IS "CONCERT-HALL REALISM" POSSIBLE IN RECORDINGS?

AMERICAN COMPOSERS SERIES: AVANT-GARDIST JOHN CAGE
TX pulls in music here, until now, was hisssssssss.

quality for the sake of selectivity. Wide-band also makes it possible for FM stations to sound clean and undistorted even when they overmodulate their signals.

Furthermore, dual-gate MOSFET RF and mixer stages can handle input signals varying in strength over a range of 600,000 to 1, without overload, and without the need of a Local/Distant switch. So you won't be able to tell if you're receiving a weak or a strong station even if you want to.They'll all sound the same.

Before we get off the subject of the tuner of the 500-TX, there's one more thing we'd like to mention.
The AM section. It too will bring in stations you're not used to hearing, through its use of a 4-resonator ceramic ladder filter. And even more important, it makes AM as listenable as FM-mono. Other features of the 500-TX.

In every respect, the 500-TX is the most advanced, most sophisticated product we've ever manufactured.

It's the most powerful receiver in the world, delivering 190 watts (+ 1dB) into 8 ohms. (Most receivers with high power ratings are rated at 4 ohms. Their power into conventional, 8 ohm speakers is actually somewhat lower.) With all that power you'll have no trouble driving the most inefficient speaker systems cleanly, as loud as you want.

There are four ways to tune the 500-TX. In addition to ultra-smooth manual tuning, there's also Fisher Tune-O-Matic™. This lets you preset your four favorite FM stations, and then tune to any one instantly, electronically at the touch of a button. Or you can choose to use the AutoScan™. Touch one of two buttons and the next FM station up or down the dial is automatically tuned in. Hold down either button and every FM station up or down the dial comes in, one by one. Remote control AutoScan is also possible with an optional accessory.* So you can tune in any station from your easychair or bed.

The most remarkable feature of the Fisher 500-TX is the one we've saved for last.

It costs a lot less than you might guess to go from before to after. $449.95. (Walnut cabinet, 22.95. Prices slightly higher in the Far West.)

CIRCLE NO. 44 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The Fisher 500:
on the dial wihall you could get

Fisher receivers deliver their rated output into 8 ohms, the impedance of practically all of today's speaker systems.

If you think you're familiar with the FM stations in your area, get a surprise.

The new Fisher 500-TX receiver on display at your favorite hi-fi store will pull in weak and faraway stations in your neighborhood that you've never heard before.

The 500-TX is unusually sensitive (usable sensitivity 1.7 microvolts) but that's not the main reason why it bring stations that other receive tuners pass over.

The stations you have most difficulty receiving are weak or distant stations located right next to stronger, locations. Most tuners will reject these stations completely. Others will receive them in indistinctly.

But the Fisher 500-TX was designed to receive these stations loud and free of noise and hiss.

A highly selective crystal filter IF strip makes it possible. Meanwhile, wide-band design of the IF sector ensures that there's no sacrifice in...
Before:

hissssss
After:
ANNOUNCING GARRARD'S X-10 MODULE

A complete automatic turntable with diamond ceramic cartridge installed; pre-mounted on its coordinated base, with dust cover; ready to plug in and play through table radios, FM stereo radios, budget component systems, TV sets, tape recorders, and cassette machines... $52.50 complete.

Here, now, is Garrard's latest concept in convenience... The X-10 Module. It adds the finest record playing capabilities to your home entertainment center in minutes, with a surprisingly modest investment. The entire package is pre-wired, pre-assembled, ready to plug-in and play. The X-10 contains all of the advanced Garrard innovations and features you should require in a precision record playing unit.

- Pencil-thin, ultra low-mass balanced tubular aluminum tone-arm of advanced design.

- Finest quality, ceramic stereo cartridge with high compliance flip-over diamond stylus for stereo, LP or 78 rpm records. Stylus pressure pre-set for correct tracking and excellent record reproduction.

- A convenient single lever cueing and pause control for both manual and automatic play.

- "Swing-away" overarm moves out of the way for safety when playing single records.

- Two interchangeable spindles: one long (for automatic play); one short (for manual play).

- Oversize turntable with decorative mat.

- Simplified speed and size controls. Two easy-to-use selectors. One lever sets speed and size... 33, 45, 78... 12", 10" and 7" records. The other lever selects automatic or manual play.


- Versatile, three position dust cover beautifully formed of heavy, sparkling tinted styrene. Raises off, slides off from front; raises and locks into "up" position; use in place while playing a full stack of records.

For a complimentary Comparator Guide describing the X-10 and all the Garrard models (from $37.50 to $129.50, less base and cartridge), write Garrard, Dept. AE5-9, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Garrard
World's Finest
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By WILLIAM ANDERSON

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

THE EMPEROR'S CONCERTO

HUCKLEBERRY FINN, as his fans will know, was no stranger to ideas, but was rather innocent of their literary expression. That is why, dipping into Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, he found that "the statements was interesting but tough." His observation pretty well sums up my own reaction to Richard Kostelanetz's pair of articles (last month and this) on Milton Babbitt and John Cage, two representative composers of the American avant-garde. I found the statements tough because it takes a real effort of will to follow abstract arguments to which I am (to put it mildly) unsympathetic, and interesting because they led me to put my own thoughts about what music is into more coherent form—though I am still far from calling the form a "system."

In terms of those provocative antitheses that seem to be so natural to our mental processes, I think it can fairly be said that, musically speaking, Babbitt and Cage occupy polar positions, one espousing the rational, the other the irrational, or, if you like, the cerebral ego as opposed to the visceral id, the yang as opposed to the yin. This alone gives one pause, first because I am instinctively wary of extreme positions, second because it has always seemed to me that music, uniquely among the arts, has consistently refused to take sides in this continuing confrontation, that it has rather been the communicator, the mediator, the harmonious peacemaker between these two cardinal aspects of our natures. Music that does not address itself, to a greater or lesser degree, both to mind and to senses is not music to me. Rational, organized, computerized music and irrational, unorganized, aleatory music are but half-musics.

It cannot be denied, however, that the art of music has always been one of the most accurate mirrors of the time in which it was created, nor that composers (and particularly avant-garde composers), since music is their particular business, stand a little closer to that mirror than the rest of us. The result, in the present case, is music that does reflect our time. The world is either going through or heading toward a cultural crisis (in other times it might have been called religious) that one day, looking backward, we may call the War of the Utopias. On the one hand we face a rational, cybernetic, technocratic wonderland that has already given us atomic bomb and fallout, oil slicks on the beaches of Santa Barbara, and an open sewer in Lake Erie; on the other are the irrational, unregimented, pastoral Selknamlands, the Big Rock Candy Mountains, and the Islandias that have so far given us only protests, hippies, and "doing your own thing," but that promise us, in the words of Eugene O'Neill's anarchist, that, come the revolution, we will all sit under the willow trees eating birthday cake and drinking champagne. And Babbitt, Cage, and others are already writing music, or perhaps exercises in musical perception, appropriate to these visions.

This explains, I think, why this Music of the Future (whatever that future may be) is so inaccessible to the Audience of Today, and why its composers are content to leave it that way. Babbitt spends an evening with his synthesizer turning out a one-day, looking backward, we may call the War of the Utopias. On the one hand we face a rational, cybernetic, technocratic wonderland that has already given us atomic bomb and fallout, oil slicks on the beaches of Santa Barbara, and an open sewer in Lake Erie; on the other are the irrational, unregimented, pastoral Selknamlands, the Big Rock Candy Mountains, and the Islandias that have so far given us only protests, hippies, and "doing your own thing," but that promise us, in the words of Eugene O'Neill's anarchist, that, come the revolution, we will all sit under the willow trees eating birthday cake and drinking champagne. And Babbitt, Cage, and others are already writing music, or perhaps exercises in musical perception, appropriate to these visions.

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During the past month and this, I have been reading articles (last month and this) on Milton Babbitt and John Cage, two representatives of the American avant-garde. I found the statements tough because it takes a real effort of will to follow abstract arguments to which I am (to put it mildly) unsympathetic, and interesting because they led me to put my own thoughts about what music is into more coherent form—though I am still far from calling the form a "system."

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Unique "S.E.A." Sound Effect Amplifier tone control system of models 5001 and 5003 eliminates conventional bass and treble controls. Provides individual control of the five different frequencies that comprise the total tonal spectrum; 60, 250, 1000, 5000 and 15000 Hz.

In introducing the striking all solid state 60 watt 5001 and 140 watt 5003 AM/FM Multiplex Stereo Tuner Amplifiers, JVC brings the stereo fan a new dimension in stereo enjoyment—the complete control of sound effects.

This exciting innovation is made possible through the incorporation of a built-in Sound Effect Amplifier (S.E.A.), a versatile component that divides the audio range into five different frequencies. It enables the 5001 and 5003 to be tailored to the acoustical characteristics of any room, or to match the sound characteristics of any cartridge or speaker system, functions that were once reserved for expensive studio equipment. But even without the built-in S.E.A. system, the 5001 and 5003 would be outstanding values. They offer improved standards in FM sensitivity and selectivity by utilizing the latest FET circuitry with four IF limiters in the frontend of the 5001 and five in the 5003. They both deliver a wide 20 to 20,000Hz power bandwidth while holding distortion down to less than 1%. They feature completely automatic stereo switching with a separation figure of better than 35dB. They allow two speaker systems to be used either independently or simultaneously, indicative of their unchallenged performance is their refined styling. All controls are arranged for convenient operation. The attractive black window remains black when the power is off, but reveals both dial scales and tuning meter when the power is on. For the creative stereo fan, the JVC 5001 and 5003 are unquestionably the finest medium and high powered receivers available today.

How the SEA System Works

Glance at the two charts appearing on this page. In looking at the ordinary amplifier frequency characteristics where only bass and treble tone controls are provided, you can see how response in all frequency ranges at the low and high levels is clipped off. Compare this chart with the one showing the SEA frequency response characteristics, and the difference is obvious. No clipping occurs in the SEA system. It offers full control of sound in 60, 250, 1,000, 5,000 and 15,000Hz frequency ranges from -10 to +10db. For the first time ever, you have the power to determine the kind of sound you want to hear.
When you're number one in tape recorders you don't make the number-two tape.

It costs a few pennies more. But Sony professional-quality recording tape makes a world of difference in how much better your recorder sounds—and keeps on sounding. That's because Sony tape is permanently lubricated by an exclusive Lubri-Cushion process. Plus, its extra-heavy Oxi-Coating won't shed or sliver. Sony tape is available in all sizes of reels and cassettes. And remember, Sony professional-quality recording tape is made by the world's most respected manufacturer of recording equipment.

You never heard it so good.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Rock Garden

Robert Christgau is to be congratulated for his article on rock music in your March issue. I am afraid I am one of those "secondhand" listeners and don't have a taste for the music thirty, but his discussion taught me more about what it is and what it is trying to do than either the music itself or anything else I have read on the subject. Some of the records he mentions are in my collection, and he has made it easier for me to explain to my coming friends why it is that I like the music so much.

ECHO VANCE
New York, N.Y.

Robert Christgau is to be congratulated for his article, "A Short and Happy History of Rock." The five albums you deleted from my basic library of twenty-five are not the five I would have chosen, and made it seem—does your subtitle—that I like rock less than you actually do and the kind of pop rock represented by Drummer Warwick and the Mamas and the Papas more. For the record, let me list the five albums: "Greatest Hits," Chuck Berry, Chess; "17 Original Golden Hits," Little Richard, Specialty; "The Best of the Beach Boys, Volume 2," Capitol; "Happy Jack," The Who, Decca; and "Moby Grape," Columbia. In addition, let me insist that I do not consider the Rolling Stones' "Aftermath" the best album of its kind, as your editor would have it.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU
New York, N.Y.

Being an ardent music fan, rock in particular, I was both shocked and angered to find Robert Christgau, in his article "A Short and Happy History of Rock," refer to Janis Joplin as simply the best white blues singer ever. As if to say there are two separate and distinct categories for female blues singers: black and white. Point one: anybody who has his head will find that although the blues had its roots in the black culture, it has no racial boundaries (witness England's blues revival, which sprang from the U.S.—while our current blues revival is a result of the English one?!) Point two: while Janis is undoubtedly one of the best blues performers around, this doesn't necessarily include pure vocal talents (Janis doesn't have a particularly great range, and in the upper registers, where her power lies, her voice is becoming increasingly raspy and grating.) Be the way, there is a young woman named Tracy Nelson, who sings with the group Mther Earth, who, if she matures, could undoubtedly destroy the seeming absurdities of the "Joplin myth."

STEVE EGGER
Laguna Beach, Cal.

FM Stereo or Stereo FM?

Robert Christgau is to be congratulated for his article, "A Short and Happy History of Rock," which has become more and more noticeable recently. The term "FM stereo" is backwards. It should be "Stereo FM." The implied contrast is between mono FM and stereo FM (monophonic frequency modulation and stereophonic frequency modulation) and has nothing to do with "frequency multiplexed stereo phonic," as is implied by "FM stereo." A complete phrase would be "stereo multiplex FM radio receiver" (or "tuner"), or "broadcast," any of these words can be used in this same order, as in "Stereo Multiplex, stereo FM receiver," "multiplex FM tuner," and so forth. But any other word violates the accepted word relationships of the English language.

Now is the time for the audio field to eliminate the jargon phrase "FM stereo" in favor of the good English "stereo FM." Let us begin.

PHILIP N. BRIDGES
Ashland, N.C.

We already have Radio Bridges is offered a word for every "monaural" or "FM stereo" to be used in an editorial piece.

SCHUtz

The article "The Afro-American Epoch" by Henry Pleasants in your February issue is one of the most fascinating I have read on the subject of music. I hope it helps build up a resistance to current musical narrow-mindedness. A warm breeze from Africa—and who knows, elsewhere?—can soften the arteries of the musical establishment.

However, I take exception to Pleasants' concluding remark that the seventeenth century "produced no Bachs, Haydns, Mozarts,"

(Continued on page 8)
Why BOSE eliminates woofers, tweeters and CROSSES

If you have heard the BOSE 901 Direct/Reflecting™ speaker system or if you have read the unprecedented series of rave reviews in the high fidelity publications, you already know that the 901 is the longest step forward in speaker design in perhaps two decades. Since the superiority of the 901 (covered by patents issued and pending) derives from an interrelated group of advances, each depending on the others for its full potential, we hope you will be interested in a fuller explanation than is possible in a single issue. This discussion is one of a series on the technical basis of the performance of the BOSE 901.

In other issues we describe how a multiplicity of same-size, acoustically coupled speakers eliminates audible resonances and, in addition, makes possible the unprecedented bass performance of the BOSE 901 Direct/Reflecting speaker system. But there is yet another vital benefit from this advance—the elimination of crossovers.

The best answer which had previously been found, for reproducing the full audio spectrum with dynamic speakers, was the use of a large speaker for the bass frequencies and smaller speakers for the higher frequencies, with crossover networks routing the appropriate frequencies to the appropriate speakers. (see fig.) Crossover networks, whether they are passive in the speakers or electronic in amplifiers, are generally designed so that the sum of the voltages at ‘B’ and ‘C’ is proportional to the speaker input signal at ‘A’. This would be adequate only if the speakers were themselves perfect for then we might have an acoustical signal at ‘D’ which bore a close relation to the speaker input ‘A’.

However, woofers and tweeters are far from ideal. They exhibit both phase and amplitude irregularities in the crossover region. Phase differences between the woofer and tweeter, for example, can cause the cone of the woofer to advance while the cone of the tweeter is retreating. The result is sound coloration caused by the fact that the sum of the output of the woofers and tweeters is widely varying in the region of the crossover frequencies.

Equally important, the directionality (dispersion) of a speaker varies with its diameter. Therefore, the spatial characteristics of the sound can change sharply in the crossover region as the radiation shifts from the large woofer to the small tweeter. This spatial property of the sound incident upon a listener is a parameter ranking in importance with the frequency spectrum... for the subjective appreciation of music.

The principal reason which had previously been put forth in favor of the use of crossovers was the reduction of possible doppler distortion. (When a high frequency note is emitted from a speaker core which is ‘slowly’ moving toward or away from the listener while it is also reproducing a bass note in the frequency of the higher note affected auditory?) Measurements and computations in support of this hypothesis have been based on sine waves, on one axis, in an anechoic environment. No correlation has been established between these numbers and what we hear with music and speech signals in a room. In another issue, on the subject of DISTORTION, we shall explain how we were able to prove (in an experiment which is reproducible by anyone who is sufficiently interested) that the BOSE 901, and many other good speakers, for that matter, do not produce audible doppler distortion on music or speech.

If you would like to hear the performance of a speaker with no woofers, tweeters or crossovers (and several other major advances), ask your franchised BOSE dealer for an A-B comparison of the BOSE 901 with the best conventional speakers he carries—regardless of their size or price.

*From 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', Dr. A. G. Bose, a paper presented at the 1968 convention of the Audio Engineering Society. Copies of the complete paper are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

You can hear the difference now.

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East Natick Industrial Park, Natick, Massachusetts 01760
Take a poke at your favorite FM station for $299.50

That's all you have to do to hear the new ADC FM stereo receiver with advanced Di-o-Matic push button tuning. This electronic tuning section allows you to preset any five FM stations and have music as you like it. Instantly, Effortlessly. This powerful, modularly-constructed, solid state 100 watt unit includes an FET front end for perfect FM tuning. The ADC 1000 has been carefully designed to perform at extremely low distortion. The result, at all times, is a more superior sound. Crisp. Alive. Brilliant. What's more, this professional receiver is completely engineered for greater ease, greater enjoyment, with positive, smooth action push buttons throughout plus facilities for all programming sources. For a live demo, visit your ADC dealer or write for complete information.

The ADC 1000 Push Button Stereo Receiver

Before you send money to any record club, join the best one for 3 months, free!

THE CITADEL RECORD CLUB
SYMPHONETTE SQUARE • LARCHMONT, N. Y. 10538

Please enroll me for 3 months, without charge or obligation, as a member of the Citadel Record Club. Prove to me that it is the one club with every single advantage and none of the disadvantages of all the others. I understand that I am entitled to all membership privileges, including large discounts on records of all labels, without any obligation to buy anything, ever.

Name
Address
City State Zip 775-023

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

Records of the Year

Upon receiving my February issue, I looked at the "Record of the Year" awards for 1968, and the accompanying "Honorable Mentions." It's very interesting that four of the latter—"Wheels of Fire," "Eli and the Thirteenth Confession," "We're Only in It for the Money," and "Their Satanic Majesties"—did not even come under the "Recording of Special Merit" designation in your monthly reviews during the year, and that only six out of the nineteen non-classical "Best of the Month" recordings made the year's top thirty-six. The point I'm trying to make is that logic would seem to indicate that only "Best of the Month" records could make the best thirty-six of the year, but obviously this isn't true in some cases. Therefore, how could a record make "Best of the Year" without making "Best of the Month" or even "Recording of Special Merit"?

K. M. BLAKE
Independent, K.

It is all really quite simple. To strike an analogy: a girl might very well win the prize as the prettiest girl in Ashtabula, Ohio, but end up last in a Miss World contest. So with the "Best of the Month": a record might very well win the prize as the best in any given month (a limited category), but easily end up last in the more severe competition for "Best of the Year." The logical category involved here is that of "universes": best of month and best of year are different universes, and what holds true in one does not necessarily hold true in the other.

As for the "Recording of Special Merit" distinctions, we are again operating in different universes: the first universe, which is adduced did not award the "Special Merit" tag, is controlled by the opinion of a single man—the critic who reviewed the record; the second, and larger, universe is controlled by the combined opinions of all the judging panel, of which the original critic is certainly a part, but the rest of the judges need not necessarily agree with him.

Group Listening

There are words of wisdom in William Anderson's February editorial. I have often vowed never again to play records when guests are present. I always relent. However, the record fan can take some comfort in the knowledge that even in the concert hall the same situation exists. Gerald Moore, the English accompanist, says in his autobiography...

(Continued on page 12)
Now...for the first time...a brand-new service that offers you stereo tape cartridges—at great savings!

As your introduction, choose ANY 3 8-TRACK CARTRIDGES

$5.95 FOR ONLY

if you join now, and agree to purchase as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the hundreds to be offered

YES, IT’S TRUE! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only $5.95! That’s the fabulous bargain in the brand-new Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service is offering new members who join and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO CARTRIDGE BUYING GUIDE. You’ll have no problem selecting four more cartridges because the Service offers you so many cartridges to choose from...all described in the monthly buying guide which you will receive free! You’ll find hit 8-track cartridges from every field of music—the best sellers from many different labels! You may accept the regular monthly selection...or any of the other cartridges offered...or take no cartridge at all that month.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, the Service will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you’ve received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of $6.98 (Classical, occasional Original Cast and special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

YOU GET FREE CARTRIDGES! Once you’ve completed your enrollment agreement, you’ll get a cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy! That’s like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you want...for as long as you want!

[Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808]

Please enroll me as a member of the Service. I’ve indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for $5.95, plus postage and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at regular Service price, and I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (Fill in numbers below)

Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

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SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (Fill in numbers below)

Name
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A Second Chance for Bach

One day, a couple of revolutionary composers made a decision. They wanted Bach to reach young listeners. They wanted the sound to be "now" instead of yesterday. So they stripped Bach to the bone. Threw away the musty old violins, harpsichords, etc. Then built him up again with electronic textures.


If Bach were here today he'd heartily approve.

A Revolutionary Sound. On Columbia Records
The Entremont Difference. When he plays, sparks fly. He's got it. Excitement.

You not only hear his music. You sense his being. This is the difference.

This is Philippe Entremont. Listen to his latest recordings on Columbia Records.

Elegant tone poems for the piano. A superb Chopin performance.

Wild Hungarian Gypsy tunes. Dazzling fireworks.

Thirty-five of the most loved piano pieces. Presented in a convenient three-record set. At a special low price.

*Available in 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape.
Somebody finally designed a speaker that's compatible with the human ear.

Speakers are shaped like cones, right? The existing cone type speaker was invented by A. S. Sykes in 1919. Then it was refined by C. W. Rice and S. W. Kellogg. The enclosure and bass reflex enclosure happened between 1920 and 1930. The exponential horn was developed about 1919. By 1930, the fundamentals were perfected. And today, these fundamentals are still the same.

Recently, manufacturers have tried to reproduce sound which they believe is comfortable to the human ear — thus, the advent of unreal booming bass and strident highs. And, a great many people like it that way because they think it's high fidelity (in a way, it is), but it usually isn't NATURAL sound the way it was originally produced.

With full consideration of the human ear and with the desire to produce a speaker which faithfully reproduces sounds as they were originally created, Yamaha successfully developed the NATURAL SOUND SPEAKER. It's not based on the piston motor concept of conventional cone type speakers. It's based on the fundamentals of acoustic musical instruments such as the piano, guitar or violin. The quality of sounds produced are directly correlated to the acoustical design of their sounding boards. The sounds are called RENDING MOTIONS of sound, and they are natural sounds.

Following the concept of acoustical bending motions of sound, Yamaha developed the Natural Sound Speaker. Its construction is entirely different from that of a conical type speaker. It has a rigid diaphragm constructed of a specially formulated polystyrene. The entire edge of the speaker is firmly fixed on a frame.

What about the unusual shape of our speaker? Well, a grand piano isn't exactly round. Like we said, the Natural Sound Speaker operates on the same concept as the sounding board of a grand piano, violin or guitar. They are shaped the way they are for a very good reason and so is the Yamaha Natural Sound Speaker. Tests show that a symmetrical design (round, rectangular, square, triangular, etc.) gives rise to degeneration in the vibration modes at specific frequencies.

In summary: The tone quality of the Natural Sound Speaker is uniquely natural. The design of the speaker provides for a virtual omnidirectional effect (rather than having the sound blast with a tunnel effect — common with many conventional speaker systems) yet, a full and distinct stereophonic effect is retained.

The Yamaha Natural Sound Speaker brings more live and psychologically pleasing sounds to the human ear. Listening fatigue is reduced to a minimum, if not eliminated entirely.

The specifications:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Impedance</th>
<th>Power capacity</th>
<th>Tone control</th>
<th>Speaker</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>NS-15</td>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>30 watts</td>
<td>Continuous Variable</td>
<td>Natural Sound: 13 x 17&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>20 watts</td>
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<td>Continuous Variable</td>
<td>Cone: 2&quot;</td>
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<td>Natural Sound: 11 x 15&quot;</td>
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<td></td>
<td>15½ lb</td>
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<td>Weight</td>
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</table>

Sounds good to me.

Other Yamaha products include pianos, skis, motorcycles, guitars.

CIRCLE NO. 65 ON READER SERVICE CARD

Horowitz's Rachmaninoff Third

In regard to the review (Best of the Month, February) of Horowitz playing the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto, I am surprised that no reviewer, including Igor Kipnis, has pointed out the serious, and to me embarrassing, error Horowitz committed in the last movement (see page 60 of the Ross-Aitken and Hawkes piano score). When I first heard it, I did a double-take—I just could not believe my ears. I have recordings of Horowitz (and Rachmaninoff, too, for that matter) making mistakes, but never anything like this, which involved several measures of wrong notes. And Horowitz got back on the track. Collectors may look for such oddities as others seek imperfect postage stamps, but this does not serve the cause of music.

Saul Kreiger
Silver Spring, Md.

Mr. Kipnis replies: "The passage Mr. Kipnis refers to—about turn-arounds of the way through the final movement—lasts all of seven seconds. In the days of 78's, such lapses were sometimes repaired and sometimes cut—this one was apparently not thought by the artist to be important enough to correct. Personally, going toward a question of whether or not to revise a performance containing flaps of this sort, I think the recordings of such pianists as Horowitz, Cortot, Moiseiwitsch, and Flebot-Hirsch, et al., all 'score the cause of music' much better than the note-perfect recordings of many of our 78-type pianists today. In the context of a great performance, I don't think such flaws matter at all."

Bjoerling

I am puzzled by William Flanagan's remarks in his review (February) of a tape recissie of various Jussi Bjoerling recordings. He seems to think that the tenor forced himself to sing in a way not natural to him, so as to compete with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Victoria de los Angeles, whose smaller-scaled operatic delivery Mr. Flanagan approves and seems to recommend reticently for Bjoerling, do not possess voices with anything like the power the latter has.

To those who admired him, the one thing he is most liked for is his combination of power and finesse. Every time I hear a tenor inferior to Bjoerling (and to me they all are, except for Caruso and McCormack), I wish with that he were still around to show that high-power vocalization is not synonymous with bellowing. For breathtaking beauty of tone, power, and artistic integrity, other than shrewd self-aggrandizement, give me Bjoerling. He never had to drive his voice; anyone who heard him in concert can testify that the tone poured out with consummate ease.

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Flanagan about Bjoerling's "subtle style." But if he had sung only music requiring great subtlety, he would never have sung opera at all, at least not Italian Romantic opera. What a grievous loss that would have been! We Bjoerling-lovers may be a "cult," as Mr. Flanagan says, but we don't love his singing despite the path he chose. With a voice of that size, what other one could be reasonably picked?

David Pierce
Atlanta, Ga.

I would like to express my appreciation for William Flanagan's extremely perceptive review of the Jussi Bjoerling tape collection in your February issue. His remarks about Bjoerling and Victoria de los Angeles, who are high on my list of favorite singers, have given me a whole new insight into the art of opera singing in particular, and musical style in general.

This review, and many others of Mr. Flanagan's, seem to me to be on the highest level of reviewing—a listener with considerable musical knowledge and a keen and experienced ear setting down in clear English what he has heard and his opinion of it as a guide for less knowledgeable listeners. I would very much like to read Mr. Flanagan's review of a standard-repertoire opera or a routine vocal recital.

G. A. Craig
Willowdale, Ont.

Gottschalk's Grave

I claim membership in the ranks of Gottschalk enthusiasts, and I, like Mr. John W. Barker, Jr., whose letter appeared in your "(Continued on page 11)"

---

Yamaha
7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California

Audio Products Division

Dimensions:
Hight: 231/2" Width: 16½" Depth: 71/2" Weight: 22 lb

For more information on Yamaha products:

CIRCLE NO. 66 ON READER SERVICE CARD

STEREO REVIEW
Most receivers that cost about $200 are severely compromised. If they have reasonable power, they lack features. If they have features, their power is usually marginal. And most $200 receivers are less than elegant looking. The kindest thing you can say about them is that they are adequate. For $200, we don't think adequate is good enough.

So we've introduced our Nocturne Three Thirty. It's beautiful. It has big power. (90 watts, 1HF, ±1 db.) Ultra-wide-band sound. A truly sophisticated AM/FM tuner. And every important feature you could possibly want in a receiver. Like function indicator lights. Defeatable contour. Headphone receptacle. Tape monitor switch. And front panel switching for stereo in two rooms, separately or at once. (The Three Thirty has enough reserve power to drive 4 speaker systems without stress or distortion.)

The Three Thirty is at your Harman-Kardon dealer now. See and hear it soon. We think you'll agree that it delivers a degree of excellence never before available at such a modest price.

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HANDEL-HARTY: WATER MUSIC SUITE; MUSIC FOR THE ROYAL FIREWORKS/LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/DORATI

IRVING: K Nr. 3, LISZT: FANTASIA IN F MINOR, OPUS 49/ LANDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, ANTAL DORATI conducting

BERLIOZ: KING KAROL RECORDS

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Amityville, N. Y.

BOOKSPAN FAN

It is my observation that critics of Martin Bookspan—such as Mr. Charles Margolis (Letters to the Editor, December 1968)—overlook the unique contribution he makes to his avid readers, in which category I place myself. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Bookspan has made no claim to critical infallibility, but has only attempted to present us with a well-rounded repertoire of recordings of some of the best classical music. At the present time I own some 150 classical recordings, ninety of which were bought as a result of my reading Mr. Bookspan's "Basic Repertoire" articles. I have often compared, and sometimes preferred, other versions of some works Mr. Bookspan has reviewed, but I feel that he has yet to pass off a real dud as worth buying. For myself, and I am sure for a multitude of other readers, the "Basic Repertoire" is an invaluable service that has introduced us to the glories of modern recorded classical music.

ROBERT W. MEALS

APQ San Francisco, Calif.

BRAND NEW?

In his review of the album "Signals Through the Glass" by John Stewart and Buffy Ford (December), Rex Reed stated that they were "brand new talent." I think many Kingston Trio fans were hurt to find that John Stewart, after singing in this top group for four years, had gained so little recognition. I think John deserves it.

JOHN PARI

Meriden, Conn.

GENIUSES AND BAD DAYS

Judging from his review of the new Klemperer recording of Mozart's Serenade in C Minor (February), it is inconceivable to William Flanagan, as a fairly young composer, that a genius such as Mozart may ever be a genius in his "occasional" works like the serenades. Also, Mr. Flanagan, it is so.

Those fops and flirts who chattered through such serenades as the "Haffner," the "Posthorn," and the one for thirteen winds probably just had short attention spans. Mozart merely just had short attention spans. Mozart always had a little more to say than most other composers. In 1947, when Amityville, N. Y., became curious about his grave (January), I sent an inquiry to the superintendent of the Green Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn, and he sent me a map of the cemetery. Several days later I visited the grave and took a photo of the gravestone much like the one that appeared in your January issue.

Since my visit, I have contacted Mr. Felix Curcio, president of the Native New Yorkers Historical Association, with regard to installation of a suitable commemorative plaque at the grave site, in time for the centennial of Gottschalk's death in December of this year. Mr. Curcio has advised me that the cost would be $100 to $150 plus $25 for installation. Those interested in contributing may send inquiries to Mr. Felix Curcio, President, Native New Yorkers Historical Association, 503 W. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011.

JOHN PARISI

Meriden, Conn.
If you are prepared to regard sound reproduction as an experience, and if this experience could possibly be worth $2000 plus to you, read on.

This is the story about an epic sound system. An all-out, damn-the-expense sound system. Extravagantly priced and extravagant in performance.

Three Sony TA-3120 solid-state stereo amplifiers deliver more than 300 watts of audio power with distortion low enough to be virtually immeasurable.

The control center: the professional Sony TA-2000 preamplifier. Typical of its credentials: IM distortion well under 0.1% at any input; dynamic range of 80dB, more than enough to reproduce the full loudest-to-softest sound range of a symphony orchestra. Controls and conveniences: A brace of VU meters, tone controls with 11 discreet switch positions, tone-control cancel switch, level set controls at each input, stereo outputs that can be adjusted to suit the needs of different power amplifiers, etc.

The Sony TA-4300 solid-state electronic crossover is the heart of the ideal multi-channel system. Operating between the pre-amp and the 6 power amplifier sections, it feeds each speaker only the range it has been designed to reproduce.

The program sources: The ST-5000 FET stereo tuner with the Sony solid-state i.f. filter that never needs realigning brings in stations that never seemed to exist before. The TTS-3000 servo-controlled turntable rated by High Fidelity Magazine as having "the lowest rumble figure yet measured (-77dB)" and the PUA-286 transcription arm track records flawlessly.

Enjoy an epic experience. Audition the $2001 system. Sony Corporation of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

1 TA-3120 amplifiers, $249.50 each; TA-2000 preamplifier, $329.50; TA-4300 crossover, $199.50; ST-5000 tuner, $449.50; TTS-3000 turntable, $149.50; PUA-286 arm, $99.50; cabinet for 5001, $24.50.
Mr. Flanagan replies: "I find myself surprised by the widely held theory that any work bearing the name of Mozart---on Bach, or Beethoven---is to be taken as a facilitating masterpiece. Genetic I submit, also have their bad days, and we are entitled to them, like the rest of us. No matter how indubitably they make their marks on history, we do them no service by pretending that this is not the case.

"An criticism of the cult of complexity that has affected new music for two decades now is less a criticism of 'stuffy modern composers' or of complexity per se than of the fact that it has reduced attractive, smaller talents into sterile attempts to make grand claims. Nowhere is this more evident than in the mode of many of Mozart's occasional pieces that I object to, rather than their comparatively glibness and predictability, I see no self-contradiction."

"Finally, there is nothing in the least unusual about my 'deploying the fact that modern composers crowded out' the classics. I concede that I do brassy, but not only, at Mr. Martin implies, because of vocational identification with the frustrations of the living composers. I think this kind of 'cruising out' denotes laziness on the part of those who pretend to listen to music seriously, that it is a sure way of writing him to the point that he can use his kind of notation that does not serve the classics. Unless, of course, the listeners it like Mr. Martin, whose love of the classics beguils a curiosity about new music. He, may be a rare and more valuable kind than he realizes."

**Jelly Roll**

"Congratulations to Rex Reed for his review of Willie and the Red Rubber Band's 'Tale of Blue Willie' (February). I had no idea that he was one of us. A jelly roll to him!!"

**"New" Mozart Requiem?**

"I am sure mine is not the first letter you have received about Eric Salzman's very thoughtful and appreciative review of the "new" recording of Mozart's Requiem on Telefunken S/S 3059. (Best of the Month, January). The performance is not mine, it was issued on a domestic pressing back about 15 years ago. The new price on Telefunken (steres TCS 1805.5) But it is nice to have it back in a superior pressing.

Robert Fisher

Gainesville, Fla.

**"Switched-On Bach"**

"If Eric Salzman had bothered to read the liner notes to the album 'Switched-On Bach' instead of Columbia's Pepsi-generation promotion, perhaps he would not have missed the point of the album in his review (January). The relegation of this recording to the status of an equipment test record does Walter Carlos and his associates an injustice.

This album shows a great deal of creativity, and I for one believe that such a serious effort should not be dismissed as a parody."

Michael J. Feldman
Durham, N.C.

**Bach's Stops**

"The answer by David Stevens to reader Larry P. Fair's letter in your November issue is confusion further compounded. Where on earth did Mr. Stevens get the notion that 52-foot pedal ranks are 'not for Bach'? Bach used the organs at his disposal, and not a few of them had 52-foot ranks. Both the Douai and Ulm organs at 52-foot pitch were known in Germany from the third quarter of the sixteenth century on. The palace in Weimar had a 52-foot Grossunter-Zuge. The famous Silbermann organ in the Dresden Frauenkirche had a 52-foot Postiere and Bach took pride in its 'wondering bass' in his report after inspecting the organ for the city fathers. The Johanniskirche in Lüneberg has a 52-foot Postume built in 1551. If these weren't for Bach, his predecessors, and his models, for whom were they built? The 'Romantic period' Mr. Stevens mentions was a century and more in the future; the Germans were clever, but prophetically including stops for the music of Franck and Guilmant is giving them too much credit for foresight.

Robert M. Strippy

Wheeling, Ill.

Stereo Review
press comment on the

AR-3a

American Record Guide
(Larry Zide)

"In choral works and other music of relatively 'heavy' content, the AR-3a simply eliminates any mid-range lack of clarity . . . I find myself repeating what I said in 1959 (about the AR-3). The AR-3a . . . easily succeeds its prototype as a speaker that I consider 'as close to musical realism in the home . . . as the present state of the art permits.' In a word, it's superb."

HIGH FIDELITY (Norman Eisenberg)

"Our reaction on first hearing the AR-3a was [an] . . . enthusiastic one which has not diminished after weeks of listening . . . in normal use, predominantly fundamental bass is evident to about 30 Hz . . . Tones in the 13 to 14 kHz region can be heard clearly at least 60 degrees off axis . . . at [high] levels, the speakers sounded magnificent . . . On any material we fed to them, our pair of AR-3a's responded neutrally, lending no coloration of their own to the sound."

HiFi/Stereo Review (Hirsch-Houck Laboratories)

". . . the best speaker frequency response curve we have ever measured using our present test set-up . . . virtually perfect dispersion at all frequencies — perhaps the most non-directional forward-facing speaker we have ever tested . . . AR speakers set new standards for low-distortion, low-frequency reproduction, and in our view have never been surpassed in this respect."

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS (Bernard Jacobson)

". . . I have heard many stereo setups, both professional and non-professional, in my time, but this is the most unobtrusive . . . the most faithful, record reproduction I've ever heard."

The AR-3a is priced from $225 to $250, depending on cabinet finish. Literature is available for the asking.

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Circle 145 on reader service card

- **Bogen**'s Model DB200 AM/stereo FM receiver has a music power output of 75 watts and a continuous power output of 30 watts per channel into 4 ohms. Other specifications of the amplifier section include 0.5 per cent harmonic distortion at full output, and a power bandwidth of 20 to 20,000 Hz. The FM-tuner section, which has an FET front end and ceramic filters in the i.f. section, has a sensitivity of 1.5 microvolts (IHF), a capture ratio of 1.9 dB, selectivity of 60 dB, and 38 dB stereo separation at 1,000 Hz. FM detector distortion is 0.3 per cent. The controls include four pushbuttons for input selection, and there are pushbuttons for stereo or mono mode, loudness compensation, a.c. power on/off, and local and remote speakers on/off. Volume, balance, bass, and treble are all slider-type controls. The tuning meter functions as a signal-strength meter on AM and a center-of-channel meter on FM. Overall dimensions of the receiver in its oiled-walnut enclosure with walnut side panels are 16 1/2 x 12 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches. Price: $279.95.

Circle 146 on reader service card

- **Audio Dynamics** has introduced the "ADC 25 Stereo Pickup System," comprising a stereo phono cartridge and three different stylus, each intended to provide optimum performance from records cut with different groove depths and shapes. The cartridge is of induction-magnet design and has a frequency response of 10 to 24,000 Hz ±2 dB. The interchangeable stylus are color coded as follows: 0.3 x 0.7 mil elliptical (red), 0.3 x 0.9 mil blue (blue), and 0.6 mil spherical (white). Recommended tracking force is between 1/2 and 1 1/4 grams. The compliance of all three stylus is 35 X 10^-6 centimeters per dyne. Channel separation is 30 dB from 30 to 12,000 Hz, 20 dB from 12,000 to 24,000 Hz, and the output is 1 millivolts at a recorded velocity of 5.5 centimeters per second. Price of the cartridge and three styls: $100.

Circle 147 on reader service card

- **Switchcraft's** K130 Music-Adapt Kit contains seventeen different connectors and adaptors suitable for interconnecting almost any microphone, amplifier, and electric musical instrument. Included are both male and female Cannon-type connectors, "Y" adaptors, and phone plugs. The assortment is packed in a compartmentalized plastic box. List price: $56.

Circle 148 on reader service card

- **Pioneer** has announced the Model SE-50 two-way stereo headphones with a rated frequency response of 20 to 20,000 Hz. Two drivers are used in each earpiece, a 3-inch cone for bass and mid-range and a Mylar-daphragm tweeter for the treble. Maximum power-handling capacity is 1/2-watt per channel. Each earpiece has individual volume and tone controls. The headphones come with a 12-foot coil cord terminated in a standard three-conductor stereo phone plug. Price, including a satin-lined, leather-grained storage case: $49.95.

Circle 149 on reader service card

- **Lafayette's** Model RK-870 solid-state, quarter-track stereo tape deck has a frequency response of 40 to 18,000 Hz ±3 dB at 7 1/2 ips and 40 to 12,000 Hz at 3 1/2 ips. Other specifications of the three-speed (7 1/2, 3 1/2, and 1 7/8 ips) machine include wow and flutter of less than 0.2 per cent r.m.s. at 7 1/2 ips, a signal-to-noise ratio of 50 dB, and 1.5 per cent distortion at a recording level of 0 VU. The deck has three pairs of stereo inputs: high- and low-level auxiliary, and microphone. A single large lever controls the transport. There are separate record pushbuttons, record-level controls, and illuminated record-level meters for each channel. A three-digit, pushbutton-reset counter and a stereo headphone jack are also provided. Overall dimensions of the deck in its oiled-walnut base are 12 3/4 x 10 3/8 x 6 inches. Price: $119.95.

Circle 150 on reader service card

- **Sony's** top-of-the-line stereo FM receiver, the Model STR-6120, has a power output (continuous) of 60 watts per channel into either 4 or 8 ohms. The FM-tuner section has a field-effect-transistor front end and solid-state ceramic filters in the i.f. section. Specifications of the tuner section include a sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts (IHF), a capture ratio of 1 dB, and a signal-to-noise ratio of 70 dB. Stereo (Continued on page 24)
Which of these comparably priced, top-quality speakers utilizes the new principle of electronic suspension?

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"HI-FI STEREO REVIEW"

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"MODERN HI-FI & STEREO GUIDE"

If you can believe the advertising, unequaled values in stereo receivers abound everywhere. Almost every receiver ad claims to offer more of everything for the money—more power, more features, more sophisticated circuitry, better performance... and so on. Not that we don't do the same ourselves. But with all these claims, it's becoming harder than ever to decide on a receiver. Who can you believe then? Well, we took our receivers to the experts to find out what they had to say. Their unbiased findings are summed up in the comments above. Now who do you think offers the finest value in stereo receivers?

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A. Assuming that your new solid-state amplifier has a slightly better signal-to-noise ratio than your old amplifier, the way to make your hook-up is as follows: connect your turner, record player, and main speakers to your new amplifier in the conventional way following the manufacturer's instructions. The signal-output (monitor) jacks from the tape recorder should also be connected to the new amplifier in the normal way, but do not connect the leads from the new amplifier's tape-output jacks to the recorder. Instead, connect a pair of signal leads from the tape-output jacks of the new amplifier to the auxiliary-input jacks on the old amplifier. The leads from the tape-output jacks on your old amplifier should be connected to the high-level (auxiliary, etc.) inputs on your recorder. Of course, the old amplifier's input-selector switch should be set permanently to the auxiliary position. All controls will function normally, except that tape-monitoring switching must be done at the old amplifier, rather than the new one.

Turntable Wow and Flutter

Q. I've heard that if you compare two turntables, the one that comes with the heavier platter should show much less wow and flutter than the other with a lighter platter. But isn't it also true that a few record players with comparatively lightweight plat- ters have better wow and flutter figures than others with heavier platters?

GENE TRANCK
Los Angeles, Calif.

A. The weight of the turntable plat- ter is not by itself a determinant of wow and flutter. The turntable plat- ter mass is established in conjunction with the type of system used to drive it. Obviously a very heavy platter will be too massive to be driven by a low-torque motor and a very light platter will have too little inertia to help stabilize (by the flywheel principle) a motor that does not have inherent short-term speed sta- bility. Our laboratory reports do not give the impression that a heavier platter in one brand of turntable automati- cally achieves better results than another brand using a lighter platter. Incidentally, factors other than the drive system can cause wow and flutter. For example, if the dimensions or the location of the record player's spindle or the concentricity of a disc's center hole is off by 0.005 inch, this will cause about 0.2 per cent wow and flutter.

Because the number of questions we receive each month is greater than we can refer to individually, all those questions selected for this column can be answered. Sorry!
How to build a better tape recorder.

ESP Automatic Tape Reverse. A special sensing circuit indicates the absence of any recorded signal at the end of a tape and automatically reverses the tape direction within ten seconds.

Non-Magnetizing Record Head. Head magnetization build-up—the most common cause of tape hiss—has been eliminated by an exclusive Sony circuit, preventing any transient surge of bias current to the record head.

ServoControl Motor. Automatically corrects for speed variations and maintains precise timing accuracy. Vari-speed feature of motor can be adjusted up or down to match musical pitch of tape playback to any piano.

Noise-Suppressor Switch. Special filter eliminates undesirable hiss that may exist on older prerecorded tapes.

Scrape Flutter Filter. Special precision idler mechanism located between erase and record/playback heads eliminates tape modulation distortion. This feature formerly found only on professional studio equipment.


Sony Model 560D. Priced under $349.50. Also available: The Sony Model 560 Tape System with stereo control center, stereo pre-amplifier and stereo amplifier, microphones, and lid-integrated full-range stereo extension speakers for less than $449.50. For your free copy of our latest tape recorder catalog, please write to Mr. Phillips, Sony/SuperScope, Inc., 8146 Vineland Avenue, Sun Valley, California 91352.

You never heard it so good.
If you're the man we think you are,
this is the camera you should own.

You enjoy owning fine things—matched, premium quality high fidelity components, for example. When you buy something, price is secondary to value. In your own way, you live a pretty interesting life, and because you do, we think you'll be interested in our camera.

It's the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic, an uncommonly good 35mm single-lens reflex. So good, it's the world's best-selling fine camera.

The Spotmatic is compact, lightweight, and a joy to handle. It features uncannily precise through-the-lens full-format exposure control, superb optics, brilliant human engineering, and magnificent workmanship. The result is a camera that produces professional-quality pictures, yet it's remarkably easy to use.

With a great Super-Takumar f/1.4 lens, the Spotmatic costs about $290, depending upon accessories. See it soon at your Honeywell Pentax dealer's, or mail the coupon for complete literature.

Honeywell takes the guesswork out of fine photography.

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CIRCLE NO. 30 ON READER SERVICE CARD

By HANS H. FANTEl

AUDIO BASICS

THE COMPACT CONCEPT

In the years since they first appeared, compact stereo music systems have achieved remarkable popularity. As a species, the compacts fill the wide and hitherto unbridged gap between ordinary phonographs and the more exalted and generally more expensive sphere of component stereo. Their simplicity makes them an attractive buying option, particularly for those who are primarily concerned with convenience and are short on technical interest.

Until the advent of compacts, quality sound reproduction had been the exclusive pleasure of those willing to give room to an array of components—and willing to give time to the technical complications of setting up sophisticated audio equipment. Compacts have made good sound more accessible by eliminating the problems of component matching and connection. And while their performance is somewhat short of the available maximum in high fidelity, it is nonetheless musically satisfying.

The design of compacts is primarily the outgrowth of solid-state technology and its inherent potential for miniaturization. Transistor circuits have made it possible to fit a fairly powerful amplifier with full control facilities, a record changer, and in some cases a stereo FM tuner—all in a single unit of modest dimensions. This central module harboring all of the "works" is not much bigger than the record changer alone. All the buyer need do is plug in two speakers and—voilà—the stereo system is complete. Indeed, setting up a compact system is hardly more "technical" than plugging in a lamp, and this ease of installation appeals to people who are by nature wire-shy. Such buyers are also pleased by the fact that compact systems are usually sold complete with a pair of speakers, relieving them of the agony of having to make their own decisions in matching up components. This quasi-package approach may deprive hard-core audiophiles of their favorite sport, but it has opened the realm of faithful sound reproduction to the technically untutored or disinterested. The obvious drawback of a compact system, of course, is that you cannot replace one component at a time. But if you are not normally given to experimenting with different components, or constantly upgrading your system, you may not consider this a serious handicap.

Some compact systems are available as luggage-style portables, but most of them are walnut-finished, stay-at-home models. The sonically heftier compacts boast anywhere from 60 to 85 watts music-power output, which will fill even a big room with sound. Because of the size limitation of their speakers, the sound of most compacts—with some exceptions—is not spectacularly full-bodied in the very low registers, but in most cases it is clean, well-balanced, and adequate for nearly all kinds of music.

Compacts are produced both by the high-fidelity industry and by firms making ordinary radios and phonographs. As might be expected, sonic quality is usually superior among the high-fidelity brands since they are produced to better specifications. Many models offer full component features, such as headphone jacks and jacks for connecting a tape recorder. And some even have built-in tape cassette recorders. With prices ranging from about $200 to over $500, there is little doubt that compacts offer, if not the very best in sound, at least a justifiable compromise.
the 1969 Ampex stereo tape catalog
for everyone who owns a tape player/recorder

It's all hear—the most complete selection of pre-recorded stereo tapes ever put between two covers... for your open reel, 4-track cartridge, 8-track cartridge and cassette player/recorder.

In 160 pages this entertainment guide lists over 5,000 selections from more than 65 different recording labels. Pop, rock, folk, soul, jazz, classical and spoken word selections, too... all categorized by type of music and listed alphabetically by artists for easy reference. Included are informative articles written by the leading authorities in the music and entertainment fields.

Mail to: Dept. S-70-1, P.O. Box No. 7340 A, Chicago, Ill. Please send me the 1969 Ampex Stereo Tape Catalog. Enclosed is 50c.

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GET YOURS TODAY! FOR YOUR COPY SEND 50c NOW!
Someone beat you to the coupon? That's okay. Write Dept. S-70-1, P.O. Box No. 7340 A, Chicago, Illinois.

CIRCLE NO. 4 ON READER SERVICE CARD
If the sound is good enough for him

The man at the console is an audio engineer at Bell Sound Studio in Hollywood. Here they record commercials: the full range. You've heard a lot of them. It's an exciting business and a competitive one. So they've got to be right.

The Bell Studio has over half a dozen of our "The Voice of the Theatre®" speaker systems. The Bell engineers know their Altec speakers can take anything that's shoved at them from the quietness of Marvin Miller to the decibelic blare of acid rock. Perfectly.

The basic secret is the 15" LF speaker and the 18" massive cast aluminum sectoral horn. Only Altec speakers have them. The same speakers you'd find at Paramount Pictures, Columbia Records, Disney Studios, Cinerama Theatres. And you get those same "The Voice of the Theatre®" components in the Valencia and Flamenco speaker systems shown below.

Nothing has been compromised. The only difference is the decorative solid walnut enclosure. Because it looks nicer in your living room.

Altec "The Voice of the Theatre®" systems, in several styles, are at your Altec dealer.

Altec Lansing, 1515 South Manchester Ave., Anaheim, Calif. 92803.
EQUIPMENT SPECIFICATIONS 1: In our test reports on stereo components, we are constantly faced with the problem of communicating with readers who, though they may be quite knowledgeable in this field, are for the most part not technically oriented. So far, our best solution has been to provide in each report a mixture of measurement results and subjective comments. No doubt the technical data we supply is disappointingly sparse for some readers and confusing, if not incomprehensible, to others.

It is obviously impractical to re-explain in each report the significance of the various tests. In past "Technical Talk" columns, I have described our test procedures in some detail, but this does not answer the obvious questions of the average reader: "What does this measurement mean? How does it relate to what I hear?"

I propose to discuss in detail, in this and subsequent columns, the significance of the specifications applicable to all types of audio components. In particular, I will comment on what I believe to be the minimum performance required to meet the needs of users in various situations and with varying degrees of audio sophistication.

I realize that this is a tall order, and in most cases the opinions expressed will be solely those of Hirsch-Houck Laboratories. Over the years, numerous efforts have been made to define the term "high fidelity," with a singular lack of success. This being the case, it is not surprising that there are no industry standards, or even recommendations, for categorizing the performance of different grades of components in respect to their "fidelity."

It is logical to assume that when a manufacturer offers a number of similar components — receivers, cartridges, speakers, etc. — spanning a considerable range in price, there will be measurable differences between the various models. But it is frustrating to attempt to deduce the real significance of these differences from the published specifications, even when the specifications are both available and honest. For example, a typical line of stereo receivers may have rated FM sensitivities from 1.6 to 2.2 microvolts and power outputs from 65 to 150 watts. One might infer from these figures that the more expensive models (all other factors being equal) will receive weaker or more distant FM stations and will play at higher volume levels without distortion. This may be true — but then it may not! The data as supplied are insufficient to support any firm conclusions.

Such factors as an FM tuner’s limiting characteristics, distortion, i.f. bandwidth, multiplex circuit design, and capture ratio may be even more important than its sensitivity in determining its ability to meet your listening needs. As a matter of fact, a 50 per cent increase in FM tuner sensitivity will rarely be detectable by the user, even on rather weak signals, if there are no other improvements in the tuner’s performance. In my estimation, such a sensitivity increase by itself would hardly be worth a $10 higher price, yet a manufacturer would probably charge far more than that.

As for amplifier power-output ratings, few aspects of a high-fidelity system’s performance have been more confused by competitive advertising claims and flexible industry standards. For example, with the loose rating systems employed at present, it is quite possible for a rigorously rated "65-watt" amplifier to be far more powerful than someone else’s loosely rated "150-watt" amplifier. I will deal with this subject in detail in a future column.

In the record-player area, there is now a fiercely competitive market, with numerous "automatic turntables" being sold at prices ranging from quite low to very high. The advertisements for most of these units are honest, as far as they go. Unfortunately, most of them reduce to the claim that "ours is better than the others," which is difficult to support by objective evidence. It is my opinion that the major differences between many of the competing record players lie in features that do not lend themselves readily to numerical definition. For example, the design of the tone arm’s finger lift has much to do with its suitability for manual operation, and there are great variations to be found in this simple, nonspecifiable feature. Some are excellent, but others appear to have been added as an afterthought by a designer who had obviously never tried to place a pickup on a record by hand.

One final comment is in order. There is no objective "best" in the sense that there is one component that is ideal for everyone. Any individual’s choice of components is influenced by aesthetic and economic considerations, by the acoustic environment in which they are to be played,
by special interests such as tape recording or hunting for distant FM stations, and by his technical background, to mention only a few factors. For example, replacing the amplifier in a simple, low-cost phono system with a super-powerful, ultra-low-distortion amplifier costing several times as much as the entire system will probably not significantly improve the sound. Can the new amplifier be said to be "better" than the original one, if no difference can be heard? Probably not, as I see it. As in all human activities, a modicum of common sense and good judgment goes a long way when selecting components for a high-fidelity system.

~ EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS ~

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

SONY STR-6050 AM/STEREO FM RECEIVER

- When we received the Sony STR-6050 stereo receiver for testing, we did not know its price. It looked expensive, having the same fine finish, tasteful styling, and smoothly operating controls that we have encountered on other Sony audio components. Before making any measurements, we listened to it for a time and estimated its price from its general performance. Our guess was about $120 higher than its actual selling price, which should give some idea of what an excellent value this receiver is.

The STR-6050 is an AM/stereo FM receiver, rated at 75 watts (total music power) output into 8-ohm loads. It is thoroughly modern in its circuit design, with FET's in both AM and FM front ends for low cross-modulation and high sensitivity. In the FM section, the usual i.f. transformers have been replaced by six ceramic filters that never require alignment and provide excellent selectivity characteristics. The latter was amply demonstrated in use tests, where we were able to receive, without a trace of interference, weak stations that were only 200 kHz removed from powerful local stations.

The STR-6050 has one of the best FM interstation-noise muting systems we have seen. The receiver remains silent even after the tuning meter has reached its maximum reading, and it switches on with a barely perceptible thump when the tuning is correctly centered. The automatic stereo switching appears to operate equally smoothly, with a total absence of noise bursts when tuning through signals. The STR-6050 has a tuning dial that is unique among receivers in its price class. Its calibration is linear across the entire FM band and is extremely accurate. This is one of the few tuners, at any price, whose dial calibration is precise enough to permit one to tune it to a desired station solely by using the dial markings before turning it on. Furthermore, the tuning "feel" is smooth and light.

The Sony STR-6050 has the customary control flexibility of a modern receiver, with switching for two pairs of speakers, headphone jack, pushbutton loudness compensation switch, bass and treble tone controls, and a mode switch with positions for stereo, reversed stereo, L + R, and either L or R channels through both outputs. Instead of separate volume and balance controls, the STR-6050 has concentric volume controls with slip-clutch knobs. Normally, we are not enthusiastic about this type of arrangement, but in this receiver the two sections track so closely that there is never any need to adjust them individually as volume is varied.

Three lever switches control the high-cut filter, interstation-noise muting (which has a factory-set 5-microvolt operating threshold), and tape monitoring. The function (input) selector is the lever switch/rotary switch combination that has become an identifying feature of Sony components. Most input selection is done with the three-position lever switch whose two outer positions are for AUX 1 and PHONO inputs. In its center position, the input is selected by the four-position rotary switch, with settings for AUTO STEREO and MONO FM, AM, and an AUX 2 high-level input that receives its signals through a front-panel stereo phone jack. This provides a convenient way of connecting an occasionally used high-level source such as a portable tape recorder to the system. In the rear of the receiver is a five-pin DIN (European) connector that duplicates the normal tape-input and -output jacks. There is also a single unswitched a.c. convenience outlet.

Obviously, the Sony STR-6050 is an exceptionally complete and well-conceived receiver. It was soon apparent to us that listening performance had not been compromised to achieve a low price. Our laboratory measurements indicate that the STR-6050 audio amplifiers are slightly less powerful than those of the deluxe receivers it so closely resembles. Although it is rated at 30 watts (continuous power) per channel, this figure is evidently based on operating only one channel. With both channels driven, we felt that 25 watts per channel was a more realistic continuous-power rating.

At this power, distortion was less than a few tenths of 1 per cent over much of the frequency range, increasing to 1 per cent at about 100 and 18,000 Hz. At lower frequencies, it could not deliver full power at low distortion. However, at half power, the distortion was only slightly over 0.1 per cent from 40 to 10,000 Hz, and less than 1 per cent at 30 and 20,000 Hz. At 2.5 watts, a more normal (Continued on page 40)
match your auto-turntable to the quality of a Sherwood 6000

The No-Compromise “Sound Center” for Limited Space.
Now get maximum performance in a mini-space! Sherwood's new 6000 is the full-feature, 120-watt music power AM/FM “STEREO SOUND CENTER” that provides unlimited choice of matching components. Choose any automatic turntable—any magnetic cartridge. Mount perfectly on the pre-cut oiled walnut cabinet. Choose any speaker. Big or little, low or high efficiency. Your Sherwood 6000 has the power to spare for clean, pure, wall-to-wall sound. Compare features. FET FM tuner for ultra-sensitivity. Front-panel tape dubbing and headphone jacks. Stereo and mono extension speakers. As the high-performance heart of the finest component system, the Sherwood 6000 takes no more space than “compromise compacts.” It's the modern solution to big sound in small space. Features: 120 watts music power, 1.8 µH of sensitivity, -95 db crossmodulation rejection, automatic FM stereo switching, zero-center tuning meter, front and rear panel tape inputs/outputs, mono speaker output. Perfect match for your 6000—Sherwood's new Berkshire II speaker system: slim 9" deep cabinet with 12" woofer, 5" mid range, 160° “omni-polar” tweeter, 28-22,000 Hz response.

 Sherwood

INNOVATORS IN FINEST QUALITY TUNERS / AMPLIFIERS / RECEIVERS / SPEAKERS
4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618
Write Dept. 5R

*Any of the Dual (current models) or Garrard SL55 or SL65.
The Miracord 620 and 630 four-speed record changers are basically similar units, offering most of the features and performance of the highly regarded Miracord 504 at considerably lower prices. The most obvious difference between the 620 and the 630 is the color of their pushbuttons and minor trim details—flat black on the 620 and polished chrome on the 630. Closer inspection reveals that the cartridge slide of the 630 has an adjustment screw in its end, which moves the cartridge within the slide for exact overhang adjustment. A retractable stylus-positioning gauge on the 630 chassis provides an index point for setting the overhang. (The cartridge position is also adjustable on the 620, but this must be done during installation by aligning the stylus with two points on the underside of the slide.)

As far as we could determine, there is only one other difference between the two units: the turntable platter of the 620 is of aluminum or other nonferrous metal, and weighs about 2.5 pounds; the 630 platter is a heavy, dynamically balanced casting, weighing about 4.5 pounds. In all other respects—motor, changing mechanism, tonearm design—the two players appear to be identical.

The feather-touch pushbuttons that have been a feature of all Miracord record players make them very convenient to operate. Pushing one of the three buttons (marked 7, 10, and 12) initiates the playing cycle and indexes the

equalization was quite accurate, within +0. -2 dB from 30 to 20,000 Hz. The high-cut filter, which operated above 10,000 Hz, had negligible effect on either signals or noise. Hum and noise were —70 dB or better, referred to 10 watts, on both the high-level and phono inputs.

The FM tuner had a measured IHF sensitivity of 2 microvolts, which is the manufacturer's rating. The rated FM distortion (with 100 per cent modulation) was a low 0.4 per cent, which is approximately the residual distortion of our test instruments and at most signal levels that is exactly what we measured.

The FM frequency response was ±2 dB from 30 to 11,000 Hz, with a sharp notch at 19,000 Hz that is designed to remove any trace of the stereo multiplex pilot signal from the outputs. Stereo separation was about 30 dB from 300 to 7,000 Hz, and had a much more uniform separation characteristic than we have observed on most tuners and receivers. This probably results from the good phase-shift characteristics of the flat-topped ceramic-filter i.f. response. We operated the Sony STR-6050 with low-efficiency speakers, with no audible lack of power. It was one of the most enjoyable, easy-to-tune, and sweet-sounding receivers we have had the pleasure of using. Even its AM tuner (which we did not measure) has a pleasing quality and was not plagued by the usual whistles and "birdies."

As mentioned earlier, we had grossly overestimated the price of the Sony STR-6050, basing our guess only on listening tests and the unit's appearance. It sells for $279.50, and we have seen some receivers costing $100 to $200 more which we would not choose in its place.

For more information, circle 157 on reader service card.
The portable Concord F-400
a superb stereo tape deck

combines cassette handling convenience with record and playback performance comparable to some of the finest reel-to-reel units. How? A newly engineered transport mechanism and an electronically-controlled capstan rotor that all but eliminate the wow and flutter bugs. Plus narrow ap, flux-field heads for wide range frequency response. Has inputs for recording live, off-the-air, from records or from reel-to-reel tapes, or other program source. And outputs for playback thru external speakers, or thru your own home system power amplifier and speakers.

Operates on batteries as well as AC. So you can also enjoy it away from home. Make live recordings on field trips, get-togethers—indoors, outdoors—anywhere. (Has VU meters, or you can use the automatic record-level control.) Or you can entertain with pre-recorded cassettes, or your own. Has built-in stereo power amplifiers and matched stereo speakers.

The portable Concord F-400
a superb tape recorder

from the world’s finest stereo receiver...

comes the world’s finest stereo tuner...

and the world’s finest stereo amplifier...

for the man who already owns a fine something or other.
Heathkit® AR-15

Every leading electronics magazine editor, every leading consumer testing organization, and thousands of owners agree the Heathkit AR-15 is the world’s finest stereo receiver. All give it top rating for its advanced design concepts and superior performance... all give it rave reviews such as these:

..."an audio Rolls Royce"... "engineered on an all-out, no compromise basis"... "can’t recall being so impressed by a receiver"... "it can form the heart of the finest stereo system"... "performs considerably better than published specifications"... "a new high in advanced performance and circuit concepts"... "one that would match the superb overall performance of the Heath AR-15"... "top notch stereo receiver"... "its FM tuner ranks with the hottest available"... "hard to imagine any other amplifier, at any price, could produce significantly better sound"... "a remarkable musical instrument."

The Heathkit AR-15 has these features: exclusive design FET FM tuner for best sensitivity; AM tuner; exclusive Crystal Filter IF for best selectivity; Integrated Circuit IF circuit for best limiting; 150 watts music power; plus many more as shown below.

Kit AR-15, $339.95; Assembled ARW-15, $525; Walnut Cabinet AE-16, $24.95*

Heathkit® AJ-15

For the man who already owns a fine stereo amplifier, and in response to many requests, Heath now offers the superb FM stereo tuner section of the renowned AR-15 receiver as a separate unit... the AJ-15 FM Stereo Tuner. It features the exclusive design FET FM tuner with two FET r.f. amplifiers and FET mixer for high sensitivity; two Crystal Filters in the IF strip for perfect response curve with no alignment ever needed; two Integrated Circuits in the IF strip for high gain and best limiting; elaborate Noise-Operated Squelch to hush between-station noise before you hear it; Stereo-Threshold switch to select the quality of stereo reception you will accept; Stereo-Only Switch rejects monophonic programs if you wish; Adjustable Multiplex Phase for cleanest FM stereo; Two Tuning Meters for center tuning, max. signal, and adjustment of 19 kHz pilot signal to max.; two variable output Stereo Phone jacks; one pair Variable Outputs plus two Fixed Outputs for amps., tape recorders, etc.; all controls front panel mounted; “Black Magic” Panel Lighting... no dial or scale markings when tuner is “Off”; 120, 240 VAC.

Kit AJ-15, $189.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95*

Heathkit® AA-15

For the man who already owns a fine stereo tuner, Heath now offers the famous stereo amplifier section of the AR-15 receiver as a separate unit... the AA-15 Stereo Amplifier. It has the same deluxe circuitry and extra performance features: 150 Watts Music Power output... enormous reserves; Ultra-Low Harmonic & IM Distortion... less than 0.5% at full output; Ultra-Wide Frequency Response... ±1 dB, 8 to 40,000 Hz at 1 watt; Ultra-Wide Dynamic Range Preamp (98 dB)... no overload regardless of cartridge type; Tone-Flat Switch bypasses tone controls when desired; Front Panel Input Level Controls hidden by hinged door; Transformerless Amplifier for lowest phase shift and distortion; Capacitor Coupled Outputs protect speakers; Massive Power Supply, Electronically Filtered, for low heat, superior regulation... electrostatic and magnetic shielding; All-Silicon Transistor Circuitry; Positive Circuit Protection by current limiters and thermal circuit breakers; “Black Magic” Panel Lighting... no dial or scale markings when unit is “Off”; added features: Tuner Input Jack and Remote Speaker Switch for a second stereo speaker system; 120/240 VAC.

Kit AA-15, $169.95; Walnut Cabinet AE-18, $19.95*
numerous similarities between the 620 and 630. The arm
has a tracking error of less than 0.6 degree per inch of
radius, typical of well-designed arms of its size. The track-
ing-force dial had an error of 0.15 to 0.25 grams over
most of its range, readings less than the actual force. How-
ever, if the counterweight is set so that the arm balances
about 3 degrees above horizontal, the tracking-force dial
 calibration is then almost perfectly accurate. According
to our tests, the anti-skating force dial should be set about
2 grams higher than the tracking force for best tracking.
This is not a critical matter, but by following the manu-
facturer's instructions one does not obtain the full benefit
of this feature.

The four-pole induction motor had good speed stability.
Over a line-voltage range of 90 to 135 volts, a barely
perceptible, and quite negligible, change in speed could
be observed. The rumble level of both turntables was very
nearly the same, which is not surprising in view of their
identical drive systems. The combined vertical and lateral
rumble was -30 dB according to NAB standards. When
the vertical rumble was cancelled by paralleling the two
channel outputs, the 630 had a rumble of -32 dB. This is
not quite as low as the much more expensive Miracord
50H, but is quite inaudible in normal listening situations.
The real difference, reflecting the difference in the mass
of the two turntable platters, was in the wow and flutter
measurements. The lighter 620 had a wow of 0.25 per
cent at 162.5 rpm, 0.15 per cent at 331/3 rpm, and 0.07 per
cent at the higher speeds. Its flutter was 0.15 per cent at
162.5 rpm, 0.08 per cent at 331/3 rpm, and about 0.05 per
cent at the higher speeds. These are acceptably low fig-
ures at 331/3 rpm and the two higher speeds. Wow and
flutter should be of little concern to anyone who has occa-
sion to use the rare 162.5-rpm speed.

The heavy cast platter of the 630 dropped the wow to
0.07 per cent at 162.5 rpm, 0.05 per cent at 331/3 rpm,
0.04 per cent at 45 rpm, and 0.025 per cent at 78 rpm.
The flutter was about 0.05 per cent at all speeds. Not only
are these negligible values, but they are about as low as
we have measured on any turntable.
The Miracord 620 sells for $89.50 and the 630 sells for
$119.50. Apart from styling considerations, the essen-
tial difference between them is the heavier turntable of
the 630, which gives it very low wow and flutter figures.
Whether this is worth the additional $30 is a matter for
the individual user to decide according to how critical his
needs may be. We could not hear the 0.15 per cent wow
of the 620 at 331/3 rpm, so that from our listening stand-
point, the two units were identical in performance. In
either case, one can be sure of getting a well made, flexi-
ble, and easy-to-operate record player.

For more information, circle 158 on reader service card

(Continued on page 48)
Capture the sounds of excitement wherever you go!

ROBERTS Model 610X...a truly portable stereo tape recorder with Cross Field Head!

A gondola ride in Venice... a barrel organ in Amsterdam... or perhaps the sultry melancholy of a Fado singer in the darkness of Lisbon's "Alfama." Capture fleeting moments of delight in living stereo with the incredible ROBERTS Model 610X. Small enough to carry anywhere... powerful enough to catch every nuance... professional enough to delight the critical audiophile, the Model 610X operates on battery or AC current... boasts 4-speed operation, with unbelievable quality even at $\frac{3}{16}$ ips... permits up to 12 hours of stereo recording, 24 hours of monaural, on one 7" reel!

All with the ROBERTS flair for excellence, the same high quality sound made possible by the famous ROBERTS Cross Field Head! Take this miniature marvel everywhere you go... and bring home a treasure of sounds to remember by.

4-Track Stereo/Monaural Play/Record • 3 Heads, including Cross Field Head • 4 speeds (7$\frac{1}{2}$, 3$\frac{1}{4}$, 1$\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{15}{16}$ ips) • Re-chargeable Storage Battery or AC Operation • Built-in Battery Charger • Two built-in Speakers • Remote Speaker Jack for Plug-in Speakers • Two VU Meters • Two Dynamic Microphones with Stands • 7" Reel Adapters Priced at $329.50

The Pro Line
ROBERTS
Div. of Rheem Manufacturing Co.
Los Angeles, California 90016
CIRCLE NO. 50 ON READER SERVICE CARD

MAY 1969
cent at 50 Hz, but was under 0.1 per cent from 70 to 20,000 Hz. At half power, the distortion was under 0.5 per cent from 50 to 20,000 Hz, and at one-watt power it was under 0.3 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz.

The amplifier frequency response was flat within ±0.5 dB from 30 to 20,000 Hz, with rather typical tone-control characteristics. The RIAA phono equalization was accurate to ±0.5, -3 dB. Hum and noise were 71 dB below 10 watts on aux, and 67.5 dB below 10 watts on PHONO inputs, both quite inaudible. (The 10-watt reference level was used to facilitate comparison with other equipment we have tested, although this amplifier could not deliver 10 watts.) The SR-157SU amplifier could be driven to 5 watts output by a 44-millivolt signal on aux, or 2.6 millivolts on PHONO inputs. It delivered about 15 per cent greater power output into 4 ohms, and about 40 per cent less into 16 ohms, compared with its 8-ohm level.

The SR-A100TU AM/stereo FM tuner is a matching component for the SR-157SU amplifier. It has an illuminated slide-rule dial, flanked by a tuning meter and three colored indicator lights. These identify the reception mode—green for FM and white for AM. A red light indicates reception of a stereo signal. The selector switch has positions for AM, FM, FM-AFC, and FM-STereo. The AFC (automatic frequency control) is always on in the stereo mode. Stereo/mono switching is automatic in the latter condition, but noisy stereo reception can be quieted by switching the tuner to mono.

The SR-A100TU tuner has an r.f. stage, three i.f. stages, and a ratio detector. A separate AGC (automatic gain control) rectifier following the second i.f. stage supplies control voltage to the i.f. amplifier. The multiplex demodulator uses a doubler (full-wave rectifier) to convert the 19-KHz pilot carrier to the required 38 KHz. There is an SCA filter and very effective 15-KHz low-pass filters in each channel's output. The selected program source is amplified slightly by a single transistor stage and supplied to the output jacks at a 10,000-ohm impedance level.

The rated FM sensitivity of the Standard SR-A100TU tuner is 5 microvolts, and we measured it as 4.9 microvolts by IHF standards. Its residual mono distortion with fully limited 100 per cent modulated signals was about -8.5 dB at 1 per cent. This is slightly higher than we normally measure on more expensive tuners, but is certainly not excessive or even usually noticeable during listening. The limiting curve is very gradual, with a substantial increase in audio output as the signal strength is increased from a few microvolts to about 20 microvolts. The audio output is low (about 0.4 volt) but well matched to the requirements of the amplifier.

The stereo FM performance of the SR-A100TU is generally very good. Its frequency response is ±2 dB from 30 to 15,500 Hz, falling off rapidly at higher frequencies owing to the effective low-pass filters. Little trace of a subcarrier or other undesired signal appears in the outputs, which makes the unit fine for recording off the air. Stereo separation is better than 30 dB at mid-frequencies, and better than 15 dB from 30 to 9,000 Hz. We found one flaw in the stereo performance of the SR-A100TU. At signal deviations greater than 60 kHz, noticeable waveform rounding could be seen on an oscilloscope. This did not occur in mono operation. Fortunately, the rounding is gradual, and program peaks rarely exceed this level of modulation on most FM stations. In any event, we never detected this distortion in listening to FM broadcasts.

The AM-tuner section is quite simple. Its built-in ferrite antenna is actually located within the cabinet; this is a much more attractive arrangement than the usual protruding rod and is made possible by the all-wood cabinet. There is a local oscillator/converter, two i.f. stages, and a diode detector. Separate diodes supply AVC and meter-control signals. The AM section was at least as good as those we have seen on 90 per cent of the stereo receivers tested in recent years, and better than most. In spite of its bandwidth restrictions, it always sounded clean and quite free of noise.

The overall internal construction of the SR-A100TU is neat and simple. Except for the power supply, the parts for the entire tuner are assembled on a single printed-circuit board, with a component density resembling that of a typical small transistor radio.

We listened to the tuner and amplifier feeding several medium-price speaker systems, in the $55 to $125 range. The sound was excellent, and in fact could not be distinguished from that of much more expensive receivers driving the same speakers to the same levels. This is to be expected, since the distortion and other characteristics of the SR-157SU amplifier are very good up to its 4- to 5-watt maximum output. At normal listening levels, this is more than enough to drive moderately efficient speakers—including a top-rated model whose manufacturer recommends 15 watts of amplifier power. Of course, low-efficiency speakers cannot be used, nor can any speakers be played at very loud volume levels with a 3-watt amplifier.

Nevertheless, we had no difficulty developing clean sound at levels that made conversation difficult.

Although the SR-A100TU tunes easily and has satisfactory selectivity and immunity to cross-modulation, its dial is calibrated rather vaguely at 4-MHz intervals. Locating a desired station in a crowded FM band can be a frustrating experience. Aside from this, the SR-A100TU handled and sounded fine, both on mono and stereo. Its sensitivity (4.9 microvolts) proved to be more than adequate for our location. Most stations we hear are within 30 miles, and they were received well with an indoor folded-dipole antenna. It came as no surprise that weaker or more distant stations (particularly those transmitting in stereo) were not received as well as with more expensive and more sensitive tuners.

Each of the Standard units sells for $69.95, including the walnut cabinet. The SR-157SU amplifier and SR-A100TU tuner plus a pair of speakers in the $50 price range can form a very fine AM/stereo FM system for less than $250, or perhaps $300 if a low-priced record changer and cartridge are included. Such a system should compare more than favorably in sound quality with a typical "compact" system at the same price, and could offer styling and installation advantages. Both units are excellent values, and we consider them completely qualified to form the nucleus of a fine low-cost music system.

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Perhaps it’s because I’ve been told one too many times that the Beatles have written songs as good as Schubert’s, but I find myself beginning to take a lot of popular music very seriously these days. Of course, there are a lot of different ways of taking something seriously. One can take things on their own terms, or on what they seem to say their own terms are. If a song is ostensibly entertainment, one can take it seriously as entertainment, enjoy it, praise it, or say with Queen Victoria that “we are not amused.” One can take popular music seriously from a more professional point of view, and examine, in painstaking detail, the craftsmanship that has gone into it. One notices a new ingenuity in the handling of an overworn thirty-two-bar song form, or a splendid example of what my poet friend Arnold Falleder once referred to as the “inspired doggerel of lyric writers.” Or one listens to an inventive interpreter—such as Judy Garland once was—sing a familiar song in a way that no one has ever sung it before, and finds the new interpretation both natural and inevitable. These are legitimate ways of evaluating things—and I think I have always had that sort of sympathy for the medium—but the way I, among many others, am taking popular music seriously today is something else again.

To compare the Beatles and Schubert—no matter the results of the comparison—is to say that there is no difference in intent between them, and this is revolutionary. For Schubert belongs to the realm of “serious” music, and there has been, historically, a line of separation between “serious” and “popular.” Serious music was meant to last; popular was not. Serious music was written down; popular music, for centuries, was not. Eventually, popular music also was transcribed, but in such a form that it took a man of the time, completely versed in the intricacies of the style of the time, to recreate it from the score. The phonograph record changed all that; without it, it is doubtful that such musical comparisons as began this column would ever have taken place. The phonograph record gives a degree of immortality to any music engrossed upon it, and preserves for an interested, or bored, posterity the very things whose absence in the printed score, whose unreliability in the oral tradition, made popular music the evanescent thing it has always been accepted as until now.

Overestimation of the Beatles—and you may decide for yourself if such a word is just—has done at least one terribly important thing: it has minimized and perhaps already destroyed what had come to be a very illegitimate and artificial distinction between different kinds of music. One can now allow musics to be different in the ways that they are without referring them to some previously set-up ground rules for classification. And so the Beatles, in a sense, have allowed me to listen seriously to popular music, and to look for artistry where I will.

But there are enough people fulsome-ly praising the Beatles for me not to, and I say that out of no small respect for their songs, no little admiration for their inventiveness. Similarly, others who take themselves so seriously today, who feel themselves, in competition with Schubert and Mahler, Callas and Kipnis, singing for the ages, have each of their supporters laying praises at their feet. So, with my newfound freedom to take unserious things seriously, I would like to distribute a few wreaths where no one else is looking today, to some of those who, perhaps, never took themselves seriously in this sense at all, but whose past work, through the accident of the phonograph record, is around for re-evaluation, while that of the favored minstrel of courts gone by has long since faded into oblivion.

Strangely, perhaps, it was not the Beatles at all who got me started on this line of thought, but a singer of a generation before mine (I grew up knowing and loving her as a comedienne). Fanny Brice. I listened to a reissued record of her singing My Man. I heard it two or (Continued on page 52)
Read any good warranties lately?

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For popular and serious music can, very frequently, be weighed on the same scale of values. There is nothing inherently more virtuous in one than the other, and neither is there any more reason to make excuses for ineptitude in one field rather than the other. And if I were to say, some time, that I prefer Billie Holiday to Mirella Freni, but Lukas Foss to Bill Evans, maybe someone will give me credit for comprehensible evaluations instead of accusing me of idiotically mixing things up.

I think Noel Coward was a great artist, and I think he did write some songs as good as Schubert's. I think Joan Baez is a great artist, and I think she sings some songs as well as anyone can sing a song. I'd certainly give her old recording of East Virginia a better shot at artistic immortality than any Metropolitan Opera star's Red Seal rendition of Carry Me Back to Old Virginia. I think Bessie Smith was a great artist, and Billy Strayhorn, and Marlene Dietrich, and Lizzi Massary. For artistry is artistry wherever you may find it. And if I were asked to choose one single voice to recall, one voice to bring back to me the joys of my life, the realities and the dreams of my time, I might go gratefully past the names of Baker, Schwarzkopf, Schumann, Lehmann, Schuschnus, Fischer-Dieskau, Dancou, and others I cherish, and choose, perhaps... Edith Piaf.
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AVANT-GARDE IN LONDON

By HENRY PLEASANTS

It seems virtually certain, as seen from London, that 1969 will bring unprecedented moments of truth for contemporary music. And it seems equally certain that a principal arena of the struggle will be London.

Why London? First, because London, thanks to the policies of the BBC and the Arts Council of Great Britain, has for many years been more hospitable than any other capital to the avant-garde. Second, because London, with four daily and three Sunday newspapers giving extensive coverage to musical events, and six musical periodicals to boot, has an enormous number of critics and musical journalists—about seventy, by my count. And, third, because in Great Britain, in contrast to the United States and Germany, everything is essentially concentrated in one city.

Much of what we have heard here in the last six months of 1968 has been so "far out" or "outlandish" that some of the leading critics, in their year-end summations, were asking: when is music not music? And if the new music is not music, is it nevertheless still serious art, possibly a new art form?

The situation has been further confused by the tendency of a minority to find artistic virtues in some aspects of pop. William Mann, critic of the London Times, whose interest in pop goes back to Presley and Bill Haley, astonished his colleagues—and outraged most of them—by selecting the latest Beatles album as the musical event of 1968.

Let me emphasize that when one talks about contemporary music in London these days, it is not about Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartók, Berg, Hindemith, and Webern. Their works are taken for granted as classics—and not much played. The big names are Stockhausen, Ligeti, Kagel, Pousseur, Cage, Berio, Pekman, Babbitt, Xenakis, Mayuzumi, etc. In this company even Pierre Boulez is a Puccini.

What brought things to a head was a performance, in late November, of Stockhausen's Aus den sieben Tagen, with the master himself at the controls. When the sounds the critics heard while seeking their chairs well before the scheduled starting time, and which they took to be mike testing, turned out to have been the first number, there was general consternation and dismay.

It was too much, obviously, for Desmond Shawe-Taylor, critic of the Sunday Times. "Modern critics," he wrote the following Sunday, "are said to suffer from a Hanslick complex: that is, from a fear of voicing distaste for the latest genius. All right, Hanslick, here I come!" And there were other critical expressions of disenchantment.

Not that there hasn't been worse. We have had Cornelius Cardew's Daybreak, for example; John Warrack described it thus in the Sunday Telegraph: "In one corner, a few musicians occasionally toyed with a note, in another someone played with lights, on the stage a man wrapped up a music stand in silver paper, took off his shoes and ate an apple, while two baggy clowns flicked ping-pong balls at each other."

The high (or low) point may have been reached when a group called Gentlemen of the Quiet Pavement sought to render audible the brain waves of a certain John Bucklaw by feeding his encephalogram into an electric machine. The machine didn't work.

There is literally no end to such things. I have a stack of clippings half an inch high. And now we are all awaiting Stockhausen's Stimmung, recently heard in Paris. It includes a series of erotic poems by Stockhausen himself. Roger Smalley, reporting in the Times, gives this example: "pee pee ree pee/over my tree/let it gently run/God—is that waaaaaaaarm!"

According to Mr. Smalley, a frequent and enthusiastic participant in such sequences, to criticize this piece would be "more a demonstration of one's spiritual poverty than of one's musical perception... It is, quite simply, the revelation of an unknown world."

Not everyone would agree. But neither can everyone agree about anything else, except that things are at a pretty pass. At one extreme are those who concede that this is no longer music in any traditional sense but insist that it is serious art. Others can go as far as Boulez but stop short of pure electronics and "chance." Finally, at the other extreme, are those who see an exit in pop. They scare the hell out of everybody. Colin Mason, editor of the Boosey & Hawkes quarterly Tempo, sounds the alarm in the January issue:

"Some recent writing about pop music has reached such dizzy heights of foolishness that... it is almost impossible for mockery to go further.... The function of serious music, whether or not that function is successfully filled by what composers are producing today, is fundamentally different from that of pop music, and it is only due to a poverty of linguistic discrimination that they are both known by the same generic name."

Strong words! But then feelings are running strong. Traison is implied, if not precisely articulated. And I shall be surprised if, by the end of the year, London critics are still speaking to each other.
What's a Casseiver? Just a quicker way of saying Cassette/Receiver. Scott's new 3600 is an ultra-sensitive 82-Watt FM stereo receiver. It's also a professional cassette recorder with a digital counter and individual record and playback meters. And it's all in one beautiful long low cabinet.

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by MARTIN BOOKSPAN

THE BASIC REPERTOIRE

Item One Hundred Thirteen

In this sketch by Josef Teltscher, probably done in the summer of 1827, are (l. to r.) Johann Jenger and Anselm Hüttenbrenner of the Styrian Music Society in Graz, and Franz Schubert. It was at this period that Schubert was dubbed "Schmammert" ("Tubby").

Schubert’s

SYMPHONY NO. 5,
in B-flat Major

That Schubert’s "Unfinished" Symphony languished unknown for nearly a half-century in the possession of his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner, the director of the Styrian Music Society in Graz, Austria, is a well-known fact of music history. But the "Unfinished" was not alone among Schubert’s works in suffering this fate: the six symphonies that preceded it also lay unknown and unperformed for years after their composition, even though all of them had received performances (under rather special circumstances) when they were new.

Schubert composed his First Symphony for performance at the Konoriki, the choir school in which he resided between the ages of eleven and sixteen. There, as leader of the school orchestra’s violin section, he was a vital cog in the institution’s musical activities. He left the school in 1813, when his voice changed, but by then he was already launched on a life of composing and performing.

When he returned to his father’s house, he found an environment of almost continual music-making: the Schubert family held regular musical evenings, and before long they were joined enthusiastically by neighbors and friends. Their numbers soon became too large for the rather cramped quarters in the Schubert house, however, and the group transferred its musical evenings to the much larger home of a music-loving merchant named Frischling. Here, with the addition of wind players, they were able to tackle some of the smaller symphonies of Pleyel, Rosetti, Haydn, and Mozart. According to Schubert’s friend Sonnleithner, "by the autumn of 1815 they were already sufficiently well trained for a number of listeners to enjoy being present as well."

Sonnleithner continues: "Because of this, however, the space was once again too cramped, and at the end of 1815 they transferred to the house of Herr Otto Hatwig (a former member of the Burgtheater orchestra and a sound orchestral leader)." Schubert produced his Second, Third, and Fourth Symphonies for the Hatwig group, and one can only imagine with what relish the new works must have been anticipated and received.

In the fall of 1816 the Hatwig players were ready for another new symphony from Schubert, but certain of the instrumentalists were not going to be available because of personal or business reasons—the trumpet-playing brothers Johann and Josef Nentwich and the timpanist Peter...
Schubert, von Secret. Schubert obligingly tailored the scoring of the new symphony, his Fifth, to accommodate the absence of these musicians—it has gentler, more lyrical contours than its predecessor, and is sometimes referred to as the "symphony without trumpets or drums." It was performed for the first time in the autumn of 1816 at one of the Hatwig evening gatherings, but it did not get a public performance until nearly sixty years later, when it figured at a concert in London's Crystal Palace on February 1, 1873.

Sir Donald Francis Tovey singled out the Fifth Symphony as "a pearl of great price," and he wrote an affectionate appreciation of it:

The whole first movement is full of Schubert's peculiar delicacy; and its form escapes stiffness like a delightful child overawed into perfect behavior, not by fear or priggishness but by sheer delight in giving pleasure.

The slow movement reaches a depth of beauty that goes a long way towards the style of the later Schubert; especially in the modulating episodes that follow the main theme. The main theme itself, however, is a Schubertized Mozart... seriously beautiful, and the first change of key is unmistakably romantic, like those in Schubert's grandest works.

Any minuet for small orchestra in G minor, loud and vigorous, with a quiet trio in G major, must remind us of the minuet of Mozart's G Minor Symphony. But Schubert's is much simpler. Its rhythms, though free enough, are square, just where Mozart's are conspicuously irregular; and where the only rustic feeling in Mozart's trio is that given by the tone of the oboes, Schubert's trio is a regular rustic dance, with more than a suspicion of a drone-bass.

The finale is in first-movement form, with a binary-form theme on Mozart's models.

In briefly characterizing Schubert's Fifth Symphony, Alfred Einstein wrote: "... this chamber symphony is more harmonious and in many respects more original than its predecessor, and from the point of view of form the Finale is perhaps the purest, most polished, and most balanced piece of instrumental music that Schubert had yet written."

Eleven recorded performances of the score are listed in the current Schwann catalog, with a twelfth just issued (I have not heard it) in a Schubert-symphony series led by Yehudi Menuhin. The Fifth presents relatively few problems of interpretation—the conductor can opt for a reading that emphasizes either the lyrical charm of the music or its underlying quality of restless adventure. Most of the conductors who have recorded the score tend toward the latter, with Toscanini's version (RCA Victrola VICS VIC 1311, electronic stereo) the archetype of this approach. For myself, I find it difficult to live with this kind of driving, relentless performance, but Toscanini's disc is to be avoided in any case because of its excruciatingly thin and harsh sonics, courtesy of the attempt to stereo-ize the sound. It is to Georg Solti's recording (London STS 15008) and Lorin Maazel's (Deutsche Grammophon 138685), and Bruno Walter (Columbia MS 6218, ML 5618), both Beecham and Walter imbue the music with light and warmth; both have no hesitation in lingering over a phrase that gives them particular pleasure, and both coax their orchestras out of a routine rigidity. Playing and reproduction in both cases are fine. The Maazel recording is, in some respects, the most interesting of the lot. It takes him the first movement to warm to his task, but in the last three movements his scrupulous attention to nuance, shading, and instrumental balance yields a performance of many unexpected felicities. A perfect case in point is his handling of the trio in the minuet: it is set off from the body of the movement by longer-than-usual pauses at both ends, and the vital bassoon part is brought out brilliantly. DGG has decided to discontinue this album when present dealer stocks are exhausted, so move quickly if you are interested in it.

Tape collectors have a good representative reel available for either stylistic approach: Solti's (London L 80009) for the direct, no-nonsense school, and Walter's (Columbia MQ 391) for the mellow, personal attitude. Both tapes have clean and well-balanced sound.

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"To be avant-garde is not merely to be different from what came before, but to alter radically the consciousness of the age." — Morris Dickstein

By RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Although his work is so profoundly audacious that controversies about it will perhaps never cease, few can dispute that John Cage is among the most influential radical minds of his age. At the core of his originality is a penchant for continually taking positions not only far in advance of established artistic practice, often including his own, but also beyond the imaginative efforts of much that his times regard as avant-garde. For over thirty years, Cage has worked on the frontiers of modern music and art, and as each phase of his career has attracted greater support and more imitators, Cage himself has progressed even farther into unfamiliar territory, often farther than even his most fervent admirers would go. "I like to think," Cage once said, "that I'm outside the circle of a known universe, and dealing with things that I don't know anything about."

Everything about Cage seems a radical departure; his music, his aesthetic ideas, his personal behavior, his critical statements are all thoroughly inventive. "Oh, yes, I'm devoted to the principle of originality," he once told an interviewer. "Not originality in the egoistic sense, but originality in the sense of doing something which it is necessary to do. Now, obviously, the things that it is necessary to do are not those that have..."
been done, but the ones that have not yet been done. If I have done something, then I consider it my business not to do that, but to find what must be done next."

Who else would dare announce to an audience, as well as commit to print, such aphorisms as, "I have nothing to say and I am saying it and that is poetry," or "Art instead of being made by one person is a process set in motion by a group of people?" Cage's most important recent "compositions" are conceived to deny his intentional desires as completely as possible (although less completely than he sometimes says), and not only are they filled with a diversity of disconnected, "chance" atonal sounds, but also their major musical dimensions — amplitude (volume), duration, timbre, register — are all as structurally indeterminate as the overall length of the piece.

Thus, "indeterminate music," as Cage prefers to call it, is the result of an artistic evolution that is, like his aesthetics, at once highly logical and faintly absurd. In the history of musical art, Cage descends from that eccentric modern tradition that abandoned nineteenth-century tonal principles, in addition to introducing natural noise as an integral component of music both alone and together with instrumentally produced sounds. In this respect, Cage continually acknowledges the French-born American composer Edgard Varèse and, before him, Charles Ives as the artistic fathers of the radical tendencies he has pursued. This tradition can be called the "chaotic" language of modern music, distinct from both the tonal mainstream and from serialism.

In his earliest extant work, dating from the middle Thirties, Cage displayed a huge talent for complicated rhythmic constructions, inventive organizing principles (such as a twenty-five tone system), and uninhibited distortion of instrumental sounds (such as that made by immersing a gong in water). In 1937, he also wrote this stunningly prophetic speculation: "I believe that the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach this stunningly prophetic speculation: "I believe that the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach...

In his late Forties, Cage produced in the most ambitious piece for the prepared piano is Cage's sixty-nine-minute Sonatas and Interludes (1946-1948), recently re-issued on record (CRI 199), which seemed revolutionary at the time but now sounds suspiciously like the music for a standard, undoctored piano that Erik Satie wrote several decades before. A side effect of the prepared piano's ability to generate unusual noises is that it gives the performer less control over the sounds he finally produces—bolts and nuts, alas, are not as precise as A-strings. In contrast to the neo-Schoenbergians, who wanted a precise rationale for the placement of every note, Cage in the late Forties continued to develop methods for minimizing his control over the aural result. Sometimes he would enumerate several possible choices posed by a compositional situation and then let a throw of dice dictate the selection. At other times, he would choose his notes by first marking the imperfections (holes, specks, discolorations, etc.) on a piece of paper and then place a transparent sheet over the marked paper; after duplicating these imperfections on the transparent sheet, he would finally trace the dots onto musical staves.

Always opposed to the expressionistic ambiance generally characteristic of mainstream composition, Cage desired "to provide a music free from one's memory and imagination." In more advanced chance work, he offered randomly produced marks on a graph paper, letting the performer establish his own vertical measure for pitch and a horizontal one for duration. Sometimes he also employed the complicated and arduous dice and coin-tossing procedures relevant to the I Ching, or Book of Changes, an ancient Chinese book of divination. The result of all these techniques was scored with directions so unspecific that no two performances would ever be as recognizable the same piece as, say, two inept or eccentric performances of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The trouble Cage had with most of his pieces up to the year 1952 (which in retrospect seems a turning point) was that his detailed and fixed scripts actually produced, over a succession of performances, approximately similar results; even the tape collage composed that year by chance procedures (William Mix, 1952, perhaps Cage's most intricate purely aural endeavor) was offered to the world in a permanent form. Pursuing the logic of his previous intellectual development, Cage took the aesthetic leaps that made his music even more indeterminate in both conception and execution, so that each performance of a piece would be hugely different from all the others. In Winter Music (1957), for instance, the score consists of clusters of notes irregularly displayed across its twenty pages, and these may be "used in whole or part by a pianist or shared by two to twenty
[performers] to provide a program of agreed-upon length." The instructions continue: "The notation in space may be interpreted as to time... Resonances, both of aggregates and individual notes of them, may be free in length... Dynamics are free." All the traditional dimensions of music are by intention free, free, free.

Perhaps the single most revolutionary piece in the Cage canon is 3.3" (pronounced "four minutes and thirty-three seconds"), in which the well-known pianist David Tudor seats himself at the piano and, except for three motions with his hands, just sits there silently for the prescribed duration. On the surface this is, of course, just nothing; but precisely because the presence of David Tudor and the concert-going audience make this a situation from which musical sound is expected, the dramatized inference is that the piece's "music" consists of all the sounds that happen to be audible in the performance hall during 4' 33". As some, if not most, of these accidental noises come from the audience, the spectators could be counted among the performance's musicians; and as "silence" signifies the absence of intentional sound, Cage calls the resulting piece "non-intentional" music.

Not only did 4' 33" contribute to musical history by bringing the chaotic musical tradition to one "logical" end-point, it also belongs among those few modern pieces which are important less for the explicit experience they offer than for the extraordinary artistic ideas their circumstances imply. For, as a stunt invested with meaning, this piece (as well as Cage himself) suggests not only that all sounds, in any combination, are justifiable components of music—actually a position that he insists dates back to Claude Debussy and the origins of modernism—but also that unintentional noises, regardless of their quality, are as valid for music as sound intentionally produced. Indeed, most of Cage's own pieces since 4' 33" are designed to incorporate unintentional or "found" sounds into their aural field. But the ultimate implication of 4' 33" is that anything is possible in art, including (and here is the radical leap) nothing at all. "I have nothing to say and I am saying it and that is poetry."

In retrospect, however, Cage regards even this extreme piece as needlessly conservative, not only because it has three "movements," as indicated by the performer's silent gyrations, but also because it occurs within a fixed time and an enclosed space. Since silence, which is the surface content of 4' 33", can never be absolute, then the "music" of that piece, which is to say unintentional noise, is with us all the time if we attune ourselves to perceive it. In that case the act of experiencing 4' 33" prepares a listener for the unprecedented perception of all the music in his environment. "If you want to know the truth of the matter," Cage once told me, in a tone half enthusiastic, half ironic, "the music I prefer, even to my own and everything, is what we hear if we are just quiet." Accepting the implications of all his actions, Cage deduces that the most agreeable art is not only just like life, it is life. In other words, 4' 33" is not only a work of art but a statement about human experience, and as such, it confirms the art historian George Kubler's observation in *The Shape of Time* (1962): "The work of many artists often comes closer to philosophical speculation than any aesthetic writings."

Following his own deductions, Cage today admits that he long ago intellectually programmed himself out of a career. But he continues to create indeterminate com-
positions, partly to expose his audience to the aural character of the environment, but mostly, he says, because of a promise he made in the early Thirties to Arnold Schoenberg to devote his entire life to music in exchange for free lessons. From the Indian philosopher Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Cage took the suggestive principle that "art imitates nature in its manner of operation," and he produced from that basis a scrupulously discontinuous aural art, with no climaxes, no resolutions, no regular beats, no consistent tonality, no aural concurrences, no discernible beginnings, no definite ends—as random and haphazard as life. "Each sound is heard for itself," wrote the critic Jill Johnston, "and does not depend for its value on its place within a system of sounds." Imaginary Landscape No. 4 is for twelve radios and twenty-four performers, one of the latter for each station—selecting dial and each volume-control; and although Cage offers his performers a prepared but indeterminate script, he obviously has no control over what the radios will blare, if they play anything at all. At minimum, as Peter Yates once quipped, Cage "emancipated music from its notes."

The score of Atlas Eclipticalis (1961-1962), which Cage composed by transferring the patterns of stars from an atlas to sheets of music paper, offers eighty-six instrumental parts "to be played in whole or part, any duration, in any ensemble, chamber or orchestral, of the above performers (an eccentric assortment); with or without Winter Music." As here, Cage is not averse to performing two of his pieces simultaneously, and among the more exciting combinations is Cathy Berberian's recording of Aria (1958) and Fontana Mix (1958), both recorded on Time 8003, 80003 and now deleted. However, regarding records of Cage's work, one should add that since the current technology of recording instruments can capture only one "rendition" of an indeterminate score, all available records or tapes of Cage's post-1952 pieces inevitably compromise his ultimate purposes.

A more recent Cage work, Rozart Mix (1965), originally composed for the Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University, employs six live performers, thirteen tape machines, and a pile of at least eighty-eight tape loops of varying lengths—tapes in which the two ends are joined together so that the sound content of the tape is continually repeated. Cage specifies that unusually large number, he explains, "to make sure that the performers wouldn't select tapes only of their favorite pieces." At the beginning of Rozart Mix, each of the performers picks a tape from the pile of loops and places it on the machine; when a tape breaks or gets tangled, he replaces it with another tape chosen from the pile. "What you want, you see, is to get a physically confused situation." Although the machines are tuned to various amplitudes, the piece itself is a paralyzingly loud chaos of sounds, and as frequently happens in Cage's concerts, unenlightened spectators trickle out after every cacophonous climax. At the premiere performance, refreshments were served when the audience dwindled to twelve, and the piece terminated, by prearrangement, when the last spectator left, approximately two hours after Rozart Mix began. (The hors d'oeuvre to this main course consisted of Cage's munching a sandwich, which sound was picked up by contact microphones strategically distributed around his face, so that excruciatingly loud crunching noises penetrated to every corner of the hall.)

Years ago Cage characterized his intentions as "purposeful purposelessness," and more recently he described his art as closer to action than to creation—"Art instead of being an object made by one person is a process set in motion by a group of people." One should add that purposeful purposelessness is considerably different from purposeless purposelessness, just as orderly disorder—the character of Cage's current art—differs from disorderly disorder. For that reason, an experienced ear can instantly identify Cage as the author of his recent pieces—in the choice of material and guide lines lies his taste, and he has been known to become visibly upset if the skeleton of his piece, as distinct from the detail, loses its predetermined shape. "The rules of the game," explained Peter Yates, "determine the nature of the play and the shape of the end product." In that his recent pieces are usually extravagant in character, open in time, indeterminate in action, and yet fixed in space (the en-
closed performance area), they are closer to staged "happenings" than musical theater, although more than one critic has praised them as the most interesting and valid species of American "opera."

Over the years, Cage has published a modest number of eccentrically conceived essays, mostly in music and art magazines, and many of these he collected into a volume appropriately titled *Silence* (Wesleyan University Press, 1961) and dedicated "To Whom It May Concern." Indeed, since the middle Fifties, he has developed a concentrated interest in prose forms, first overcoming those Gertrude Steinian affectations that plagued his earlier style, and then striving for original ways to express his ideas and illustrate his aesthetic principles. "Indeterminacy" (1958), subsequently recorded by Folkway (@ 3704, two records), is an imaginative aesthetic demonstration in the form of a lecture; so are "Where Are We Going?, What Are We Doing?", and "Talk I" (1965), among other recent word-pieces. The last is reprinted in Cage's second collection, *A Year from Monday* (Wesleyan University Press, 1967), which also contains his stunning collection of random anecdotes and radical speculations, the three-part "Diary: How to Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)." This set of related pieces is composed under a system of self-imposed constraints that paradoxically free Cage from conventional ways of putting words together, and the result is an art form somewhere between prose and poetry, though closer to the latter. Compared to *Silence, A Year from Monday* is a far more concise and satisfactory introduction to Cage's radical thought and example.

Cage's life has been vagabond, as physical movement parallels aesthetic adventure. He was born September 5, 1912, in Los Angeles, the son of an inventor and electrical engineer, John Cage, Sr., whose gasoline-engine submarine, in the year of John Jr.'s birth, temporarily established the world's record for staying under water. Young Cage became valedictorian of his Los Angeles high school class and entered nearby Pomona College just before his seventeenth birthday. However, somewhat appalled, as he says, at the regimentation of individual curiosity, he soon dropped out, and traveled for over a year through Europe, where he dabbled in architecture and painting before returning to Los Angeles. Once home, he decided to concentrate on music, studying briefly with the composers Henry Cowell and Adolph Weiss. He later convinced Arnold Schoenberg, who had recently settled in Los Angeles, to give him free lessons in exchange for the promise mentioned before. Despite Schoenberg's generosity, Cage found the European's serial techniques un congenial, and the several extant stories of Schoenberg's opinion of Cage are contradictory. All of Cage's subsequent work has progressively denied such a rigorous approach to the organization and articulation of sound.

In the late Thirties, Cage took a job as resident accompanist at the Cornish School in Seattle, Washington, where he first met the dancer and choreographer Merce Cunningham (then a student in acting), who has remained one of Cage's closest friends and professional associates to this day. In 1937 he married Xenia Andreyevna Kashevaroff, the daughter of an Alaskan Russian Orthodox priest, and they traveled together for about a decade. In 1942, Cage taught music at the Hungarian painter-designer Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus, then called the Institute of Design, taking various odd jobs to supplement his meager academic income. The following year the Cages came to New York with a few dollars in hand and a tentative invitation to stay with the painter Max Ernst and his wife, the art collector Peggy Guggenheim. Thanks to the aid of newly acquired friends, Cage managed the following year to present at the Museum of Modern Art the crucial concert that initiated his reputation as a controversial force on the New York musical scene.

Unable, in those days, to support himself through musical activities alone, or to find a permanent teaching position, Cage lived modestly in sparsely furnished rooms on Monroe Street, near Chinatown, on New York's lower-lower East Side. And he ran through a gamut of jobs—dishwasher, library researcher, accompanist to dancers, free-lance music instructor, and art director of a textile company among them. Remembering the example of Schoenberg's generosity, he gave free music lessons to those who could not afford to pay. Not until 1960, he recalls, was he able to live as a composer—from royalties on his music and writings, visiting professorships at Cincinnati, in Illinois, and elsewhere, and an endless series of lectures and performances. More re-
ently, just being John Cage has become quite lucrative; however, as his mother has been seriously ill for the past few years and he is her sole support, Cage lives as frugally as ever. But the coterie of his vociferous admirers, merely a handful two decades ago, has now swelled to considerable numbers.

As a performer, lecturer, and guest professor, Cage is currently a mobile artist for most of his days, traveling from place to place and from audience to audience. But his permanent home is a miniscule, glass-walled, two and one-half room cottage in the Stony Point Gate Hill Cooperative, an artists' community about an hour north of New York City. Nearby lives the film-maker Stan VanDerBeek, as well as pianist David Tudor, who has become so accomplished at performing Cage's scores that a Polish composer once quipped, "He could play the raisins in a slice of fruitcake." Cage's own home, which is structurally an appendage to another, larger house, sits at the head of a treacherously rocky path. Between his two small rooms (each about twenty by ten feet) lies a narrow utility space, where Cage usually cooks for himself. In the back room is one all-purpose table (for eating, writing, and talking over), a small bed, piles of reading matter, and a modest television set whose old movies put him to sleep every night. On the summer Saturday evening we spoke together Cage wore dungarees, a blue denim shirt, and sneakers.

In social situations, Cage wears an aura of rather youthful optimism—a "sunny disposition" is his own phrase for it—and, as his friend Yates observed, "Around him, everyone laughs." Cage's slight build, his thick brown hair (only recently combed down from long spikey crew-cut and beginning to be sprinkled with grey), his unfluctuating scalp line, all make him considerably younger than his years; only the deep lines running down the sides of his face betray his age. Actually, Cage offers the world two distinct faces, one hardly resembling the other. The "serious" face is long and narrow, with wide and attentive brown eyes, unusually long ears, and vertical lines sloping down to his heavy jaw; in contrast, Cage's "comic" face, which graces most of his public pictures, is horizontal in structure, his wide mouth exposing two lines of teeth, his eyes nearly closed.

Cage is immensely gregarious, talking freely and laughing easily. Contagiously enthusiastic, he seems blessed with a limitless capacity for getting people to do him favors. A great theatrical presence as well, he can upstage nearly anyone—including, as in a recent performance, the entire Cunningham dance troupe. When he confronts an audience, answers and examples, gestures and jokes come easily to him, in much the same tone and form night after night, place after place. As a matter of principle, he refuses to indulge in argument, even in the presence of those he could consider his antagonists; yet he can sometimes be outrageously nasty about people who are not present. As persuasion is among his primary purposes, Cage often seems all but Jesuitical, particularly with possible skeptics, continually making sounds and gestures intended to elicit agreement. His most disturbing habit is name-dropping, which he does so compulsively that sometimes rather trivial ideas get attached to terribly eminent sources. He smokes cigarettes through a filter, but drinks nothing stronger than wine and then only with his meals. He objects to the use of drugs on moral grounds, and for the same reason he opposes "Art": both are transcendent of mundane life. Cage's high-pitched, raspy voice is instantly recognizable, and perhaps somewhat affected. His more serious talk seems closer to philosophy than to music or art criticism.

What makes Cage's present aesthetic position so revolutionary is that, in theory at least, it completely discounts the traditional purposes of composing and even the importance of the composer. As Cage would have it, music is everywhere, and everywhere is music—in nature's noise—if only the listener is prepared to hear it. Therefore, if the composer has any function at all, it should be, Cage says, to teach people to keep attuned to all their environment offers. Following the logic of this position too, he admits that solipsism (the philosophy in which a man believes that only he is real, and everything else is a figment of his imagination) characterizes the experience of both everyday life and indeterminate music, and since each man hears something individual, every man is his own composer. In the act of attentive listening, he puts sounds together, and the music most appropriate to our time, Cage's argument continues, is that which allows each listener to compose his own experience. Therefore, too, Cage regards a performance of a Beethoven quartet as "no longer what Beethoven wrote but everything else I happen to hear at that time. We must take intentional material, like Beethoven, and turn it to non-intention."

If music is all sounds, whether intentional or not, then theater, by Cage's analogy, consists of all the impressions that meet the eye and ear—which is to say that theater is as constantly available to the perceptive sensibility as music. "Theatre takes place all the time, wherever one is. And art simply facilitates persuading one [that] this is the case." In the middle Fifties, Cage recognized that his own compositions were, in performance, as much theater as music, and in Theatre Piece (1960), he extended an implication of Music Walk (1958) and provided instructions for the indeterminate movements of people, rather than, as before, only the generation of sound.

However, theater is hardly a new interest in Cage's career. Not only has he been for two decades the mu-
sical director of Merce Cunningham's dance company, but back in the summer of 1952, Cage instigated what was probably the first American "happening" at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. Furthermore, his classes in "music composition" at the New School, during 1956-1958, included several students who later became creators of the happenings theater—Allen Kaprow, Dick Higgins, Jackson MacLow, and George Brecht. Cage is in many ways the aesthetic father, as well as a foremost practitioner, of that art of non-literary performance that I have elsewhere called the "Theater of Mixed Means." Indeed, his own theatrical pieces are extravagant in materials, scrupulously chaotic in effect, tasteful in scale, and idiosyncratic in identity. To many polyliterate critics, including myself, Cage's pieces of the past decade are more valid and laudatory as theatrical spectacle than as purely aural experience.

In the late Forties, Cage attended D. T. Suzuki's lectures on oriental religion at Columbia University, and he has since considered himself a devotee of Zen Buddhism. (He recalls that when he told his mother about receiving a one-year appointment at Wesleyan University she replied, "Do they know you're a Zen Buddhist?") One Zen tenet that Cage finds congenial is the total acceptance of perpetual reality—the music around us all the time. Thus, he objects to both Art and drugs precisely because they offer an escape from the reality that Cage finds "perfectly satisfactory." "We open our eyes and ears seeing life each day excellent as it is." Such a position, he admits, should completely negate the exercise of discriminatory taste and the expression of evaluative judgments; but just as he has not devoted his professional career to innumerable performances of \( \frac{1}{3} \), so he has never quite been able to stifle the critical sense he acquired as a young artist. In Silence he writes admiringly of a Japanese Roshi (a Zen adept) who accompanied him to a New York dinner after which the host and hostess insisted upon singing arias from a third-rate Italian opera in fourth-rate voices. "I was embarrassed and glanced toward the Roshi to see how he was taking it," Cage remembers. "The expression on his face was absolutely beatific."

Indeed, Cage is always embarrassed to find that his own attitudes and practices have not yet caught up with his espoused positions, and many of his apparent contradictions, upon which critics feast, stem from this discrepancy. In theory, he is opposed to critical judgments, explaining, "They are destructive to our proper business which is curiosity and awareness." He elaborated: "We waste time by focusing upon these questions of value and criticism and so forth and by making negative statements. We must exercise our time positively. . . . The big thing to do actually is to get yourself into a situation when you use your experience, no matter where you are. . . . How are you going to use this situation if you are there? This is the big question.""
to read a New York Times which is a week old or to read Norman O. Brown’s Love’s Body? If we face this issue squarely, we’ll see that there’s no difference.”

In practice, however, Cage frequently makes rather decisive critical judgments, as he prefers art that is formally variable and open, rather than constant and fixed, and as discontinuously complex as life itself. For instance, he objects critically to nearly all contemporary music—both mainstream and serial, both jazz and rock—because the results are fixed objects for contemplation, rather than processes that expose us to life. He generally prefers theater to concerts, because “it more than music resembles nature”; rather than hear one jazz band pound a steady beat, he would prefer to hear several combos playing in different tempos at once. If pressed, Cage will admit that evaluative standards often inform the choices he makes in his daily activity. “When I am making them,” he muses, “I’m annoyed that I am doing so.”

“In Zen they say: If something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, try it for eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and so on. Eventually one discovers that it’s not boring but very interesting.” Elsewhere in Silence, Cage writes that boredom can often “induce ideas,” and not only are his aesthetics quoted to rationalize much that is interminable in recent art, but surely those arduous chance procedures must make a boring experience. Yet in conversation I more than once heard Cage compromise his position by dismissing a certain activity in life as “a terrible bore.”

Although Cage continues to produce new pieces each year and perform certain earlier works whose processes he still regards as valid (as a fixed tape collage, the superb Williams Mix fails on this count), the composer finds that his passions are becoming more varied. In the middle Fifties, he focused on mushrooms, not only collecting various species but also accumulating a huge library of relevant literature. “I once thought I should like to be a botanist, because I felt that that field, unlike music, would have an absence of strife. I have since discovered otherwise.” For a short period in 1960, he supplied New York’s posh Four Seasons restaurant with edible fungi, and in 1962 he became a founding officer of the New York Mycological Society. In a Zen explanation, he once attributed his two primary interests, music and mushrooms, to the fact that they appear adjacent to each other in most dictionaries. Sustaining his youthful interest in painting, Cage makes intricately conceived and exquisitely executed scores, which in 1958 he exhibited at New York’s Stable Gallery. “They are set down in a complex system of numbers, notes, letters, and geometrical formations,” wrote Dore Ashton, then an art critic on the New York Times, “and each page has a calligraphic beauty quite apart from its function as a musical composition.” He recently compiled a book of modern compositional notation (Notations, Something Else Press, New York, 1969)—an anthology of manuscripts by major modern composers—partly to benefit the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts which he helped establish.

In more recent years, Cage has become an enthusiastic devotee and publicist of an eccentric strain of contemporary radical social thought. Long an individualist anarchist (a logical analog to his aesthetic notion that every man is his own composer), Cage is developing a mix of ideas taken mostly from Marshall McLuhan, Buckminster Fuller (an old friend from their days together at Black Mountain), Norman O. Brown, and Robert Theobald. In general, Cage awaits the time when autonomous technology will achieve an economy of unbounded abundance which will in turn insure everyone a guaranteed annual income, regardless of whether he is able to work or not. Such an economic revolution, he believes, will necessitate further social and psychological revolutions, making play, rather than work, the dominant motive of human activity. Thus, he regards chance composition and happenings performances, which are closer to inspired play than to hard-nosed work, as harbingers of the new age. Cage’s more recent writings seem to be explorations in interdisciplinary thought, much as his recent performance pieces are explorations in inter-media art.

Cage’s current eminence stems less from his artistic works as such (which even some of his more devoted admirers find tiresome) than from the impact of his persuasive ideas and friendship upon scores of artists, musicians, theater directors, critics, and choreographers. The wide influence of Cage’s ideas is owing in part to his visibility—he is a well-traveled lecturer on the nation’s campuses.
CAGE ON DISC

JOHN CAGE'S music, perhaps with a certain poetic justice, has been available on records on a purely aleatory basis since the beginnings of LP. There has almost always been at least something of his to be had for the asking, though what was available certainly bore no meaningful relation to the time, duration, or degree of its availability. At one time or another, the interested collector could have purchased recordings of the String Quartet (1950) on Columbia and the Aria (1958) with Fontana Mix (1958) on Time, among others. Neither of those records is at present in the catalog. For the moment, the chance selection of recorded Cage compositions is quite large and reads as follows.

-T.G.

Twenty-Five Year Retrospective Concert (1954-1958). Concert for Piano and Orchestra (1957-8); Music for Carillon (1951); Williams Mix (1952); She is Asleep (1943); Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs (1912); Imaginary Landscape No. 1 (1939); Eight Sonatas and Two Interludes for Prepared Piano (1946-1948); Six Short Inventions for Seven Instruments (1954); Construction in Metal (1957); David Tudor (piano and electric cairilion); Orchestra, Merce Cunningham cond.; Arline Carmen (contralto); John Cage (piano); Mario Ajemian (prepared piano): Instrumental Ensemble; Manhattan Percussion Ensemble; Paul Price cond. AVAKIAN $ JCS 1, JC 1, three records and booklet $25.00. (Available by mail from George Avakian, 285 Central Park West, Apt. 8S, New York, N.Y.)

Amores for Prepared Piano and Percussion (1943); Double Music for Percussion (1941, composed with Lou Harrison) with music by Paul Price. Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, Paul Price cond. TEMI $ 8000, @ 58000.

Concerto for Prepared Piano and Chamber Orchestra (1951). Yaji Takahashi (piano); Buffalo Philharmonic, Lukas Foss cond.; with music by Lukas Foss. NONESUCH $ 71202.

Fontana Mix-Feed. Max Neuhaus (percussion); electronics; with music by Brown, Bussotti, Feldman, and Stockhausen. COLUMBIA ® MS 7139.

Fontana Mix (1958, for magnetic tape alone); with music by Benio and Mimarooglu. TURNABOUT $ 3406.

Indeterminacy. John Cage (narrator); David Tudor (piano). FOLKWAYS ® 5704 two discs.

Solos for Voice 2 (1960). Brandeis University Chamber Choir, Alvin Lucier cond.; with music by Ashley, Feldman, Ichiyanagi, Lucier, and Oliveros. ODYSSEY ® 32 16 0156, @ 32 16 0155.

Sonata for Clarinet Solo (1933). Phillip Reichfeld (clarinet); with music by Krenek, Martino, Scavarda, and Whittenberg. ADVANCE ® 4.

Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano (1946-1948). Mario Ajemian (prepared piano). CRI @ 199.

Variations II (1961). David Tudor (piano); with music by Habbitt and Poussiret. COLUMBIA ® MS 7051.

Variations IV, John Cage and David Tudor (performers). EVEREST ® 3152 and 3230.

Indeed, no single figure in American culture today has influenced so many first-rank creative artists as profoundly, perhaps because no one was as determined as Cage to liberate all contemporary art from all irrelevant structures and boundaries. Not only through his occasional lectures to gatherings of abstract expressionists during the early Fifties, but also through his close personal friendship with both Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, Cage has influenced many tendencies in contemporary painting. These include the penchant for mixing artistic media (as in Rauschenberg's combines) and the rationale informing "minimal" painting and sculpture, as well as the elegant representation of popular images. "That atmosphere [behind pop art]," writes the art critic Barbara Rose, "was generated mainly by the composer John Cage."

Cage also influenced the more advanced tendencies in contemporary dance, not only through his close association with Merce Cunningham and, at various times, Jean Erdman, but also because one of his own composition pupils, Robert Dunn, taught the classes that inspired one of the most radical developments in post-Cunningham dance—that collection of adventurous activities dance critic Jill Johnston calls "The Judson Church movement" after the New York church auditorium in which many of them were first presented. His influence also helped erase the lines that traditionally separated one art from another, providing precedents for works that straddle traditional domains—happenings, environmental sculptures, and pattern poems. "Now we have such a marvelous loss of boundaries," he told me, "that your criticism of a happening could be a piece of music or a scientific experiment or a trip to Japan or a trip to your local shopping market."

In addition, Cage fathered an entire school of American composition which includes, among others, Earle Brown and Morton Feldman. James Tenney and Christian Wolff. Further, influenced in part by Cage's example, the European composers Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen have introduced aleatory elements into their previously fixed composition. Even the contrived chaos of musically sophisticated rock groups seems ultimately (though circuitously) indebted to Cage's forays into aural possibility, for who else dares say that anything is possible in music, including sheer cacophony and nothing at all? Indeed, because Cage's ideas are so relevant, so multifarious, so revolutionary, so pervasive, it is all but impossible to talk about what is interesting in contemporary art without mentioning his name or—considering his extraordinary mind.

Richard Kostelanetz is editor and co-author of The New American Arts and editor of two anthologies: Beyond Left and Right and The Forthcoming Possibilities of Poetry. This article, together with the profile of Milton Babbitt published last month, will be part of his forthcoming book, Master Minds (Macmillan).

MAY 1969
Stereo Review talks to

CHRISTA LUDWIG and WALTER BERRY

Coffee at the Marschallin’s—with Baron Ochs, stripped of all his boorishness, on hand as well! It was difficult to banish these double images, one afternoon recently, as Christa Ludwig handed her visitors bone china cups of steaming coffee, and her husband Walter Berry, concluding an anecdote with a laugh, took a cup, too. For just the week before, Miss Ludwig had sung the Marschallin, and Berry Baron Ochs, at a Metropolitan Opera performance of Der Rosenkavalier. We had attended, and my wife had been moved to tears by the final scene of Act One. “Does she know German?” When I replied that she did not, Miss Ludwig looked a bit disappointed.

“I had a discussion the other day with a fellow who thought opera should be done in the language of the country in which it is given,” Berry said, sounding bluff, sure of himself, and almost exactly the way he does from the hack of the opera house. “We don’t agree. A translated opera is a different experience. This”—he sang a bit of Leporello’s recitative in German—“is not the same thing as this”—he repeated the line in Italian.

“It was Herbert von Karajan who first insisted that the Vienna Staatsoper use the original language in all its productions,” Miss Ludwig said. “I remember I was scheduled to sing my first Italian Amneris five days after Walter and I were to be married in 1957. I took the score everywhere I went. Then the Aida canceled and was replaced by a singer who knew only the German version. I sang my exchanges with her in German and the rest of the role in Italian. . . . I love the Italian mezzo roles; I would like very much to do them at the Met. But as of now, we will do only Rosenkavalier and Die Frau ohne Schatten. I will sing my first Lady Macbeth in Vienna this fall, and hope to do it in New York subsequently.”

“We want to do Wozzeck at the Met, too,” Berry said, “but we want to do it in German, not English. You know we did it with the Staatsoper company in Montreal during Expo ’67. I would like to sing my Mozart roles here—Leporello, Figaro, and Don Alfonso, which I am doing for the first time this summer. And the Italian parts—Amonasro, for instance. It is a basso cantante role, after all.”

“Cantante”—the Italian word did not seem alien to German singers such as these who produce their voices with such ease and smoothness. “We are always listening to
contralto

We are certainly . . .”—Berry stopped to think—”overwatched. But we were brought along right. When Karl Bohm was director of the Staatsoper, from 1954 to 1956, he led me gradually from one role to the next. He told me before one performance that he had lain awake wondering if he was moving me too fast. He did the same with Christa.”

“Yes,” she said, with a fetching laugh. “When I auditioned for him I sang all kinds of difficult things—and then he said, ‘Ah! Here is my Cherubino!’ Now directors and conductors will offer us anything at all in the repertoire,” she continued, with a touch of gentle irony, “but if we accepted some of these things, our voices would be ruined in four or five years.”

Berry leaned back in his chair. “An Italian singer once told me that something begins to happen to the voice at about 40 years of age—where we are now, you know. But if you can get over that divide without ruining the voice, you can sing until you’re sixty”—he gestured extravagantly—”or longer!”

“When I first came from Germany to Vienna,” said the mezzo-soprano, who was born in Berlin, “I heard a new style of singing. You might say Vienna is midway between Germany and Italy. In Italy the emphasis is on beautiful vocalizing; in Germany the emphasis is on conveying the meaning of the words. The Viennese style mediates between the two: beautiful singing and the meaning of the words. Ferenc Fricsay once stopped a rehearsal after Walter had sung a line or two and remarked to the other singers, ‘Now there is a Viennese legato!’”

ONE prominent New York critic had written that Miss Ludwig’s secure and musically legato singing had distinguished her portrayal of the Marschallin. “The vocal line lies right for me, so I can sing it,” she declared. “Why has no mezzo tried the role before, I wonder? The opening of the third-act trio is hard, but . . . I love the role. From the beginning I planned to do it. When my mother gave me the score in 1952, she wrote in it, ‘Now for Octavian, later for the Marschallin.’ Walter and I were so fortunate to have Leonard Bernstein as conductor when we first did our respective roles in Vienna last spring. The other conductors that have meant so much to us—Bohm and Karajan—concentrate on the great arch of a musical passage, I think, but Bernstein is more attentive to details. At the end of the first act, the Marschallin has a line—she recited the words ‘Wir sind zuletzt, dass ich die Schwäche von allem Zeitlichen recht spüren muss’ (I am in a mood to feel the weakness of everything temporal), and lingered on the word Schwäche (weakness). ‘When we came to that word, Bernstein made the music do that.’

“It was a tradition-breaking performance,” Berry said, leaning forward to make the point. “Think of it—an American conductor doing Strauss at the Staatsoper, with a Negro Sophie [Reri Grist], a mezzo Marschallin, a baritone Ochs, and an English soprano [Gwyneth Jones] as Octavian. We had six weeks of rehearsal, Bernstein kept going to the score. For example, in Act One . . .” —he sang a line—”... and seine Gesundheit soll nicht die beste sein.”

“Lenny stopped me. ‘Walter, that won’t do.’ But that’s how it’s written, I said. ‘Where?’ I went down to look, and he was right! Maybe even Strauss didn’t do it the way it was written, but Bernstein did. Many older operagoers were shocked at the performance, but it was wonderful for the young people in Vienna. A group of young composers I know had always thought parts of Rosenkavalier were café music; for once they heard something more in them.”

“Bernstein—wie heiss ‘fresien’?” Berry supplied the word for his wife. “. . . devours you! But he’s marvelous.”

Would she expand her repertoire of soprano roles?

“No,” she said, a little ruefully. “I will not do the Siegfried Brunnhildes and the Isoldes Karajan wanted me to do at the Salzburg Easter Festivals to come. It is a question of artistic judgment: the soprano tessitura takes its toll on my voice. It was Karajan—Karajan alone,” she continued, with a bit of a teasing twinkle in her eye, “who was responsible for my first undertaking the dramatic soprano repertoire. At the Salzburg Festival last summer I sang Leonore in Fidelio under Bohm. The Foebe [an unsetting warm wind of Austria’s mountainous regions] was coming down, and I was rather nervous. The high B-natural at the end of the aria ‘Komm, Hoff nun g’ was strained. One day before this, Karajan had said to me, ‘When you sing Isolde, it won’t matter much what you do elsewhere, but if you don’t get the high Cs everyone will decide that you shouldn’t have tried the role.’ Oh, you can say that you don’t care what the critics think, but . . .” She shrugged her shoulders.

“Why should everyone attach so much importance to the high notes?” Berry asked “Lotte Lehmann sang Leonore’s aria a half tone down in her Salzburg performances with Toscanini.”

“But the high notes are only incidental,” Miss Ludwig said. “It is first and foremost a matter of the soprano tessitura and its effect on my voice.” Was her decision subject to revision? “My decision is definite—for the time being.”

Berry laughed lightly. “What is ever definite? On the Angel Fidelio recording, incidentally, we did some of our best singing. Likewise on the recording of Strauss operatic duets you have in this country on Victrola. And the Kinden Wunderborn songs that we recorded in concert in Vienna, with Bernstein at the piano—not yet released here.”

Earlier I had asked what singers of the recent past the two had most esteemed. Miss Ludwig had cited—along with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Maria Callas (“When she was on stage, you could not take your eyes off her. There were tears in her voice.”)—and Rosa Ponselle, and Berry had named Leonard Warren. I was struck, listening to them talk about Bernstein, by the admiring mention of so many Americans. What was their opinion of American audiences?

“We adore them,” Miss Ludwig said. “They are so open-minded, so willing to accept what we have to give. Especially at the universities. There they have studied the repertoire we sing—they are very sophisticated. But maybe,” she continued with a smile, “we like them so much because they seem to like us so much.” Suddenly she sprang up, excused herself graciously, and was gone—into an adjoining room to change clothes for a doctor’s appointment. On the way to the door, Berry picked up her theme. “We love it over here, you know.” Another visitor replied, as if reading my mind, “And we love having you here.”

Robert S. Clark

May 1969
THE LONG LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF THE HARMONICA

Though most of the world still refuses to take it seriously, the "mouth organ" is an instrument of ancient lineage that can have, in the proper hands, impressive beauty and musicality.

By FRITZ KUTTNER

About 3,000 years ago a clever Chinese artisan constructed an ingenious and pretty wind instrument. He could not have known, of course, that he had created the prototype of several different instramental categories, some of which would survive and become big commercial hits in the twentieth century—but this is precisely what happened. He took a cup-shaped dried gourd, affixed a blow tube to its side, and stuck a number of tuned bamboo pipes into its lid, arranged by length in a three-quarter circle like organ pipes. This contraption was the first miniature reed organ ever built, and the ancient Chinese called it a Sheng, a mouth-organ. But even more important than the instrument itself was the discovery of the acoustical principle that made the bamboo pipes sound. Near the bottom of each pipe, inside the gourd air chamber, the artisan had cut a narrow rectangular slot and installed a thin bamboo sliver, slightly smaller than the slot, over the rectangle, roughly like this:

The airstream entering the pipe from the gourd bowl caused this elastic sliver to vibrate freely in the slot without touching its edges, and thus was invented the free-swinging reed, a device that came to play an important role in the history of Western musical instruments. There were long delays, to be sure—it was not until around 1785 that the first reed organ stops were constructed on this principle in Europe, and not until the middle of the nineteenth century were free-swinging reeds first used to develop harmonicas, harmoniums, and accordions. But the acoustical principle is still the same as in Chinese antiquity; only the materials are different—the tone-producing tuned tongues are now made of fine steel.

Not so long ago—until, perhaps, 1955—the free-swinging reed instruments were stepchildren, jesters, or toys to the world of serious music. Where would you hear a harmonium? In overseas missions and in small rural churches whose congregations could not afford a pipe organ. Accordions? Fine for amateurs, nightclub entertainers, variety shows, and small pop combos. And harmonicas? Same use, same limitations, same condescending audience attitudes when it came to accepting this funny little music maker into the sacred halls of classical music. There were, of course, some instances when master players tried (with small success) to transplant their harmonicas, figuratively speaking, from the Copacabana to Carnegie Hall. Larry Adler, John Sebastian, and two or three other virtuoso performers have repeatedly offered ambitious classical programs on the harmonica and have even commissioned top-flight serious composers to produce works for the instrument. But the critical acceptance of these efforts remained skeptical if sympathetic. The sound character of the instrument failed to satisfy musicians' ears used to the sound of modern flutes, oboes, or clarinets. Also, many of the stylistic features demanded for Baroque, Viennese Classic, or Romantic repertoires seemed to be insufficiently met by even the best harmonica players, whose instruments and practice, in the view of sophisticated listeners, were confined to a small, specialized serious repertoire and the entertainment literature.

It is a strange coincidence, or, if you like, a remarkable manifestation of historical justice, that a Chinese musician
should have contributed more than any other performer to bringing this ancient instrument of China a few steps closer to final recognition in the world of serious Western music. He did so by fulfilling all the musicianly postulates established for the other traditional instruments from Bach to Bloch and Bartók.

Cham-Ber Huang, forty-three and now an American citizen, was born and brought up in Shanghai. As a child he received only the most elementary music education in a harmonica school. From the age of ten on he was completely self-taught, but he mastered all the customary skills of theory, harmony, musical form, and orchestration by his own effort. Between his eleventh and fourteenth years he played in a harmonica band and studied hard to develop his technique. Then he began teaching at the local Y.M.C.A., specializing in the classical repertoire. At sixteen he organized his own harmonica band of forty members, all of whom he had trained from scratch. By that time he had learned band conducting, arranging, and scoring, which he did for four to seven parts, using three different harmonica types for high, medium, and low range. When he was eighteen, his public performing career was launched, first on radio, then in recitals. Two years later his band had grown to 125 players (most of them his students), and it frequently entertained dignitaries or official guests in command performances with programs on the semi-popular side. The band also made a feature film with Huang as soloist.

In 1949 and 1950 he gave radio and recital performances in Hong Kong, England, and, finally, Germany, where he concluded his first contractual agreement with the Matthias Hohner Company, harmonica manufacturers, in Trossingen. These were the important years during which the old diatonic harmonica (with benefit of hindsight, no more than a musical toy) was gradually being replaced by the chromatic harmonica, a well-made musical instrument. During his teen-age years, before chromatic instruments became available in China, Huang had solved the inevitable musical problems by simultaneously playing two or even three diatonic harmonicas, one on top of the other. In this way he could negotiate the fast and complex figurations as they occurred in, for example, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. Although it took him almost two years to retrain himself on the chromatic harmonica, the skills acquired from the double- or triple-instrument stunt stood him in good stead; they permitted him to acquire technical virtuosities which—to the best of my knowledge—no other performer has yet been able to master.

Huang settled in New York in 1950, and began to travel all over the country making night-club and variety-show appearances to make a living. He also did arranging work for music publishers. But all his spare time went into experimentation with improvements on the mechanical-acoustical construction of his chosen instrument. He developed several new harmonica types—for some of which he received inventor's patents—including a multi-chord "Chordomonica" with two slides. His latest and most important invention took years to perfect, but it is likely to revolutionize the sound qualities of the harmonica and perhaps its acceptance in certain circles as well. The new instrument, first of all, has a larger tonal volume than the standard harmonica, which might well free the instrument from its dependence (in the recital hall) on micro-
phones and electronic amplification. It also produces a more resonant sound, one that can project over longer distances, especially with the tones of its lowest octave in the four-octave compass. Finally, the instrument has acoustically built-in means for controlling a wider range of tone colors. First production runs have been planned for the new harmonica at the Hohner factory for the near future.

Chain-Ber Huang gave his first New York recital in 1953 at Town Hall. He played an all-classical program: a Bach suite for flute and orchestra, an oboe concerto by Handel, Milhaud's Second Violin Concerto, and Copland's *Billy the Kid*, arranged by Huang for harmonica with the composer's permission. This performance, as well as later ones, was well enough received by the critics, although comments were not free of the usual condescension. The implication seems always to be: "what a musician this man would be if he had only chosen the violin or piano as his instrument!" This attitude Huang finds the hardest of all to take, because it combines willing acceptance of him as an artist with rejection of the instrument he has worked so long and hard to master and perfect.

Another severe handicap for Huang and other players of the instrument is the lack of serious original compositions for the harmonica. This forces the master players to arrange classical repertoire for their instrument, usually works selected from the violin and woodwind literature. And this procedure is, of course, frowned upon by the *cognoscenti* today, when any instrumental transcription is held to be in poor style and taste. But the situation seems to be improving. Impressed by the virtuosity and musical competence of high-ranking performers, some greatly respected classical composers have written larger concert works for the harmonica, among them Alexander Tcherepnin, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Darius Milhaud, Malcolm Arnold, and Robert Russell Bennett. Most of these works were, no doubt, written on commission from the instrumentalists themselves, but today a composer of somewhat lesser stature may be quite willing to write for the harmonica without a substantial advance payment. (Needless to say, in practically every case the solo harmonica part has to be rewritten by the player because there are hardly any composers who know how to write correctly for this instrument.)

In one respect, Huang is a freak instrumentalist because of an innocent assembly error, decades ago, at the Hohner plant: the first diatonic harmonica he got as a boy in Shanghai had the top and bottom plates installed in re-

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*The lighter side of the harmonica was once well represented by such groups as Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, whose antics graced many a theater and radio wave years ago. Larry Adler (near right) is one of the old masters of harmonica virtuosity in both popular and serious music. Bob Dylan (far right) came to popular notice as a harmonica player, his rough bluesy sound on the instrument frequently being heard in conjunction with his guitar or piano.*
verse. Thus, he began playing the instrument upside down, bass on the right, treble on the left. He has played this way ever since, to the amazement of his colleagues when they see him play for the first time. Huang found this inverse playing technique an advantage in teaching because his students can watch him as if looking in a mirror. He also has, in his studio, a small electronic organ console which he likes to play from the back, standing up and leaning across the top to the keyboard, because in this way he gets an inverted keyboard with the bass on his right. Such independence of established techniques has proved useful rather than handicapping; in a similar way he has developed three harmonica blowing positions, rather than the customary one: center, and left and right corners of the mouth. By means of these and other unorthodox playing methods—probably unique with him—he is able to execute correct trills and other Baroque ornaments which his colleagues are unable to master. Another advantage of his inverted playing is that there is never any interference with “handcupping” of the lower notes; the cupping hand never gets near the slide button. (The Hohner factory, though, is still paying the price for their one assembly mistake; whenever they build another master instrument for Huang—as they do quite frequently—it has to be a special construction job with left and right inverted.)

As a teacher, Cham-Ber Huang seems to be equally inventive in the service of his instrument. Apart from the textbooks and practice records he has published and in addition to his work at the Turtle Bay Music School in New York, he has developed a long-distance teaching method via tape recorder which permits him to instruct and supervise, from his New York studio, dozens of students in Europe and East Asia. (If this idea ever catches on in other music fields, a revolution of musical education could be in the making. Just imagine a future in which a qualified student could receive lessons from one of our greatest instrumentalists or singers though thousands of miles separate the two.)

Those who would like to know more about the potential of the harmonica in the field of serious music should turn to two discs recorded by Huang with Mogens Ellegaard, the remarkable Danish accordion virtuoso. These two men, both playing instruments of the free-swinging reed type, have succeeded in producing completely integrated and blended sonorities for Baroque and later works to a degree that has rarely been achieved by other instrumental combinations. The records (Insignia 301 and 302), though not widely distributed, are well worth owning for their purely musical values and the new light cast upon the music (Couperin, Bach, Telemann, and others) by the blended reed sonorities. They can be obtained from Insignia Records, 257 Benson Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003.

One wonders whether Cham-Ber Huang’s life-long dream might come true sometime soon: that his latest harmonica invention will place the instrument where, in his opinion, it now deserves to be—in concert halls all over the world. It is apparently already well established in the homes (and hearts) of enthusiastic amateurs everywhere: the Hohner firm, the world’s largest purveyor of this much-maligned music-maker, sells approximately 20 million harmonicas each year and estimates that, in America alone, 40 million people have at one time or another in their lives owned one. In terms of an artist such as Huang, the dream of the harmonica in the concert hall—after 3,000 years—begins to make a lot of sense.

Fritz Kuttner, whose articles in Stereo Review have ranged from pianist Simon Barere to computer musicology, is an expert on ancient Chinese music, of which he is preparing a study.
The characteristics of the acoustic environment in which music is being played—whether live or recorded—have enormous influence on the quality of the sound reaching a listener’s ears. Poor room acoustics, for example, can (and frequently do) obscure what should be the clearly audible differences between a first-rate audio system and a mediocre one. However, even if your equipment is the best that money can buy, if your listening room has been “tuned” by a team of acousticians, and if you play only the finest records and tapes, you will find that your stereo listening still lacks the “you are there” realism of a live performance.

Responsible for this lack of realism are the differences between the reverberant properties of the concert hall (or other recording locale) and the reverberant properties of your listening room. Three separate but interrelated phenomena are described by the term “reverberation”: loudness, duration, integration of reflected sound. When music is played outdoors (ignoring for the sake of argument the presence of a bandshell or other acoustical structure), only a small part of the total sound radiated by the various instruments is emitted in the listeners’ direction, and that is all they get to hear. Indoors, however, sound is also reflected from the walls and adds to that which comes directly from the musicians. The effect is to make the sound louder indoors than it is outdoors. Also, since the same reflections that increase the loudness take a certain amount of time to travel from the source to a reflecting surface and then to the listener, indoor sound may persist for several seconds as the various reflections (and the reflections of the reflections) continue to arrive at the listener’s location.

The third effect, integration of sound, is more subtle than the first two. Many sources of sound, including most musical instruments, are directional, and their directional patterns differ depending on the frequencies of the particular notes being sounded or played. Outdoors, the specific tonal character of an instrument will depend on the direction from which it is being heard. Indoors, however, this sound character is also influenced by the reflections of sound from the walls, and the resulting tone combinations enable a listener to hear and identify an instrument’s integrated “natural” tone.

Reverberation has been studied under various listening conditions at Acoustic Research’s laboratories for some time. [One of the company’s popular article reprints has been Roy Allison’s discussion of the frequency-response effects of room size and shape in the March 1964 issue of HiFi/Stereo Review.] One reason for the reverberation study is that comparisons between live and recorded sound have long been part of a continuous test program at Acoustic Research. Some years ago, the company de-
cided to present demonstrations at which the audience would have the unusual opportunity of being able to compare live and reproduced music directly. The distinguished Fine Arts Quartet was engaged to perform concerts in various cities, playing the works of Mozart, Bartók, and other composers. The musicians were told that, in the middle of a piece, they were to stop playing but were to continue moving their bows and fingering the instruments realistically. The sound of the performance would then be (re)produced by a pair of speaker systems on the stage, playing a previously prepared tape recording. If the recording and the equipment used to reproduce it were accurate enough, listeners would not be able to hear the changeover from live to recorded sound.

In preparing the tape, it soon became clear that reverberation effects destroyed the illusion even if the recording and playback equipment were perfect in every other way. If the Fine Arts Quartet were recorded in a room with reverberation (which means almost any room), then when the tape was played back at the concert, listeners would hear double reverberation—that recorded on the tape plus that of the listening room when the tape was played back through the speaker systems. However, when the quartet was playing "live," there would be only the reverberation of the room in which the concert took place. The difference between double and single reverberation would make the difference between the live and recorded sound obvious even if all else were perfect.

The problem was solved simply enough by making the recordings of the quartet outdoors on a quiet day. Because of the absence of nearby reflecting surfaces, the recordings contained no reverberation. As a result, at the live-vs.-recorded concerts, the illusion was effective enough that most of the time it was impossible even for seasoned audiophiles and music critics to tell at what point the musicians stopped and the tape began.

The fact that non-reverberant recordings were used was certainly essential to the success of these demonstrations. But does this mean that music should be recorded outdoors or in anechoic (non-reverberant) chambers for highest fidelity? Possibly—if what is sought is the sensation that the musicians are present in the listener's living room. There appears, for example, to be no valid objection, technically or aesthetically, to applying the anechoic recording technique to piano and chamber music, since such works are written to be performed in homes or home-like environments.

Perhaps there ought to be two kinds of high-fidelity recordings: "they are here," and, conversely, "we are there." For those who wish the playback to sound as if the musicians were in their home, an anechoic recording would be needed. On the other hand, for those who desire the illusion that they are in the concert hall, reverberant recordings embodying the sound of the hall would be essential—but the reverberation of the listening room would have to be eliminated by listening outdoors or under anechoic conditions. Obviously, both approaches have certain built-in difficulties that require discussion. In any case, our present-day two-channel stereo recordings seem to be attempts to approximate the "we are there" effect. The reasons why they fall short of complete success raise other interesting questions.

Reverberation in a concert hall not only lasts longer than reverberation in a living room, but is also omnidirectional—that is, it impinges on the listener from all directions. The major sound reflections in a concert hall take such a long time to travel from the stage to the wall or ceiling and then to the listener that there is a substantial time interval between the arrivals of the direct and the reflected sounds. The effect is the creation of a large acoustical "ambiance." Since all but the most palatial of living rooms lack this long delay, all of the sound, direct and reverberant, seems to come from the general direction of the speakers in home listening. (No matter what acoustical ploys are used, the comparatively small dimensions of the usual home listening room cannot provide the time delays required for simulation of true concert-hall reverberation.)

On the other hand, the concert-hall experience contains much less "stereo separation" than is provided in most recordings made for home listening. In this connection, it is interesting to speculate regarding the advantages of a front-to-back two-channel stereo system as a replacement for (or alternative to) our present-day side-to-side system. The front-to-back system might be able to create a much more convincing illusion of being at a real concert by giving the listener delayed reverberant sound from a speaker system behind him. The side-to-side system is capable of reproducing the sound of table tennis nicely, but in reproducing the sound of an orchestra it chops off the rear of the concert hall.

There is another good reason for recording under reverberant conditions, in addition to attempting to make "we are there" recordings, and this is to produce "natural" instrumental sound. As discussed previously, the sound of a musical instrument outdoors depends on the direction from which we do our listening. In a concert-hall, however, the integration of the original sound with its various reflections produces a homogenized "natural" tone that experience has taught us to associate with a given instrument. This implies that if we wish to hear music reproduced with the "we are there" illusion, it is this blended sound that the microphones must pick up. If, as is often the case, microphones are placed close to and directly in front of the performers, the final recording over-emphasizes the sound picked up from this direction. More often than not, it is the high frequencies
that are thus emphasized, and this can result in a steely string sound, raspy and noisy brass sections, and unnaturally strong sibilants in singing.

In light of this, the reader may wonder how the "integrated" sound of the Fine Arts Quartet could have been captured successfully in a reverberation-free outdoor setting. Wouldn't the sound of the instruments, picked up from one direction only without reverberation, be obviously different from the blended sound of the real quartet heard in the listening room when the live musicians played? The difference would also be exaggerated by the fact that in reproduction no speaker or array of speakers could possibly have the same radiation pattern for all the frequencies produced by a group of musical instruments. The problem, though difficult, was not insoluble, as evidenced by the success of the demonstration. The solution, stated as simply as possible, was to place the recording microphones so that the tonal balance of the quartet recorded outdoors was as close as possible to its balance in a normal reverberant room.

What about the enhancement or improvement of playback by the addition of artificial reverberation? Devices intended for connection to a playback system are designed to increase the duration of reverberation, since concert halls are known to have longer reverberation times than typical listening rooms. However, an accurate recording already contains the sound of the concert-hall reverberation. If this fails to sound realistic enough, increasing the reverberation time to an exaggerated degree cannot improve matters. Listeners who expect realism from such devices rely on too simple a concept of reverberation. Plainly, adding artificial reverberation to two speakers in front of him cannot move the source of reverberation to the sides and back of the listener, nor can it make an already inaccurate recording anything but less accurate. This is not to say that it cannot make some recordings sound more pleasing to some listeners—but that is not the same thing as more accurate.

It has also been suggested that increasing the reverberation in the listening room by suppressing direct sound by aiming the speaker systems at the wall could improve home listening. The basis for this approach is a fund of data which indicates that most listeners in concert halls (as a function of seat location) hear sound that consists mainly of blended reverberation—that is, sound that has been reflected from a wall at least once. In home listening, however, unless the reverberated sound has traversed an appreciably longer path than the direct sound—thirty or forty feet longer—the effect will be no different than if the speakers faced the listener. Many readers may, in fact, be surprised to learn that, with all good speaker systems, most of the sound energy reaching a typical listening position is reflected. The ratio is easily changed by moving closer to or farther from the speaker system, as it can be changed in the concert hall by moving from seat to seat.

In the light of experience, it appears that a realistic "we are there" situation can be achieved only by a different kind of record/playback system than is now in use. Work is currently being carried out at Acoustic Research on the making of realistic and convincing "we are there" high-fidelity recordings, and the results have so far been very promising. A number of four-channel recordings were made recently using radically different recording techniques in several different concert halls. Before any of the recordings were made, digital-computer studies were carried out to analyze in detail the reverberation properties of typical listening rooms and of the concert halls. This permitted microphone and speaker locations to be planned ahead of time. After the recording sessions, the results were studied as the tapes were played back on a four-channel system set up in the "typical" listening room at the Acoustic Research plant.

Most listeners, upon hearing the playback, have been astonished at the realism achieved by certain of the four-channel configurations. For example, a producer for one of the largest record companies, who was visiting the orchestra's conductor, stayed for the recording session because he was intrigued by a microphone arrangement unlike any he had ever seen. After sitting in the concert hall for an hour or so listening to the live orchestra, he returned with us to the AR listening room to hear the tapes. He insisted that he had never before heard such realistic orchestral reproduction and that the effect of the concert hall's reverberation coming from all sides was quite convincingly reproduced despite the inevitable addition of the acoustics of the listening room. It should be emphasized that simply using four channels, without carefully calculated microphone and speaker placement, cannot accomplish the same result. And neither, of course, can additional rear speakers—with or without reverberation—hooked up to a two-channel system.

The largest step that can be taken to improve the realism of home listening is undoubtedly the accurate recording and reproduction of the reverberant field of the concert hall and, possibly, the use of non-reverberant (anechoic) recording for chamber music. I do not doubt, after participating in the recording sessions and listening tests, that four-channel home systems are an immediately feasible and strikingly realistic improvement over present systems. This is especially true when the objective is the total recreation of the concert-hall experience, but the vistas such a reproduction system would open up for composers as well as listeners can only be imagined.

Robert Berkovitz, a physicist, is with Acoustic Research, Incorporated, where, in addition to technical writing, his duties include liaison with recording companies on a variety of projects.
A RECORDING FIRST: HANDEL'S ORATORIO THEODORA

Vanguard's new recording under Johannes Somary is a success on every level

George Frideric Handel wrote twenty oratorios, over twice as many operas, and a lot of other glorious music—the Chrysander edition of his works ran to one hundred volumes. So far as the recordings catalog is concerned, he can hardly be called a "neglected" composer, yet it is possible that we all ought to be collectively criticized for our failure to insist on a more representative selection of his work, particularly among the oratorios. The fact that we are the heritors of the nineteenth century's sanctimonious pietism may explain in part why we have eleven versions of Messiah in the current catalog—but there is more to Handel than Messiah.

Let us therefore give collective thanks to Vanguard and to conductor Johannes Somary for their new release, the first recording of Handel's 1749 oratorio Theodora. It is a late work (Handel died in 1759), and a great one. The composer himself was especially fond of it—the chorus at the end of the second act, "He saw the lovely youth," is supposed to have been his particular favorite—yet this is one of many Handel oratorios that are virtually unknown today.

A few scattered excerpts from Theodora were once available in an Alfred Deller collection, but none of the music can be said to be familiar to general audiences.

The story is about Christians in heathen Rome at the time of the emperor Diocletian. It has been called Handel's "Romeo and Juliet," and like that story, its message is one of tolerance. The principal characters are Theodora, a Christian girl; Didimus, the Roman officer in love with her; and Valens, the Roman "president" at Antioch, where the story takes place. The subsidiary characters are Theodora's motherly confidant, Irene; Didimus' humanistic friend and superior Septimius; and the ever-present messenger. The characters are all models of virtue—even Valens, who condemns the lovers to death when they refuse to abjure their God for the pagan gods of Rome, acts not out of viciousness but out of his sworn duty to uphold the law.

Handel's music, of course, transcends the plot as well as the rather indifferent text (it was written by Morell, who had also done the oratorio Judas Maccabaeus). There are many superb moments: the chorus "Come, mighty Father," Irene's aria "As with rosy steps the morn," the first prison scene with its Fidelio-like orchestral interludes, the rousing "Blest be the hand," and much more. The deeply moving duet between the lovers, "To thee, thou glorious son of worth" (followed by that favorite chorus), is a particularly apt illustration of Handel's musical as well as dramatic skill in setting the text. The duet concludes with the lines "I hope again to meet on earth/But sure shall meet in heaven," and the voices, lovingly intertwined through the first part, do not in fact meet in unison until they reach the word "heaven" at the end. Whether the oratorio as a whole is the equal (or superior) of Handel's better known works in the form is difficult to answer after only one enthusiastic hearing, but I am grateful for the op-
portunity of making its acquaintance, and look forward to becoming more familiar with it.

There have been a number of Handel vocal works released recently, and much as I may have been enthusiastic about the projects and the scores, the actual performances have had a great many disappointing elements in them, not least in matters of style. It is therefore a pleasure to report that *Theodora* is a success on every level. The casting is excellent: Heather Harper sings extremely beautifully; Maureen Forrester is less bootiful than I have at times heard her, and she invests the role of Didimus with considerable credibility (the part was written for a male contralto); and Maureen Lehane acquits herself with distinction in the part of Irene (though, unfortunately, she does not have a very good trill).

Of the men, both Alexander Young as Septimius and John Lawrenson as Valens are first-class. Most of the singers are attentive to such details as cadential trills (though I suspect the attentiveness is owing rather more to conductor Somary), and there are some well conceived *da capo* embellishments and cadenzas. The harpsichord continuo by Harold Lester is imaginative without being overdone, and a perfect support for the ensemble. The English choir is excellent (one can even hear them executing *trills*), but perhaps most outstanding is the thoroughly idiomatic, beautifully articulated playing of the English Chamber Orchestra. What a difference from the Viennese ensembles of some other Handel recordings! Somary directs his forces with great sympathy and stylistic understanding, and there is a kind of gentle inevitability about the way he shapes the drama to its concluding choral peroration.

The work is presented complete except for several *da capo* repeats, and Vanguard has provided a libretto, excellent notes by S. W. Bennett, and the commendably quiet surfaces of a Dolby-system production. The stereo spread is realistic and tastefully conservative, and the sound excellent, though a slight treble boost will bring the voices into clearer focus. The six sides are not in automatic sequence.

Now, could the same forces be persuaded to tackle *Jephtha*? Or, for that matter, what about—finally—a decent complete *Solomon*?

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**HANDEL: Theodora.** Heather Harper (soprano), Theodora; Maureen Forrester (contralto), Didimus; Maureen Lehane (contralto), Irene; Alexander Young (tenor), Septimius; John Lawrenson (baritone), Valens; Edgar Fleet (tenor), Messenger; Harold Lester (harpsichord), Amor. Artis Chorale and English Chamber Orchestra, Johannes Somary cond. Vanguard Cardinal ® VCS 10050/1/2 three discs $10.50.

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**UNUSUAL RECITAL, UNUSUAL RECITALISTS**

Seraphim brings Walter Berry, Christa Ludwig, and Gerald Moore together for a wryly amusing program.

**ADMIRES** of the attractive husband-and-wife team of Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry have had little opportunity to see them exhibit marital harmony on stage. For two thirds of the lengthy *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (as Barak and his wife), they bicker bitterly. Their time is spent in dark connivance in *Lohengrin* (as Ortrud and Telramund) and, during *Der Rosenkavalier*, as Octavian and Baron Ochs, they even go so far as to fight a duel with one another. Things could hardly be more different in their newest disc release (Seraphim 60087), which is "A Most Unusual Song Recital" indeed. The emphasis in the program is on humor and satire in words and music. Except for one instance, Rossini's *Cat Duet* (some may remember it from the Gerald Moore farewell album in an inspired though rather clowning rendition by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Victoria de los Angeles), the humor is not of the hilarious variety, and the satire is rather subtle most of the time, but the program is full of pleasures nonetheless. The two unfamiliar Brahms items in the folk idiom complement the well-known *Vergebliches Standchen* very neatly; Beethoven's rarely heard setting of the *Song of the Flea* (Goethe's lyrics otherwise immortalized by Moussorgsky) is a welcome discovery, and Haydn's remarkable paean to sloth—which Mr. Berry does with yawn-inducing perfection—is utterly delightful. The Reger and Strauss songs (the latter rather well known) are relatively minor inspirations, but the Wolf group represents that unhappy composer in a succession of sunny moods. *Auftrag* is a gem, and *Abschied* offers an unexpected but welcome intrusion of the Viennese waltz into the good-natured narrative.
Berry is in top form here—a superb recitalist who is at home in every situation, and makes the most of the many colorful possibilities. Miss Ludwig's tones reveal an uncharacteristic spread in Rossini's *Le regata veneziana*; otherwise she is excellent. The comic Rossini duet aside, the two singers appear solo—except for Beethoven's *Der Floh*, in which the unashamed (and, as always, brilliant) accompanist Gerald Moore adds a voice of uncertain register to Mr. Berry's affable baritone. Good sound, but the two felines should have been separated further for stereo.

George Jellinek


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**AN ANTHOLOGY OF LONDON STREET SONGS AND CRIES**

Argo's two-disc release is a merry and authentic progress from past to present.

Collections of English street songs, cries, and ballads have entered (and left) the record catalog any number of times in years past—some good, others bad, but mostly indifferent. London's Argo Records, however, has just released a pair of discs, called "An Anthology of London Songs," that deserve an extended run. Under the direction of folk singers Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, they have been conscientiously prepared and performed (to the music of banjos, whistles, dulcimers, and drums) by the London Critics Group, a clutch of writers, actors, and producers who have been enlivening British radio in the past few years and putting together some remarkable record albums as well.

The first volume, "A Merry Progress to London," opens with street cries that were really the singing commercials of the city until they were banned by legislation in 1904. They are beautifully and authentically recreated here as the air grows thick with invitations to buy fresh flowers, chairs, baskets, and even bluebottle flies. A song urging a visit to the 1855 Bartholomew Fair follows. Then there are ballads both bold and lewd, a sentimental song about the daughter of a blind beggar who married a rich young lord, another of a maid rescued from the chains of Bedlam by the sailor she loves, political broadsides, and even a story-song about a bold lieutenant who rescues a lady's glove from a Tower of London lion in the days when the place was used as a zoo as well as a prison.

The second volume, "Sweet Thames Flow Softly," also opens with old-time entreaties to "buy my sweet lavender"—as well as mackerel, brooms, and insect killers—but it takes some surprising turns as the program catches up with modern times. For example, there's a ballad about the Randy Turpin-Sugar Ray Robinson fight of July 1951, written by a "well-known Soho gambler," and a song about a supermarket, this one composed by a bunch of not-so-well-known Soho schoolteachers. And since the Critics Group is also quite a social-conscious little outfit, there are, in addition, a number of political songs, including one about the 1957 "colour-bar" strike staged by the locomotive firemen at King's Cross depot to try to confine black employees to menial jobs (it doesn't tell you who won, though). And there's even—wonder of wonders in a contemporary British anthology—a pro-American ballad about a sailor and his lass who row all the way to the United States to find happiness and prosperity "on that fruitful shore." Two beautiful records.

Paul Kresh

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF LONDON SONGS. Volume One: A Merry Progress to London. Street Cries and Painters' Song; Room of Companie; A Merry Progress**

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger

Authentic recreations of early singing commercials
to London; The Maid of Tottenham; In Newry Town; The Plough Boy and the Cockney; The Bold Lieutenant; London's Ordinary; nine others. Volume Two: Sweet Thames Flow Softly; Street Cries; Tottie; Judges and Juries; Parson Grocer; Betsy Baker; Plank Bed Ballad; The Jail Song; William and Phyllis; Randolph Turpin; Sugar Ray Fight; eight others. The Critics Group (vocals and instrumentals). John Faulkner, Sandra Kerr, Jim O'Connor, Terry Yarnell, Ted Culver (singers); Ewan MacColl, director; Peggy Seeger, musical director. ARGO ® ZDA 46 and ZDA 47 $5.95 each.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS' BEAUTIFUL SECOND OUTING

Their new Columbia release is a successful fusion of contemporary pop-music styles.

The first recording from the musical group that calls itself Blood, Sweat and Tears excited almost everyone who heard it (Columbia ® CS 9619). To my ears, it was the first serious effort to combine, under one banner, the many divergent stylistic streams now flowing through contemporary pop music. It almost worked, and, even in its less successful moments, BS&T was bright, colorful, and up-to-date.

In the year since then, changes have taken place. Al Kooper, the group's organizer, has departed for the sunny climes of a production office, and there have been several personnel replacements. Most important of them is the addition of a superb Canadian singer named David Clayton-Thomas. The results are startling, and for my ears, BS&T has produced, with its second release, the first absolutely indispensable pop-music recording of 1969.

Everything works beautifully. The jazz, handled by alto saxophonist-pianist Fred Lisius, organist-arranger Dick Halligan, and trumpeter Lew Soloff, is excellent. If Halligan sometimes reveals too overbearing an affection for Hindemith in his organ playing, and if Soloff occasionally feels he has to try to cut Dizzy Gillespie—well, that's okay, because they play with warmth, enthusiasm, and—very important—musical excellence. And BS&T does not make the mistake of trying to act the role of a jazz group in disguise. When Clayton-Thomas moves forward to belt out a roaring Blues, a crisp God Bless the Child, or a bouncing And When I Die, the group adjusts itself to the necessary style, backing one piece like a romping rhythm-and-blues outfit, playing as tight and precise as a studio unit on another. But hearing is believing; as I said before, this one is absolutely indispensable—don't miss it.

Don Heckman

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS: Blood, Sweat and Tears (vocals and instrumentals). Variations on a Theme by Eric (sic) Satie; Smiling Faces; Sometimes in Winter; More and More; And When I Die; God Bless the Child; Spinning Wheel; You're Made Me So Very Happy; Blues, Part 2. COLUMBIA ® CS 9720 $1.79.
This little speaker may cause the downfall of the capitalist system.

Until a few months ago, only capitalists owned high-fidelity systems of really superior quality. For the ordinary rich American, the price was simply too high.

Of course, we aren't talking about those nice middle-class systems for six or seven hundred dollars, with their loud and clear but unmistakably canned sound. We mean the real goods, the big, professional-type stereo installations in which the two loudspeakers alone may have cost well over a thousand.

That kind of capitalist system was economically justified by its performance, until the September Revolution. Then, at the New York hi-fi show last September, Rectilinear introduced a small loudspeaker, called the Mini-III and priced at $79.50. After hearing it, even capitalists began to wonder why anyone should pay more for any speaker.

The Rectilinear Mini-III is the brain-child of a group of young, unorthodox, we might even say radical, engineers. The kind you'd be more likely to find working for, say, NASA than for the hi-fi Establishment. They took great delight in demolishing the Establishment myth that speaker performance depends on size and price. And they came up with enough bright new ideas to make the 12" by 19" by 19½" deep, under-eighty-dollar-Mini-III one of the four or five best-sounding loudspeakers available today—regardless of size or price.

If that claim strikes you as so much propaganda, we're not the least bit worried. The superiority of the Mini-III isn't so subtle or elusive that you can possibly fail to recognize it when you hear it. Its exceptional smoothness, definition, freedom from distortion and lack of "boxiness" are easily audible characteristics to music lovers.

However, you may not recognize the full consequences of this revolution. The downfall of the capitalist system is just one of them. (Obviously, the same system with the same—or better—sound for about a thousand dollars less is no longer exclusively for capitalists.) But middle-class and even lower-middle-class systems are also affected.

Suppose, for example, that you've been thinking of buying one of the widely advertised stereo compacts. The better ones cost upwards of $400, complete with their own speakers. Now consider the alternative:

A pair of Mini-III's for $159. One of the new generation of high-powered solid-state stereo receivers (they're great!) for well under $300. One of the best imported four-speed automatic turntables with a good magnetic stereo cartridge, for about $100. Total: just over $500.

This combination will perform almost in a class with the world's most expensive systems and about seventeen classes above the best stereo compacts—for barely $100 more. Plus about ten minutes more of your time, to connect the speakers and plug in the turntable.

Remember, it's capital that we made superfluous. Not labor.

(For further information, see your audio dealer or write directly to the Rectilinear Research Corporation, 30 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.)

CIRCLE NO. 49 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The Philadelphia's Leading Man.

Sit back. Let the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy send a few tingles up your spine. Listen to the strings in Mozart's "Jupiter." Listen to the wind solos in Schubert's 'Unfinished.' You're hearing three great Ormandy/Philadelphia traditions under Eugene Ormandy's leadership. Traditions exceptionally well adapted to the lyrical compositions of Schubert and Mozart. First, the concept of "singing line." Translated into orchestral terms this is the strong horizontal vocal sound you hear from each individual instrumental body. Second, the unique tonal quality of the Philadelphians, coupled with a style of playing which places the phrase highest in consideration. And third. The tingles. Well, that's what leading men are for.
C. P. E. BACH: *Die sechs Sammlungen von Sonaten, freien Fantasien und Rondos für Keuer und Liebhaber: Fantasie in C Major* (Vol. 5; Wq. 59, 6); Fantasie in G Major (Vol. 6; Wq. 61, 6); *Sonata in G Major* (Vol. 1; Wq. 55, 6); *Sonata in B-flat Major* (Vol. 5, Wq. 59, 3). József Gát (clavichord). QUALITON © SLPX 1305 $5.79.

Performance: Fascinating historical recreation

Recording: Mostly very good

Stereo Quality: Not too spectacular

From the standpoint of phrasing and articulation, the instrumental playing and (to a very slightly lesser degree) the vocal performances are quite a revelation. Clarity is the keynote, with details of phrasing made really audible for the first time on disc. There are a number of surprises that may put off traditionalists: for instance, the fast tempo of the opening *Kyrie*, or the clarity of the *Quoniam*, where the bassoons usually produce a rapid garble of notes. There are also some deviations from previous standards in the tempo changes: for example, the conclusion of the *Coffretet.*

Many of these innovations work extremely well, and although the tempo throughout is fast (note that the set takes five instead of six sides), there were but few places that I felt did not benefit from the approach. One of these misses, however, was the *Coffretet,* where not only did the tempo seem too fast, but the rendition sounded singularly devoid of mystery and passion. The emotional content is evoked varyingly throughout the performance; one often hears more affect in the instrumental playing than in the vocal work, especially in that of the higher solo voices. Both Equiluz and van Egmond are splendid; so is Rotraud Hansmann; but the Japanese second soprano and Helen Watts in the alto arias sound far too bland—but the Japanese second soprano and Helen Watts in the alto arias sound far too bland—they sound, in fact, somewhat like the singers in usual performances of the *Mass,* either overly Romantic or antiseptic in equal degrees.

I would not like to leave the reader with the impression that these cars are anything but minor—that this is a bloodless, "correct" interpretation. There are indeed moments of great excitement. I would, however, still rate the Richter performance for DG (as the best compromise. It is not terribly authentic but it is far more satisfactory than any of the "Romantic" treatments."

The recorded sound on this Telefunken release is extremely good for everything but the massed ensembles, in which not only is there a loss of the clarity that is so admirable elsewhere, but the benefits of stereo do not seem to have been used to greatest advantage (the *Sanctus* and *Osanna* double choruses, for instance). An immense booklet containing texts and analytic-historical notes is included. In sum, this is an extremely interesting performance, one that will fascinate those who lean toward authenticity in Bach. It is not perfect, but it is a remarkably good try and well worth investigating. I. K.
Stereo Review

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Have you been having a little difficulty obtaining some of the records and tapes reviewed in this issue? Stereo Review Record and Tape Service to the rescue! Not a record club—no discounts, no special deals. We're here simply as a service to those of our faithful music-loving readers who are about to give up the search for "hard-to-get" records and tapes. If you want help in your musical dilemma, all you need do is complete the coupon below and mail it in with your remittance. We'll see to it that your records and tapes are mailed to you promptly, well packed and fully guaranteed against damage or defects.

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(Continued on page 88)
Because accuracy of reproduction is essential, AR-3a speaker systems are used by Connoisseur Society.

For their Vienna recording sessions with internationally distinguished Czech pianist Ivan Moravec, Connoisseur Society brought AR-3a speaker systems from their New York facility. Earlier recordings by Moravec on Connoisseur Society records have received awards for outstanding technical and musical excellence. The newest release in the series is record CS 2010, piano music of Debussy and Ravel.

Acoustic Research makes AR speaker systems, amplifiers and turntables. All are described in our catalog, obtainable for the asking.
tic of Boston's Symphony Hall produces a more impressive end result in the closing chorus. In general, the orchestral microphoning in the Philips album seems a shade distant in terms of proper string presence. On the other hand, there are some very impressive "stereo-sonic" moments, as in the give-and-take of the Montagues and Capulets during their encounter in the tomb.

Which is the Romeo et Juliette recording to have? Quite frankly, the obvious distinction of Mr. Davis' interpretation from start to finish more than outweighs for me any minor deficiencies of recorded sound. But I don't intend to dispense with the Munch album.

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Stunning
Recording: Lifelike
Stereo Quality: Good

A fifth recording of the Carl Nielsen Wind Quintet would seem to be rather much of a good thing, but when one gets a performance as intensely vital and different as this one, and when it is coupled with a delightful early work from the pen of Sweden's romantic-classic symphonist (a slightly older contemporary of Berlioz), Franz Berwald, there can be no cause for complaint.

The first movement of the Berwald Septet is fairly conventional fare, and could well have come from the pen of Hummel or Spohr. The middle movement begins and ends in Berwald's most ingratings "cool" lyric style, enclosing a delightfully zestful scherzo episode for effective contrast. The finale, in its use of insistent repeated-note rhythmic figures and sharp solo interjections, clearly looks forward to the Berwald of the middle 1810's who produced the Sinfonia and Serenade symphonies. Needless to say, this recorded performance is a most welcome addition to the steadily growing Berwald repertoire on American labels.

If the Lark Wind Quintet's performance on Lyricdor is the most shrewdly beautiful performance of the Nielsen Quintet currently available, this latest by the Melos Ensemble is surely the most exciting and vital. As the sleeve notes indicate, Carl Nielsen, in writing this music for friends in the Danish Royal Orchestra, was intent on character portrayal of the players via the medium of their instruments, and it is this aspect which the Melos recording seeks out with brilliant success.

The one aspect of the Nielsen Quintet which has been a certain disappointment concerning the Nielsen Quintet has been a certain insensitivity to the atmosphere of this great orchestra and his expertise at balancing inner voices can blind one to the greater dramatic effectiveness of Rudolf's performance, which is both more sharply nuanced and filled with rhythmic tension. The Cincinnati maestro's readings of the two final movements are still tops in my book.

I find no currently available recorded version of the Bruckner Seventh Symphony wholly satisfactory, combining utterly convincing interpretation with great orchestral playing and superb recorded sound. All have deficiencies in one department or another. Perhaps Herbert von Karajan or Josef Hofmann will someday soon remedy this situation for us.

D. H.

BUXK: The Star Spangled Banner—Festive Overture (see COERNE)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

CAGE: Variations IV, Volume II. Performance assisted by David Tudor. EYEBERRY 3 3520 $4.98.

Performance: Cage-ion
Recording: From a live performance
Stereo Quality: Intrinsic part of the show

I put this record on right after listening to the Schuman Carnival, and had a real start. There, cutting through the Cageian garlic, was Carnival, loud and clear. Well, thought I, either Schumann has gotten stuck in the speakers or my mind has finally been blown. It was neither, of course, just part of Variations IV. It is such coincidences that make Cage's nuttiest freakouts somehow relevant to a nutty world scrambled by a technology we hardly yet understand. Well, dig it, man, dig it!

As the totally unnecessary spoken introduction (it could have all been put in the liner notes) informs us, this is a portion of a six-hour performance in a Los Angeles art gallery, another segment of which had been released earlier by Everest. The sound sources include street noises, sounds in the gallery (audience noises, glasses tinkling at the bar, etc.), and an entire broadcast radio program (a taped news, tapes and records of whatnot all put through a stereo mixer in various changing proportions. Talk about "information overload!"

Language records, Oriental music, antique recordings, bits of pop, laughing records, news broadcasts, church bells, medical lectures, and Lord knows what. One of the parallels of the future will be "Catch that Quote" in the John Cage Variations IV. I spotted Gershwin, the Symphonie fantastique, the Mozart G Minor Symphony, the Beethoven Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth, the Hovhaness Overture (see COERNE), the Anvil Chorus, the March from Aida, bits of the Barber and Box, Bolero, the "Trout" Quintet, the Nightcracker, the Bach D Minor Toccata, the Hora Staccato, and lots more!

This is, in short, the kitchen-sink sonata, the everything piece, the minestra master-piece of modern music, the universe symphony of everybody and everything. This is the world that technology offers us: instant communication with the entire experiential world, including the complete musical expression of the brain and the entire possible cultural universe (well, almost). In McLuhan's imagery, our nervous systems are extended around the world and receiving messages from every corner of the global village. Cage and his listeners just make it actually all audible to us for a certain length of time.

This record is an excerpt, but is the whole performance an excerpt; indeed the piece is an excerpt...from everything. It begins nowhere and ends nowhere. It has always been in progress; it is only that it became audible just recently. It is, in fact, still in progress. Are you listening out there?
What impressed the professionals most when they tested the new $79.50 Dual?

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"...anti-skating force adjustment...really works, as we verified by observing that the cartridge output waveform on high velocity records was clipped symmetrically on both channels." (Stereo Review)

Cueing: "...you can use the cue control for a very gentle lowering of the pickup onto the record. You can also interrupt play at any portion of the record and resume play as you please." (High Fidelity)

Total Performance: "...compatible with the finest amplifiers and speakers, as well as the most compliant cartridges available today." (Stereo Review)

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ENTREMONT likes to emphasize subtle rather than merely major gestures, even in the more turbulent pages of the first and last movements of the Concerto. Gendron and Haitink savor the heroic ambiance of the work as a whole, and the recording engineers have enhanced their efforts with splendidly warm and spacious sonics. Gendron need defer to none of his colleagues in either technique or tone. His musicianship, like that of Haitink, is both sensitive and sinewy throughout the disc as the occasion demands. The playing of the London Philharmonic measures up to some of the best I have heard from this organization since the great Beecham days.

All told, this is the most satisfying stereo version of the Dvořák Cello Concerto I have heard to date.

D. H. MAURICE GENDBO Sensitivity and sinew for Dvořák concerto. RCA Victor - - 5 VICS 1170 $2.50 Performance: Very stylish Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good

Jean-Henri d'Angelbert (c. 1628-1691) and Louis Couperin (c. 1662-1661) are two of the most important keyboard composers of seventeenth-century France. Their published music consists of pieces (mostly dances) grouped by key, from which the player is free to choose a selection—a kind of do-it-yourself suite.

For the benefit of those who wish to know the exact contents of the two suites included here (the album does not give any information other than titles and the keys are minor rather than major as indicated on the jacket), they are as follows: Couperin: Prelude (No. 1), Allemande (36), Courantes I & II (12 & 13), Sarabande (51), Canaries (52), Passacaille (51). The recorded sound is bright, and complemen
tary to Entremont's approach. I. K.

The recorded performances are of a standard common to most of the other Angelbert recordings reviewed previously in these pages—conscientious interpretation, clean if somewhat thin sonics.


Entrement tends to emphasize subtle brilliance in these performances. Thus, the early waltzes, numbers one and two or the posthumously published final six of the fourteen, sound quite effective. In the more poet- ic waltzes, in fact, the pianist's technical elegance, does not succeed in plumbing all the depths of the Chopin style. A playing of Lipatti or Rubinstein in comparison makes the deficiencies all too obvious. The recorded sound is bright, and complimentary to Entremont's approach. I. K.


Recording: Achromatic Performance: Affectionate Recording: Adequate Stereo Quality: All right

Continuing his survey in depth of pre- modern American music as part of the extensive SPAMH historical anthology, all Karl Krueger has come up here with a curious collection of odds and ends: the minor but pleasing Schumann-Brahmsian overture of John Knowles Paine (1839-1906), the highly entertaining Festival Overture of Dudley Buck (1839-1959), the rather undistin-

guished and lengthy Ecclesior of Louis Adolphe Goerne (1800-1922), and the rather more interesting late-Romantic Nocturne of Henry F. Gilbert (1868-1928). The Buck Overture, first performed in 1887, is spirited and free of much of the excess pudding character of most pieces of this type by German-trained American composers. Of course, one is irresistibly tempted, after hearing Buck's treatment of our National Anthem, to listen at once to Ives' tongue-in-cheek America Variations (written just five years later) simply for the sake of piquant contrast.

The Gilbert Nocturne, composed in 1926, must have been one of that composer's very last works. Highly charged emotionally, in a manner associated nowadays with the work of Howard Hanson, the Nocturne has none of the folksy quality of such works as Dance in the Place Congo or the Comedy Overture on National Themes which won Gilbert a cer-

tain fame in his day. As for the Courne and Paine works, I find the former undistin-
guished in thematic material and wholly de-

erivative in expression, while the Paine piece is a bit of neat musical jo
tery.

The recorded sound is fine of a standard common to most of the other Courne recordings reviewed previously in these pages—conscientious interpretation, clean if somewhat thin sonics.


Performance: Intense Recording: Matches performance Stereo Quality: Good

For those initially intimidated by the snobbishness and cultural elitism that seems to surround the contemporary chamber-music concert and its audience, particularly in the post, recommended as antidotes Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," Smetana's "From My Life," and the Dvořák "American," with the amiable and lovingly crafted Booridin Sec-
nond as an alternate. All are charming, im-
mediately accessible works, and the number of cues they have effected among those who were afraid of chamber music has been remarkable.

These two new releases present something of a dilemma, not only because of the duplication of the Dvořák, but also because strongly competi-
tive stereo versions of all three works exist. The Juilliard Columbia package, how-
however, is the only one currently offering the Dvořák-Smetana coupling in stereo. Both performances are powerfully rhythmic in their forward thrust and highly intense in their phrasing. The recorded sound parakates more of concert-hall than living-room am-
biance, which makes for a highly trans-
parent texture and notable brilliance in the upper register. Notice particularly here the

(Continued on page 92)
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poignant closing episode of the Smetana, in which the piercing high E on the first violin evokes the onsets of the composer's deafness. The Guarnieri Quartet reading of the Smetana for RCA is no less engaged, but with living-room intimacy, which makes for a more homogenous and darker tone quality.

In the Dvořák, the Quartetto Italiano adopts a slightly easier pace than the Juilliard ensemble of the opening movement and opts for the expository repeat. Their playing of the Scherzo is especially brilliant and rhythmically incisive. The recording has a small-hall atmosphere, but with less pronounced reverberation than in the Juilliard disc. The Borodin Second is played with greater refinement, with the result that its salon qualities come to the fore rather than its elements of kinship with certain pages of the composer's opera Prince Igor. The budget-price London Stereo Treasury version with the Borodin Quartet offers strong competition here—and perhaps the best combination for those who own none of the three works reviewed here would be that of the Juilliard Dvořák-Smetana coupling plus the Borodin by the Borodin.

D. H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: More natural than national
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Discreet

W. H. Auden tells in The Double Man how a poet feels when he sits down to write. All the great poets of the past are peering over his shoulder—how can he work up the 18th century to think he has anything further to say? I imagine something of the same humility must seize a conductor who goes to the podium to record a masterpiece such as Dvořák's Ninth (and we all know how humble conductors are). Does he really have anything to add to what Toscanini and Szell have done? Yet when he referred to this work not as some oversized musical Statue of Liberty but simply as "impressions and greetings from the New World."—Paul Kienb

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: A-I
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

KLAUS EGGE
Fusing Norwegian and mainstream traditions


Performance: A-I
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

Together with his Norwegian colleagues, the other contemporary Norwegian composers, such as Saeverud, Valen, Saarikangas, and Fartein Valen, have brought the musical culture of their country into close touch with the European and American mainstream. Their music has a fine sense of clarity and balance, with a fine sense of form, and a fine sense of style. As a composer, he has sought from a stylistic point of view to achieve a high level of expressionism.
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GLINKA: Iota Aragonese; Summer Night in Madrid; Komarinskaya; Valse-Fantastique; Russian and Ludmilina: Chorrenor's March; Turkish Dance; Arabian Dance; Lezginka.

USSR Symphony Orchestra, Yevgeny Svetlanov cond. MEDLTON A.N. Â® SR 40081 $5.98.

Performance: Robust
Recording: Loud
Stereo Quality: Good

What a relief to have a recorded Glinka anthology without the ubiquitous and ItalianateRussian and Ludmilina Overture, one that offers instead the enchanting Chorrenor's March and Oriental Dances from the same score! For good measure we get the first top-notch stereo recordings of the two Spanish pieces (the first major orchestral works by a European on Spanish folk-dance motifs), as well as the masterly Kaminarka on Russian wedding tunes, and the charming Valse-Fantastique.

Here on one disc, then, is Glinka's finest orchestral music from his peak creative decade (1840-1850), and here one can truly recognize the truth of Tchaikovsky's remark that the whole of Russian music is in Glinka as the oak is in the acorn. The sources of the Tchaikovsky ballet waltzes, the Rimsky-Korsakov Capriccio Espagnol, and the Borsch Polovtsian Dances can be traced, and one all, in those elegantly orchestrated minor masterpieces from Mikhail Glinka's pen.

The Svetlanov performances can best be described as spirited and rambunctious, aided and abetted by a highly resonant recording locale. Those used to the Toscanini and Steinberg versions of Kaminarka may be a bit surprised by the tempo fluctuation fancifully by Svetlanov in the dance variations, but presumably the Russian has ample precedent for this approach. In any event, this is a most enjoyable album.

D. H.

GRIEG: Piano Concerto No. 1, in E-flat Major, Van Cliburn (piano); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy cond. RCA SLS 3065 $5.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good in part
Stereo Quality: Okay

Given the arrival of the Philadelphia Orchestra edz RCA, there was something inevitable about this recording: i.e., the pairing with Cliburn in Liszt and Grieg. Yet, oddly enough, the results are far from the kind of stereo spectacular that one might expect from such an event. The Grieg is actually quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. The Liszt has a basically quite small-scaled, pleasantly lyrical, even intimate. 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CASIOUS WHEN I'M ASKED TO RECONSIDER WORKS DATED ORCHESTRAL REPETITORY WITH INDIFERENCE AMONG COMPOSERS, I GUESS, BUT THE TENDENCY IT'S

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, CLAUDIO ABBADO COND. 4, IN A MAJOR, OP. 90 ("ITALIAN"). LONDON MINOR, OP. 56 ("SCOTTISH"); SYMPHONY NO. MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY NO. 3, IN A MAJOR, OP. 90 ("ITALIAN").

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT HAVE NEVER PRODUCED THE WORK-BEETHOVEN'S "ELEONORA" OR "STRAVINSKY'S SATURDAY, FOR EXAMPLE"-THAT MAKES A MARK ON THE HISTORY OF MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT. I AM SIMILARLY REMINDED IN LISTENING TO THESE MENDELSSOHN SYMPHONIES OF A REMARK I ONCE HEARD FROM THE AMERICAN MUSICOLOGIST AND AUTHOR JOSEPH Machlis. It was his assertion that composers of strong personal lyric endowment are inclined to develop a personal (albeit eclectic) "speech" early in their careers and that their styles tend to change and develop very slowly-if at all. In general, though Mendelssohn has held his own with the great public, he is generally thought of as something of a lesser light than the Greats—and, I submit, for the precise reasons I have suggested above. Rehearsal of these most popular Mendelssohn symphonies is somewhat stilted by the elegance with which the composer builds in the essentially classical view of musical structure and detail with an overtly Romantic lyrical impulse; stilted as well to note the consistently fresh impulse with which he re-invented a style that, as everyone knows, underwent slight alteration from his earliest works—most notably in A Midsummer Night's Dream—composed before he was twenty. In short, Mendelssohn's "Scottish" and "Italian" symphonies, heard from an admiringly special point of view, suggest to me that he is one of those durable, popular composers whose achievements are taken rather too much for granted.

I'd not pretend familiarity with the countless performances of each work currently available; I will merely say that Abbado has given both works a fine, luxurious lyrical sweep without sacrificing the lucidious clarity of design characteristic of either. The recorded sound is extremely rich and the stereo treatment subtle and effective.

MAY 1969

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT MOORE: CARRY NATION, BEVERLY WOLFF (MEZZO-SOPRANO), CARRY NATION; ARNULD VOKETAITIS (BARITONE), HER FATHER, ELLEN FAUL (SOPRANO), HER MOTHER, JULIAN PATRICK (BARITONE), CARRIERS; OTHERS THE NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY, ORPHAN, SAMUEL KRAHMAHNIEV COND. DESTO 5 6463/4/5 THREE DISCS $17.37.

PERFORMANCE: HIGHLY PROFESSIONAL RECORDING: GOOD STEREO QUALITY: INTELLIGENT

IN ONE RESPECT THAT IS INTERESTING, IF PERHAPS OF LESS THAN MAJOR IMPORTANCE, DOUGLAS MOORE'S CARRY NATION ATTEMPTS SOMETHING OF THE SAME THING THAT JACk BEESEN'S LIZZIE BOODLE (1965) DID, FOR THE LIBRETTO BY WILLIAM NORTH JAYME PROBES SPECULATIVELY INTO THE "HOW-SHE-GOT-THAT-WAY" PSYCHOLOGICAL BACKGROUND OF A LEGENDARY AMERICAN FANATIC, JUST AS KENWARD ELMSTEED DID IN TELLING THE STORY OF A LEGENDARY AMERICAN (PROBABLE) MURDERESS. CARRY NATION, AS EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, WAS THE PROTESTIONIST WHO, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, WHEN SHE WAS FIFTY-THE YEARS OLD, EMBARKED ON A CAREER OF SALON-BUSTING THAT MADE HER NATIONALLY—EVEN INTERNATIONALLY—FAMOUS. (ALTHOUGH THE OPERA DOES NOT GO UP TO THAT POINT, IT WAS FASCINATING TO ME THAT CARRY, ALTHOUGH TAKEN SERIously AT THE BEGINNING OF HER CRUSADE AGAINST ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO, ULTIMATELY BECAME A FIGURE OF RIDICULE, DENOUNCED BY HER FOLLOWERS AND REDUCED TO APPEARING IN BURLESQUE HOUSES AND CONY INLAND SIDE-SHOWS.) THE OPERA DEALS ONLY PERIPHERALLY WITH HER DAY IN THE LIMELIGHT; INSTEAD IT OFFERS AN EXPLANATION FOR HER FANATICISM—IN FACT, THE MAKING OF A FANATIC WOULD BE AN ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE SUBTLE. THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF

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the work, which is surprisingly moving and powerful in view of the composer's honest, plain and homely style, is the Carry Nation. Her father was something of a religious fanatic, and, rather like the father-daughter relationship in Charpentier's Louise, that of this opera has decided overtones of incestuous involvement.

The opera opens with a prologue set in a barroom in Topeka in 1901, at the height of Carry's saloon-busting fame. Act I is a flashback to 1865. In the economic depression Missourians suffered under the Civil War, Carry's family is forced to take in a boarder. It was, unhappily, the father of his own: a doctor haunted by the horrors of the war, he is an incipient alcoholic, but he is also sensitive and intelligent. He falls in love with Carry, and she, compassionately attracted to him, marries him against her father's advice in the belief that she alone can rehabilitate him. The following scenes trace Charles' descent into hopeless alcoholism, his unsuccessful attempt to rehabilitate himself on learning of Carry's pregnancy, and, in dire poverty, Carry's plea to her father for money because of the expected child. With this as a weapon, Carry's father persuades her to leave Charles. Some time after the birth of her daughter, Carry, on Easter Sunday in a churchyard, speaks happily from a letter from Charles which promises they can soon be reunited. But her father tells her he has that very day received by telegram a notification of Charles' death. Sending her family away, Carry closes the opera with a long aria in which her transformation from a compassionate, self-recriminating woman to a religious fanatic is vividly depicted.

Though Douglas Moore's conservative, tonal, and perhaps inordinately consonant style has neither the range nor the contrast to dig very deeply into the dramatic possibilities of his subject matter, the opera nonetheless makes a number of telling points. Moore writes very felicitously for the voice, and sets words with such skill that, on record at least, the printed libretto is virtually unnecessary. He also writes with a certain courage: period popularism is not stylized coloratura he uses it, but is given to us boldly; furthermore, I was somewhat startled by a letter from Charles which was somewhat startled by a letter from Charles which was received by telegram a notification of Charles' death. Sending her family away, Carry closes the opera with a long aria in which her transformation from a compassionate, self-recriminating woman to a religious fanatic is vividly depicted.

Though Douglas Moore's conservative, tonal, and perhaps inordinately consonant style has neither the range nor the contrast to dig very deeply into the dramatic possibilities of his subject matter, the opera nonetheless makes a number of telling points. Moore writes very felicitously for the voice, and sets words with such skill that, on record at least, the printed libretto is virtually unnecessary. He also writes with a certain courage: period popularism is not stylized coloratura he uses it, but is given to us boldly; furthermore, I was somewhat startled by a letter from Charles which was somewhat startled by a letter from Charles which was received by telegram a notification of Charles' death. Sending her family away, Carry closes the opera with a long aria in which her transformation from a compassionate, self-recriminating woman to a religious fanatic is vividly depicted.
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NIELSEN: Wind Quintet, in A Major (see BERWALD)

PAINE: As You Like It—Overture (see COERNE)


Performance: Good to excellent
Stereo Quality: Very good

The reports of Prokofiev’s death are greatly exaggerated. Contrary to the opinion of certain seers, the Russian master’s music has by no means suffered the eclipse predicted for it, but seems to be holding its own very well. Hard on the heels of Glenn Gould’s recording of Sonata No. 7 (see below) come Nos. 7 and 8 in good performances by Ashkenazy. I must say that I have come to dislike the Prokofiev Seventh thoroughly. The first movement always sounds like a parody of itself with its idiosyncratic style. And I am unmoved by the tear-jerker lyricism of its slow movement which extends and repeats the simplest of themes, harmonic licentiousness, repetitive, long lines, and, although a bit less effective than the intense and introverted Scriabin, it is still a successful subject for Gould. Oddly enough, it has more recorded presence than the Scriabin, the first two movements of which seem—a test pressing, at least—much less “there” than the last two or the overside. Otherwise generally good piano sound, some huns (of the vocal variety) but nowhere near as many as Gould usually supplies with his playing.

SMTANA: String Quartet No. 1 (see DVORAK)

RECORING OF SPECIAL MERIT

STRAVINSKY: Pulcinella; Apollo Ma
gagète. The Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner cond. ARGO ® ZRG 575 $5.95.

Performance: Superb
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

It is, of course, completely logical that a chamber orchestra specializing in eighteenth-century music should reproduce Stravinsky’s love affair with the past. And these are just the kind of performances that this music needs—notish, but full of wit, humor, and vigor. For once, elegance implies no sacrifice of energy, while vigor does not imply the least roughness or awkwardness. The quality of the playing—tone, ensemble, dynamics, articulation, phrasing, the works—never falters. And the superb sound has remarkable presence (to the point where the key clicks of the wind instruments are almost annoyingly audible) as well as balance, spaciousness, and tonal beauty. My review copy had a bad pressing defect on side two, but will someone nonetheless please make sure to remind me next fall not to forget to put this one up for a Best of the Year award.

Performance: Finely detailed
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Okay

Most of this sampling of the Stravinsky solo piano catalog dates from what annotator Eric Salzman aptly describes as the “first hard period of neo-classicism.” (I suspect that most laymen would find more meaning in the less friendly adjective “dry.”) In point of fact, it is not a period (mostly during the Twenties) of Stravinsky’s work to which I am entirely sympathetic, simply because its “hardness” seems to stem from the fact that the music is absolutely rather than about itself, and Stravinsky’s concern with “re-creating tradition” was so single-minded—and ever so slightly awkward as well—during this phase of his development that a work like the Sonata (1921) in the Sere nade—A cyclo little more sentiment than a Zeny étude. But even in these unfavory works, Stravinsky’s gift for seizing attention is, as ever, in command. It isn’t music you’ll be haunted by, but it isn’t music by which I, at least, can possibly be bored.

For rather reluctant to admit it, but I am more taken by the shorter works here. The neo-romantic fantasy inspiring the Four Études (1908) and the pre-camp camp inspiring the two rag-time pieces (the Tango and Cirrus Polka) are both a lot more entertaining and wonderfully representative of the composer’s poker-faced humor.

Noel Lee, an American composer-pianist who lives in Paris, plays this music with impeccable accuracy and stylistic security. If I have any complaint about his work here, it is about his indifferentals to the two separate entity pieces of a given phrase (e.g., the Adagietto of the Sonata) at the expense of its lyric flow. Most of the music involved is bare-boned enough; it can take a little softening of lyrical and textural contour. This complaint apart, I find the playing quite faultless and utterly faithful to the

SIR ADRIAN BOULT Conducts a moving Vaughan Williams Fourth Symphony, Neville Marriner cond. ARGO ® ZRG 575 $5.95.

Performance: Superb
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

When the number of recorded versions of a standard repertoire work, even a difficult twentieth-century standard like Stravinsky’s Le Sacre du printemps, gets up to the baker’s dozen, one has no choice but to ask of the newest arrival: “What does this have to say interpretively or sordidly that we don’t already know?” So—sordidly, this is about the cleanest and most detailed Sacre to be had nowadays. Interpretively, it adds nothing to what Stravinsky’s own very respectably recorded Columbia disc has given us, let alone to what the more rough-and-ready but equally fascinating Pierre Boulez—Nonesuch record reveals. Ozawa’s reading is essentially clean and detailed in the same fashion as the two Dorati-Minneapolis Symphony recordings, if not quite as elementally fierce as they. Ozawa offers also a sprightly reading of Stravinsky’s youthful sin d’ esprit of 1908, Fireworks, Good sound.

RECORING OF SPECIAL MERIT

STRAVINSKY: Sonates: Serenade in A Major; Four Etudes, Op. 7; Jeu d’esprit; Tango; Cirrus Polka, Noëli Lee (piano). NONESUCH ® H 71212 $2.50.

Performance: Idiomatically dry
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Okay

Without a doubt, the recording of this Stravinsky solo piano work is superior in every way to all others. Noël Lee, an American composer-pianist who lives in Paris, plays this music with impeccable accuracy and stylistic security. If I have any complaint about his work here, it is about his indifferentals to the two separate entity pieces of a given phrase (e.g., the Adagietto of the Sonata) at the expense of its lyric flow. Most of the music involved is bare-boned enough; it can take a little softening of lyrical and textural contour. This complaint apart, I find the playing quite faultless and utterly faithful to the

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RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor; Norfolk Rhapsody. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult cond. Angel 36557 $5.79.

Performance: Impressive
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

A Vaughan Williams like Sibelius, wrote a dark-hued Fourth Symphony that seems closer to the twentieth century than most of his other works. There is, without a doubt, an emotional, musical, and intellectual unity and depth in this work that (one or two other works apart) one would have hardly suspected in Vaughan Williams. The first performance of this dramatic, moving, and deeply expressive work was directed by Sir Adrian Boult in 1935, and it is fitting that he should have had the chance, almost thirty-five years later, to produce a powerful modern version with the magnificent players of the New Philharmonia and the excellent sound of the EMI engineers. The Norfolk Rhapsody is a pleasant footnote in the early pastoral-impressionist manner that one more conventionally associates with the composer. The F Minor Symphony is quite an other cup of tea—a stronger brew, one should say—and impressive even to a Vaughan Williams indifferent such as the undersigned . . . all the more so in this impressive performance and recording. Highly recommended to anyone seriously interested in the post-Romantic symphony.

E. S.

COLLECTIONS


Performance: Sensitive
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Unobtrusive

Except for some of the dances and song transcriptions published in 1529 by Pierre Attaignant (mostly by anonymous composers) and one or two of the pieces by his fellow Frenchman Jean-Baptiste Besard (c.1567-c.1625), the repertoire included in this collection is fairly rare. Jacques Bittner, is an almost totally unknown German composer who probably was a lutenist; and likewise Thomas Mace, an Englishman best known for his 1659 lute treatise, Musick's Monument. The latter's Suite in D Minor is, frankly, on the dull side; Bittner's is rather better, but the most immediately accessible works are to be found on the first side. The late Walter Gerwig (1899-1966) recorded these in the very early Sixties; he was always a most sensitive performer with a fine awareness of style. If he was not invariably the most imaginative or virtuosic lutenist next

to, for example, Julian Bream, Gerwig could always be relied on to provide a musical and sympathetic interpretation; this he certainly does here, although, so far as the repertoire is concerned, I would hesitate in suggesting this collection as a starter for listening to the lute.

E. K.

GOLDEN AGE OF WIND MUSIC.


Performance: Generally enjoyable
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent

(Continued on page 101)

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ANGEL’S “MUSIC TODAY”: A GOOD SCORE

By ERIC SALZMAN

A fresh flurry of modern-music releases on the Angel label continues the tendency of that company's contemporary catalog to concentrate largely on distinguished and somewhat overlooked composers of the generation that falls between this century's hardy pioneers and its far-out youngsters. Nevertheless, it is one of the juniors who steals this particular show.

Peter Maxwell Davies is one of the most gifted and independent of the post-war generation of composers in England—or, for that matter, anywhere. His work has been characterized not so much by flamboyant radicalism as by refinement, a medieval time sense combined with extreme delicacy of texture and a sensitive, lyric-expressive use of the human voice. All these characteristics are present in his Revelation and Fall, but, significantly, he has brought to it an enormously expanded palette. The voice, in the course of expressing a striking prose-poem by George Trakl, ranges from traditional singing to jazz bits, from Schellack to startling effects produced through a bullhorn. The instrumental range and the scope of the entire work are similarly vast: set against passages of typical Davies elegance and medieval-serial lyricism are moments of great power and dynamic impact. The form is ultimately a dramatic, highly dissonant way; once or twice they threaten to turn into the Sower's Apprentice. Frankly, I rather enjoyed their bad-taste Romantic mysticism, which is more than I can generally say for the obviously more significant later work.

Karl-Birger Blomdahl, probably the most important composer Sweden has yet produced, died suddenly last year at the age of fifty-two. Blomdahl, who was perhaps best known internationally for his spaceship opera Aina, began his composition-al life as a traditionalist, fitted with neo-classicism and surrealism and ended with a personal rhythmic style of great distinction and individuality. That evolution is partly documented in the present recording. The Prelude and Allegro, written in 1949, is a heavy and rather ineffective neo-Romantic work. The Italian Songs, written only five years later, are lyric serial settings of Quasimodo in a Webern-Dallapiccola mode with tiny neo-classical touches and a witty ending.

Game for 8, a dance score written in 1962, belongs to his fully mature style. Each section is dominated by a single kind of texture made out of held, overlapping, or repeated elements in a complex of pulses. It is tight, laid out in striking blocks and planes, and full of high-back kinetic energies released only over long stretches of time to build really impressive climaxes. Among the older composers who contributed to or adopted elements of the vocabulary of the so-called avant-garde, Blomdahl stands out as one of the most original.

The less said about the Japanese entry in this sweepstakes the better. Toshiro Mayuzumi's Bacchante certainly deserves some kind of award as one of the worst pieces of recent memory. But at least it has camp value, which is more than can be said of the Phonologie Symphonique, a terribly serious anthology of modern music from Saare de printemps on. Yasushi Aku tagawa is an even stranger case—a sort of Japanese Khachaturian. But let us draw a merciful veil of silence; three good modern-music records out of four is still a good score.

GERHARD: Collages (Symphony No. 3). DAVIES: Revelation and Fall. The BBC Symphony Orchestra, Frederik Prausnitz cond. (in the Gerhard), Mary Thomas (soprano); The Pierrot Players, Peter Maxwell Davies cond. (in the Davies), ANGEL. ® S 36558 $5.79.

MESSIAEN: Et Exspecto resurrectionem Mortuorum; Les Offrandes Oubliees. Orchestre de Paris, Serge Baudo cond. ANGEL. ® S 36559 $5.79.

BLOMDAHL: Game for 8; Fire Italian Songs; Prelude and Allegro for Strings. Ann-Sofi Rosenberg (mezzo-soprano); Hans Leygraf (piano); Stockholm Philharmonic, Ulf Bjaurin cond. ANGEL. ® S 36576 $5.79.

MAYUZUMI: Bacchante; Phonologie Symphonique. AKUTAGAWA: Music for Symphony Orchestra; Triptique for String Orchestra. Tokyo Symphony Orchestra, Tadashi Mori cond. ANGEL. ® S 36577 $5.79.
The music in this collection ranges from the fairly dull fanfare-like pieces of the early seventeenth-century composer Giovanni Fantini (the only Italian in this otherwise all-German production) and his near contemporay Vincent Jeich to works of considerable solemnity and grandeur by Johann Staden (1541-1634) and Paul Peuerl (c. 1570-1625). There is a good deal of variety in this program, which is played quite stylishly on what sounds like modern instruments (except, of course, the recorders). Wilhelm Ehmann, who is perhaps better known as a chorale director (his recordings of Bach and Schütz are among the best in the catalog), directs these Baroque and late Renaissance pieces with dignity, although at times he would opt for ineffectually slow tempos or take breathier now than once was, and the breaks between the registers have become more noticeable. This music has a certain loss of spontaneity, which must be compensated for by heavier reliance on artfulness. But then artfulness, if not perhaps intended by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, is a quality she possesses in abundance. In this remarkably varied and wide-ranging program no interpretative stone is left unturned, of course, and at such a temptingly low price.

Drottningholm, the summer residence of the Swedish court in the early eighteenth century, served as the setting for the marriage in 1744 of Adolf Frederick of Sweden and Princess Lovisa Ulrika of Prussia, who was the sister of Frederick the Great. The music for that wedding festivity was written by Johann Helmich Roman, the court composer, who penned twenty-four movements (thirteen of these are given here). A recording of only five movements was contained in another Nonesuch collection on HC 73014. Drottningholm then became the actual court, and its theater was used for a variety of productions over the ensuing years, including Il re pastore by Francesco Cavalli, and Annina Utini (1722-1795), an Italian who was attached to the Swedish court after Roman. Another composer connected with Drottningholm and represented on this disc was the Dresden-born Johann Gottlieb Naumann, from whose opera Gustaf Wasa (billed as Sweden's national opera) two ballet excerpts are included. Roman's music is the featured item here, and it is also the best. In his youth the composer had evidently been much influenced by Handel, and one can hear that in these charming suite excerpts. The Naumann and Utini are rather typically galant, trilling and curiosities. The performances throughout are very competent, and for the most part they are fairly stylish, as well as enthusiastic. The recording is vivid and, except for some slight trumpet blaring, very clean.


CHRISTA LUDWIG/WALTER BERRY: A Most Unusual Song Recital (see Best of the Month, page 80).

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Eleventh in a series of short biographical sketches of our regular staff and contributing editors, the “men behind the magazine” — who they are and how they got that way. In this issue, Baroque scholar, harpsichordist, and music critic

IGOR KIPNIS
By JUDITH ROBISON

His large living room is lined with shelves for records and tapes reaching from floor to ceiling. So are the dining room and the bedroom. Records to be catalogued lie in heaps on the two massive stereo speakers and other available furniture, and boxes of records are stacked in the corners. “I have always been intrigued with record collecting,” explains harpsichordist Igor Kipnis, clearing away a heap of books and music to find a cigarette. “For the first fifteen years, collecting was a major hobby; for the last ten it has been a necessity.”

A leading authority on the Baroque era and a record reviewer for Stereo Review for eight years, Kipnis quite naturally has one of the largest collections of Baroque and pre-Baroque discs in the country. “Baroque was not my primary interest in the beginning. I was mainly concerned with orchestral works and pianists—Horowitz, Lipatti, Schnabel, and Fischer. At Harvard I met a Radcliffe girl who was working on a complete collection of Landowska, as well as assorted ‘eccentric’ items such as Monteverdi madrigals and Bach organ works. I had only two Landowska recordings, the Goldberg and an English suite. We began investigating Baroque music together, and pretty soon I had to marry her for my records.”

An accomplished pianist at twenty, Kipnis soon became discontented with the piano. Fortunately, the Harvard music department owned one of the harpsichords that Arnold Dolmetsch, the grandpa of the Baroque revival, had built in the early twentieth century for Chickering. On this instrument, Kipnis prepared a concert of Handel sonatas with his recorder-playing Radcliffe fiancée for a course given by composer Randall Thompson. “The performance was very amateurish,” he recalls, “but I was fascinated by the instrument and rudely awakened to the problems of interpreting Baroque music in a historically meaningful way.”

The years following college were filled with harpsichord practice and musicological study at night and a variety of jobs with radio stations and recording companies by day. Kipnis became a contributor to the American Record Guide, and his collection grew apace. “Keeping up with records was easy in those days, but since the introduction of the LP, one would have to be a computer to correlate everything that’s issued. Even Schwann has trouble keeping it straight.”

How does he feel about wearing two hats nowadays? “People often ask me about, or rather reproach me with, being a critic as well as a performer. Actually, I was a critic for ten years before I even thought of playing professionally. I consider criticism an art, too, not just a chance to spout one’s opinion, as many readers might think. A critic must have a clear idea of what his standards are and why he holds them. Of course, few standards are absolute, and as a performer I have plenty of opportunity to test some of mine under fire from colleagues and audiences. Performers’ egos are very exposed, and perhaps that’s why they tend to resent critics so much.”

Kipnis left his critical duties at the American Record Guide to join Stereo Review in 1961 and also wrote for a time as a concert reviewer for the New York Herald Tribune. But soon, as his Baroque studies continued, he found himself more and more on the playing, rather than the reviewing, end of concerts. Programs of chamber music with various colleagues gradually gave way to solo recitals. “Although I come from four generations of musicians on my mother’s side, not to mention that my father [basso Alexander Kipnis] had a worldwide career as a singer,” he notes, “my personal road to performing began with my interest in recordings and developed through my work as a critic.”

His performing career advanced with astonishing speed, and now Kipnis is away from New York touring in the United States, Canada, Europe, and South America about five months a year. In 1964, he began making records for CBS: to date he has six releases on the Epic label and a recent issue of Haydn and Mozart concertos on Columbia Masterworks. “It’s very useful,” he says, “for a record critic to be aware of what goes into making a recording, both on the performing and producing ends, to be aware of the artist’s problems and the technological possibilities.”

Kipnis’ most recent hobby, which developed out of his concert tours, is photography, both movies and 35-mm slides. When on tour in the United States he transports his eight-foot harpsichord, built for him in New York by Rutkowski and Robinette, in a Dodge van; he also takes the car and instrument abroad whenever possible. In addition, he has a small practice clavichord for keeping his fingers in shape during off evenings in hotels, and a Strobotuner to aid in the constant tuning necessary for both instruments. “Maneuvering the equipment is almost as much a profession as playing,” he admits, but so far he has no plans to go into the moving business.

Home for Igor Kipnis is in Greenwich Village, where he lives with his ex-music-critic wife, his four-year-old son Jeremy, two Siamese cats, a concert-grand harpsichord, and a large German-style clavichord. Jeremy is also an avid record collector, and there is consequently much competition for available air time.

A cosmopolitan gourmet—Kipnis was born (1930) in Berlin, lived in Vienna as a child, and traveled around the world on his father’s tours before settling permanently in the United States—he keeps his wife busy concocting a variety of menus that include everything from his favorite Wiener schnitzel to imperial Chinese dishes from the Ch’ing dynasty and Syrian ragout of kid. Consequently, not being as versatile as her husband, she has had to forsake the recorder and gamba, and only occasionally does she manage to write notes for record jackets, in between the pâté and the pie. This is naturally very hard on her—I ought to know, since Judith Robison is also Mrs. Igor Kipnis.
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MOSE ALLISON: I've Been Doin' Some Thinkin', Mose Allison (vocals and piano). Jus' Like Livin', City Home; How You Goin' to the City; Now You See It; You Are My Sunshine; and seven others. ATLANTIC ® SD 1911 $5.79.

Performance: Excellent but passe
Stereo Quality: Fine

Mose Allison is a tremendously accomplished musician who has just not grown into today's grooves. He was big in the Forties and Fifties, but today he is an anachronism. Although he has tried to update himself with new protest lyrics, the result is like an abstract painting in a baroque frame. Oddly enough, it's more fun to listen to his original records, for there, at least, he doesn't attempt to sing. Vocally I find Allison amusing, and no matter how hard I keep wishing he would turn out to be another Hoagy Carmichael, it never happens.

Mose Allison says that what the world needs now is an assimilation of many musics into our life style. He warns of "the danger of complacency." I'm afraid that Mose Allison himself may need to lose his complacency and assimilate. Please, Mose, stop singing!

R. R.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LONDON SONGS (see Best of the Month, page 81)

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (see Best Songs (see Best of the Month, page 81)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

ELTON BRITT: The Jimmie Rodgers Blues, Elton Britt (vocals and instrumentals). My Carolina Sunshine Girl; Yon and My Old Guitar; Roll Along Kentucky Moon; Waiting for a Train; My Little Lily (Sadie Brown); The Jimmie Rodgers Blues— and three others. CAMDEN ® CAS 2395, 9. CAL 2295 $1.89.

Performance: Top-notch
Recording: Oh-lee-oh-lee-dee-deh
Stereo Quality: Okay

Country-and-western nostalgia is becoming as common as horse manure at a rodeo, so you have to like rodeos a lot to keep abreast of the ever-increasing new releases of old recordings. Not too long ago I had to comment on a tribute to Jimmie Rodgers ("The Singing Brakeman"), who was the idol of country boys in the 1930's (girls loved him, too), and here is Elton Britt, a country-and-western hero in his own right, singing the songs of Jimmie, his special idol. So in effect this record is another tribute to Jimmie Rodgers.

I happen to be a sucker for yodeling. Though not old enough to have personally appreciated Jimmie Rodgers in his time, I have always been fascinated by Elton Britt's talent for yodeling. Have you ever wondered how the yodel came down out of the Swiss Alps and settled on the frontier of the horse-riding guitar-stunning U.S. West? I can't answer that question. I know I don't care too much for the Swiss version, but when Elton Britt lifts and rolls his adam's apple around, it's more fun to listen to his original singing. Vocally I find Britt amusing, and no matter how hard I keep wishing he would turn out to be another Hoagy Carmichael, it never happens.

Mose Allison says that what the world needs now is an "assimilation of many musics into our life style," and he warns of "the danger of complacency." I'm afraid that Mose Allison himself may need to lose his complacency and assimilate. Please, Mose, stop singing!

R. R.

BROTHERHOOD: Brotherhood (vocals and instrumentals); unidentified strings and woodwinds (on two tracks). Somebody; Roll Along Kentucky Moon; For a Train; Seasons; Lore for Free; and seven others. RCA ® LSP 4092 $4.98.

Performance: Promising new group
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Very good

Brotherhood tries hard to be a good group. RCA has given them a careful production, providing the musicians with what must have been ample recording time, the indulgence of working with their own songs, and fine woodwind and string arrangements by Kirby Johnson. To its credit, Brotherhood comes up with something more than the usual repetitious rhythmic ostinatos and electronic distortions. Like Buffalo Springfield, the group touches a lot of bases, from bossa nova to swing, with considerable musical effectiveness. If there is blandness, it is an understandable failing for a new group. I look forward to their future work; perhaps the first-outing gremlins will have been overcome and a more interesting image of the group will emerge.

D. H.

DON CHERRY: Take a Message to Mary. Don Cherry (vocals); orchestra. Whippoorwill; Heart Blues; Maybe You'll Be There; Road To Love; and eight others. MONUMENT ® SLP 11019 $1.98.

Performance: Very over par
Recording: Who cares?
Stereo Quality: Okay

Somewhere it's 1952 once more and I'm sitting in one of those stainless steel streamlined diners indigenous to small Southern towns. The menu is posted deal center, white plastic letters sliding along black ridges, expounding the virtues of western omelettes, grilled cheese sandwiches, and Virginia farm hot plates complete with water-mashed potatoes and uniformly cut canned string beans. There is a juice box with an extension in each booth—silver levers to flip the cards so you can choose your six selections for a quarter. The coffee is slammed on the streaked Formica-top table by a waitress wearing a huge lace hankie fixed in the center by a gilt French-poodle pin. Formidable. It takes at least seven paper napkins jerked from the greasy stainless steel container to soak up the saucer spill. Sugar pours from a slippery stainless steel spoon and milk clugs from still another stainless steel pitcher. It is the world of stainless Joni James, Jo Stafford, Kay Starr, and early Elvis.

What everything is really all about, musically, is country-and-western gone slightly Hawaiian—sad, torchy, hazy music as true to its Idaho origins as the stainless steel womb that surrounds it. Don Cherry has the...
unmitigated gall to want to remind me of this world. But he is still one of those sweet, Southern "good old boys," with a round elfin face, who you just know would rather be golfing as a pro at Colonial Hills Golf Club in Fort Worth, Texas. And that's where he belongs. His style, when laid on current sounds like Misty Blue, is more passé than the perorated tongues in his golf shoes. Even the liner notes, written by Badly Hackett, sound as if they could have been offered by solid stainless steel Reverend Billy Graham. Check please, waitress. Even I now know that it ain't true what they say about eating where truck drivers eat.

R. R.

VIC DAMONE: Why Can't I Walk Away? Vic Damone (vocals); orchestra. Watch What Happens; Why Can't I Walk Away? If You Are But a Dream, Star Dust; I Should Care; Nothing to Lose; and six others. RCA © LSP 3984 $4.98.

Performance: Vic and Fade Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good

Vic Damone, over the last few years, seems intent on easing himself out as a pop singer. This present collection is significant more for nostalgia than for contemporary entertainment. Who, I am curious, is really interested in hearing yet another recording of things like If You Are But a Dream, Star Dust, I Should Care or Like Someone in Love? Damone does a yeoman's job on all of them, and they make pleasant enough listening, but can be told us anything really new about them? Unfortunately, no. He has a really pleasing voice, which is something a good deal rarer than one might think, and he does care about lyrics. But it is all more of the same. No new approaches here, no alteration in tempo and phrasing, no attempt to make something pertinent for a new generation or even for the generation that grew up with these songs. Only a lot of pretty singing. His choices from the new crop of songs—Watch What Happens or Goin' Out of My Head—are delightful in the glib, let's-read-the-lyrics-while-we-sigh-at-the-two-page-long-thing-are-at once as adventuous as a Kiwanis club testimonial dinner.

A pop singer should, by definition, sing what is truly popular, not what is well loved and well remembered. Damone often sounds like the young singer who entertains in the hope of pleasing his elders, not his contemporaries. He has been around a good while and I think it is about time his work started showing it.

R. P.

SAMMY DAVIS JR: I've Gotta Be Me. Sammy Davis Jr. (vocals). I've Gotta Be Me; My Personal Property; I'm Glad There Is You; Here I'll Stay; and six others. Reprise © RSP 6324 $4.79.

Performance: Unimaginative Recording: Uneven Stereo Quality: Someone was asleep at the switch

Sammy Davis must be kidding. How else could a singer with his drive, imagination, and art—and some of the best diction in the business—let this one out of the engineer's workshop? Peggy Lee has been known to call back whole shipments of her albums if even the slightest technical flaw is obvious to her well-trained ears. Other singers just don't seem to give a damn. Sammy seems to be one of the latter. So if you really care, I urge you to re-play Sammy's Golden Boy: original cast disc for Capitol and forget that this new one on Reprise ever happened.

With most professionals—singers and instrumentalists alike—I have always had boundless admiration for Sammy. He has style (both consciously and unconsciously), he has taste, and he has talent. Some of the things he's pal Sinatra has foisted off on the public he wouldn't be caught dead singing in public or on records. But this time out, I can't even bear him. On the opener, I've Gotta Be Me, he sounds like he's in the kitchen of the Copa but the band is over on Fifth Avenue, playing for a parade. Somebody was simply going off in the control room while this one was being recorded.

The rest of the disc is one of the most disgraceful collections of thrown-away nonchalance offered for public consumption. And Reprise is charging money, yet. Except for My Personal Property, the material is pure Child of the $11; and two others. See © 19700 S.179.

Performance: Interesting Recording: Good Stereo Quality: Good

I often had the feeling that the Deviants, an English group, could be better than they are. Their lyrics are generally intelligent and their music, while not startlingly original, is good enough. In performance they project their ideas with admirable clarity—a real rarity. The Deviants (and singer Nicky, Mick Farren, and Russ Hunter) are at their best in something like I'm Comin' Home, which is a simple song about a simple subject: a young man coming home to his girl. Later, when the group tackles something like Deviation Street, a nine-minute job all about the C.I.A. and war and nasty old men peering in windows, it collapses into empty sermonizing at a not very thoughtful level. There is a marked degree of obvious talent, however, in such things as Charlie and Nothing Man. Again, simplicity of theme and performance are the strong points. I might add a word about a collection of aphorisms that take up one half of the two pages of liner notes. Ranging from Thoreau to Tolstoy, from Burroughs to Buckminster Fuller, from Freida Barter (of Toward a Wider Community) to Captain Beefheart ("I can stay under water for four and a half minutes"); they provide one of the most truly amusing and intelligible guides to current youthful thinking available. I only wish that the album itself could have been as good.

P. R.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

THE ELECTRIC FLAG: The Electric Flag. The Electric Flag (vocals and instruments). Soul Sacrifice; Swear; Nothing to Do; See Your Neighbor; Mystery, Qualified; Hey, Little Girl; and two others. Columbia © CS 9711 $1.98.

Performance: Very good Recording: Excellent Stereo Quality: Good

The Electric Flag bills itself as "An American Music Band." More specifically, it is a black American music band, and a very good one. The music is a mixture of soul and rock, with a touch of some of the most truly amusing and intelligible guides to current youthful thinking available. I only wish that the album itself could have been as good.

P. R.

THE EVERLY BROTHERS: Roots. The Everly Brothers (vocals and instruments). Mama Tried; Illinois; Town Answer; Shady Grove; T for Texas; Sing Me Back Home. (Continued on page 108)
How to recognize a stacked deck.

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and six others, WARNER BROS. & WS 1752 $4.79.

Performance: Good
Recording: Fair
Stereo Quality: Good

As children the Everly Brothers appeared with their parents in an act called the Everly Family. This album is a tribute of sorts to those days (c. 1952). It contains some recordings made by the family at that time, as well as a brief narration by the father of the boys, Ike Everly. I suppose it has some charm if you are a fan of the Everly Brothers, and I am sure fans will enjoy the scrapbook pictures reproduced on the back cover. As for me, I found my interest really caught only when the Everlys performed their newer material, such as "The Gift That Keeps on Giving," and six others. WARNER BROS. ® LSP 4115 $4.98.

Performance: Standard Steve, Eydie and Gordon
Recording: Technically perfect
Stereo Quality: Excellent

FRANCOISE HARDY: This Is Buddy Guy; Buddy Guy (vocals and guitar); eight-piece accompanying band. I Got My Ears on You; The Things I Used to Do; Fever; Knock on Wood; and four others. VANGUARD ® VSD 72920 $5.79.

Performance: Surprisingly bland
Recording: Good
Stereo Quality: Good

This is a disappointing outing for Buddy Guy, who is considered by many to be the logical successor to the great blues singer B. B. King. Recorded "live" in Berkeley, California, this collection is surprisingly unexciting, with a notable absence of the fire and verve that are characteristic of Guy's best work. An eight-piece backup band somehow never comes across the way it should, its role being limited to providing brief, unobtrusive accents and background figures. This is a shame, since Guy is, in my estimation, one of the coming blues greats. Although his studio performances have given us a more accurate picture of his fine talent than this latest effort does, he has not yet been recorded in a fashion that accurately demonstrates his considerable skills. Maybe next time.

D. H.

FRANCOISE HARDY: Loring. Francoise Hardy (vocals and instruments). Loring; Hang on to a Dream; Fill the Days of Our Lives; Amphetamine Gazelle; Eastern Light; and three others. CAPITOL ® ST 2985 $1.79.

Performance: Hirsute but good
Recording: Great
Stereo Quality: Fine

Miss Hardy, with an approach to a love song as straight and appealing as her long ash-blond hair, is so very French in every aspect of her style that it's hard to believe she is actually singing everything here in English. All the songs are about love—usually the love of a lonely girl in an empty room on a day that seems somehow always to be Sunday. The program calls for a single mood—Paris in winter, the sky gray, a chill rain falling, a silent telephone—and it is a mood over which Miss Hardy has so thorough a mastery that she has earned a big reputation with it in her native France. It is also, however, a mood that grows depressing as it continues without variation through both sides of an LP; what begins as touching winds up sounding too doggedly plaintive and downright monotonous. P. K.

STEVE LAWRENCE AND EYDIE GORME: "What It Was, Was Love" (An Original "Albummusical" by Gordon Jenkins). Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme (vocals); orchestra, Gordon Jenkins cond. What It Was, Was Love; What You Say, A Secret Place; Where You Are; Yeah, But What If?; A Man; Boys and Girls; and six others RCA ® LSP 4115 $4.98.

Performance: Standard Steve, Eydie and Gordon
Recording: Technically perfect
Stereo Quality: Excellent

"Way back in 1941, when Gordon Jenkins' Manhattan Fever was the epitome of street sophistication, the world was young and we were all smashed on our first "Happiness Cocktail," Patti Page made you believe that "New York should be your home sweet home" and was hell-bent on "learnin' her Latin." Once upon a dream," she begged me "never to leave her," and I loved every sloppy moment of it. But today I know better. New York is my home but it ain't sweet. Today happiness is getting home on the subway without being mugged. The world still falls in love, but love songs march to a different drummer. Paper dolls have been transformed into lifelike Barbie dolls with all the appurtenances in the right places. In other words, today tells it like it is. Unfortunately, Gordon Jenkins tells it like it can never be again.

His plot and dialogue for this "Albummusical" is so Mad River. Mad River (vocals and instruments). Merciful Monk; High All The Time; Amphetamine Gazelle; Eastern Light; and three others. CAPITOL ® ST 2985 $1.79.

Performance: Hirsute but good
Recording: Great
Stereo Quality: Fine

The trouble I have with Mad River is that I don't take speed, smoke pot, trip with LSD, or appreciate the new vogue for eight-minute songs. "Way back when Cole Porter wrote real lyrics and many, many verses, record producers knew there could be too much of a good thing and wisely kept the time down to about three-and-a-half minutes. So why do they think today that too much of a just-okay thump will sit with us squares when we are not on the nod?

Technically, these fellows are great and speak charming poetry through their mostations. I'm just not excited by endless new sounds that remind me, unfortunately, of the musical saw played in an echo chamber or a pair of soulful eyes staring out of gift-shoppe windows and I'll scream. Likewise one more sitar-like screech!

But there is an audience for this music, and I do think this is one of the better groups practising it. Mad River has good rhythm, and a great guitar, and many, many verses, and its God-awful musical trips which sometimes last, as in "If It Goes On, for over twelve minutes. If they were trying to make a point, I got it after three minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

R. R.

HARVEY MANDEL: Crito Redentor. Harvey Mandel (guitar); orchestra, Crito Redentors. Before Six; The Look; Steak; Long Wait; Wade in the Water; Lights Out; (Continued on page 110)
the AR guarantee: not one cent for parts, not one cent for labor, not one cent for service charges, not one cent for freight.

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I guess this would be as good a row album for any self-induced hippie sua d la mer as it could be. It makes a fine mood music album for the stoned at heart. You don't have to be stoned, but I have a suspicion that it might help because, after a few hands of listening to it with my eyes closed and summoning up the aura borealis, pretty flowers, surging waves, pointed deserts, strange landscapes, twisting writhing figures, pinpoints of light that dispersed into a sparkle of a thousand kaleidoscopic views of the universe, and then, then, only after the revelation of the ultimate cosmic "I" within the galaxy, only then did I realize what a god-forsaken bore the whole thing was and turned it, and myself, off. Yes, Dr. Gillespie, it is that kind of album. Harvey Mandel's work on guitar is quite good, and the arrangements by Nick De Caro are excellent. The soprano voices used on the Gristo Reducer track are shrill enough to be an angel choir in any proposed ascension to heaven by Tiny Tim.

OLIVER NELSON AND STEVE ALLEN: Soulful Brass, Steve Allen (piano); various other accompanying musicians; Oliver Nelson arr. Turnin'; Sound Machine; Goin' Out of My Head; Can't Take My Eyes Off You; Spooky; 125th Street & 7th Avenue; and seven others. Impulse! © AS 9168 $5.79.

Performance: A great comedian at the piano. Recording: Excellent. Stereo Quality: Excellent.

I will give way to no one in my admiration for Steve Allen as a television performer. Allen's understanding of the peculiar connotations of the English language, his unflinching ability to enjoy himself and, above all, his remarkable gentleness—one of the rarest qualities in a public performer—have made even his mundane television appearances into special events. When Allen plays the piano (or the clarinet, trumpet, etc.) in front of the cameras, it's okay, because we know that here's a guy who is a great comedian and m.c., a man of all seasons who hardly can be expected to be a great musician, too. Besides, his lifelong association with jazz players has given him a fine ear for the one-liners, double-entendres, and puns that are the special affection of musicians. So—I tolerate his piano playing, enjoy the sympathetic backing that his accompanying musicians provide, and wait for Allen to return to his microphone. Also, no such luck here. Allen's playing is front and center, and even Oliver Nelson's stunning arrangements cannot compensate for the utter superficiality of the performance. (How it is possible for someone with Allen's verbal facility to play a game from Shostakovich's Bread in the middle of Oris Redding's Dock of the Bay is beyond my comprehension.) Despite the presence of L.A.'s best studio men, Allen's rhythmic deadness causes a general emotional malaise that dulls the edges of much potentially provocative pieces as Goin' Out of My Head, Spooky, and the aforementioned Dock of the Bay. The less said about the Allen originals the better.
It is avowed in the liner notes here that "The whole concept of this album is to evoke a feeling of stability in a pretty mixed up, turbulent world. It is avowed in the liner notes here that "The most important trend of the past year is at least of the mid-Forties, today's young players are working with a style that is not their own, but which is too far out of its own time to represent a meaningful artistic expression. Yes, there are tracks that are moderately pleasing, and one can undoubtedly hear most of this music with some degree of pleasure. But one's attention fades quickly. In a market glutted with new musical experiences, there is not enough time for re-examination of the past. D. H.

THE SIEGEL-SCHWALL BAND: Shake! Corky Siegel (harmonica, piano, vocals); Jim Schwall (guitar, vocals); Jack Dawson (bass); Russ Chadwick (drums). Shake for Me; My Starter Woman; Wouldn't Quit You; Louise, Louise Blues; Wouldn't Quit You; My Starter Woman; Louise, Louise Blues; Wouldn't Quit You; against going home to see his beautiful girl and mean his mother. It's charming, reassuring.

There is still that kink Motown touch of sultriness, and the odd bit of Motown flavor. The amazing Euphonics Miniconic record system represents the ultimate in modern high-fidelity technology. The "Euphonics Miniconic" phono cartridge is truly a unique and rewarding auditory experience. The Euphonics Miniconic system is not an anachronism. Like the white Dixieland re-vivalists of the mid-Forties, today's young players are working with a style that is not their own, one that is too far out of its own time to represent a meaningful artistic expression. Yes, there are tracks that are moderately pleasing, and one can undoubtedly hear most of this music with some degree of pleasure. But one's attention fades quickly. In a market glutted with new musical experiences, there is not enough time for re-examination of the past. D. H.

JOE SIMON: Sima Sings. Joe Simon (vocals); instrumental accompaniment. Message from Maria; Misty Blue; It's Too Late; Standing in the Safety Zone; In Reach of Your Arms; and six others. STEREO SSS (5). 10005 $4.98.

Performance: Honest-to-God soul
Stereo Quality: Okay

Not long ago, while reviewing the last Joe Simon album, I said "everyone needs a little quiet soul in his life... and Joe Simon delivers it." Well, he's back again, and rather quickly, with a new album that doesn't shake any soul-worlds, but is still easy listening. Personally, what with all the records coming from these types, I think I'm getting oversouled, yet Joe's performance of Message from Maria is near perfect, as it is Misty Blue. So it is hard to quarrel with him. The rest of the songs are all good; still, it's nothing more than Joe Simon adding numbers to his repertoire and your collection.

This is solid stuff for Joe Simon collectors, and, for novices, a good introduction that should send them running out to get Joe's 'No Sad Songs.' R. R.
sings straight up from the historic Black South. These blues songs have a language all their own—a fabulous, colorful argot that not only expresses the sadness, poverty, and hard times, but the incredible humor that allowed creators and performers to laugh and help ease the frustrations that life hands out. There is a crazy, joyous, and arrogant approach to love expressed over and over again like the famous line, "If you don’t like my peaches, baby, you don’t have to shake my tree." There are hidden double-entendre sexual threats: "You don’t miss your water 'til your well runs dry," or "I ain’t gotta let nobody steal my jetroll." These blues have deep roots rising from the past into the heart of what’s happening in music today. We are all aware of African folk music’s impact on current neurasthenic electrified sound. But Taj Mahal doesn’t present his stylized repertoire as a polemic for better understanding between black and white. His approach is simple honest entertainment—natural. He implies that "hard times" are as mean for the whites as for blacks. His answer is "All together now, that’s the idea." It’s a great idea, and Taj offers good listening while selling it. R. R.

MASON WILLIAMS: The Mason Williams Ear Show. Mason Williams (vocals). Road Song; Banjo-De-Nooze; Whistle Hear; The Last Great Waltz; One Minute Commercial; Generatah-Oscillatah; and four others. WARNER BROS. ® WS 1766 $4.79. Performance: A worthless oddball experience Recording: So-so Stereo Quality: So-so

Mason Williams is a TV dropout! Ordinarily, such a statement might be complimentary, indicating that the person referred to will undoubtedly go on to bigger and better things. But in Mason Williams’ case, I dare say he is needed more by the Smothers Brothers than by the record industry.

Once upon a time (back in 1964), he was a folksinger in Laredo, Texas, where he wrote Road Song. Since it is the only thing worth listening to twice on this disc, I’d say his subsequent move to Los Angeles and TV Land was ill-advised. Today he considers himself a real down-home country boy actually utters such sentiments as "This is one of the things I left the Smothers Brothers to do—this here Ear Show." I have no better idea than you do what he’s talking about, but "Ear shows" seem to be songs, and all of them seem to have been written with something in mind other than the desire to create music.

Examples: Banjo-De-Nooze was written for Simon and Garfunkel to perform on the Smothers Show. It is distinguished primarily by the fact that Simon and Garfunkel rejected it. Whistle Hear is explained in the liner notes as ‘an example of algebraic thinking in regard to the positive and negative sides of creativity.’ Song elements are usually positive, but a build-up of negative elements. Mason claims, can also make an impression, resulting in a positive end. Anyway, Whistle Hear means listening to a whistle (positive), then listening to nothing (negative), and finally being tuned in to "the wider, more triumphant sound"—the sound of the rocks, the sun, etc. I positively heard a whistle once, but I heard nothing, positively, worth listening to.

The Last Great Waltz really smacks of the old Smothers Brothers shows, which should be warming enough. One Minute Commercial is one minute too long. Cinderella-Rockefeller was written with Nancy Ames in her kitchen. (So help me, the liner notes said so.) Generatah-Oscillatah may be the crunchiest song ever written. It features a duct of electronic impulses played on the amazing Moog synthesizer.

While Mason Williams plugs his Kirby into the Moog synthesizer in Nancy Ames’ kitchen, the folks at Warner Bros. Records must be lauging up their sleeves. The only excuse for this un-asked-for lunatic collection of pointless, humorless diddling is that they all needed a tax loss. They got one. R. R.

THE YOUNG TRADITION: Galleries. The Young Tradition (vocals and instruments). Ductia; The Barley Straw; Wondrous Love; The Bitter Witby; Rutledge Highway; The Agincourt Carol; and eleven others. VANGUARD ® VSD 79295 $4.79. Performance: Authentick Recording: Pure Stereo Quality: Excellent

Forsooth! ‘Pon my worde, this must bee the most authentick group of folk singers arounde. Assuredly it is the only group around with someone playing the shawm (a medieval oboe). And how about tunes like The Rolling of the Societ? No, it is not about Mick Jagger & Co. being rolled; it is a "traditional" song, and when the Young Tradition says traditional it could mean anything as far back as The Agincoart Carol, which isn’t exactly yesterday. Most of the material here would seem to date from no later than the eighteenth century (although almost all arranged by the Young Tradition). And what results is a very ingratiating album. The voices are nicely blended, and the antique instruments they use create a pleasing background. To some it might seem a bit precious and boring, but there is a nice modest feel to this group, and they take an obvious enjoyment in their work, which I found extremely charming. I will admit, however, that after seventeen selections I wasn’t exactly anxious to play it again.

P. R.

NAT ADDERLEY: The Scavenger. Nat Adderley (cornet); Mel Laskie (cornet); Joe Henderson (tenor sax); Joe Zawinul (piano); Jimmy Steig (flute); Victor Gaskin (bass); Roy McCurdy (drums). Sweet Emotion; Rite; Sally; Rite Again; Mad Nat; and three others. MILESTONE ® MSP 9016 $4.79. Performance: Uneven Recording: Very good Stereo Quality: Very good

Cornettist Nat Adderley, younger brother of alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley, has spent the major part of his professional career in partnership with his brilliant brother. On occasion, he steps out to lead his own recording groups, usually with considerable success, both commercially and musically. Nothing works very well on "The Scavenger," however, even though Adderley has assembled an eclectic group of pieces that range from out-and-out commercial soul to hard-driving jazz. The title track is the best work, with flutist Jimmy Steig offering a solid, musically provocative chorus, and Adderley trying hard to find a voice of his own. The remaining pieces are less attractive. A word of praise should be offered for the continuing fine work of Joe Zawinul on electric piano. Few listeners appreciate how different this instrument can sound from the traditional (should I say acoustic?) piano. With it, Zawinul has begun to evolve a genuinely original new voice. On Rite, Sally, Rite, in particular, he demonstrates how fascinating it can sound. In recent months Joe Henderson has indicated that he might take charge of the current tenor saxophone style, but he just doesn’t get loose here. His playing is far better on a new Milestone release made under his own leadership.

What is most distressing about this sort of album is that its hodge-podge nature gives such a poor indication of the abilities of a fine musician. One can certainly not fault Adderley for wanting to include commercial selections on his recordings, but he surely could do better to choose material that emphasizes his musical strengths rather than his stylistic diversity. D. H.

JOHN COLTRANE AND ALICE COLTRANE: Cosmic Music. John Coltrane (tenor sax, bass clarinet); Alice Coltrane (piano); Pharaoh Sanders (tenor sax, piccolo); Jimmy Garrison (bass); Rashied Ali (percussion); Ray Appleton (percussion); Ben Riley (percussion). Meditations; Holy Joe to Me Be Releived; King; The Sun, Impulse! ® AS 91 $5.70. Performance: Half a valuable release Recording: Very good Stereo Quality: Very good

The announcement that Impulse had acquired a collection of unreleased Coltrane
apes aroused excited anticipation. Well, let's hope that the production job for this set of the new Coltrane issues is not going to be typical. In point of fact, only two of the four tracks include Coltrane; the remaining two showcase his widow, pianist Alice Coltrane. Mrs. Coltrane has become a considerably improved player since her earliest work with her husband, but she still has difficulty sustaining the kind of long improvisations that she tries here.

Coltrane plays tenor on *Manifestation*, and tenor and bass clarinet on *Reverend King*. The bass clarinet is something of a revelation; Coltrane did not yet have it in hand, but a little more time might have permitted him to work his usual wonders on his difficult instrument, too. Despite a few high spots, however (especially his theme statements on *Reverend King*), Coltrane's performances are truncated and, I'm afraid, not of particularly high quality. Although they vividly reflect the brilliant, free improvisational style that dominated his last years, they lack focus and the trance-like penetration of the senses that was Coltrane's alone.

Obviously, with Coltrane gone, the historical value of any unreleased material must not be minimized. But I would feel a little more inclined to recommend this release if it had all been devoted to him.

**D. H.**

**RICHIE HAVENS:** *Richard P. Havens, 1983.* Richie Havens (vocals and guitar); various accompanying musicians. *Stop Pulling and Pushing Me, For Heaven's Sake; Strawberry Fields Forever; What More Can I Say, John?; I Pity the Poor Immigrant; Lady Madonna; Priests; Indian Rope Man; Cautiously;* and seven others. *Verve Forecast TFS 3017-2 two discs $9.58.

**Performance:** Pick out the good ones

**Recording:** Good

**Stereo Quality:** Good

A new recording trend seems to be in the making, one which arouses decidedly mixed feelings in me. Richie Havens is the latest in a series of pop artists (Jimi Hendrix, Cream, Mothers of Invention, Beatles, etc.) who have released two-disc albums. Since most pop performers have difficulty coming up with adequate material for even a single disc, the expansion is a curious phenomenon at best.

"Richard P. Havens, 1983" is typical. It includes, for my taste, enough material for a fine single disc, but no more. The best tracks, almost without exception, are those in which Havens plays acoustic guitar and is accompanied by two or three other musicians—such pieces as *We've Been Like This Before, Lady Madonna, A Little Help from My Friends, The Parable of Ramon*. The thicker-textured songs, especially those with piano and organ, are less attractive. Havens' brusque, assertive baritone seems to require a wide-open sound environment to reach its full effectiveness. His polyrhythmic guitar strumming—an autodidact's delight—is a necessary adjunct to his style, contributing the kind of richness and fluency to his musical expression that Nat Cole's piano provided for his singing. When Cole gave up the piano in favor of saccharine strings, much of the beauty of his singing style was lost. Let's hope Havens doesn't make the same mistake.

**D. H.**

**(Continued on next page)**

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A FLEA IN HER EAR (Bronislau Kaper). Origin 1-soundtrack recording, Orchestra, Lionel Newman cond. 20th Century Fox © $1200-$1.79.
Performance: Gaîté Parisienne revisited
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Obvious
A Flee in Her Ear is a "turn-of-the-century" sex farce in which one Victor Chandebisse (Rex Harrison) pursues his wife Gabrielle (Rosemary Harris) to a Paris hotel with a revolving bed where, after complications too tiresome to list, they find each other at last under the same blanket. Such a movie requires, of course, a sexy turn-of-the-century score, and Mr. Kaper has obligingly supplied one, with overtones of Johann Strauss and Offenbach and a sexy turn-of-the-century title song. This in turn provides the sexy turn-of-the-century tune about which the composer has fashioned a series of offensive variations entirely suitable for the action and separate from it, of no conceivable consequence or interest whatsoever. If you like your Offenbach watered down to a walk and at third hand, however, I'd be the last to stop you from adding this exercise in musical weightlessness to your collection. The recorded sound is very good, and the stereo is inescapable.

STEREO REVIEW

THEATER • FILMS

Performance: Bacharach on Broadway
Recording: Excellent
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Promises, Promises is supposed to be the Great White Way what Your Own Thing is to off-Broadway; you know, daring, innovative, never-done-before, etc. After all, Bacharach and David have been the exclusive properties of the pop-music fanatics, the Dionne Warwick devotees, for a long time now. So bringing them to Broadway, made quite a stir. Could they do it? Would dense-minded benefit audiences understand? Would it work? Yes, yes, yes, to all questions. Promises, Promises is a big Broadway smash with benefits booked through several with the actual cast's singing and the real live orchestra's playing. All those voices you hear aren't really there, you see. It was quite unnerving on the first night, the actual show to hear the orchestra start under the music and then hear that ethereal choral. I looked everywhere. Just where were they? Intermission—and I discovered they lived in an electronic device in the back of the theater monitored each night by a gentleman who sends them into the live show. I admit I felt cheated.

The theater has been cheating electronically for years, and still, until Promises, Promises, it was all hidden behind the scenes so you never found out about it, or if it was in the book, in the book were the show. Anyways, Mr. Fais Lady had probably the most complicated and expensive electronic "equalizer" ever heard, so I don't want to nit-pick here, and anyway, I suppose on an "original-cast" album it really doesn't matter so long as what you "hear" actually works. I just say that, in a nutshell, Promises, Promises is much better on this record than it is as a show. In my opinion, musicals sink or swim according to how good their ballads are. No matter how funny the all-male quartet may be (and in the case of this show, it was at all functions hilarious), no matter how incredibly hilarious Marian Mercer may be doing her drunken A Fact Can Be a Beautiful Thing, dressed in her high-camp "pure owl" coat; it's still the love songs that save the show. To stage those love songs don't stand a chance because the inquisition, Jill O'Hara, is not my idea of a love object. But she's the exception which proves children should be heard and not seen. On first listening, as in the duet You'll Think of Someone, I was shocked. What kind of style is this? The answer comes slowly and never clearly; but my advice is, just keep listening. Miss O'Hara grows on you, the way miniskirts did. In Knowing When to Leave, she really drives the hoarse Bacharach bent and for this moment alone the Bacharach-David team captures that elusive butterfly of Broadway success—a real show-stopper. Later, she sings Whosever You Are, a song that I think I can safely predict will become a standard in the repertoire of smoother stylists. I'll Never Fall in Love Again takes a number from the 4/5 way the Rodgers and Hammerstein. Accompanying herself on a guitar, Miss O'Hara saves both face and soul, quieting her tortured vocal chords down to a roar.

I don't think her co-star, Jerry Orbach, can really be reviewed as a singer. He is merely an entertaining actor, charming and versatile, who has learned how to belt. Nor do I consider lyricist Hal David quite up to the task of matching his partner's complicated musical patterns with words that meet the challenge of sophistication. The problem with almost all Bacharach songs is that they almost always contain unbearably coy and often even downright embarrassing lyrics. I can hum almost every Bacharach song I've ever heard, but I cannot remember the lyrics to any single one of them. It may be basically very simple Look of Love, but the Broadway stage, in particular, the lyrics need to be smarter than usual to move the story and support the action. They aren't. In one song, Mr. Orbach sings, "There are many hands who have been more than me." It may sound like quibbling, but it is good grammar too much to ask of a junior executive? R. R.
the willful folly of destroying his own work. However, in his desire that *More Stately Mansions* should not see the stage, it seems to me that O'Neill was perfectly justified. I could see no reason at all why it should have been staged (except for the obvious commercial one), and I can now see no reason at all why it should, apart from the same reason, be recorded. It was tedious on stage, and it is even more tedious in its recorded form.

The story takes place in Massachusetts between 1832 and 1841. Two women are fighting, with genteel bloodiness, for the love of the same man. They are his wife and his mother, and, oddly enough, until you examine the psychology of the situation, they have a great deal in common and even, in their different ways, love one another. The man is worthless—a victim presenting himself to matriarchy for the most beneficial castigation he can obtain. The play itself is full of symbols, of gardens and summer houses, and phrases that are lost in the far blue yonder.

The stage performance was dominated by Colleen Dewhurst as the wife, and so is the recording. She has a distinctively icy voice which even now recalls her presence. Ingrid Bergman was charming but a little gauche as the mother, and the recording adds nothing to her performance; instead, it loses its most striking quality on the stage, that of womanly radiance. Arthur Hill, who was rather disappointing as the middle-aged bachelor, does emerge rather better in the recording. But I cannot believe that Caudmon has done any service here to the memory of America's greatest playwright.

RICHARD Pryor. Richard Pryor (comedian), "TV Panel Show; Swells; Manly Radiance; and Four Others." Repri. $5 95. Performance: Skids downhill. Recording: Good. Stereo Quality: Good.

"It's a row—It's a riot—it's Supernigger," Mr. Pryor chirps, and enhances the first card in what proves over the course of the game, to be a somewhat crude and ill-dealt comic hand. I was hugely entertained by Supernigger, a dazzling, up-to-the-minute black hero who is able to see through everything except Whitey. I flounder through the air to soul music, and put on fires at two's. From then on, however, this comedian, whose personality resembles Bill Cosby's in all but taste and tact, descended rapidly to ugly jokes about the Pope and Jacqueline Kennedy, a sketch about a theatrical troupe visiting a prison, and a TV panel show in which a black nationalist is grouped with a clergyman, an anthropologist, and a girl who has given up nativitiks for God. This last was full of promise, but its impact was diluted by too many wild shots that missed, and it ended up being more comination than comedy. The swagger is there—and welcome—but the script in this case was far from ready. The best thing about this album is its cover, an unabridged and abridged edition of Eugene O'Neill's *More Stately Mansions*. O'Neill himself tried to destroy the play—indeed, he died imagining that he had succeeded—but his wishes were not complied with. I can see the point of not doing so—doubt whether an artist, certainly not an artist of O'Neill's caliber, can be permitted...
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There are many impressive aspects to this set, and among them are the excellence of the conducting and the extraordinarily high level of instrumental playing. Richter tends toward fast tempos throughout almost all of the set; most often this works well, but on occasion the results seem a bit breathless. Stylistically the rendition has the usual Richter characteristics, including insouciance: one man per part in No. 6, but a full string complement in No. 3, for instance. A more satisfactory version of the six may be the Kistenpfarr on a Nonesuch tape (A 3006), but the present reel can certainly be considered an exciting contender among the available tapes. The recording is excellent, and the recording is extremely vivid.

I. K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Impressive
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 95'23""}

Curiously enough, this is the only available recording on tape of these two quartets. The playing by the Germany-based Drolc Quartet is extremely impressive; tempos are on the fast side (the opening of the Ravel, for instance), but the momentum and the detail of the performances are truly remarkable. The well-balanced, realistic reproduction of this elegant ensemble is another plus. In either tape or disc form, this must be considered an exciting contender among the available tapes. The processing is excellent, and the recording is extremely vivid.

I. K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: First-rate
Recording: Superior
Stereo Quality: Good
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 51'22""

Although it is scarcely news that Mozart composed towering masterpieces in every musical medium of his time, there has always been debate over the medium in which the quintessential Mozart dwells. The last symphonies? The great piano concertos? The orchestral fabric that is startlingly lush and detailed. But I wonder: is this a workable substitute for the crackling brilliance we expect in Mozart's comic opera? The orchestral factor is perfectly gorgeous in recording, but would it work in the theater? Similarly, Leontyne Price's performance—a rare and beautiful one—is something of a triumph, if you will, in spite of a number of drawbacks which have been, and surely will continue to be, of concern. Particularly for the operatic stage. The playing here is hardly less so. In sum, RCA has given us a Cinemascope sound of the wordless chorus, everyone in the cast, including bliss Price. The cinematic counterparts. The playing here is, by its nature, miscast. In sum, RCA has given us a Cinemascope sound of the wordless chorus, everyone in the cast, including bliss Price.

I. K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MOZART: Cosi fan tutte. Leontyne Price (soprano), Fiordiligi; Tatiana Troyanos (mezzo-soprano), Dorabella; George Shirley (tenor), Ferrando; Sherrill Milnes (baritone), Guglielmo; Judith Raskin (soprano), Despina; Ezio Flagello (bass), Don Alfonso. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Rafael Fruehauf cond. ANER, © Y1S 36471 $7.98.

Performance: Elegant
Recording: Lush
Stereo Quality: Rich
Speed and Playing Time: 3¾ ips; 59'11"

This is the complete ballet, which is much to be preferred to the Suites. I still listen at the Cinemascope sound of the wordless chorus, but one simply must remember that this is the original and should not be judged as we do the cinematic counterparts. The playing here...
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CIRCLE NO. 35 ON READER SERVICE CARD

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: What a Wonderful World, Louis Armstrong (vocals, trumpet); orchestra. What a Wonderful World Cabaret; The Home Fire; Dream a Little Dream of Me; Give Me Your Kisses; To Sunshine of Love, and five others. ABC: ABX 650 $5.95.

Performance: New delights from Satchmo
Stereo Quality: Superb
SPEED and Playing TIME: 33 1/2 ips; 31 2/3".

Louis Armstrong was born in New Orleans in 1901. I am to believe my World Almanac, I exactly the first year of this abysmal century and at sixty-nine he remains one of the most comfortable—and comforting—music-maker on the scene. "Satchmo" as they call him (for stetch-mouth") has been rewarding the world for more decades than seems believable with his big, broad, flexible sound. His gravelly voice, and the honed sounds he can coax from any band he leads. When he sings, as he does here, of the Sunshine of Love, or the glow of The Home Fire, he fills the whole room with an ineffable that makes life seem entirely livable as long as he’s at it. Absolutely none of the tremors and upheavals that have transformed pop music almost beyond recognition have altered this degree his free-swinging, easy-going jazz idiom. Yet nothing he does sounds dated—not even oldies like Hello, Brother, the kinship seems unbreakable.

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Ravel: String Quartet in F Major (Debussy)

ENTERTAINMENT

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

GLEN CAMPBELL: Wichita Lineman, Glen Campbell (vocals); orchestra, Al De Lory arr.; and cond. Wichita Lineman; The Straight Life; Reason to Believe; That's Not How You; and six others. CAPITOL: Y 103 $6.98.

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Performance: Good
Recording: Very good
Stereo Quality: Good
SPEED and Playing TIME: 3 1/2 ips; 306".

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CIRCLE NO. 48 ON READER SERVICE CARD

THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND: The Haugman's Beautiful Daughter. The Incredible String Band (vocals and instruments): Koeckhald! There; The Minotaur's Song; Whishes Has: A Very Celular Song; Mercy I Cry City, and five others. Elektra $5.95

Performance: Still incredible
Stereo Quality: Excellent
Speed and Playing Time: 3½ ips; 49 23

The Incredible's third album easily reaches the level of their first two excellent outings. If you haven't heard them, be informed that they are indeed incredible—writing, composing, singing, and playing—in addition to the usual battery of guitars—percussion and keyboard instruments, sitars, ouds, mandolins, waterharps, hammer-dulcimers, whistles, and, I suppose, almost anything else they can get their hands on.

Even more significant than their performing expertise is that Robin Williamson and Mike Heron have developed a highly personal music that distills elements of English folk songs, "classical" music, rock, and an antique trace of the English music hall. Sung in their child-like (and occasionally out-of-time) register, the songs sound deceptively simple, but like all well-written vocal music, they possess an intrinsic complexity that somehow manages to lie easily for the singing voice. (One of the best evidences of this, of course, is Judy Collins' superb version of Williamson's First Boy I Loved.)

The outstanding work here is Heron's extended piece A Very Cellular Song (and it is!), but nearly everything is worth hearing. Don't miss the Incredibles.

JOHNNY MATHIS: Johnny's Greatest Hits. Johnny Mathis (vocals); accompaniment: Chaves Are, The Twelfth of Never; It's Not For Me To Say; Wild Is the Wind; Wonderful Wonderful, When Sunny Gets Blue; All the Time; and six others. Columbia $5.79

Performance: Mushy as ever
Stereo Quality: Fair
Speed and Playing Time: 7½ ips; 33 1/3

Reviewing old Johnny Mathis records of ten to fifteen years ago at this late date is like looking at the teeth of a fossilized dinosaur and thereby forming a basis of criticism of its dietary habits. Who cares? Unless you've been in a time tunnel, you heard every Campbell is like trying to give a gourmet report on a recipe for a new soup from the company of the same name. Both are inevitably American, and both are designed for the widest possible audience and taste. Again, at this late date Mr. Campbell is, on first acquaintance, hearty, satisfying, and a bit bland. In the long run, they share the tendency to be almost the same no matter what the label says. It must be the basic broth in the soup and the basic broth-of-a-lad in Mr. Campbell's performances that I eventually find off-putting. No mistaking that, given the right material, Campbell can be a very good, albeit a little heavy, performer, but this tape has a few too many portions of clean-cut show biz earnestness for complete believability—or real entertainment. P. R.
single song on this tape more than one thousand times on juke boxes during the Fifties. Bringing the whole shooting match back now stirs memories of dances in the gym, autumn bonfires, and car radios humming automatically after Friday night football games. Mathis sings his incredible Kitche with his unique quirkiness and charm, but all he rates now is a smile. How could we ever have danced to that? Hence Cheater Are reminds me of my first coiffed-flannel suit, and The Twelve of Nerve reminds me of sweet-smelling rings and gardenia corsages. Although Mathis is now almost as faded in memory as my girl's corsage, he is still ridiculously easy to listen to. Memories are nice, but alas, they are only memories.

R. R.

THEATER MUSIC

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

REVOLUTION (Various composer-lyricists). Original Soundtrack Album. The Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Band, Mother Earth (vocals and instruments). Revolution; Codite; Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious; You're My Girl; and five others. Elektra \( \& \) EKX 4030 $5.95.

Performance: Socko

Stereo Quality: Good

Recording: Good

Speed and Playing Time: 33 1/3 ips; 36'30"

Despite a more interesting choice of name than most young rock groups have come up with lately, Rhinoceros remains faceless. The group has had a minor hit with a piece called You're At Girl, but shows no sign of producing a follow-up for the charts. Its principal assets are its tight cohesiveness, playing style and the singing of John Finley. Using Finley's voice as a focal point, Rhinoceros just might find an identity that would raise it above run of the mill.

Don H.

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HEAD HYGIENE

Some time ago I recorded a series of recitals for an organist friend. When I sent him a set of edited copies I enclosed a note saying, "Whatever you do, clean and demagnetize your recorder heads and guides before playing these." The next day there was a phone call. My friend had supplied himself with cotton swabs, head-cleaning fluid, and a head demagnetizer. He could understand why the unavoidable tape oxide buildup should be cleaned off the heads, for that was like removing the dust from a phono stylus. But the how and the why of demagnetizing puzzled him, as it does many home recordists.

As tape rubs against the heads and guides of a recorder, it tends to "deposit" a small magnetic field on each of them. Then too, when the record circuits are turned on and off, a surge of current usually goes through the record head, further magnetizing it. Any distortion in the waveform of the bias current (and there's always some) produces the same effect. The net result is gradually to turn the heads and guides into small magnets, which unfortunately damage permanently any recording they contact. In the first place, even during playback, a magnetized head or guide will "record" a certain amount of hiss with every pass of the tape. And secondly, the field from the magnetized head tends to erase the recording slightly, most noticeably at the high frequencies. Thus, both the signal-to-noise ratio and frequency response are adversely affected. And, of course, any recordings made with magnetized heads will be poor to begin with.

A head "demagnetizer" or "degausser" is an inexpensive—but effective—device designed to remove the built-up residual magnetism from heads and guides. Improperly used, however, it will leave the heads even more magnetized than before. To avoid this, never turn a demagnetizer (or bulk tape eraser) either on or off while it is near a recorder, for at these two instants a powerful electromagnetic surge is generated that will cause even more head magnetism.

Using a head degausser correctly, however, is a very simple three-step process, and takes less than two minutes.

1. Turn the recorder off and remove the head covers so as to expose the heads to full view.

2. Holding the demagnetizer well away from the machine (and all recorded tapes) turn it on and bring its tip slowly up to each of the heads and guides in turn, moving it up and down the area across which the tape passes. It isn't necessary to touch the head surface, only to come close, but if the tip of the demagnetizer is bare metal, it should be covered with plastic or cellophane tape to avoid the danger of scratching the delicate head faces.

3. When all heads and guides have been demagnetized in this way, slowly withdraw the demagnetizer from the machine, and don't turn it off until it is several feet away from the now magnetically clean heads.

That's all there is to it. I degauss the heads and guides on my recorder weekly—about as often as I clean the heads. Once a month is probably enough. But demagnetizing cannot be done too often, and failure to do so could ruin a treasured tape in a single playing.

By CRAIG STARK
STereo REVIEW classified

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Printed in the U.S.A.
Words are inherently limited in stimulating the emotions aroused by music. This is especially so in describing how high fidelity components perform.

With cartridges, for example, we speak of flat frequency response, high compliance, low mass, stereo separation. Words like these enlighten the technically minded. But they do little or nothing for those who seek only the sheer pleasure of listening.

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