 3½ ips; 33" 24/4".

Petula Clark sings rather well. She's had a hand in hoisting "market music" out of the trashcan and making it into something palatable with songs like Downtown. But the title of this album threw me. I'm for you, Miss Clark, but isn't it just a bit too extravagant?

Arranger Tony Hatch has come up with several pretty arrangements and a few bones for dumb-music lovers. His version of the Beatles' I Want to Hold Your Hand is especially lovely. Miss Clark continues to ride the line between commercial singing and good singing. I keep expecting her to give up the rock-and-roll manerisms when she's doing straight material. But apparently her true style lies somewhere in between the two. She must like to throw in the oom-pahs. They're not unpleasant, but they keep her from being a great singer.

The pleasure of the package is heightened by the ever-delightful liner notes of Stan Cornyn. But the recording quality is Early Earplug, better known as Commercial: lotsa echo, and muffled and unnatural, as always.

Incidentally, there's a crackerjack prize in this album for the people with good sound systems. During the interlude after Miss Clark's first chorus of I (Who Hate Nothing), someone on the date turned a puge. I'm glad the engineers left it in. It proves that musicians really are human. M. A.
All the Way (on this one, Farnon's introduction and coda are better than the song). This set was designed to serve as background music, and that it does. At the same time, Farnon's work here, with all the rest of his arranging, stands in the front line of today's writing. The recorded sound is first-rate.

JOHNNY MATHIS: The Sweetheart Tree. Johnny Mathis (vocals); orchestra, Tony Osborne, Allyn Ferguson, Allyn Ainsworth, and Lincoln Mayorga cond. Artistic Label: This Is Love: Danny Boz; and nine others. Mercury STX 61041 $5.95.

Performance: Shallow Recording: Fair Stereo Quality: Poor Speed and Playing Time: 3 1/4 ips 17" 14"

This album uses Johnny Mathis' standard format; nice songs with sugar-coated arrangements. Danny Boz, The Skin Boat Song, and the verse to Clipped Ear are the best material.

Mathis oversells vocal tricks. He curls into notes and sobs out of them, jumps into falsetto and slurs intervals. The technique is good but the placement is awful. In Danny Boz, he begins simply and well, but he chooses the gentlest moment of the song ("For you will bend and tell me that you love me") for a loud swoop and a sob. Sheer overplaying, like a young starlet twitching her lips to indicate sorrow—Ingrid Bergman can express the same emotion without moving a muscle.

It is unfortunate that Johnny Mathis settles for vocal glibness, for he has the talents of a good singer: tone, range, and control. Whence engineered this album at Mercury added far too much echo.

JAZZ

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

THE DEFINITIVE JAZZ SCENE, VOLUME TWO. Ray Charles (vocals, piano), Shirley Scott (organ), Lionel Hampton (vibraphone), J. J. Johnson (trombone), John Coltrane (tenor sax), McCoy Tyner (piano), Tommy Flanagan (piano), others. The Sweetheart Tree, Vanity/Fashion, and nine others. Impulse ITX 313 $5.95.

Performance: Superb Recording: Excellent Stereo Quality: Excellent Speed and Playing Time: 3 1/4 ips 43" 51"

Each of the artists listed above headlines one selection in this package. You know how it is with collections: you like a few and put up with the rest. But there's not a loser on this tape.

All these tracks are previously unrecorded, and were recorded between 1962 and 1964. Generally they are in medium tempo. None are hard driving except (in places) John Coltrane's D'aur Old Stockholm. Coltrane is one of the better tenor-sax players (though not the best, to my taste), and this performance demonstrates how well he can play within a tonality—when he is floating around various keys in New-Thingery fashion, it is difficult to evaluate his technique. Ray Charles in Without a Song with an earthy, unconventional sweetness that knocks me out. Organist Shirley Scott plays a melodic The Blues Ain't Nothin' but Sam's Pain, which is really a variation on Gershwin's It Ain't Necessarily So, and Lionel Hampton is delightful in In My Own Style. Oliver Nelson has written a haunting arrangement of Night Lights, with a beautiful alto-sax solo by Phil Woods. J. J. Johnson is excellent in Clipped Ear, but there is a faulty drummer and an ill-placed "quo tali-type ending.

Manny Albam's band is joyful in his Bliss, Complan, and Tommy Flanagan is warm and fragile in A Swinging I Do. Most of the sidemen are as good as the front-runners, notably Richard Davis, George Davatier, Grady Tate, Hank Jones, Jim Hall, Roger Kellaway, and Clark Terry. I had forgotten how good jazz came out of the early Sixties because I heard so much of the bad. My whole day was brightened by hearing this album. If you have the least feeling for fine jazz, I recommend it without qualification. The recorded sound is first-rate, especially on the many tracks engineered by Rudy Van Gelder.

FOLK

JOAN BAEZ: Farewell, Angelina. Joan Baez (vocals); rhythm accompaniment. The Wild Mountain Thyme, Sitting on a Cloud's Command, and eight others. Vanguard VTC 1707 $7.95.

Performance: Drab Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good Speed and Playing Time: 7 1/4 ips 42" 28"

It has been said that Joan Baez' singing is lovely but cold. Coldness is not the real problem. Her limitation is in dynamics. What are dynamics? The action of force on bodies in motion or at rest, Webster says. In music, dynamics are the carriers of emotional expression. People in the arts have long dealt with the problem of dynamics through shifts of pace and mood. Too much motion results in chaos; too little in boredom.

Folk singers like to do only what they feel like doing. Miss Baez feels like doing ballads. This indulgence robs her work of dynamic possibilities. Her show, mournful songs are not really the chances of A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall, one interesting moment in this set.) But there is no relief from them. Apparently she has never learned to sing any other way. Why do so many folk singers refuse to work on their weaknesses? Miss Baez has one other problem often mistaken for coldness: a dismal lack of humor. This is also related to dynamics. Certain songs, or phrases of songs, lend themselves to a light touch. Miss Baez is always so serious that her climaxes pass unnoticed.

The liner notes, written in image-laden stanzas by Miss Baez, are what I take to be a "poem." Some of her images are quite good; all go in several directions at once, and it is difficult to tell where they end. Few folk songs are so new on beginning ideas and letting them hang; they've all but made a religion out of lack of discipline in their work. They call that freedom. Artists call it laziness.

Joan Baez' career has been one long, uninterrupted ballad. Her voice is excellent in this album, but it sounds as if the low energy level of her performances is beginning to bore even herself. AL A.
A sizable number of today's students take recorders to their lectures instead of notebooks. Although the transistorized battery portables have eliminated the bugaboos of weight, bulk, and where to get the a.c. power, the vexing problem of how to get the lecturer's voice clearly and cleanly onto the tape still remains. Here, then, is a short guide to classroom tapping based partly on my own somewhat remote-in-time experiences but mainly on those of my school-attending friends.

The first step—and a sometimes neglected one—is to obtain your instructor's permission before you tape him. In California, I believe, it's illegal to tape without permission; elsewhere, it's just grossly impolite. Having gotten permission, you will have to figure out a way to get the mike as close in as possible. Otherwise, the lecturer's voice may be lost in a hash of echo, pencil taps, squeaking chairs, and transistor hiss. Some students have invested in directional (cardioid) microphones on the theory that the subject is in front and there's nothing but noise behind. Sitting in the front row and using such a microphone, it's easy to get tapes that are clear enough to be transcribed, if perhaps still too noisy for pleasurable listening—but then who needs high fidelity for a discussion of the uses of the French verb être?

You might ask the instructor for permission to set up the mike on the lectern, but you can run into problems there too. Beware of peripatetic professors who shuttle between the blackboard and the lectern, with side excursions to the lecture-room windows for contemplating nature—you'll find that they are "off-mike" 50 per cent of the time. I once had an instructor who always started speaking in a normal tone, from a ramrod-like position behind the lectern, and I would adjust my recording gain accordingly. But as he warmed to his subject, he would get dramatic—his voice rose to a roar, dropped to a whisper. He leaned forward to hammer home a point—and hammered it directly into the microphone; no sooner would I lower gain to compensate, than he would back off from the podium to stare commandingly at his audience—and I would have to raise my gain again quickly. I was so busy controlling my recording gain, I had no time to hear the lecture. In general, I found I was better off seated in the front row with my mike in front of me on a small stand or propped up by a couple of books than I was with the mike on the lectern. The reason for this is the "inverse-square law" which states that sound level falls off as the square of the distance. In other words, you will hear as great a difference in signal level if the instructor moves from 6 inches away from the mike to 18 inches away as you will if he moves from 6 feet away to 18 feet away.

In those cases where there is a public-address system in use in the lecture hall (and this is more and more common in the larger schools) obviously the place to install yourself and your mike is not in front of the lecturer, but in front of one of the loudspeakers. And by all means investigate the possibility of plugging your recorder directly into the p.a. system. Any jacks or terminals meant for adding additional speakers to the p.a. system will probably serve as a recording tap-off point. But again, get permission.
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announcement

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