GEORG SOLTI: CRESCENDO IN CHICAGO
R SPEAKER SYSTEMS. That is destined to become the world reproduction system.
PIONEER’S NEW SERIES

An acoustic achievement that is universally preferred sound...
We started with the premise that you wanted better sound reproduction, and we took it from there.
Too often these days superlatives are used to camouflage mediocrity. Let's just say you'll be excited with the magnitude of the achievement of the new Pioneer series R speaker systems, once you hear them. They represent the culmination of our more than six years of intensive research in every phase of speaker design on just this series alone.

We investigated, tested and evaluated every known area: frequency response, dispersion, distortion, transients, drivers, configurations, cabinetry — rejecting, accepting, improving until we were completely satisfied that we had the perfect combination. The sound most people would prefer when compared with the conventional speakers now available.

The story behind the grille
To achieve this exceptional sound reproduction, Pioneer has endowed the new series R with a host of meaningful refinements that have become the hallmark for our extensive collection of high fidelity components.

Flush mounting. Unlike other speaker systems on the market today, the R series' drivers are flush mounted to the face of the enclosure, rather than recessed. Combined with the advanced design of the individual speaker units, there is added vitality to the mid tones and wider dispersion.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speakers</th>
<th>R700</th>
<th>R500</th>
<th>R300</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12&quot; woofer, midrange horn, multicell horn super tweeter</td>
<td>10&quot; woofer, 5&quot; midrange, horn tweeter</td>
<td>10&quot; woofer, horn tweeter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maximum Input Power</td>
<td>75 watts</td>
<td>60 watts</td>
<td>40 watts</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crossovers</td>
<td>750 Hz, 14,000 Hz</td>
<td>800 Hz, 5,200 Hz 6,300 Hz</td>
<td>6,300 Hz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dimensions</td>
<td>15&quot; x 26&quot; x 13(\frac{3}{4})&quot;</td>
<td>13(\frac{3}{4})&quot; x 24&quot; x 12(\frac{3}{4})&quot;</td>
<td>13&quot; x 22(\frac{1}{2})&quot; x 11&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price</td>
<td>$229.95</td>
<td>$159.95</td>
<td>$119.95</td>
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Unique concave center pole design and pure copper cap/ring combination. The concave center pole of the drivers' magnetic structure is covered with a pure copper cap. Not only does this reduce the inductance of the voice coil, it also decreases the voice coil's intermodulation distortion generated by the magnetic field. The result: vastly improved bass and midrange transient responses. Another example of Pioneer's meticulous engineering detail.

Improved design horn tweeters of die-cut aluminum have completely replaced the more conventional (and less costly) cone and dome-type tweeters in the entire series. You can hear the difference with wider dispersion, and you gain all the advantages of horn drivers, such as high transient response and lowest distortion.

Crossovers are precisely designed in each model. In contrast to other speakers that rely on the capacitance method only, Pioneer has combined both inductances and capacitances for minimum intermodulation distortion. And you'll never hear bass tones wandering to the tweeters, or highs intruding on the woofers. You couldn't ask for better linear response.

The acoustically padded enclosures are sturdily built and faced with handsome two-piece, two-color, removable grilles. The staining process of the hand selected walnut requires ten steps alone, and utilizes an exclusive oil created by Pioneer. Each unit is produced as if it was the only one.

Sound-absorbing foam polyurethane surrounds the woofers of the R700 and R500 to reduce distortion even further. The three R series models each employ long-throw voice coils providing greater cone movement for higher excursions.

There are many technical reasons why you should buy a pair of the new Pioneer series R speakers systems. But, in the final analysis, when you compare them with comparably priced speakers at your Pioneer dealer, their absolute superiority in sound reproduction is why you will buy them.

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

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 • 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 • Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ontario
Sometimes high fidelity people lose sight of what it's all about: Sound.

The ultimate test of any piece of high fidelity equipment is what you hear.

That's why, of all the statements made by equipment reviewers about our Garrard Zero 100, the most significant were these:

"Using identical virgin records, and virgin styli in identical good cartridges, the Zero 100 on occasion sounded markedly 'crisper' than other turntables." Rolling Stone.

"A listening test proves to bring new life to many records, noticeably reducing distortion on the inner grooves." Radio Electronics.

"From about 7 in. diameter to runout, the Zero 100 delivers considerably less distortion and greater definition than with the same pickup mounted in a standard arm. The improvement in sound quality is notably impressive." Elementary Electronics.

"The articulated arm of the Zero 100 produced less distortion, and therefore greater definition, on high-level, musically complex passages, from the inner grooves." Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers' Guide.

That's what reviewers actually heard when they tested the first automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error. This is, to our knowledge, the first time a turntable has been given credit for making records sound better.

Cartridges and other components, yes. But never a turntable — until the Zero 100.

By this time you probably know how we achieve Zero Tracking Error. The principle of the articulating arm, continually adjusting the angle of the cartridge so it is always at a 90° tangent to the grooves, is a simple one. But the ingenious engineering and the development of the precision pivots to make the principle work, took several years.

But enough from us. Let's go back to what the reviewers say about the Zero 100.

"It probably is the best arm yet offered as an integral part of an automatic player." High Fidelity.

"All of these features combined into one automatic turntable make news, even though some are found on other units. Only in the Zero 100 are they all put together." Audio.

When Audio talks about "all of these features" they're referring to such things as our magnetic anti-skating, variable speed control, illuminated strobe, viscous-damped cueing, 15° vertical tracking adjustment, patented Garrard Synchro-Lab synchronous motor and our exclusive two-point record support in automatic play.

But all of this gets back to our original point. It is the sound that makes the difference. After all, a $200 record player should give you a really meaningful difference.

If you'd like to read the reviews in full detail, we'll send them to you along with a complete brochure on the Zero 100 and the Garrard line.

Write to: British Industries Company, Dept. 132, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

GARRARD ZERO 100

The only automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error.

Mfg. by Plessey Ltd. Dist. by British Industries Company.
THE MUSIC
RING BELLS! SING SONGS!
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MILES KREUGER

THE BASIC REPertoire
Holst’s The Planets
MARTIN BOOKSPAN

SIR GEORG SOLTI
Tracking the fast-moving career of a luminous conducting star
STEPHEN E. RUBIN

TROUBADETTES, TROUBADORAS, AND TROUBADINES
Or, What’s a nice girl like you doing in a business like this?
NOEL COPPAGE

CARLY SIMON
One prominent troubadette answers the question just above
ROBERT WINDELER

IS JAZZ COMING BACK?
Capitol’s “Jazz Classics” reissues may prompt some speculation
JOEL VANCE

DARIUS MILHAUD AT EIGHTY
“One of the most productive and innovative composers of our century”
RICHARD FREED

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England sends us a brace of recordings of the Sitwell/Walton jupe
PAUL KRESH

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COVER: PAINTING (GOUACHE ON PLYWOOD) BY STAN ZAGORSKI
If you turned your radio on at all this summer, you can hardly have missed being amused, entertained, moved, exasperated, or perhaps even assaulted, depending on your mood. by the Pipes and the Drums and the Military Band of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards playing the old gospel hymn Amazing Grace in an RCA recording. A British disc jockey was the first to unleash this latest wonder of the novelty sweepstakes on a waiting world; it has since, according to reports, "hit the charts" everywhere. In reviewing the album from which this musical marvel was drawn, our reviewer confessed to being confounded by the tune's popular success, but I think he ought not have been. The summer silly season and the steadily increasing utilization of gospel strains in our popular music apart, I think that the unlikely bagpipe arrangement of Amazing Grace has prospered because it leans heavily on an interesting paradox in our response to music: our apparently equally strong appetites for both novelty and familiarity.

I will not sentimentalize my drop or two of Caledonian blood and claim that the sound of the bagpipes hath any charms for me. Nor will I go as far in my reaction as Shylock suggests one might in that very musical play The Merchant of Venice (see Act IV, Scene 1). Though there may, indeed, be more to the pipes musically than at first meets the ear, for most listeners they count as almost pure, though fleetingly attractive, sonic novelty. Also, in this case, it might not be far-fetched, for those of us who remember Gunga Din and all those goings-on in the Khyber Pass, to suggest that some interesting tension has been set up between matter and means, between the sacred sound of Amazing Grace and the terrifying squeal of the pipes being played as an instrument of war by the kilted Ladies from Hell. Be that as it may, novelty is, as much as any drum, bell, whistle, tambourine, kazoo, calliope, musical saw, siren, Moog synthesizer, or other sonic attention-getter man's ingenuity has ever produced, and novelties do tend to wear out their initial welcomes quickly.

The bagpipe version of Amazing Grace is therefore already off the charts, but the melody lingers on. The tune is familiar to me from a Midwestern boyhood not entirely misspent slipping under the sides of gospel tents to hear such as Homer Rodeheaver, a revivalist whose novel specialty was playing gospel hymns on a trombone. But beyond my own particularly good musical luck, the sound of Amazing Grace and many another hymn like it is very much in the American air, the kind of tune whose name seems to linger tantalizingly unsayable at the tip of the tongue. It may, indeed, be an American folk melody, though its words are by an English divine (and former naval person) named John Newton (1725-1807). After spending a wildly dissolute youth as a merchant seaman in the seamiest ports of the world, Newton returned to England and salvation. It would be uncharitable to assume that he may have taken some pride in his sins, but he did get a little mileage out of them in his autobiography, My Sins and Conversion, and even in Amazing Grace, the first verse of which reads: "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound/That saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now am found:/Was blind, but now I see." The hymn first appeared in England in the Olney Hymns of 1779, reappearing in the oblong "shapenote" hymnbooks of the American South sometime later—the earliest known is the Virginia Harmony, published in Winchester, Virginia, in 1831. The tune—perhaps even the verse—obviously has staying power, and you can verify this for yourself not with the bagpipe version, but a more recent one by Aretha Franklin (her album "Amazing Grace," Atlantic SD 2-906). Singing with the Southern California Community Choir. Miss Franklin takes her own sweet time (ten minutes and forty-five seconds) with Amazing Grace. I had a little trouble reconciling it with my memories of Rodeheaver and his trombone, but it is a powerful statement both musically and rhetorically.
If you’re going to steal an idea, steal from the best.

“When the Citation components were in their final design phases we had the rare opportunity to see some of the first engineering prototypes and we have never quite gotten over the dedication and enthusiasm exhibited by the highly qualified engineering team that ‘gave birth’ to those winners. Small wonder, then, that we were elated to find that the Model 930 receiver is the brain-child of that very team. It abounds in Citation features, many of which one would have thought impossible to incorporate in a receiver at this attractive price. Of course, the Citation 12 boasts more power (60 watt rms per channel), but then again the Citation 11 preamplifier and the Citation 12 power amplifier combination retails for a cool $600.00 or so, as opposed to just under $400.00 for this receiver. The rest of the circuit refinements are there, though, including the twin power supplies (not negative and positive voltages supplied by one power transformer, but actually two complete power supplies including two separate power transformers), super-wide frequency response and power bandwidth, fantastic square wave response and rise time, and conservative and meaningful power ratings that can serve as a model to the rest of the industry. All this plus a superior tuner section make the 930 a receiver that even the died-in-the-wool ‘separatists’ should take a good look at.”

Audio Magazine, June, 1972
Introducing a new concept in automatic turntables.

Precision performance in automatic turntables has always required good design, fine engineering, costly materials and careful manufacturing. In short, everything you've come to expect from the craftsmen of West Germany's Black Forest.

It still does, but with the introduction of the new PE 3012, the price of such precision is now within the reach of every music lover. At $79.95, the 3012 is very close in price to ordinary changers. But its quality features bring it even closer to turntables that are known for their high standards of precision performance. (And that are also priced accordingly.)

For example, the 3012 has a variable speed control that lets you match record pitch to live instruments and compensate for off-pitch records. A cue-control viscous-damped in both directions, so the tonearm rises and descends with gentle smoothness. And a single-play spindle that rotates with the platter instead of sitting loosely in the shaft where it could bind and cause eccentric wear.

No other turntable at or near $79.95 has any of these features. And no other turntable, even those priced at well over $100, has PE's exclusive fail-safe feature which protects the stylus by preventing the tonearm from descending to the platter unless there's a record on it.

The significance of all this to you is this: Even if your budget is tight, you no longer need to settle for an ordinary changer.

If you do insist on spending freely, there are two other PE's to choose from. At $119.95 and $149.95. Both are superb precision instruments, offering progressively greater levels of sophistication.

But we think you should consider the matter carefully before spending more than $79.95. Our new brochure, which you can get by dropping us a card, should help you decide.

Impro Industries, Inc., 120 Hartford Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Precision for under $100.

The new PE 3012 at $79.95
The Joy of Looking  
- Congratulations on the totally delightful cover of the July issue. Aside from solving the editorial problem of "finding a... graphic metaphor for audio equipment," you are to be commended for giving us a vivid look at some of the people behind the magazine—obviously alert, alive, and lovely human beings. It is sheer joy to contemplate them, whether collectively or individually.

REV. BERNARD J. HOPKINS
Oakland, Cal.

RPM  
- There was an error in the "Audio Basics" column in the July issue. Ralph Hodges stated: "If a turntable makes one revolution every 0.555 second (33⅓ revolutions per minute), its speed is accurate..." It should have read: "If in one second a turntable makes 0.555 revolutions (33⅓ revolutions per minute), its speed is accurate..." The equation is as follows:

\[
\frac{33.333\text{ revolutions}}{1\text{ minute}} = 60.00\text{ seconds} = \frac{33.333\text{ revolutions}}{60\text{ seconds}} = \frac{0.555\text{ revolutions}}{1\text{ second}} = 0.555\text{ rev/sec.} , \text{and not } 1\text{ rev}/0.555\text{ sec.}
\]

The way it was stated would have the turntable platter moving at the brisk speed of 108.108 revolutions per minute, which represents an error of 32.4 percent! I have to admit, though, that this is the only technical error I have ever seen in your magazine.

CHESTER JEZERSKI, JR.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Mr. Hodges replies: "Thanks to reader Jezerski and the many others who caught the error and took the trouble to write in. Quite frankly, lacking the 33⅓ fingers necessary to perform the calculation..."

Sinatra from Mandalay to Monterey  
- I was interested in the letter from reader Ron Herbert in the July issue of STEREO REVIEW concerning the Sinatra recording of On the Road to Mandalay. I have the original "Come Fly With Me" album containing this cut. However, at a local radio station where I used to work, the copy of this same album that came in did not have On the Road to Mandalay replaced by French Foreign Legion as Mr. Herbert has noted, but rather by It Happened in Monterey from an earlier Sinatra album. Oddly enough, both the record jacket and the label still referred to the cut as On the Road to Mandalay! Apparently the album was issued in several different ways—but I'm glad to have the original in my collection.

THOMAS F. MINTNER
EVANSTON, ILL.

Mr. Goodfriend replies: "My dismissal was far from light, but I am a musician, not a physicist, and the question of what waves can or cannot be produced by what synthesizers of absolutely no importance to me until such time as I see a realization of musical possibilities employing those waves. Electronic music is certainly here to stay (although that fact has nothing to do with either the Moog or the future possibilities of synthesizers), the sounds that can be obtained naturally from acoustic instruments, but it is here because composers of genius, such as Edgard Varèse, have created memorable music for the medium. Without composers of quality to write for them, all synthesizers are artistically useless tools and playthings, and I have not yet reached a point of such fashionable artistic despair that I am willing to accept the point as the painting."

Under-$250 Receivers  
- I am writing this letter in a grateful state of mind—grateful because someone finally answered the "limited-budget" man's prayer. I am referring to the Hirsch-Houck laboratory report on receivers priced under $250 (June). It was probably the most useful report you have printed in a long time. Not only did it give a great deal of information about receivers, but it also explained each category clearly. I salute Julian Hirsch for a report long awaited by people like me.

CHARLES COHEN
Baltimore, Md.

Vivaldi Concordance  
- I noted with interest the article by James Goodfriend on Vivaldi in the June issue of STEREO REVIEW, and especially the boxed comments on pages seventy-four, "Vivaldi and the Numbers Game." I am happy to inform you that the Music Library Association has issued a publication designed specifically to help eliminate the confusion caused by the numbering systems created for Vivaldi's music. In this concordance, Lenore Coral correlates the numbering systems so that the devotee of Vivaldi's music can sort out a given piece rapidly.

JAMES W. PRUETT, Vice-President
Music Library Association
Chapel Hill, N. C.

The Grass Harp  
- Once again I shout my loudest "Bravo!" for Rex Reed, who consistently shows what great an interest in good music as in good criticism. His work is not merely clever; it is clever and worthwhile. I was especially pleased to see his attention focused on the original-cast album of The Grass Harp ("Best of the Month") in the June issue. It was surprising to find a cast album produced months after an extremely short Broadway run. Mr. Reed has obviously realized the importance of calling attention to the fact: if it isn't supported now, it won't be repeated in the future.

Seeing the score of a "dead" show thrown away for no reason is extremely frustrating. Hello, Dolly! was a smash on stage, and the mediocre score has been recorded by several casts. It hasn't one-tenth the beauty of Julie Styne's Prettyschelie, but that show closed out of town and no one dared produce an album. The third-crowding buying public will never know what it has lost.

I have not yet heard the Grass Harp re-
(Continued on page 10)

STEREO REVIEW
The ultimate turntable for sophisticated systems.

The BSR McDonald 810 Transcription Series.

BSR makes more automatic turntables than any other manufacturer. More than all the other manufacturers in the world put together. But of all the turntables we make, the BSR McDonald 810 Transcription Series is the finest. It is a triumph of years of painstaking efforts and research in our Engineering Laboratories in Warley, Worcestershire, England.

The 810 offers an impressive group of design innovations for serious music lovers...for professional users of transcription turntables...and for the audiophile who revels in sophisticated high fidelity equipment. It has the tightest specifications for rumble, wow and flutter of any automatic turntable made. We would be pleased to send you detailed technical specs upon request. As a matter of fact, few—if any—automatic turntable manufacturers publish complete specifications as we do. Only your personal inspection can reveal the overall excellence of this fine instrument. We suggest a visit to your BSR McDonald dealer.
cording, I intend to, however, and whether or not I agree with Mr. Reed's assessment, I cheer his effort to further the cause of lovers of little-known Broadway music everywhere.

JOSEPH WEISS
Valley Falls, N.Y.

Cass Elliot

As a Cass Elliot devotee I appreciated Joel Vance's article ("The Return of Cass Eli-
liot") in your June issue. However, he made reference to an album that she made with the Mamas and the Papas that has me baffled. This album supposedly contains what Mr. Vance terms "four odd cuts" that were "picked up from Cass guest shot on a Rod-
gers and Hart special." He mentions Sing for Your Supper (found on their third album), but the only other Rodgers and Hart material recorded by the Mamas and the Papas are My Heart Stand Still (second album) and Glad To Be Unhappy ("Golden Era," Vol. 2).

What recording is Mr. Vance talking about?

MILES MONTMOREncy
Paulsboro, N.J.

Mr. Vance replies: "Be baffled no more. I goofed in several ways. I wrote that Cass had made a guest shot on a Rodgers & Hart TV special when actually the whole group appeared. My memory of the 'four odd cuts' on the 'Dollface' album dates to 1969; I haven't seen the LP since then. I guess what happened is this: in 1969, when I heard Sing for Your Supper I knew it wasn't a Mapa tape. I probably looked at the label copy, saw that some of the tunes were not by John Philip Sousa, and assumed they came from the TV special. At least I got the names right. And this hair shirt—boy, does it itch."

Der Roskenavalier on Tape

I feel I should clarify a few points made by David Hall in his review of the two cassette recordings of Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier in the June Tape section. First, he does not mention that the Columbia set does Dolbyized, which makes it tape surfaces a bit quieter than those of the London/Ampex cassette set. Also, he states that the Columbia set does not include a libretto, which is true. However, one can obtain the sumptuous booklet containing the libretto included with the disc set simply by writing to Columbia. This booklet is clearly superior to that included in the London set. Another notable point involves the cumbersome box housing the London cassettes, which may cause problems in storage with other cassettes. The Columbia set, on the other hand, is encased in a very compact box and should cause no storage problems.

Although the above points have nothing to do with the actual performance of the work, they should be seriously considered by the purchaser before making a final decision.

RUSSELL LOW
San Francisco, Cal.

Record Imperfections

I'd like to add yet another dimension to the discussion of record imperfections. From Dan Wallack's letter (May), it is obvious that he is not interested in sound, but rather in just the music itself. For the many of us who own very good stereo systems, a noisy record is inexplicable. We are "perfectionists" who know that record companies are able to put out clean, flat pressings. If you pay four-and-a-half dollars, expecting to get a record to own and treasure for years and years, why accept second best? Why put up with the companies' claims about less noise and improvements that "virtually eliminate warpage and turntable slipage" when every dollar you purchase is warped and has surface noise?

Mr. Wallack, I am neither proud of my fuss over records, nor am I hard to live with, and I'm sure I could be as satisfied a listener as you—with a little less hum, hiss, and pop.

RICHARD J. KUNKEL
Portola Valley, Cal.

Emerson, Lake, & Palmer

It gets rather obvious that your reviewers don't like Emerson, Lake, and Palmer. Although I think their best work is their best, the rest aren't that bad. Keith Emerson is the driving force of the group—Lake and Palmer are merely his back-up. I really don't care if he rips off a thousand classical composers: if it sounds good to me, then that's what counts. Since I am very poorly versed in the classics, a lot of things he does sound mighty good. As in Frank Zappa's music, where I can't tell what's borrowed from Varèse or Stravinsky, all I know is that it sounds great.

RICHARD J. KUNKEL
Los Angeles, Cal.

It just doesn't make sense. If Mr. Kunkel knows that ELP merely rips off classical composers, and if a lot of it sounds mighty good to him, why does he choose to remain "very poorly versed in the classics?"

Boris: to Rimsky or Not to Rimsky?

Reviewer George Jellinek may be submis-
sive enough to accept Rimsky-Korsakov's version as a legitimate form of Boris Godo-
nor (April)—ad majorem Kuarajian gloriam—but he should not state that it "remains the version preferred by singers as well as conduc-
tors everywhere." Mousorgsky's original, which differs from Rimsky-Korsakov's version not only in or-
chestration but in melody, harmony, and rhythm on literally every page, was favored by Rafael Kubelik for this season's new pro-
duction by the Bayerischen Staatsoper in Munich. It was used in two recent British produc-
tions by the Scottish Opera and the Welsh National Opera. A few years ago Rozhdest-
vensky told me personally that it remains the version preferred at the Kirov in Leningrad. Now that Kubelik is to be music director at the Metropolitan Opera, maybe the enlighten-
ment that comes from the revelation of a mas-
terpiece in its authentic form will be vouch-
safed to New Yorkers as well. Some day they may also be permitted to see and hear Cheru-
bin's Médecé as the count and librettist wrote it. No thanks to the Jellineks, who might still have left us supposing that Bach-
Stokowski is Bach and that Handel-Harty is Handel, sanctified by his phrase "economics being what they are."

ARTHUR JACOBS
Editor, Music Yearbook
London, England

Mr. Jellinek replies: "Economics being what they are is a sober statement of resignation, not a 'sanctification.' I am startled by the "conned," according to Mr. Vance. Almost all of them are either impassioned or poetic, and in the mainstream jazz tradition, as cohe-
sive and perfectly formed a Bach piece of jazz was a way of life to Milton Mezzrow—he lived in Harlem with the men who made the great music, if not the most bread. In France Mezzrow made some sides with Lio-
nes Chapman and Buck Clayton, backed by French jazzmen in both cases. Mr. Vance may be able to get hold of it—they may not be too late for him after all.

R. N. NELson
Decatur, Ill.

Mr. Vance replies: "If Mezz gives Mr. Nelson pleasure, fine. I think he was outclassed as a reedman by Bud Freeman, Frank Tesch-
macher, Pee Wee Russell, and half a dozen other black masters white student copy. Mr. Nelsen's line, Jazz was a way of life to Mil-
ton Mezzrow—he lived in Harlem with the men who made the great music, if not the most bread, is distressing to me. Jazz was a way of life for all of them, black and white; few of them made a lot of bread; and place of residence is no proof of ability. Mezz was a competent musician occasionally capable of good work, but his greatest talent was for self-
selling, self-pathologizing racial hoopla which was innate and inane. Mr. Vance rips off a thousand classical composers: if it sounds good to him, why does he choose to remain "very poorly versed in the classics?"

Mezzmerized?

It's sad, in the first place, that there are so few entries in your magazine's jazz columns, and worse that we must get such half-baked stuff as the review of "Swing, Volume One" (February). It's obvious that some of the numbers in this RCA reissue are not the greatest jazz, but is that reason enough for Joel Vance to nurse some personal grudge against Mezz Mezzrow in print? Calling one of the great jazz records of all time and worst recordings be-
trays either an abysmal ignorance or a hope to big disc or a hope that no one will take the trouble to dig up and compare the almost impossible-to-get sides Mezzrow made with Sidney Bechet, Sammy Price, and Tommy Ladnier, to mention only a very few. The "Panassié Sessions" (RCA LP-542), how-
ever, is also from the Vintage series, and this one may be available. Unfortunately, the possibly greater "King Jazz" sides done in 1945-1947 seem available only in Europe (all takes on the original masters lovingly remastered in one case), these put out by those French and Italians Mezzrow is supposed to have "conned," according to Mr. Vance. Almost all of them are either impassioned or poetic, and in the mainstream jazz tradition, as cohe-
sive and perfectly formed a Bach piece of jazz was a way of life to Milton Mezzrow—he lived in Harlem with the men who made the great music, if not the most bread. In France Mezzrow made some sides with Lio-
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Mr. Vance replies: "If Mezz gives Mr. Nelson pleasure, fine. I think he was outclassed as a reedman by Bud Freeman, Frank Tesch-
macher, Pee Wee Russell, and half a dozen other black masters white student copy. Mr. Nelsen's line, Jazz was a way of life to Mil-
ton Mezzrow—he lived in Harlem with the men who made the great music, if not the most bread, is distressing to me. Jazz was a way of life for all of them, black and white; few of them made a lot of bread; and place of residence is no proof of ability. Mezz was a competent musician occasionally capable of good work, but his greatest talent was for self-
selling, self-pathologizing racial hoopla which was innate and inane. Mr. Vance rips off a thousand classical composers: if it sounds good to him, why does he choose to remain "very poorly versed in the classics?"

Errata

In the review of Monitor's Anton Kuretti recording of piano pieces by Scriabin and Berg (July) there were two errors in album information: the album price should have been listed as $2.98, and the catalog designation should be MCS 2134.
From the guys who brought you the world’s best tape recorders...
The world’s newest and finest receiver.

Take a second look and you’ll begin to see some of the things that make this receiver extraordinary. Like two tuning meters...three tape facilities...eight function-indicator lights. All of which do more than meets the eye.

That left-hand meter is a field-strength indicator when you’re tuning FM. Pull out the speaker-selector knob and it becomes a power effect indicator—a built-in early warning system that will avert amplifier clipping and speaker overload.

Tapes 1 and 2 control standard rear-panel jacks for two decks—reel-to-reel, cassette, cartridge—so you can copy and convert as well as play and record. Tape 3 is a typical Tandberg touch. It’s jacked into a preamp circuit that lets you use the amplifier controls to modify the output signal. With Tape 3, you can tone down, brighten up, boost and rebalance worn discs and imperfect tapes when you re-record.

As for the pilot lamps, they’re the visible indicator of eight function controls hidden under a flip-down cover.

Two scratch/hiss filters for moderate or extreme high-frequency attenuation, rumble filter, loudness contour, Tape-3 preamp, mono left, mono right, and stereo.

What meets the ear in the TR1020 comes from the same no-compromise electronics that have made Tandberg tape recorders the industry standard.

To cite just a few points, there’s the true complementary output stages, a MOSFET front end for both AM and FM, separate power supplies, fully encapsulated electronic tuning, FM sensitivity typically 1.7 uV, and a capture ratio of 1.8 dB.

In sum, the TR1020 is pure Tandberg. An AM/FM stereo receiver that delivers about $600 worth of performance for $429.90.

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BOOKS RECEIVED
Compiled by Susan Larabee

- Bob Dylan, an Intimate Biography. Anthony Scaduto. Grosset & Dunlap. New York, 1972. $7.95. 280 pp. The author interviews friends and acquaintances (Joan Baez for one) from Dylan's past in an attempt to show the reader the personality of this singer/songwriter. Not a very flattering picture, and not much insight into Dylan's genius. Photos and a discography.


While these letters reflect upon all aspects of Verdi's life, they are of most interest in the area of music. Given are Verdi's thoughts about other composers of his day, his concern with all aspects of operatic production, his instructions to librettists, opinions on music critics, favorite singers, etc.


Anecdotal biographies of the leading composers of avant-garde music (Charles Ives, Anton Webern, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Harry Partch, among others), with reasonably simple explanations of their works and innovations. Especially interesting for those not already familiar with "modern" music.


Everything of note concerning the Glenn Miller Civilian Band—engagements, personnel, discography, listings of radio broadcasts, lots of pictures, etc.


Lawrence Welk's recollections of his musical and personal life from his North Dakota boyhood to status as a household word to anyone with a television set.


A historical and detailed discussion of the evolution, compositional technique, and style of Mozart's concertos, with special emphasis on the first movements.


The scope of this book is ambitious: the singing voice in general—its physical characteristics, place in society, history and development in the individual, great voices of the opera, effect on listeners, plus a glossary of terms used in vocal music.


Philosophical comment, notes of cultural pride (the author is a Cree Indian from Canada), photographs, and her own illustrations—in addition to words and music (guitar arrangements) for some sixty of her songs.
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it makes sense they come alive best over an Altec system in your home. The famed Altec Voice of Theatre speaker system is used in nine out of ten movie houses. From this granddaddy of all speakers has emerged the new Altec 891A, shown below.

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2) Model QR1500: 4-channel AM/FM stereo receiver. A complete 4-channel center with all facilities for every 2-channel and 4-channel function. 100 watts IHF music power. 3-microvolt IHF sensitivity on FM.
3) Model MQ2000: 4-channel stereo AM/FM receiver/phonograph module. Everything you need for a total-capability 4-channel home music center integrated into a single instrument. 74 watts IHF music power. 5-microvolt IHF sensitivity on FM.
4) Model QR4500: 4-channel AM/FM stereo receiver. Everything you need for 4-channel pleasure. Reproduce all matrixed four-channel recordings and broadcasts. Synthesize from 2 channels. 240 watts IHF music power. 2-microvolt IHF sensitivity.
NEW PRODUCTS

**Metrotec Four-Channel Matrix Adapters**

![Metrotec Four-Channel Matrix Adapters](image)

- **Metrotec** now has two four-channel matrix adapters (one available in kit form) that are able to decode all the currently available four-channel-matrix disc recordings. One model (SDK-Q in kit form, SDW-Q factory wired) is a decoder-only unit. The Model SD4A-Q, available wired only, combines the decoder and the necessary amplifiers to power the rear-channel speakers on a single chassis. The decoding facilities of both are controlled by two pushbutton switches that in various combinations can be set for CBS-SQ encoded material, for the Electro-Voice EVX-4 and similar matrix systems, and for the most effective enhancement of two-channel recordings for simulated four-channel reproduction. A bass boost is introduced for difference-signal-derived rear-channel information to compensate for possible bass losses resulting from cancellations of signals. Master volume controls for all four channels and front-rear balance controls are provided on both units. In addition, the SD4A-Q has volume, balance, bass, and treble controls for its built-in rear-channel amplifiers. These are rated at 10 watts continuous per channel into 8-ohm loads, with harmonic and intermodulation distortion both under 0.8 per cent. The bass and treble controls have ranges of ±10 dB at 50 and 10,000 Hz, respectively. Amplifier sensitivity is 150 millivolts, and the signal-to-noise ratio is 80 dB. The SD4A-Q also has the necessary inputs for discrete four-channel sources such as quadraphonic open-reel tapes and Q-8 eight-track cartridges. Both Metrotec units have the tape-monitoring switches and jacks needed to substitute for those on the receiver or amplifier to which they are connected. The decoding circuits have been designed for easy modification should other matrix coefficients come into use in the future. The units are supplied with decorative wood end-panels. Prices: SDK-Q (kit), $54.95; SDW-Q (wired), $69.95; SD4A-Q, $149.95.

Circle 115 on reader service card

**Micro/Acoustics FRM-1 Speaker System**

![Micro/Acoustics FRM-1 Speaker System](image)

- **Micro/Acoustics'** FRM-1 speaker system is designed for flat acoustical-power output from 35 to 18,000 Hz, and for a hemispherical dispersion pattern over that frequency range, thereby eliminating response variations that can occur with conventional systems because of less-than-ideal speaker placement and/or listener location. The FRM-1 (the letters stand for “Full Range Microstatic”) is essentially a two-way system with a crossover at approximately 1,800 Hz from the 10-inch air-suspension woofer to an array of five high-frequency cone drivers mounted on a multi-faceted metal frame to achieve the intended dispersion. Two 1 ¾-inch units and three 1 ¼-inch units are used in the assembly, which projects some distance (about 2 inches) from the front of the speaker to avoid interference effects from the edges of the enclosure. Two three-position switches installed on the rear of the cabinet adjust the high-frequency output: one, labeled a Dispersion control, varies the levels of all except the front-facing tweeter; the other switch affects the outputs of all the high-frequency drivers. In their indicated “normal” positions the switches provide flat frequency response under anechoic conditions. Power-handling capability for the FRM-1 is 60 watts continuous, with 15 watts per channel continuous the recommended minimum amplifier power. The nominal impedance of the system is 4 ohms. Dimensions of the walnut-finish cabinet are approximately 25½ x 15 x 10¾ inches. The grille cloth, which is not shown, is a vacuum-formed, transparent structure of black foam that conforms in shape to the projecting surfaces of the driver assemblies. Price of the FRM-1: $139.

Circle 116 on reader service card

**Kenwood KR-7200 AM/Stereo FM Receiver**

![Kenwood KR-7200 AM/Stereo FM Receiver](image)

- **Kenwood's** new Model KR-7200 is an AM/stereo FM receiver that provides 55 watts per channel continuous output with 8-ohm loads, both channels driven simultaneously, over the full audio band of 20 to 20,000 Hz. Harmonic and intermodulation distortion are both 0.5 per cent at rated output, and the power bandwidth is 10 to 30,000 Hz. The FM tuner section, with an IHF sensitivity of 1.6 microvolts and a 1.5-dB capture ratio, uses an integrated circuit (IC) and three-element mechanical filters in its i.f. stage. Frequency response is 20 to 15,000 Hz +0.5, -1.5 dB; alternate-channel selectivity is 75 dB; and stereo separation is 40 dB at 1,000 Hz and 25 dB at 10,000 Hz. Spurious-response rejection and AM suppression are rated at 100 and 70 dB, respectively.

The receiver has inputs for two magnetic-phono cartridges, two auxiliary sources, microphone, and two tape decks (there are separate tone-monitor pushbuttons and jacks for each deck, with one set of connectors duplicated by front-panel phone jacks). Signal-to-noise ratios for these inputs, in the order listed, are 65, 55, 75, and 75 dB. The microphone input, which is mixed into both channels equally, has its own slider-type level control. The three tone controls—for bass, treble, and mid-range—are of the step type; bass and treble cover a range of ±12 dB at 100 and 10,000 Hz, while the mid-range control acts over ±8 dB at 1,000 Hz. Other front-panel facilities include volume and balance controls (concentrically mounted), signal-strength and zero-center tuning meters, a rotary speaker selector that switches up (Continued on page 20)
LAFAYETTE INTRODUCES...today's most sophisticated 4-channel SQ receiver...

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- Four 47.5-Watts per Channel RMS Amplifiers

PLAYS

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SEPTEMBER 1972  CIRCLE NO. 37 ON READER SERVICE CARD
NEW PRODUCTS

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to three stereo pairs (including two combinations of two pairs, and an off position for headphone listening via the adjacent phone jack), a rotary mode switch, and the input selector. The FM interstation-noise muting, loudness compensation, and low- and high-frequency filters are all switched by pushbuttons. A

Pioneer T-3500
Stereo Cassette Deck

- Pioneer has a new stereo cassette deck, the Model T-3500, with pushbutton-switchable recording bias that provides correct adjustment for standard, low-noise/high-output, and chromium-dioxide cassette tapes. The individual recording- and playback-level slide controls are separate for each channel; recording levels can be set via the two recording-level meters before the tape is set in motion if the record-interlock push key is depressed alone. The T-3500’s end-of-tape mechanism affords the option of automatic shutdown and disengagement of drive mechanism or automatic ejection of the cassette as well, depending on the position of a lever switch at the upper left of the transport. The record/playback head is of the crystal-ferrite type. Frequency response is 40 to 12,000 Hz with standard tape, 40 to 13,000 Hz with low-noise/high-output formulations, and 40 to 15,000 Hz with chromium dioxide. The signal-to-noise ratio is better than 45 dB, and wow and flutter are below 0.14 per cent. Microphone inputs and a stereo headphone jack are recessed into the front edge of the wood base. Dimensions: approximately 14 1/4 x 4 7/8 x 9 inches. Price: $199.95. Circle 120 on reader service card

Tandberg 9000X Stereo Tape Deck

- Tandberg has introduced its first three-motor, open-reel tape deck, the 9000X. Available in half-track and quarter-track versions, the 9000X has separate heads for erase, record, and playback, and a fourth “cross-field” head to apply the recording bias to the tape. The transport, which is fully solenoid operated, incorporates logic circuits to govern tape motion and to permit instantaneous switching from one operating mode to another. Tape hold-back tension is kept correct and constant by a built-in servo-mechanism. The three operating speeds—7 1/2, 3 3/4, and 1 7/8 ips—are maintained within a 1 per cent tolerance, with wow and flutter rated at 0.07, 0.14, and 0.28, respectively. Indicator lights behind the transport pushbuttons show the operating mode selected. The recording- and playback-level controls—one for each channel—are of the slider type, and the recording-level meters are designed for equalized peak-reading response rather than VU characteristics. Source/tape monitor buttons are separate for the two channels, and a sound-on-sound selector permits transfer from left to right or right to left as new material is added. The stereo headphone jack has a 5-milliwatt output and will drive 8-ohm phones. The transport accommodates reels of up to 7 inches in diameter. Frequency responses for the various speeds are: 40 to 22,000 Hz (7 1/2 ips), 50 to 16,000 Hz (3 3/4 ips), and 50 to 9,000 Hz (1 7/8 ips), all ±2 dB. Low-noise/high-output tape is specified. The signal-to-noise ratio for a recording level producing 3 per cent distortion is 58 dB. The microphone inputs are for low-impedance microphones. The 9000X deck measures about 16 x 15 3/4 x 7 inches; the base is in walnut. Price: $649.50. Circle 118 on reader service card

Sherwood Model S-7200
AM/Stereo FM Receiver

- Sherwood’s latest receiver is the Model S-7200, an AM/stereo FM design with an FM sensitivity of 1.8 microvolts and a 1.9-dB capture ratio. The continuous-power output, both channels driven with 8-ohm loads, is 40 watts per channel, referred to harmonic and intermodulation distortion levels of 0.7 per cent. (Distortion is 0.25 per cent or less at lower outputs.) The power bandwidth is 12 to 35,000 Hz, and noise levels are −80 dB for high-level inputs and −60 dB for the magnetic-phono inputs. The amplifier section has a frequency response of 20 to 20,000 Hz ±0.5 dB. The FM section’s stereo separation is 40 dB at 1,000 Hz. Alternate-channel selectivity is 60 dB, and image, i.f., and AM rejection are 80, 85, and 60 dB, respectively. The Model 7200 takes up to two pairs of stereo speakers, with front-panel switching to energize either or both, or turn off all speakers for headphone listening via the adjacent phone jack. The bass and treble controls span a range of ±12 dB at 100 and 10,000 Hz, respectively. Tape monitoring, FM interstation-noise muting, loudness compensation, mono/stereo mode, and the high-cut filter are all pushbutton-operated. There is also a pushbutton labeled 4 CHANNEL that controls a special set of rear-panel inputs and outputs for the connection and operation of a four-channel decoder of the user’s choice. (This feature can also double as a second tape-monitoring facility if desired.) The standard input facilities include provision for two high-level auxiliary sources as well as magnetic-phono cartridge, and there is a tape-output “dubbing” phone jack on the front panel to duplicate the phono-jack connectors in the rear. The tuning meter reads signal strength for AM and channel center for FM. The Model S-7200’s dimensions of 18 1/2 x 5 3/4 x 16 inches include the walnut cabinet supplied. Price: $299.95. Circle 119 on reader service card

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Circle 119 on reader service card
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AUDIQUESTIONs AND ANSWERS

By LARRY KLEIN Technical Editor

DOLBY FOR DISCS?

Q. From time to time I have read that Dolby Laboratories is working on a noise-reduction system for phonograph records. If this is true, when will it be released?

A. For readers new to the noise-reduction question, it should be explained that the professional (A-Type) Dolby is used in the production of the tape masters for most of today's new discs. The Dolby A system prevents noises originating in the taping process from being transferred onto the disc. However, what Mr. Gratz is asking about is the possibility of a disc with Dolby "equalization," one designed to be played through a Dolby adapter. Such a technique would remove the noises that arise during disc production and playback.

Dolby Labs tells me that they have had an experimental home disc noise-reduction system in the laboratory since 1969, but that they have two reasons for not marketing it at this time. One reason, a technical one, is that any disc noise-reduction system would have to incorporate some means of reducing the noise of rumble, scratches, ticks, and pops as well as surface hiss, which means that the circuits would have to be much more complex than those in the current Dolby B system used for tape and FM. The confusion that another (a third) Dolby system might create could retard, rather than aid, progress. The industry (and the market) probably needs to digest four-channel—just to mention one major source of uncertainty at the moment—before so important a move as the introduction of Dolby discs could be successfully carried out.

From Dolby's viewpoint, a second reason for waiting is the present uncertainty as to the respective future positions of tapes and discs. Because of the rapid improvement in the sales figures and technical quality of prerecorded casettes, it could be that by the time a Dolby disc system was tested and accepted by manufacturers, the idea of paying even a small premium for the improvement of disc quality might seem hardly worthwhile.

LISTENING VS. LAB TESTS

Q. Many audiophiles and dealers claim that certain components sound better than others in listening tests, although their measurements are not significantly better. One dealer ran A-B-C-D listening comparisons of four costly top-of-the-line preamplifiers. All of them had virtually unmeasurable distortion and flat frequency response, yet some sounded better than others. I have been told that an equivalent situation exists with power amplifiers. Some sound better than others despite the fact that they all have insignificant distortion at normal operating levels. Is there any theory that will explain this?

A. A prerequisite for a scientific investigation of any phenomenon is the elimination of variability in every factor except the specific one being investigated. It has been my experience that most listening-test situations don't come close to fulfilling this qualification. The preamplifier comparisons you mention provide a good case in point. The premise of the test was that a valid listening comparison could be made if all the preamplifiers were being fed by the same phono cartridge and were feeding the same power amplifier driving the same set of speakers. Of course, all tone controls were set flat and the output levels of the equipment were carefully matched. On the face of it, such a setup would seem to provide the opportunity for valid listening comparisons. However, it did not—for at least one very good technical reason.

We have mentioned in past issues that the frequency response of most magnetic cartridges depends to some degree upon...
the value (in picofarads) of the capacitive load the cartridge is working into. This is not to say that either the lowest or the highest possible capacitance is best, but rather that most cartridges have a preferred capacity range, and deviations in either direction can result in peaks, dips, and rolloffs in their high-frequency response. The capacitive load consists of the record player’s lead capacity and the preamplifier’s input capacitance. Both of these factors vary radically from brand to brand, and therefore, when one switches among several preamplifiers, one is also probably switching the amount of capacitive load seen by the cartridge and hence the cartridge’s frequency response. This is not to say that the preamps may not, in and of themselves, sound different, but obviously, listening judgments have no validity unless the phono cartridge feeding the preamp is working into the same capacitive load in every case.

In respect to power amplifiers, there are a few electronic factors (I can also postulate a number of psychological ones) that may be responsible for what some of our readers report hearing. As our report on the high-power amplifiers revealed (May 1972), it is very easy to drive even a 200-watt amplifier into clipping distortion on certain types of program material. If two amplifiers have the same continuous power rating, the one with the higher music-power rating may sound superior on signals with brief high peaks. But if two excellent amplifiers of similar specifications are both operated below clipping (an oscilloscope could confirm this), then we would have to look for other factors to explain audible differences.

I discovered many years ago that, in A-B comparisons, amplifier output levels must be adjusted to closer than one decibel or the louder of the two will sound superior. As a matter of fact, level differences that were too small to be heard as differences in loudness appeared as differences in quality. These apparent quality differences subsequently vanished when the levels were truly matched.

It has been observed that some power amplifiers react peculiarly to the sometimes complex inductive/capacitive load presented by the crossover and input network of some speaker systems. For example, with a few big electrostatic speaker systems, the problem faced by the amplifier is not the capacitive load, but rather the load of the speaker’s input-matching transformer. This is also true of some dynamic speaker systems. It is quite possible that, all things being equal, some excellent amplifiers will therefore sound much better—or worse—than others with certain speakers. However, I don’t believe that this is a consideration with the vast majority of speakers and amplifiers.

What would you do if your tape was so good nobody believed you?

That’s the situation we found ourselves in, with our Ultra Dynamic formulations.

Audio demonstrations weren’t enough. People refused to believe their ears. We had to prove how good we are.

So, we developed a visual demonstration of sound that enables people to see the difference between our U D tape and any other tape they choose. By looking at an oscilloscope screen, they can compare energy output, range, distortion, signal-to-noise ratio and presence of dropouts.

Public Proof

Our first big public screening was the 1971 Consumer Electronics Show. Since then, we’ve been touring our demonstration all around the country. And since then, people have started to believe their ears as well as their eyes.

If you don’t have an opportunity to see one of our demonstrations, try the Maxell Ultra Dynamic tape, in cassette or reel to reel, and try to believe your ears!

Technicalities

We use a Hewlett Packard dual trace storage oscilloscope and a Hewlett Packard audio sweep generator. The lower trace on the oscilloscope provides a view of the output signal of the sweep generator. The upper trace provides a view of the same signal having been recorded and played back so you can see the performance characteristics of the tape. In the picture above, Maxell Ultra Dynamic tape is shown against the sweep generator trace. The flare at the right indicates extended high frequency response. The uniformity of the trace indicates an extremely accurate overall response.

MAXELL ULTRA DYNAMIC TAPE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frequency Response (dB)</th>
<th>1.000 Hz</th>
<th>+1.0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7,500 Hz</td>
<td>+6.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12,500 Hz</td>
<td>+8.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15,000 Hz</td>
<td>+10.0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Output Uniformity (dB)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Distortion (%)</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Dropout</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturation Level (dB)</td>
<td>+15.0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signal to Noise Ratio (dB)</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erasure (dB)</td>
<td>80</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

You have to see our sound to believe it.

For more information about the Maxell tape line write:
Maxell, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
The name Primus means "First". First in tape quality and performance and is our brand name. The Plus stands for all the extras such as packaging, extra reels and labels that we give our customers. Listed are three new promotions that Wabash Tape is proud to offer you under the heading of Primus Plus.

**Offer 1**—6 reels Primus 1800 ft., 1 mil Low Noise, High Output tape, frequency range from below 20 hz to beyond 22,000 hz, polyester base, standard bias curve, lubricated coating. Packaged in durable plastic flip-lid containers.

**Offer 2**—Ten C-60 or C-90 screw type cassettes, also loaded with superb quality Low Noise, High Output, tensilized polyester backed tape. Guaranteed non-jam mechanisms. Each cassette individually packaged and placed in a new, unbreakable carrying/storage container.

**Offer 3**—3 reels Primus 1800 ft. with same specifications as Offer 1, Plus three empty reels in deluxe flip-lid containers.

Our functional Primus packaging should attract your eye. The sound quality and performance of our product can only be judged by your unbiased (excuse the pun) recorder. So, we simply state this: You select Primus for its Pluses and let your recorder give it the performance test; we guarantee to satisfy you both or your money back.

Our current distribution is limited, so if our dealers listed aren't close enough to buy Primus direct, they buy direct from us. Either way, "Get Acquainted" with Primus. We'll make it worth your time and sound.
These Primus dealers have been given authorization to honor orders for Primus audio tape at the prices quoted in the three "Get Acquainted" promotions.

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield
Trans Lex
2130 Niles St.

Berkeley
Cal Hi Fi
2461 Shattuck Ave.

Igor’s Stereo
211 Durant St.

Davis
Music Machine
300 E" St.

Fresno
Sun Stereo
3075 N. Blackstone Ave.

Los Angeles
Henry’s Radio
11240 W. Olympic Blvd.
Radio Products
1501 S. Hill St.

Mountain View
Cal Hi Fi
1347 El Camino Real

Oakland
Cal Hi Fi
2028 Broadway
San Francisco
Cal Hi Fi
2288 Fillmore St.

San Jose
Century Music
449 S. Winchester Blvd.

Santa Cruz
Sun Stereo
1549 Pacific Ave.

COLORADO
Englewood
World of Sound
5102 S. Broadway

GEORGIA
Atlanta
Stereo Center
666 Peachtree St.

IOWA
Cedar Rapids
Discount StereoWorld Ltd.
110 Third Ave. S.W.

LOUISIANA
Houma
Prof. Eny’s Music Co.
921 E. Main

Lafayette
Prof. Eny’s Music Co.
1508 S. College Rd.

New Orleans
North Kingston
1626 N. E. Sandy Blvd.

MISSISSIPPI
Cavern Sound
1103 Jefferson Ave.

MISSOURI
Independence
Great Sound, Inc.
1150 University Ave. S.E.

NEW JERSEY
Egg Harbor
Karl’s Electronics
40 Domestad Ave.

Parasound
F & W Enterprises
1480 Rte. 46

NEW YORK
Mineola
Minola Music
162 Jericho Turnpike

Rochester
J B Sound
2600 Ridge Rd.

West Finish
Stereo World
2060 E. 1st Blvd.

OREGON
Ontario
Stone’s Electronics
2062 S.W. 4th

Pittsburgh
Hunter Video-Sonic
4000 N.E. Sandy Blvd.

RHODE ISLAND
North Kingston
Pro Sounds
6810 Post Rd.

TENNESSEE
Knoxville
Southeastern Stereo
7337 Kingston Pike

TEXAS
Tejasana
Tejasana Stereo
P. O. Box 2603

WASHINGTON
Centralia
Ranker Electronics Co.
309 W. Main

CHARLESTON
Charleston
Sodano’s
306 W. Washington St.

CIRCLE NO. 60 ON READER SERVICE CARD

THE BALANCE CONTROL

If everything involved in music reproduction were always as it should be, there would be no need for the balance control. But in this imperfect world there are always later adjustments to be made. Sometimes a room arrangement will dictate that one speaker of a stereo pair must be closer to the listening area than the other. Occasionally a disc or tape has one channel louder than the other because of an accident during the recording or manufacturing process. Because of the way our ears and brain function, the stereo image shifts in the direction of the louder sound source (speaker) if there is an imbalance between the channels, and some of the spread and spaciousness of the image is lost when it does so. But when imbalances occur (for the above or for other reasons), the balance control is there to correct them.

The balance control can be adjusted for “zero” or equal balance by playing a mono disc, an FM broadcast, or perhaps a mono tape you have specially recorded. The control should be set so that the sound seems to come from a point midway between the two speakers. (Incidentally, make sure that the mid-range and tweeter-level controls on both speakers are set to the same volume level, if the speaker’s mid-range is more in balance with one whose mid-range is more in balance with the other.) If you cannot achieve a centered sound source with the balance control in the centered position, there may be a gain difference between the two channels of your amplifier, or output differences between the channels of your phono cartridge or tuner. If the problem appears to be internal to the amplifier and can be corrected with only a slight offset of the balance control, you might simply pull the knob off its shaft (check for set screws first) and reinstall it in the twelve-o’clock position.

Balance controls come in two types, and one works as well as the other. One type simply lowers the level of the louder speaker (that is, the left speaker when the control is being rotated right), and the other raises the level of one speaker as it drops that of the other. Keep in mind that balance controls have different tapers or rates of action (see last month’s column); a control on one unit may have to be turned to three o’clock to accomplish what that on another does at one o’clock. This is, however, of no practical significance. What can be troublesome, or at least inconvenient, is equipment that has no balance control at all. Instead there are separate volume controls for each channel, often concentrically mounted on the same shaft axis and "friction-clutched" so that both turn together unless one is held while the other is rotated. This may appear to be a satisfactory system (it is to the manufacturer, who saves money thereby), but it frequently happens that the right/left balance changes as the overall volume is turned up or down because of slight differences in the tapers of the two controls. Furthermore, any offsetting of one control or the other will result in a shifting stereo perspective as the volume level is changed. A system that uses a separate balance and volume control is therefore to be preferred.
two of the
If you thought you'd heard all there was to hear in high-y linear three-way acoustic suspension speaker systems, you've got more hearing to do. You must now hear the new Scott Design 61 and Design 71 controlled impedance speaker systems. After 27 months of development effort, Scott chief speaker engineer Peter Globa has realized a pair of new full frequency range speaker systems which significantly advance the state of the speaker art in two important parameters, smoothness of the response characteristic (freedom from peaks and resonances) and breadth of useful frequency range. Design 61 covers the range 30 to 20,000 Hz and handles 75 watts. Design 71 covers the range 28 to 20,000 Hz and handles 100 watts.

We're so pleased with Peter's new designs that we challenge you to ask your Scott dealer for a demonstration of the new Design 61 and Design 71 speaker systems using the best electronics available and program material with which you are intimately familiar. Then, ask the dealer to play the same program through the type speakers you now own, or any other competitive system he has on display, even a system costing twice as much.

We wouldn't dare make this challenge if we didn't know you'd find the Design 61 at $129.90 and the Design 71 at $169.90 two of the uncommon heard.

Where innovation is a tradition
H.H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powdermill Road, Maynard, Mass. 01754
The patented gathered edge suspension that yields to extra-soft or extra-heavy bass without surrendering.

After hundreds of experiments Hitachi engineers have produced a unique suspension woofer that provides high linearity, yet prevents partial vibrations.

Hitachi's patented gathered-edge suspension features 120 precision gathers with 480 faces. This results in a cone paper that is able to move in exact proportion to the resonant frequency flow. Even those problematic bass transients—timpany strokes and tube blasts—come through with effortless ease and crispness.

To achieve even greater sound quality Hitachi has acoustically balanced gathered-edge suspension with our unique bass reflex enclosure and linear horn tweeter. The bass reflex enclosure design diverts sound waves generated at the rear of the woofer and channels them to the front. This gives a fuller bass response even at low listening volumes. With the linear horn tweeter an acoustic lens spreads high range sound over a wide angle. This permits a free choice of listening positions instead of the usual "fixed" position locations.

In receivers, Hitachi features the extensive use of LTP (Low Temperature Passivation) transistors. This reduces amplifier noise to practically nil and results in the world's finest FM tuner sensitivity. We were also the first to adopt ITL-OTL circuitry to eliminate distortion and deterioration of frequency characteristics.

It's advances like these that have lead Hitachi to name its systems Maxi-Fi® rather than hi-fi. There's a complete line of Maxi-Fi® components—receivers, integrated amplifiers, FM tuner, speaker systems, record players, decks—everything for the individual taste and budget.

For more on the Maxi-Fi® systems, write, Dept. SR 1, Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101

Quality always comes first at HITACHI

CIRCLE NO. 28 ON READER SERVICE CARD

STereo Review
MEASURING CAPTURE RATIO: In AM broadcast reception, as we all know, interference from distant stations can be ruinous; even when the distant stations are much weaker, they are frequently heard along with the local station. The capture ratio of an FM tuner describes its ability to respond only to the stronger of two (or more) FM stations on the same frequency. In fact, one of the basic advantages of FM reception is its ability to reject the weaker of two signals on the same frequency. True, there is a small overlap region where two signals of approximately equal strength will interfere with each other, but, in a good tuner, this interference region is very narrow. In an ideal tuner, only the stronger signal would be heard even if the difference between the two signals were infinitesimal. Of course, this ideal is unattainable in practice (it would correspond to a capture ratio of 0 dB), but it is possible for a signal to "capture" a receiver from another signal only 1 dB or so weaker.

The measurement of capture ratio is defined by an IHF Standard. First, a 100 per cent modulated FM test signal from a signal generator is applied to the tuner, and the audio-output voltage from the tuner (or tuner section of a receiver) is observed on a meter. A second signal, this one unmodulated, from another generator set to the same frequency is fed to the tuner and its level gradually increased until the audio output of the original signal drops 1 dB. The r.f. output level of the unmodulated (second) generator at this point is noted. A further increase in the second generator’s output causes the audio-output signal produced by the first generator to drop rapidly. When the signal is 30 dB below the original reference level, the output level of the unmodulated generator is again noted.

For the purposes of this measurement, the drop of 1 dB in audio level represents the start of capture of the tuner by the unmodulated signal, and the -30-dB point represents complete capture, or suppression of the weaker modulated signal. The ratio of the two output levels of the unmodulated signal generator is next converted to decibels. The decibel figure is then divided by two to obtain the capture ratio, since we have actually gone from full capture by one signal to full capture by the other.

This appears to be a straightforward procedure, but there are some problematic areas. The tuner and both generators must be on exactly the same frequency, since the slightest off-frequency operation of any of them can seriously degrade the capture effect. We therefore trim the frequency of one or both generators for maximum capture effect as we make the measurement. This helps meet the intent, if not the precise wording, of the IHF Standard. An alternate approach, which we have tried with equivalent results, is to monitor the generator frequencies with a digital frequency counter to assure their identity.

The second problem is the choice of signal levels. The IHF Standard calls for measurements at a number of input levels, down to the IHF Usable Sensitivity rating (about 2 microvolts for a good tuner). Anticipating some variation in capture ratio with signal level, the IHF allows the 1,000-microvolt measurement to be used for the published rating.

This variation in capture ratio with signal level has caused some grief to us, as well as to some manufacturers whose products we have tested. As we have often mentioned in our equipment reports, it has been difficult for us to verify the manufacturer’s ratings for capture ratio. This has worked both ways: our measurements were frequently higher than rated (not as good), but in many cases our capture-ratio numbers were better than those given by the manufacturer.

Recently, we made a study of the problem and have now resolved it to our satisfaction. Since we
have not always used a 1.000-microvolt signal level for our tests, we have been partially guilty of a procedural error. Many tuners, particularly those with very good sensitivity, quieted so effectively at low input levels that we fell into the trap of measuring capture ratio with an input as small as 10 microvolts. Since the results of these tests often agreed closely with the manufacturer’s ratings, we did not appreciate that the capture-ratio performance of some tuners was much more sensitive to level than that of others. As an example, one receiver we recently tested had a rated capture ratio of 2 dB with a 1,000-microvolt test signal. Our measured figure was 1.6 dB, and even at 100 microvolts it was 1.8 dB. However, at 10 microvolts the capture ratio had degraded to 3.1 dB, and at 4 microvolts it was 6.7 dB! On the other hand, at 10,000 microvolts and higher inputs, the capture ratio was between 0.9 dB and 1 dB.

To avoid ambiguity in our test results, we will in the future adhere closely to the IHF recommended level of 1,000 microvolts—but we will also check the capture ratio at levels as low as 10 and as high as 10,000 microvolts. Data we have seen indicate that the capture ratio of some tuners varies little over this full range, while other tuners show a pronounced worsening of capture ratio at low levels.

What is the practical significance of this characteristic? In most cases, the elimination of an unwanted station on the same frequency is not the problem, although this situation could arise in locations midway between two metropolitan areas. The real advantage of a good capture ratio is that it reduces multipath distortion. Especially in urban areas, the same FM signal may be received simultaneously from several directions, because it is reflected to the receiving antenna from natural or man-made objects surrounding it. The phase shifts and time delays introduced by multipath reception can cause the direct (desired) signal level to fall momentarily to, or below, the level of the reflected signals. This is heard as distortion—varying in degree from a barely noticeable edginess in the sound to severe garbling—as the reflected signals tend to “capture” the tuner from the direct signal.

No matter how good the capture ratio, multipath reception where the reflected signals can exceed the level of the direct signal will always be distorted. Eliminating this is a job for a good directional antenna. More often, fortunately, the direct signal will predominate, and here the ability of the tuner to completely reject the weaker reflected multipath components is crucial. It is difficult to say exactly how good a capture ratio is required, since this depends so much on individual circumstances. Capture-ratio values larger than 4 dB (at 1,000 microvolts) are certainly undesirable, and many of the best tuners have capture ratios between 1 and 2 dB.

It would appear that a good capture ratio at 1,000 microvolts is only part of the story. In the future, measurements at various input levels should provide insight into the differences between various tuners and receivers. Unfortunately, there is no way in which we can convert some of our past measurements of capture ratio to a 1,000-microvolt basis. For what it is worth, in each instance where our measurement was poorer than the manufacturer’s ratings, we have been able to establish that we used a relatively low test-signal input level, and we are willing to stipulate, therefore, that these products almost certainly met their manufacturer’s rated capture-ratio specifications.
There is only one truth in recorded music—the sound that is in the record grooves.

In the reproduction process, a lot of things can distort the truth.

To begin with, the cartridge.

An inefficient cartridge can rob music of its instrumental definition, of its overtones and harmonics in the upper frequency range. In these important audio frequencies, some cartridges suffer as much as a 50% loss in music power. Which means that what you are hearing is a half-truth.

All Pickering XV-15 cartridges deliver 100% Music Power. They reproduce evenly across the entire musical spectrum. They don't add. They don't subtract. They don't distort.

What's more, every Pickering XV-15 is designed to provide this optimum performance with specific record players. So, when you buy a Pickering XV-15 cartridge, we ask you to check its DCF (Dynamic Coupling Factor) rating with our DCF chart first, to make certain you get the model that's best for you. That way you just spend what you have to to get at the truth. In price ranges to suit your equipment. For more information write: Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. V, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, New York 11803.

All Pickering cartridges are designed for use with all two and four-channel matrix derived compatible systems.
Jensen Model 3 Loudspeaker

As part of its restructuring program begun last year, Jensen Sound Laboratories has organized its line of speaker systems into six models covering a price range from $30 to $198. The Model 3, a compact, two-way system, falls in price just below the middle of the group. The Jensen Model 3 is an 8-ohm system with a 10-inch long-throw woofer and a 3½-inch cone tweeter. Its fully sealed walnut-veneer enclosure measures 22¼ x 12¼ x 10¾ inches and weighs 27½ pounds. The woofer has a four-layer voice coil and a rolled plastic-foam edge surround. The tweeter takes over above 800 Hz. and is rear-isolated by a compartment within the enclosure. Its level is continuously adjustable over a wide range by a control recessed into the back of the cabinet next to the handy push-type insulated speaker-lead binding posts. The system carries a 40-watt power rating.

Jensen's warranty, among the most liberal in the industry, covers defects in material and workmanship for five years, and includes a shipping carton and transportation costs to and from the factory. Suggested selling price: $75.

- Laboratory Measurements. The Model 3 had an exceptionally flat frequency response, varying only ±2.5 dB from 60 to 15,000 Hz with the tweeter level set at maximum. With a 1-watt drive level, the bass distortion reached 5 per cent at 55 Hz and 10 per cent at 47 Hz. When the output was maintained at a sound-pressure level (SPL) of 90 dB (as measured 3.3 feet away from the grille), the distortion was 5 per cent at 61 Hz and 10 per cent at 57 Hz.

For more information, circle 105 on reader service card.

Jensen Model 3 Loudspeaker
OUR NEW SPEAKER SYSTEMS HAVE A LOT OF CHARACTER

Jensen introduces a whole new concept in speaker system design. We call it Total Energy Response. And you never heard such woofing and tweeting.

That's because our Total Energy Response design gives each new Jensen Speaker System an even fuller, richer sound than ever before. It's a difference you can actually hear, when you compare our systems to any others. In every price category, Jensen Speaker Systems give the best performance per dollar on the market.

Consider these three new systems from Jensen. You'll find more features, matched components and the best 5 year warranty around.

Model 1. It's what happened when we crossed a woofer with a tweeter. And got a two element, full range system with an 8" driver. Only $30.

Model 2. Such harmony from a two way system! With 8" woofer, 3½" direct radiating tweeter. At $48 you get a lot more than you're paying for.

Model 3. Perhaps you noticed the deeper woofing? Right! There's a 10" woofer and 3½" direct radiating tweeter enclosed in this two way system. Incredible for only $75.

JENSEN SOUND LABORATORIES
A MILLER PARK CORPORATION SUBSIDIARY
8803 W. MILLER PARK, ILLINOIS 60707
CIRCLE NO. 32 ON READER SERVICE CARD
The Model 3 had very good tone-burst response at all frequencies, as indicated by these oscilloscope photos taken at (left to right) 100, 300, and 5,000 Hz.

The tone-burst response was very good at all frequencies, with no signs of spurious outputs or sustained ringing. The efficiency of the Model 3 proved moderately low, with about a 0.5-watt drive required for a 90-db SPL in the octave centered at 1,000 Hz. A 15-watt-per-channel amplifier should easily drive the speaker. The system impedance was close to the nominal 8-ohm rating over most of the audio-frequency range, measuring between 6 and 12 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz except for the bass resonance rise to about 40 ohms at 68 Hz.

- Comment. As its smooth frequency response implies, the Jensen Model 3 is a very natural-sounding reproducer. In our simulated “live-vs.-recorded” listening comparison (in which we would give it a “B” rating), it had a slight mid-range coloration and (at times) a detectable loss in the octave between 10,000 and 20,000 Hz. The latter was easily corrected with the amplifier tone controls. The high-frequency dispersion was fairly good, but there was a detectable loss of the highest frequencies at off-axis angles of 60 degrees or greater. In general, the Model 3 performed audibly as a smooth, well-balanced system, with a subjective bass performance at normal listening levels that often seemed considerably more potent than the response curve might suggest. There are a number of fine speakers in the $75 price range, and the Model 3 clearly belongs among them.

For more information, circle 106 on reader service card

**Heath AR-1500 AM/FM Receiver: A Note for the Kit Builder**

In order to provide a test report on the Heath AR-1500 AM/stereo FM receiver at the earliest possible date, Stereo Review’s editors decided to test an assembled unit before the kit was available. Since the appearance of that report (November 1971), we have built an AR-1500 from a kit in order to determine the time and level of expertise likely to be required of anyone undertaking the project.

“Project” is certainly the correct word, for although the construction of the AR-1500 has been considerably simplified over that of the previous AR-15, building an electronic device of the AR-1500’s complexity and sophistication involves a major commitment in time and dedication. Our kit builder judges that no single step in the assembly process will pose difficulties for anyone who has mastered the easily acquired skills of soldering. But the steps in the 245-page construction manual are numerous, necessitating a methodical, unhurried working pace with frequent pauses to check for unsatisfactory or missed connections. On the other hand, the manual assumes that the builder has no previous kit-building experience and no knowledge of electronics. Instructions for each step are admirably complete and unambiguous, and large, clear diagrams illustrate each assembly procedure.

The construction of the AR-1500 is based on ten printed-circuit boards to which the builder solders parts from designated envelopes (the parts for each board are packaged separately). The boards are plugged into sockets mounted within the sheet-aluminum chassis; these sockets are hinged so that each board can be pivoted outward for inspection and testing while the receiver is turned on. Point-to-point wiring within the chassis is simplified by the use of prefabricated cable harnesses, with wires color-coded and already cut to the prescribed lengths. Each board is tested (and, if necessary, adjusted) as it is installed by means of built-in test probes and circuits that “read out” on the meter that later serves as the receiver’s signal-strength indicator. Approximately one half of the construction manual is given over to these tests and to the troubleshooting procedures to be followed should any of them fail to check out. All adjustments requiring external test instruments have been permanently made at the factory, and the receiver should require no further attention during its operating life.

Since heat-sensitive integrated circuits and printed-circuit boards are used extensively in the AR-1500’s construction, a low-wattage (25 watts or so) pencil-type soldering iron will be required. Those with no previous soldering experience are urged to study the short course on soldering in the Heath “Kit Builders Guide” packed with the unit, and to practice with a few bits of scrap wire before beginning the kit.

It is difficult to put a construction-time figure on the Heath AR-1500; work habits varying as they do from individual to individual, but the builder should plan on spending at least 35 hours on the kit, and should not be surprised if this estimate is exceeded by a considerable margin.

For those who missed the original test report on the Heath AR-1500, copies of the November 1971 issue are available at $1.00 each from Ziff-Davis Service Division, Dept. BCSR, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Space does not permit reprinting the entire report, but our final remarks bear repeating:

What does one have after the AR-1500 is completed? In our judgement, a state-of-the-art unit whose performance equals or surpasses that of any receiver—or even combination of separate components—we have tested. (Of course, there are a few separate power amplifiers with higher power ratings than the AR-1500.) In sound quality and ease of operation, and in overall suitability for its intended use, one could not expect more from any high-fidelity component.

Careful study of other fine receivers and separate tuners and amplifiers will certainly reveal specific operating or convenience features not included in the AR-1500 that may make them more suitable for your needs. But if you want the most sensitive and powerful stereo receiver on the market, and are willing to invest time in its construction, you don’t have to look beyond the Heath AR-1500.

The price of the Heath AR-1500 AM/stereo FM receiver kit is $379.95.

For more information, circle 107 on reader service card
Only the sound is heavy.

Koss breaks the lightweight sound barrier with a revolutionary new High Velocity Stereophone.

Up until now a lightweight phone meant a lightweight sound. But not any more. Because Koss engineers have developed a micro/weight, high velocity type stereophone that sounds like a heavyweight. And that's an achievement no music lover will take lightly.

Unique electro-acoustical design.

Unlike conventional stereophones which contain the sound waves in a sealed acoustical chamber, the new Koss HV-1 High Velocity Stereophone vents the back sound waves to the rear. Without raising the resonance or inhibiting transient response. This unique electro-acoustical design concept provides not only unusual lightness and hearthru characteristics, but also the exciting, full-range Sound of Koss as well.

Superb tonal quality.

And by substantially reducing the mass of the moving diaphragm assemblies used in the HV-1, Koss has been able to achieve a wide-range frequency response of unusual fidelity. Delicate overtones, which add to the faithfulness of the reproduction are retained. Yet, bass response is extended, clean and "unmuddied."

Stylish low-silhouette design.

Designed to fit close to the head, the new Koss HV-1 Stereophone has a stylish, low-silhouette design without the cone-type projections found in other headphones. This slim design permits unusually fine acoustical tuning of the element chamber at the factory. Which means that, unlike other lightweight phones, every Koss HV-1 Stereophone provides the breathtaking Sound of Koss. And that's not something to treat lightly.

Designed for unprecedented comfort.

You'll listen in comfort hour after hour. Because the new Koss HV-1 is lighter than 10 ounces. And because it has the perfect balance you expect in a Koss Stereophone. Not to mention a glove soft vinyl-covered headband and acoustical sponge ear cushions.

Hearing is believing.

Listen to the Koss HV-1 Stereophone at your favorite Hi-Fi Dealer or Department Store. And get the whole story on the heavy Sound of Koss by writing Virginia Lamm, c/o Dept. SR-372. We won't take your interest lightly either.
Phase Linear 400 Power Amplifier

- **Our recent test survey of super-power amplifiers (April 1972)** gave us an appreciation of their place in home music systems. One of the amplifiers tested was the Phase Linear 700, a unit capable of prodigious output levels at very low distortion, but perhaps a bit too powerful and expensive for many tastes. Accordingly, Phase Linear now offers a lower-power alternative to the 700 in the form of their new Model 400.

The Phase Linear 400 (dare we call it the “little Phase Linear?”) is rated at a “mere” 200 watts continuous per channel, both channels driven into 8-ohm loads. It closely resembles the Model 700, with a gold satin-finish panel displaying two softly illuminated meters. In the rear are the large heat-radiating fins for the output transistors, the inputs and speaker output, fuses, and the power transformer. The transformer, massive by ordinary home equipment standards, is considerably smaller than that of the Model 700, and the Model 400 is thus correspondingly lighter: 35 pounds. It has no controls, power normally being switched by the system preamplifier. The panel is 19 inches wide and 7 inches high, and the unit is 10 inches deep.

The input impedance of the Phase Linear 400 is 39,000 ohms, a relatively low value, but nevertheless compatible with most solid-state preamplifiers. The circuit design generally follows the concepts employed in the Model 700, using a rather high-voltage power supply (150 volts) to provide the necessary output “swing.” A patented protection circuit monitors the output voltage and current, as well as their time durations, and shuts down the amplifier instantly if safe operating levels are exceeded. Another circuit senses excessive output impulses (such as might occur if a phono pickup were dropped on the record with a high-volume-control setting) and limits the output signal to a safe value to protect the speakers. A thermal relay shuts down the amplifier if the transistors become too hot. The Model 400 also has a new bias circuit that is claimed to reduce crossover distortion below the already very small values found in the Model 700. The Phase Linear 400 sells for $499. A wood cabinet is $37.50.

- **Laboratory Measurements.** The Phase Linear 400 comfortably surpassed its specifications, delivering 270 watts continuous per channel to 8-ohm loads with both channels driven. The power into 16 ohms was 150 watts per channel. With 4-ohm loads, continuous-power measurements require that the fuses be changed from their normal 3-ampere rating to 8 or 10 amperes. Even so, the 8-ampere fuses blew before we could make a 4-ohm measurement. However, we used a tone-burst signal, with 16 cycles on and 16 cycles off, and measured about 360 watts per channel at the clipping point.

To satisfy our curiosity about Phase Linear’s claims that the less stringent regulation designed into the 400’s power supply results in an unusually high power output capability for very brief periods, we drove the amplifier with a one-cycle tone burst and measured the output voltage at clipping. Into 4 ohms, each channel delivered just under 600 watts, and into 8 ohms the output was slightly over 400 watts. This method of measurement is roughly equivalent to the IHF Music Power rating, which happily does not appear in Phase Linear’s specifications. If it had, the Model 400 could have been glowingly, if somewhat preposterously, described as having “1,200 watts output (IHF, 4 ohms)”!

Harmonic distortion, measured with a 1,000-Hz test signal, was masked by inaudible noise at 0.1 watt, but from 1 to 200 watts output the distortion was between 0.008 and 0.013 per cent. It increased to 0.13 per cent at 250 watts, just below the clipping level. The IM distortion was under 0.05 per cent for all power levels from 7 milliwatts to 250 watts, and typically under 0.03 per cent. At the rated 200 watts per channel output, the harmonic distortion was under 0.04 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz, and was typically about 0.015 per cent over most of that range. The distortion did not change materially at lower power levels.

The frequency response was flat from d.c. (or 0 Hz) to beyond 20,000 Hz, falling to -1 dB at 100,000 Hz and to -3 dB at 210,000 Hz. The square-wave rise time was about 1.5 microseconds (rated 1.7 microseconds). Hum and noise were 82 dB below 10 watts, or 95 dB below rated power. An input of 1.8 volts was required for 200 watts output per channel.

- **Comment.** Although Phase Linear does not impose special cooling requirements on the Model 400, it gets quite warm when driven hard, even with musical program material. Good ventilation, if not a fan, would be a wise measure.

("Continued on page 40")

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For example, the 1229 has a built-in illuminated strobe for 33-1/3 and 45 rpm. With a typical Dual innovative touch: an adjustable viewing angle that you can set to your own most comfortable position.

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The gyroscope is the best known scientific means for supporting a precision instrument that must remain perfectly balanced in all planes of motion. That is why we selected a true gyroscopic gimbal for the suspension of the 1229 tonearm. This tonearm is centered and balanced within two concentric rings, and pivots around their respective axes. Horizontal bearing friction is specified at less than fifteen thousandths of a gram, and Dual's unerring quality control assures that every 1229 will meet those stringent specifications.

The platter of the 1229 is a full-size twelve inches in diameter, and cast in one piece of non-magnetic zinc alloy. Each platter is individually dynamically balanced. Dual's powerful continuous-pole/synchronous motor easily drives this massive seven pound platter to full speed in one quarter turn.

A turntable of the 1229's caliber is used primarily in its single-play mode. Thus, the tonearm was specifically engineered to perform precisely as a manual tonearm: parallel to the record instead of tilted down. For multiple play, the Mode Selector raises the entire tonearm base to parallel the tonearm to the center of the stack.

All these precision features and refinements don't mean that the Dual 1229 must be handled with undue care. On the contrary, like all Duals, it is quite rugged and virtually foolproof.

So we're not being rash when we include a full year guarantee covering both parts and labor. That's up to four times the guarantee you'll find on other automatic units.

Visit your franchised United Audio dealer and ask for a demonstration. We believe you will join the other "purists" who prefer Dual.
precaution. Another caution: some vacuum-tube preamplifiers (which also may have difficulty working into the Model 400's low input impedance) produce a large voltage surge when turned on. Amplified by the direct-coupled Model 400, these can produce some startling woofer-cone excursions! Although the 400's speaker-protection circuit makes this more of an annoyance than a potential catastrophe, external speaker fuses are in order if the speakers are not rated for very high-power operation. We did not experience this problem with solid-state preamplifiers. The Phase Linear 400 does have a small idiosyncrasy: a fairly strong "thump" in the speakers a few seconds after turnoff. Not dangerous, but not easy to overlook ever.

Having been prepared by our earlier experience with the Model 700, we encountered few surprises with the Phase Linear 400. The meters perform a useful and valid function. They are calibrated to read 0 VU on complex musical waveforms whose peaks approach the maximum power of the amplifier. A steady-state power of 66 watts produces a 0 VU reading, while with a 50 per cent duty-cycle tone burst, 242 watts corresponds to 0 VU. There is enough reserve power in the amplifier so that the likelihood of clipping on peaks, so long as the meter needles are on scale, is remote. Since the amplifier can operate all the way to its maximum output without audible distress, the meters serve as a warning when an overload condition is approached.

In summary, the Phase Linear 400 is a superb amplifier, furnishing the essential qualities of the Model 700 at a much lower price (almost a bargain, in today's market). If not quite "super power for the masses," it is at least a step in that direction. Incidentally, despite its output capabilities, the Model 400 should not materially affect your electric bill. It draws only 35 watts at idle, and only 500 watts at full power, which is a rarely encountered—and then very brief—condition.

For more information, circle 108 on reader service card.

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GOING ON RECORD

By JAMES GOODFRIEND
Music Editor

THE DELIUS AFFAIR

This past April the Opera Society of Washington presented, in the opera house of the Kennedy Center, the first American performance of Frederick Delius' A Village Romeo and Juliet, which was composed in 1901. Seventy-one years is a long time to wait for such a premiere, particularly since Delius is not exactly an unknown composer. The opera has long been the subject of rather widespread curiosity, which was, perhaps, more heightened than satisfied by the twenty-four 78-rpm sides of the Delius Fellowship-sponsored recording in the late Forties. The Washington performance, all in all, was worth some waiting, but it also brought out quite clearly why we had to wait, and raised once again the whole case of the stature of Delius as a composer.

A certain number of credits are due before getting into the problem itself. The Washington production was ably conducted by Paul Callaway (there were a few fluffs in the orchestra, but the balances and tempos were good, and the "sound" was right); John Stewart as Sali, Patricia Wells as Vreli, John Reardon as the Dark Fiddler, and the remaining members of the cast handled their parts sympathetically and well. The production, which was directed by Frank Corsaro, with scenery, films, and projections by Ronald Chase, was exceedingly effective in most places.

It was one of those double-projection jobs—with the screen at the rear of the stage and the scrim in front—much like that for Ginastera's Beatrix Cenci, and we were treated to copious running views of atmosphere-laden tree tops, shrubbery, and other natural phenomena. The fact that this worked, and worked as well as it did, is enough to tell us that without it A Village Romeo and Juliet might not work. For in the music too there is far more scene painting than there is either action or conscious reflection, and, tellingly, there is more music in the orchestral parts than in the vocal.

What other opera can one name whose musical highpoint is neither an aria nor an ensemble nor even a chorus, but an orchestral interlude which would ordinarily (but not here) be played without the curtain down?

The work, then, is not really an opera at all; it is a tone poem for orchestra, with vocal obbligatos which superimpose a brief, human story over the lush but impersonal nature painting. The fact that this two-hour tone poem can be staged is nothing unusual in this day of multimedia art, but experiencing the work in this way makes it evident why so few in the past were courageous or foolish enough to present it as an opera.

Even multimedia presentation has its difficulties, however, and there were several places where Mr. Corsaro's production simply did not work. The first was a mere matter of getting hung up on the visual material without properly relating it to the music: a staccato Allegro of treetops, for example, does not complement the Andante of the "Walk to the Paradise Garden," but detracts from it. It was not the idea that was faulty, but the visual tempo. A second defect is of more complicated structure. There is a scene at a fair at the beginning of Act 2, which calls dramatically for a swirl of aural and visual events, the necessary bustle, to make the scene come alive. Delius was probably incapable of writing such music. What is needed, of course, is the sense of polyrhythmic motion, and even apart from the fact that Delius was no master of any sort of polyphony, his bass lines are so dilatory that real motion beyond a slow amble is rare in his music.

The projections could have compensated for this with a visual swirl of events, but, alas, here they simply fastened on a background and stayed there, lacking what movement there was to the pitifully small gestural capabilities of the figures on stage. The fair died.

Last I seem to have been unduly negative thus far about Delius' achievement, let me take the other, more important side. The most astonishing thing about A Village Romeo and Juliet is simply how rich the score is in memorable music. One does not wait patiently for an attractive melody or an intriguing harmonic progression; they come at you from all sides at virtually every moment. And that one hears this in an opera house only intensifies the feeling. (Incidentally, the opera sounds far less Wagnerian in "live" performance than it seemed to on records.) In other words, though the work may not be a masterpiece of musical theater, it is a very wonderful piece of music and immediately brings to mind the question: "Why haven't I heard this music more?" Why indeed? That Delius was incapable of writing a fair scene like Stravinsky's or an opera like one of Strauss' is no reason to dismiss him.

Granted, Delius was capable of writing only certain kinds of music. There are not many works of his that are out-and-out failures, but flaws surface occasionally even in the successful works. And, of course, there are certain types of works that he rarely, or never, attempted to write. But there must be room in the musical pantheon for composers who do even a few things very well.

Delius certainly was one. The characteristic harmonies of his music, its summetry, even flow, its tranquility, its lush sensuality express one of music's unique personalities, a talent not very broad, but sufficiently deep that the word "genius" seems hardly misapplied. Angel Records will release a new recording of A Village Romeo and Juliet this fall, and I hope that its joyful reception will not be limited to "specialists."
Until now, most parameters of the recording art have been significantly better defined than has loudspeaker performance. A quantitative standard for the monitoring of recordings has therefore been lacking. Recently Ampex and other recording companies have turned to the AR Laboratory Standard Transducer, a speaker system that represents the efforts of Acoustic Research to come to grips with this problem.

**Flat energy capability**
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In addition, five other output characteristics allow the engineer to tailor the sound of the AR-LST to any special requirements he may have — to compensate for spectral aberrations in a tape, for example. These various energy output characteristics are accurately known (they are printed in the AR-LST's instruction book) and are available at the turn of a switch.

The AR-LST is now being used in a number of recording studios. In the picture above, James Frey of Ampex and Bob Hinkle listen to a playback of Bob's album "Ollie Moggus" recently completed at Media Sound Studios in New York.
THE period of the 1930’s, perhaps more than any other decade in recent history, stands like an island in time. Perfectly punctuated fore and aft by the stock market crash late in 1929 and the opening of World War II in 1939, the Thirties saw severe economic depression, social and political unrest both here and abroad, and the rise of Nazism. The Broadway musical, which had previously been a serenely escapist medium, responded to the exacerbated mood of the times and began to embrace themes that reflected the era’s political and social preoccupations. There was, for example, the Theatre Guild’s production of Parade, a distinctly left-wing revue that bluntly depicted Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and others as villains for opposing the social reforms of President Roosevelt. Under the sponsorship of the Federal Theatre division of the WPA, Broadway was soon flooded with miniature musicals (called “living newspapers”) that cried out for justice for the working man and deplored this nation’s passive attitude toward the rise of fascism in Europe. In 1937, the Federal Theatre produced Marc Blitzstein’s The Cradle Will Rock, an allegory that depicted in political-cartoon style the injustices wreaked by steel magnate Mr. Mister upon his laborers—until they formed a union. When the Government refused at the last minute to permit this controversial show to open, the entire cast marched a mile up the street to another theater. Broadway had finally awakened and discovered its social conscience.

If what happened on Broadway between the flamboyant 1920’s and the bloody 1940’s is your cup of tea, then it is my pleasure to call your attention to a remarkable book. Its title is Ring Bells! Sing Songs!, and it is written by Stanley Green, a dedicated theater historian (and one-time contributor to these pages) who is best known for his earlier volume The World of Musical Comedy. Mr. Green has avoided the usual pitfalls of writing about the past. Instead of wallowing in the sloppy and inexact generalities of nostalgia, he has chosen to recognize that this was a decade obsessed with the political and economic realities of life, and that these factors, more than aesthetics, caused Broadway to take the direction it did.

Mr. Green tells his story chronologically, so that the reader is introduced to the Broadway scene at the outset of the Thirties and follows along year by year as each musical opens. He describes every production in minute detail, with particular emphasis upon the elusive content of revue sketches and the way in which now-familiar classic songs were first presented on the stage. At the same time, the book’s references to the daily headlines remind us of what lay beyond the Great White Way.

Mr. Green depicts the Broadway of the Thirties as a lively battleground where such established producers as Flo Ziegfeld, George White, Earl Carroll, Charles Dillingham, and others saw their fortunes dwindle because an impoverished public failed to provide enough box-office support. We meet newcomers like Ethel Merman and Bob Hope and follow them from their breathless debuts as unknowns to their star-don only a few years later. We are reminded of the beloved comedian Joe Cook, who was once regarded as one of the theater’s giants and is now all but forgotten. We read extracts of opening-night reviews and learn that most of Broadway’s critics had a knack for turning clever phrases but had a chronic incapacity to cope with anything genuinely inventive and unusual.

As we turn the oversized pages of Mr. Green’s tome, we are greeted everywhere by reproductions of original sheet-music covers, the lovely art-deco influence running strong. Hundreds of actual scenes from the shows themselves, advertisements, program covers, alphabetical listings from the newspapers of the day, and views of Times Square help round out the picture conveyed by the text. The plot is Broadway. Its producers, stars, and writers seem to be almost semi-fictional characters that weave in and out of the narrative, emerging for their moments of glory, then vanishing, often to return in a later season but sometimes consigned to oblivion. There are fascinating details aplenty. We learn, for example, that Ruth Etting appeared in two Broadway openings exactly one week apart: on February 11, 1930, Miss Etting, then known as “the
sweetheart of Columbia Records," opened in Ruth Selwyn's Nine-Fifteen Revue and had the distinction of introducing the first Harold Arlen song ever heard on Broadway, Get Happy. Unfortunately, the show expired after seven brief performances. Ziegfeld, who had been having difficulties with another torch singer, Lee Morse, during the out-of-town tryouts for Simple Simon, learned of Miss Etting's sudden availability and swiftly added her to his cast. As Green notes happily, "So it was that exactly one week after introducing Get Happy, the singer was back on Broadway to introduce Ten Cents a Dance."

Following the 190-page text section, Mr. Green reproduces the cast and credits of all 175 musicals produced on Broadway during the 1930's. This is followed by a list of the London productions, film versions, published librettos, vocal scores, and LP's of these shows. There is also a selected list of song collections, biographies, criticism, and national and world history books associated with this era.

In nearly two hundred pages of meticulously detailed text, it is a miracle that there are so few errors. I went through Mr. Green's text in my usual compulsive quest for mistakes, and turned up only five. For the record, here they are: On page 24, Mr. Green says that Flying High (1930) gave Kate Smith "her first stage role." Not so! She appeared in Honeymoon Lane in 1926. On page 53, Green refers to Alice Faye as a future Mrs. Rudy Vallee; the two were never married. On page 79, Green claims that the Earl Carroll Theatre on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street was "torn down and replaced by a Woolworth's." Actually, the theater was simply gutted and remodeled as a store; anyone who pauses to look up the Fiftieth Street side of the structure will see to this day the Bauhaus design of the theater and the staggered little dressing-room windows. On page 91, a caption for a photo from Roberta erroneously identifies Fay Templeton as Helen Westley, who portrayed the same role in the film version. And on page 163, Green writes that You Never Know (1938) "gave Lupe Velez her first opportunity to appear in a book musical," although her book-show debut actually had taken place six years earlier in Hotcha! In a time when writers seem to be spawning books on theater and film that are researched with a slovenliness that amounts to downright irresponsibility, these minor slips hardly deserve notice, and they certainly fail to diminish the value of this fine book.

In an ingratiatingly conversational style, Stanley Green has blended the headlines of the day with scrupulous theatrical research to create a rare document for both theater historians and sociologists.
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Two factors—the development of advanced stereo recording techniques and the increased interest in matters astrological—are perhaps largely responsible for the growing popularity, over the past decade, of Gustav Holst’s suite The Planets. This musical product of the years of the First World War, a score that at one time in the not-too-distant past was known only to a handful of enthusiasts now makes frequent appearances on concert programs throughout the country, and at last count there were eight available recordings of it—with a ninth (by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, for Columbia Records) and a tenth (a reissue of the historic performance conducted by Holst himself) on the way. The Planets is a sprawling, grandiose splash of orchestral color containing seven movements, each bearing the name of a different planet and conjuring up its individual and distinctive character. Sir Adrian Boult, who conducted the first public performance of five of the sections from the suite at a Royal Philharmonic concert in 1919, has written that “the message of each movement can only be sought in the astrological significance of each Planet—it has nothing to do with mythology, and any thought of the personalities of the Greek deities can only lead to misunderstanding of the purpose of the music.” The composer himself gave each of the sections a descriptive subtitle that succinctly and definitively tells us what the music is all about: Mars, the Bringer of War; Venus, the Bringer of Peace; Mercury, the Winged Messenger; Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity; Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age; Uranus, the Magician; and Neptune, the Mystic.

Holst scored The Planets for an enormous orchestra, including triple and quadruple woodwinds, six horns, four trumpets, three trombones, tenor and bass tuba, two harps, celesta, a large battery of percussion, organ, and strings. In addition, the last movement calls for a small six-part female chorus to intone wordless and mysterious harmonies that suggest the vast and swirling emptiness of space. The effects in The Planets have been widely adopted by orchestrators and arrangers of scores for films, television, and recordings: thus it may be difficult to listen to Holst’s fanciful and imaginative work with unspoiled ears. But The Planets is worth the effort: from the menace of the strings that begin the Mars section to the ethereal fade-out of instruments and voices at the end of Neptune, The Planets is an endlessly fascinating work of art.

In addition to having conducted portions of The Planets in public for the first time, Sir Adrian Boult has been the score’s most eloquent and persuasive interpreter both in the concert hall and in the recording studio for more than half a century. Four times in the past three decades Boult has turned his attention to recording the score; the most recent version, with London’s New Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel S 36420; cassette 4XS 36420), represents the ultimate display of his unique authority where The Planets is concerned. He responds intuitively to the several contrasting elements in the music and brings to it unparalleled power, dignity, and grace wherever those qualities are called for.

The Boult recording is a towering achievement, but there are other worthy recorded performances among those currently listed. Chief among them, in my opinion, are the performances conducted by Zubin Mehta (London CS 6734; reel L 80250; cassette M 10250), Bernard Haitink (Philips 6500 072; cassette 7300 058), and William Steinberg (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 102; reel L 3102; cassette 3300 106). Mehta’s is probably the most spectacular-sounding of them all. The London engineers have provided particularly vivid reproduction of the woodwinds, double-basses, and timpani, and in a work that depends on the sheer splendor of sound for so much of its impact, this is an important asset. Mehta is by and large more successful with the score’s gentler moments—Venus and Mercury, for example—than he is with the more dramatic ones, a considerable surprise in view of his usual tendency toward the dramatic. Haitink delivers a very idiomatic account of the work that is further testimony to his growing powers and to the splendid job of revitalizing he has done with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Steinberg, except for what I consider much too fast a tempo in the Mars section, also contributes a notable reading, by turns forceful and dramatic, wistful and poetic.

Mr. Bookspan’s 1972 UPDATING OF THE BASIC REPERTOIRE is now available in pamphlet form. Send 25¢ to Susan Larabee, Stereo Review, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 for your copy.

SEPTEMBER 1972
CHICAGO cannot seem to get enough of Georg Solti. The music director's arrival three years ago had its elements of potential friction, for Solti had been brutally frank in an interview before his engagement, declaring "they need me more than I need them," and the financially vital dowager segment of the regular subscription audience bristled at his threat to "do away with those dreadful Friday afternoon concerts."

But the threat was never carried out, and the city as a whole—or at least that part of it interested in symphonic music—has capitulated to the enormous magnetism of Solti the performer. The outward symbol came after the Chicago Symphony's first-ever European tour. On its return, its members were collectively declared "Chicagoans of the Year," and the ensemble was honored with the unheard-of accolade (for musicians) of a parade down State Street. Most Chicagoans would have much preferred to be thus honoring the Cubs, or the Bears, or the Black Hawks. But the sportsmen didn't produce, the musicians did, and that, in a city almost neurotically jealous of its civic good name, was enough.

Now, for the first time, most of the concerts are sold out on subscription. The press avidly documents the orchestra's recurrent triumphs on tour, and the critics are pretty well unanimous in hailing the tonic effect Solti has had on the orchestra members, who respect him highly. Less unanimous is the appreciation of his powers as an interpreter—there are felt to be substantial gaps in his range of musical sympathies. There is also a perceptible undercurrent of resentment over the limited amount of time Solti spends in the city (not more than twelve weeks in the season) and over what is regarded as his lack of sensitivity to the "civic responsibilities" of the music director.

Thus "Chicago cannot seem to get enough of Georg Solti" is in truth a double-edged comment. But the enthusiasm is real, and so is the recognition of enormously valuable services rendered.

Bernard Jacobson, Chicago Daily News

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SIR GEORG SOLTI

A reporter has to move fast to keep up with the globetrotting conductor who has been called "the hottest talent in the music business"

By STEPHEN E. RUBIN

"OKAY," says Georg Solti brusquely, bounding toward a couch in his New York hotel suite, "no pleasantness, no politeness, no weather talk. We have an hour. At 6:15, I go to the dentist. You can walk with me, it's not far." Orders issued, ground rules laid, the maestro is ready to talk.

Since we had met and talked before, I was neither startled nor annoyed by Solti's abrupt greeting. On a previous occasion, having flown from New York to Chicago to see him, I was kept waiting the entire afternoon, then told to come during the cocktail hour—but to phone before leaving my hotel. I did, and was ordered to proceed, but to walk slowly. Upon my arrival, a maid thrust a cup of tea into my hand. When I was alone with the maestro at last, the first words out of his mouth were, "Now, what is all this about?" Solti's line of questioning this time is similar, except that he volunteers the name of the publication he thinks I am writing for. He is wrong.

Solti is both a Hungarian and a conductor, but he is not what is ordinarily thought of as a "Hungarian Conductor." As he is today, he is neither haughty nor schmaltzy, dictatorial nor dandified, brilliant nor charming, dashing nor devious. He is, rather, somewhat likable in a distant don't-get-too-close-to-me way. His saving grace—if indeed there is anything "graceful" about him—is his direct, no-nonsense manner, which prompts one to believe that he is, for better or worse, on the level.

The straightforward approach is consistent with his music-making. Solti is an unfussy conductor who strives for the big line—avoiding detours along the way—and builds toward the climax from the very first notes. He is not preciously subtle à la Karajan nor super-spontaneously eruptive à la Bernstein. His interpretations, carefully laid out and very much to the point, are more physical than cerebral. Critics—and audiences—in awe of the energy and power he is able to convey, speak of him in superlatives: he is "the greatest conductor alive," or "the greatest Wagner conductor alive," or "among the greatest conductors alive."

The afternoon following a Carnegie Hall appearance of Solti and his Chicago Symphony—part of an East Coast tour that also includes Washington, Boston, and Philadelphia—the maestro hardly looks the part of Mr. Music in his drab olive sport-shirt, pinkish tie, and grey slacks. Solti dresses as if programmed by a malfunctioning computer. He
appears to be more comfortable in sports clothes and, following a performance, generally changes from tails to one of his mismatched ensembles before greeting backstage crowds.

The olive shirt contrasts with the pallor of his face. Solti is frighteningly gaunt; a hellish schedule is obviously taking its toll. But the hard work on the tour is worth it. Everywhere they go, the orchestra and its leader are greeted with wild enthusiasm.

In New York, enthusiasm overflows into the kind of uncontrolled hysteria that can only be described as a cult reception. And Solti knows it, though he may not admit it outright. Observe him making his entrance in Carnegie Hall and compare it, let's say, with his coming out on stage at Symphony Hall in Boston. In New York, there is anticipation—a nervous, aggressive stride toward the podium; in Boston, it's a straight walk—another opening, another show. At Carnegie, there are more bravos for showing his face than some of his colleagues receive for showing their stuff; at Symphony Hall, at least before the music starts, there is polite, perfunctory applause.

A veteran orchestra member claims that the Chicago has always had a cult following in New York. That may be true, but even in Fritz Reiner's heyday, there was never anything like the turbulence Solti is able to generate. Following a performance of Das Lied von der Erde, with its pianissimo ending hardly an audience rouser, pandemonium gradually began to erupt. Then, from the gallery, someone yelled, "Why can't New York have an orchestra like this? Down with Boulez!"

Some observers believe that the Solti/Chicago cult got into full swing following the 1971 concert version of Das Rheingold which set New York on its ear and has since taken on the aura of a historic evening. Solti feels otherwise. "We came here together for the very first time with the Mahler Five," he says thoughtfully. "Then we played the Bruckner Eight, the Mahler Seven, and the Rheingold. So it was a crescendo. That is better."

Solti appears a trifle embarrassed at first to talk about the special nature of his New York applause, but he soon warms to the subject. Although he is fifty-nine years old, he has never before received this kind of adulation. "It's absolutely wonderful," he announces in his Britishized English with its peppery Hungarian and German inflections. "Something like last night gives me strength for many, many months to come. This has not happened often, even in my life. Maybe it sounds too selfish, but what I equally adore in this public is the tranquility. You hear that they're listening; in my back I feel it. It gives such inspiration—also to my musicians. I see it in their faces. What religious intensity they're playing with! This gives us more happiness than anything else, the listening capacity of this audience."

It is no great task listening to the Chicago under Solti or, for that matter, the Chicago under almost anybody. The orchestra may have equals among international ensembles, but there is none better. One conductor, too closely associated with a rival organization to identify himself, calls the Chicago "without a doubt, the greatest orchestra there is anywhere." Another maestro, now deceased, was visibly shaken after encountering the group. It seemed that back home, with his own world-re-
nowned orchestra, he had to push to get what he wanted. The Chicago, he was quoted as saying, was like an automatic Cadillac. He thereafter learned that when conducting the ensemble he had to hold himself back or the music would become too fiercely driven.

The Chicago has always been a great and responsive orchestra, even from the early days of Frederick Stock (1905-1942). It has had its ups and downs with conductors Désiré Defauw (1943-1947), Artur Rodzinski (1947-1948), and Rafael Kubelik (1950-1953). Reiner established a new standard for ten years, and then again the orchestra floundered between his departure (1963) and the arrival of Solti (1969). Jean Martinon tried leading the band for five years but, despite fine musicianship, was unable to rouse it to greatness. Then came the guest conductors, who give an orchestra little of permanence. And then came Georg the Great.

The marriage will surely go down in musical history along with those of the NBC Symphony and Toscanini and the Cleveland Orchestra and Szell. Solti himself says, “It would be absolutely foolish to say that after three years I changed anything. I didn’t. The situation was like Siegfried and Brünnhilde’s. The orchestra’s spirit had to be awakened. It is our very special mutual luck that we have many things in common. I take music terribly seriously, and they do too. Not one of them is blasé. There are not many places in the world where you will find such a professional standard as well as such enthusiasm.

“They also like my basic approach to music, namely, I love to be precise, I love to make dynamics, I love big espressivos. All I have to do is ask for it, and I get it immediately. Between us there exists a marvelous rapport, and I genuinely like them, or even love them, and they know that. And I think they like me. They lost that kind of Reiner fear that the music director is a natural enemy. They know very well I’m their friend because I respect them, and I respect this absolute, one-hundred-per-cent response—they are never too tired, nothing is ever too much. You can ask anything from them.”

The respect, surely, is reciprocated by the orchestra. As for the love, that is another matter. Solti is not, despite a certain mild charm, what one would call a “lovable” man. Donald Peck, the orchestra’s principal flutist, says, “I think we play for Carlo Maria Giulini [the Chicago’s frequent guest conductor] out of love. We play for Solti out of intellectual respect and a certain fear. He’s not a man you warm to as you do to Giulini, who seems to like us. Solti doesn’t give the impression of liking us, but of appreciating and being happy with us.

“He’s a gentleman, but there’s no doubt who’s boss. And that’s good. An orchestra is not a democratic organization, absolutely not. Martinon tried to be a nice man, and the orchestra just clobbered him. I think if he’d been a real s.o.b., he would probably still be here. Solti’s a gentleman, but his attitude is ‘don’t bother me with petty little details, don’t bug me; I’m busy, let’s get this done.’ ” A fellow orchestra member, in agreement with Peck, says, “An orchestra is a group of children. That’s why they can’t have a particularly nice man on the podium. Solti, cleverly, makes the children feel important.”

Those orchestra members who are more positive about Solti the man tend, whether they realize it or not, to be rather cool and mild in their praise. Concertmaster Victor Aitay characterizes him as “a very gentle person, a very nice man.” Principal bass Joseph Guastafeste says: “Solti’s very much liked as a person. I don’t know how easy it is to get to know him intimately, but that’s not what you’re thinking about when you’re in an orchestra. You just deal with the man as he deals with you, and that’s always on a level of respect; he’s trying to get the best possible job done in the shortest possible time.”

At the New York rehearsal for *Das Lied*, Solti, sporting grey slacks and a powder-blue pullover, works like an overwrought dynamo, but never once...
loses his cool with either the instrumentalists or the soloists. He often hums or sings in a ghastly falsetto voice to illustrate what he wants. When he gets it, he exclaims, "That's it! That's it!" He stands constantly at the ready—like an animal about to pounce—his knees bent, his body taut. When conducting he employs rather sudden jerky movements, mostly of the upper half of his wiry torso. An amusing picture is painted as he sweeps his arms in expressive arcs, his little fingers stiff and upturned, like a proper Englishman drinking tea. The impression is instantly erased, however, as Solti's energy consumption accelerates and his shirt rises above his trousers to reveal his bare middle.

"Solti has an enormous inner pulsation," concertmaster Aitay reports. "He has developed it like very few in the world. This is essential for a conductor. Really, what is so wonderful with Solti is that he gives all his energy, everything, and is very demanding in a rehearsal. The orchestra has to give everything too. There is no letdown, no rest. To rehearse with him, you really work two and one-half hours solid. But when the performance comes, he lets go. He has already done his work and everything falls into place because it's not tight—ever. Maybe the rehearsal is, but not the performance. Most conductors tighten up at the performance. Not him. It's incredible. He's a master."

It took a long time for the master to develop. Hopeful conductors often begin playing with batons at a tender age, but it's generally not until they've been wielding the instrument publicly for many years that they start to show whether they've really got the goods or not. Technique is usually the least of the problems. The whiz kids get that down solid at an early age. The test, the qualities one cherishes in the great veteran maestros, are interpretive depth, stylistic affinity, and individuality of outlook. Solti was a late starter. He matured even later. But his life is a straight progression toward where he is today, except for a black and unforgettable period which proved, for him, to be merely an interruption; in a weaker man it might have been a conclusion.

It was when their son Georg was six that Mores and Theres Solti discovered that he possessed absolute pitch. Soon the youngster, like so many middle-class children, was busy learning music at the keyboard. Obviously he was no ordinary child; his pianistic potential was so great that he was hailed as a prodigy. By the time he was twelve, little Georg was giving recitals in his native Budapest.

Within a year, the talented youngster was accepted by the famed Liszt Academy to prepare for a career as a concert pianist. It was extremely difficult to gain entrance to the school, located in the Hungarian capital, and it was to the young musician's credit that he possessed the qualities they sought. He studied with Béla Bartók, Ernst von Dohnányi, and Zoltán Kodály, and in two years knew that he wanted to become a conductor.

In 1930, at the age of eighteen, Solti graduated from the Liszt Academy and was hired by the Budapest Opera as a coach. He progressed steadily within the company and made his professional debut, at twenty-four, conducting The Marriage of Figaro. The future looked promising. The fledgling impressed Toscanini, who invited him to be an assistant at both the 1936 and 1937 Salzburg Festivals. During the former year Toscanini led a Magic Flute performance in which Solti played the glockenspiel and became, from then on, a devoted enthusiast of the great Italian maestro. Even today Solti still speaks of Toscanini with reverence, although he is realistic about his fiery ways.

"I have never known anyone who was a greater..."
autocrat,” Solti recalls with a grin. “But that was the romantic time of musicians. It wouldn’t go to
today. You couldn’t talk to musicians as he did. Such 
language, and throwing batons, and marching out! 
He’d be laughed at today.” Needless to say, he 
wasn’t laughed at then, and the young Solti listened 
and learned.

But there was a stumbling block. Solti was a Jew, 
and Hungary mirrored only too clearly the Nazi-
inspired prejudices of its neighbor to the west. By 
1939, the pressures became such that he was forced 
to flee from his homeland and take up residence in 
Zürich with the vague idea of eventually coming to 
the United States. The hope came to nothing be-
cause he was unable to obtain a visa. He was equal-
ly unable to obtain employment because of the 
stringent Swiss working laws. A stranger, Solti had 
nothing and nobody to fall back upon except his 
music. Temporarily abandoning his hope of reach-
ing the world’s podiums, the impoverished young 
man returned to his first musical conquest, the 
piano. He earned a meager living performing as an 
accompanist and giving occasional recitals. When 
not working, he practiced with the kind of fiendish 
intensity for which he later became known. The 
labor paid off, and in 1942 he won the first prize in 
the Concours International at Geneva. Pianistic 
prowess notwithstanding, Solti never fooled himself 
into believing he wanted to become a concert sol-
ist. There was only one thing he wanted to be-
come—a conductor.

After the war, his luck began gradually to change. 
In 1944, Ernest Ansermet gave him some of the 
work he sought by engaging him to conduct a few 
concerts with the Swiss Radio Orchestra. With the 
help of another ally, he was brought to the attention 
of United States occupation forces in Munich who 
were searching for a conductor untainted by Na-
zism. Solti was chosen, and in 1946 led a perfor-
mance of Fidelio at the Munich State Opera which 
so impressed officials of the organization that he 
was invited to remain with the company as its music 
director. He accepted. When Solti moved to Mun-
ich, he lived in one small room in a bombed -out 
house with no roof. The opera house also suffered 
from the aftermath of war, but, working against 
considerable odds, the indomitable Georg rebuilt 
and re-established the reputation of the company.

He also found time to brighten his own reputa-
tion, and completed guest-conducting stints in Salz-
burg, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Florence, and 
Buenos Aires. He even made a few early record-
ings, the first of which was as a pianist. He accom-
panied the violinist Georg Kulenkampff and re-
ceived the now incredible fee of 400 marks (then 
about $100). His first recording as a conductor was 
made in 1947 with the Tonhalle Orchestra in Zü-
rich. The piece was Beethoven’s Leonore Overture 
No. 3, and Solti has said of the performance, “I’m 
sure it’s a terrible record because the orchestra was 
not very good at that time, and I was so excited. It 
is horrible, surely horrible—but by now it has van-
ished.” Later recordings, made for London in the 
Fifties, of Haydn, Mozart, Bartók, and Kodály, 
were far from horrible, and Solti began to establish 
a real reputation as a recording artist.

Solti remained in Munich for six years and then, 
in 1952, joined the Frankfurt State Opera as its 
music director, a post he held for nine years. In 
1953, he finally came to the United States and con-
ducted at the San Francisco Opera. The next year 
he led the Chicago Symphony for the first time at its 
summer home at Ravinia. In 1957, he came to New 
York and led the Philharmonic. Three years later, 
he conducted Tannhäuser at the Metropolitan.

By this time, Solti was an international figure in 
search of the prestigious post that would place him 
in the conductorial Big Time. He found it in 1961 
when he went to London to run the Royal Opera. 
He stayed for ten years, which gave him the re-
markable total of a quarter of a century’s expe-
rience in three large opera houses (six years in 
Munich, nine years in Frankfurt)—credentials few 
of his colleagues can match.

In 1961, Solti was also involved in one of the few 
imbroglios of an otherwise scandal-free career. The 
year before, he had been named music director of 
the Los Angeles Philharmonic, effective at the start 
of the 1961-1962 season. In between, he came to 
blows with the president of the orchestra board— 
the powerful Mrs. Norman B. Chandler—over his 
total authority concerning artistic matters.
It seemed that Mrs. Chandler had hired Zubin Mehta as a guest conductor without consulting her music director. The move infuriated Solti, who felt it to be in violation of his contract. He was further annoyed when the influential board president refused to withdraw her invitation to Mehta. Unable to get his way on a matter he felt to be basic to his successful operation in Los Angeles, Solti resigned. For some reason—perhaps the orchestra’s proximity to Hollywood—the incident was blown up out of all proportion by the press. Today, nobody thinks about it, perhaps because everything turned out so well for all the principals.

Besides his association with the Chicago Symphony, Solti is currently allied to the Orchestre de Paris, of which he became music director last January, the Royal Opera, where he conducts one work annually, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which he guest conducts regularly during those periods he is in the British capital. In April of 1973 he will add to these commitments the post of music adviser to the new regime of the Paris Opera. He has promised that by January of the following year he will announce whether he wishes to accept the full responsibilities of music director.

Solti has also been invited by general manager Goeran Gentele to return to the Metropolitan Opera, where he has not been heard since 1963. Despite rumors to the contrary, he cannot possibly appear at the Met before 1975, if then. Solti claims there is only so much he can do and still observe the three-month vacation period he annually demands at an Italian retreat. His schedule has become so overpowering of late that he recently had to postpone an already planned and cast recording of *Cosi fan tutte*.

The conductor did find the time last March to appear in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace, kneel before Queen Elizabeth as Mr. Solti, and rise as Sir Georg, Knight Commander of the British Empire. When the Queen initially awarded the knighthood—for Solti’s ten years at Covent Garden—it had to be honorary because the maestro was not one of Her Majesty’s subjects (although Hungarian-born, he was a citizen of Germany). Then Britain gave Solti its citizenship as well, allowing him to use the title fully.

_Today_ Solti is more than riding high—he is, in the jargon of the managers, the hottest talent in the music business. “I don’t see how the man sleeps,” a Chicago Symphony violinist exclaims in amazement. “He’s very concerned with his career and has a thousand things in the fire. Sometimes, at concerts, he’s up there looking very preoccupied—and not with the music. The players kid, ‘Oh, he’s thinking about next season with the Orchestre de Paris.’” It has been a long, tough haul for Solti, and what he has achieved is obviously too valuable to let slip out of his hands. “The hard life is essential to getting something,” the maestro says. “Too early, too soon, too little fighting—that is no good. Today, if you are talented, the world is open. It’s nothing. But the real talents come to realize that limitations are better than doing everything quickly, knowing all the repertoire by heart and not knowing anything really.

“If I were to live my life again from the beginning, I don’t think I would change anything—aside from the very grave personal political problems, all those terrible years between 1933 and 1946. Those years I would gladly leave out. But not as a musician, as a human being. As a musician, those years taught me a great deal, like playing the piano again, which otherwise I would not have done. My limitations as a conductor were very severe—tragic!—in 1946. It looked like I would never make it. I was relatively old—thirty-four—and I had never conducted anything much. This is terribly late. But I’m a living example that if you have will power, a vocation. and you want something, it is never too late, never too late.”

Solti’s theory applies equally to his personal life. Two years ago, at fifty-seven, the maestro became a father for the first time. Gabrielle Teresa, his daugh-

_Solti watches his daughter Gabrielle, obviously the apple of her famous father’s eye, as she plays in a park in Milan, Italy._
doubt, no question. It’s my daughter or me, there’s absolutely love my music, naturally, but if I had to choose, either it’s my daughter or me, there’s absolutely no question. If she would say, ‘I cannot be the most important things. This is not so today. I work, my career— I hate that stupid word enormously. Until she was born, my music, blonde Miss Pitts.

In 1967, he wed the young, blue-eyed English television personality, Valerie Pitts. Solti’s son, is the child of his second marriage, to a former English television personality, Valerie Pitts. Solti’s first marriage to Hedi Oechsli, in 1946, ended in divorce. In 1967, he wed the young, blue-eyed blonde Miss Pitts.

Solti describes himself as a “mad father,” and he is determined to have another child. “Having my daughter at my late age is a marvelous experience,” he says, beaming. “She changed my life and outlook enormously. Until she was born, my music, my work, my career—I hate that stupid word—were the most important things. This is not so today. I love music, naturally, but if I had to choose, either it’s my daughter or me, there’s absolutely no doubt, no question. If she would say, ‘I cannot be happy, Papa, unless you stop working and do something else,’ I would do something else. I would love her more than anything else.”

That is the new Solti speaking, the assured, successful, business-like, and distantly likable conductor, the rejuvenated husband of a smashing blonde, the doting father of a beguiling daughter. But the skeptics who knew Solti back when (and a few who know him now) claim to be not at all convinced that there is a new Georg. They say he has not mellowed, that he is still the same aggressive, pushy, and imperious Herr Generalmusikdirektor. “Solti’s a clever, calculating man,” a close associate reports. “He gets the lay of the land and reacts to it. He’s incredibly sharp and has an amazing mind.”

SOLTI CONDUCTS FOR LONDON RECORDS


DUKAS: Sorcerer’s Apprentice. Israel Phil. Orch., STS 15005.

GLUCK: Orfeo ed Euridice, Orch. of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (Horne, Lorengar, Donath), OSA 1285 (highlights, OS 26214).

GOUNOD: Faust Ballet Music, Orch. of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, CS 6780.


MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 4, Israel Phil. Orch., STS 15098.


OFFENBACH: Giselle Parisienne, Orch. of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, CS 6780.


ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: La Boutique Fantasque, Israel Phil. Orch., STS 15005.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5, Israel Phil. Orch., STS 15008.

SCHUMANN: Symphonies No. 3; Symphony No. 4; Vienna Phil. Orch., CS 6582. The Four Symphonies; Overture, Scherzo and Finale; Julius Caesar Overture; Vienna Phil. Orch., CSA 2310.


SUPPE: Overtures—Light Cavalry; Poet and Peasant; Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna; Pique Dame; Vienna Phil. Orch., CS 6779.


SPOTLIGHT ON SOLTI: Glina, Russian and Lumelia: Overture; Gluck, Orfeo ed Euridice—Dance of the Blessed Spirits; Tchaikovsky, Serenade for Strings—Waltz; Borodin, Prince Igor—Polovtsian Dances; Bizet, Carmen Prelude; Mahler, Symphonies No. 5—Adagietto; Rossini-Respighi, La Boutique Fantasque excerpts. CS 6730.
Although a majority of his co-workers and the orchestra’s musicians will agree that Solti is clever and is calculating, they tend also to feel that he has mellowed, and that this is reflected both in his personal relations and in his music-making. The maestro himself is the first to agree with the latter interpretation.

“I am today for many reasons a much better human being than I was,” Solti says candidly. “Mainly for two reasons. One—and it is essential—is my daughter. The other is, I’m not as tense as I was. More and more I love romantic music, which is my nature. But now it is open; I’m not ashamed of it. This is because I’m not looking, and don’t have to look, for engagements, for finances, or for ways to consolidate my position. So I have a much less worldly life and much more ambition to make better music. I don’t need to fight anymore. I was a late starter under the most hopeless conditions. It is very natural, very human, that you are not generous, that you envy people, that you fight for things. I fought; did I fight! Incredible! I don’t need to anymore. Maybe if I could have stopped fighting earlier, things would have come to me earlier. I don’t know, it’s hard to say.

“London also helped me tremendously. Covent Garden gave me an ambiance and reputation which I would never have found in Germany or even in America. It gave me the possibility to show what I could do as the leader of an opera house. In Germany, I was too young, too inexperienced. Neither Munich nor Frankfurt has London’s platform; they are provincial cities, as nice as they are. London is a big capital; everybody is always there. And I was a different person. Don’t forget, I left Germany in 1960, so I was at that point forty-eight, and had only about twelve years experience, which is really very little.”

“The second transformation was my working with the Chicago Symphony, which gave me the kind of music-making of which I always dreamed, but which I couldn’t make without a fight. Now I don’t need to fight for that kind of sound which I hope to achieve. This is very important, because if you fight for a sound, it is never as good as if you get it naturally.”

Is there a Solti sound? “Yes. Everybody has a sound—an imagination for a sound which you try to achieve. When I learn a piece, I know how it should sound. How much I get out of that ‘should’ is a question of talent, experience, and perseverance—just never giving up.”

It is perhaps because of Solti’s wide and far-reaching experience in the recording studios that he has been able to develop and refine the sound he attempts to draw from an orchestra. This year, in fact, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of his association with Decca/London, for whom he has recorded most of his greatest triumphs, including the first stereo version of Wagner’s Ring cycle (it was the first integral version as well), a series of Strauss operas, various other operatic projects, and a host of orchestral discs. With the release of the Eighth (reviewed in this issue), Solti’s complete Mahler symphonies are on disc, employing the Chicago and London Symphonies and Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw Orchestra.

Solti speaks of recordings with the voice of a man who both values and understands them. “I hope this won’t be misunderstood, and it shouldn’t be misunderstood, but I regard recordings as being enormously important. My recordings did more for my musical reputation than my own live performances. One of the reasons they have more importance for me than for many other musicians is that if I have a talent, it is a very critical one. When I hear myself—not conducting live because you can’t judge—but on any tape, I can tell you right away what is wrong and why it’s wrong. I think I learn more from tapes than anything else—my mistakes and other people’s mistakes. Good things you can’t learn. Neither can you take them away from others. It’s a funny thing. You can’t imitate anything, because at the moment that you think you are imitating, you transform it immediately.

“Equally important is the feeling I think we all have today. You die, and you leave something behind you which is new. God! What wouldn’t I give if I could hear the conducting of Mahler or of Nikisch! How fascinating it would be! How was the

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music in 1905 in Vienna or in Berlin? How did Mahler play a Mahler symphony or a Don Giovanni? It's unbelievable how styles change."

Does Solti feel that his recordings are able to capture his "live" performances and are therefore valid documents? "I don't think so. And to tell you the truth, even more honestly, I am developing so rapidly these years that anything I did ten years ago is so entirely different from anything I'm doing today, you wouldn't believe it.

"The Tristan I recorded about ten years ago I thought—at that time—I liked. Now, you wouldn't believe the Tristan I did for my last performance as music director of Covent Garden came from the same conductor. They are two entirely different interpretations. The first was a young man's Tristan, very young."

One of the great frustrations Solti claims he must suffer is that he will never be able to record a complete opera with his own Chicago Symphony. He admits candidly, for example, that as pleased as he was with the Vienna Philharmonic for his recent Tannhäuser, the results would have been far more gratifying had he been able to employ the Chicago. "It's too expensive to make an opera here," Solti says. "The American unions are pricing themselves out of the market. A symphony you can somehow manage because you work so fast. But with singers you can't work that fast. That means recording any vocal works in America is out of the question. It's ridiculous!" (Solti had to go to Vienna during the Chicago's 1971 tour to record the Mahler Eighth.)

Since a large portion of Solti's recording activity has been operatically oriented, the economic situation has a silver lining in that it will give him a chance to put more of the orchestral repertoire on disc. Upcoming in the future from Solti and Chicago will be the nine symphonies and five piano concertos of Beethoven, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as pianist. The maestro would also like to record all the Bruckner symphonies and some of the Strauss tone poems, "I have to do a little more French repertoire," Solti adds, "I like French music very much. And naturally I would like to record Meistersinger; that is foremost in my mind. Also Così, Don Giovanni, and Figaro; these three I would like to do as soon as possible."

Solti is of course most at home in the German repertoire, particularly the later Romantics. But whereas he was once opposed to contemporary music, today he is revealing a more broadminded attitude. "I learn a certain amount of twentieth-century music," he says, "but only what I can learn. Having official jobs both here and in France, I just can't close my ears to the younger generation. I just can't say I'm not interested. I'm always thinking back to my young life and how glad I was when I was given a chance. One must give them a chance—like it or not like it.

"I gave a commission in France to Gilbert Amy, a young, very avant-garde composer. But I said to him, 'Please don't write it too difficult because I can't play it.' I just pray he won't. I also told him, 'No electronic music, because I don't push buttons.'"

Solti's handling of the composer is a splendid example of the way he works. He allows for freedom, but only within the structured framework he himself has set up. Amy can write what he pleases—but it can't be too difficult and it can't be electronic. Solti is truly but one generation removed from the era that produced the dictators Toscanini, Reiner, and Szell. That one generation, however, seems to give him the leeway to function successfully by contemporary standards.

John Edwards, the Chicago Symphony's manager, insists that Solti, with whom he works very closely, is a far cry from someone like Reiner, with whom he also worked. "He's not a dictator," the manager says, "and is perfectly willing to discuss matters and even asks for suggestions. He's most flexible on the question of budget and casting."

Oddly enough, for someone of Solti's quality of mind, he is not, according to Edwards, the businessman one might expect. "I don't think business is really his great skill, but he gets a lot of advice, weighs it, and makes decisions very much on his own. He does know the music business very well, and that's all we discuss. Now, there are conductors who can tell you about the stock market and the dollar. But from my point of view, he's good in the sense that he's precise and there's no uncertainty as to what his position is. This is a great asset."

After my last visit with the maestro, I accepted his invitation to walk with him to the dentist. As we strolled briskly in the chilly afternoon, Solti kept the conversation warm with his penetrating insights into the problems and pleasures of a musical life. So engrossed was I that I barely noticed when Solti stopped in mid-sentence, bade me a brief farewell, and disappeared into a building. Startled, I just stood there, a smile gradually forming on my lips. Now I understand what everybody was talking about. I too had had my audience. I too had been taken in by the detached charm and the wonderful mind—and I too had been dismissed. The only annoyance I felt toward the maestro had nothing to do with his manners. I simply wished he had chosen a dentist a few miles further away.
A well-preserved Victrola cabinet (circa 1917) provided Ginger Joy, of Utica, New York, with the perfect solution to the problem of where to put her new stereo system. Miss Joy, a student majoring in English at Utica College, recently moved into a period ("Charles Addams-type") house, and to assure harmony in decor, she wanted to avoid the usual bookshelf arrangement for components. The Victrola, which she found in her grandmother’s basement, blended perfectly with the style of the house, so she decided to put it to practical use. Ginger excavated the original "components," then stripped and finished the cabinet herself, while a friend cut and installed the plywood shelves and turntable opening. The simplicity of the system made little carpentry work necessary.

The Acoustic Research AR Receiver powers the system and rests on one of the specially cut shelves, located immediately below the original horn section. The actual lid of the Victrola (complete with "His Master's Voice" decal in perfect condition) serves as the dust cover for the Dual 1219 automatic turntable. Ginger chose a Shure V-15 Type II Improved cartridge. The space between receiver and turntable (previously occupied by the mouth of the acoustic horn) is used for general storage. The doors, once opened to let out the sound of the Victrola, are now usually kept open to assist ventilation. Two AR-2ax speakers complete the installation, which is situated in the living room. As is apparent in the picture, the entire system is easily movable, an important factor for a student to bear in mind.

Ginger likes all kinds of music, but her record collection is made up predominantly of rock and folk music.

—Susan Larabee
Troubadettes, Troubadadoras,

WE ARE at a curious point in cultural history: our society is paying the greatest tribute ever paid to women for their accomplishments in music. At the same time, our society is being buffeted by the forces of Women's Liberation—and there seems to be little or no cause-effect connection between the two developments. Carole King wins practically all the Grammy Awards but skips the ceremony to stay at home with her new baby. Carly Simon arrives with a hit song whose message would warm the cockles of any New Woman's heart—except for the troublesome line that says she's going to marry the guy anyway.

The troubadette, the female singer who writes her own material, has arrived with a gradual suddenness. She has done it with only minimal help from the "movement," and she has helped the movement only incidentally, with the artist's classic ambivalence: politics may be used in the making of art, but art may not be used in the making of politics. She must be competitive and aggressive, all the same. else she wouldn't survive—for the music business is as competitive as any game Messrs. Du Pont and Carnegie ever invented—yet she is clearly unwilling to be unattractively masculine.

But let the males among us beat back the impulse to protect our womenfolk from the ravages of the rat race until we see how they are doing in it. And let me acknowledge the argument that perhaps we are not really so interested in protecting them as we are in protecting ourselves from some sort of competition they might win.

The first thing an intensive listening session with the troubadettes reveals is that the gentler kinds of music have had the greater influence on most of them—hardly a shocking discovery. Only Grace Slick, Carole King, and Toni Brown of Joy of Cooking currently are distinguishing themselves as composers of bona fide, blues-based, rock music, and King and Brown generally write something closer to rhythm-and-blues than modern hard rock. Even Grace's raunchiest rockers (Hey Frederick, Somebody to Love, Silver Spoon) have a melodic elegance that always sets them apart from other Jefferson Airplane songs. English folk music, indisputably gentler than rock or blues, has been the primary influence on practically all the other troubadettes—as is reflected in Joan Baez's Sweet Sir Galahad, Joni Mitchell's Both Sides Now, Sandy Denny's The Sea, and almost everything Judy Mayhan, Judy Collins, Janis Ian, and Rosalie Sorrels have written. We are all prisoners of sex to some extent, and little girls have been taught for centuries to let the gentle rather than the tough influence them, so this makes sense. It is also a fact that much of the current female songwriting activity is a spin-off from the high status attained by a few girl singers during the early Sixties folk revival.

But Carole King was not a part of that. Like Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Pete Townshend, and others who were to bring rock-and-roll back after the early Sixties hiatus, she spent her formative years with rhythm-and-blues and early r-&-r, and most of her songs still show it. Her melodies are understated, covering a limited range, and her lyrics employ plain and rather mundane language—just right for AM radio. I think the Dylanesque approach to Heavy Lyrics is so foreign to King that she doesn't even try it. She does try something else with melodies, though, and in such songs her lyrics seem less like innocuous filler material and more like language stripped of its excesses and pretensions. This is her "other" kind of melody, her pretty-ballad melody such as adorned Home Again, So Far Away, and You've Got a Friend. It is difficult to guess where this sort of melody comes from. Per-
happens it just comes naturally when she slows the tempo down. Perhaps it is a little friendly jousting with her friends James Taylor, Neil Young, and the other troubadours—showing them she can do that too. If so, she does not seem to have the aptitude (some might say the stomach) for doing what they do with words. Whereas Taylor, in a song whose general scope is narrowly defined, can’t resist hinting at the cosmos ("...there’s a man up here who claims to have his hands upon the reins"), King, for a comparable song, takes a line from the neighborhood tavern or the laundromat: “Doesn’t anybody stay in one place anymore?”

King’s voice, though pleasant, has rather obvious limitations, and some have speculated that she writes narrow-bandwidth songs because of her vocal range. But she has written (on commission) countless songs for rock-and-roll groups, both black and white, and I assume at least some of those people could hit a high note.

Toni Brown seems also to have missed out on the folk mystique—possibly because it was all over when she started sipping up influences. She seems to be an admirer of Carole King, for one thing, and obviously likes the black r-b groups; in Joy of Cooking she has a band that is doggedly determined to out-rhythm Motown’s finest. Grace Slick may have made a conscious effort to affect a hard sound, as both her melodies and lyrics have to fit the political posturing of the Airplane. In Law Man, she wrote: “...I’m afraid you just stopped in here at the wrong time/You know my old man’s gun ain’t never been fired/But there’s a first time...”). This tries hard to be the kind of radical-outlaw-freak pastiche that can be identified as “a Jefferson Airplane song,” but even it has a mellifluousness that Jorma Kaukonen’s best melodies lack and a sensuality that Paul Kantner’s lyrics seldom approach.

It is an oversimplification, of course, to think Elizabethan ballads wield the only influence on the other troubadettes. Carly Simon’s father was an accomplished amateur pianist, her uncles include a musicologist and a jazz critic, and her sister Joanna is an operatic mezzo-soprano. Judy Collins had a classical music education as a child, Joni Mitchell’s breezy familiarity with counterpoint and Melanie’s cabaret-degenerate phrasing indicate they didn’t spend all their formative years listening to purist versions of Fair and Tender Ladies.

But they do all seem to want a melody to be pretty rather than anything else. Carly Simon’s work on melodies and words bears the same tool marks as Kris Kristofferson’s. Their tunes sound familiar; we’ve almost heard them before—except that something slightly unexpected always happens in them. Both leave the impression that they construct melodies that are just good enough for the words, which obviously have top priority. And, as lyricists, both tend to be self-centered even for this generation. Whatever ambiguities are thrown in for a wide audience to identify with are almost branded as such—tag-lines or aphorisms interjected or pinned on. Carly’s Anticipation goes through a specific description of how unpredictable the author finds a new love affair, then makes the summation: “...stay right here, for these are the good old days.” Not too different from Kris’ ruminations about how one man spends a Sunday morning, capped finally with a maxim: “...there’s something in a Sunday that makes a body feel alone.” Both are romantics, and no doubt think of themselves as tough-minded romantics (I suspect each romantic thinks he is more realistic than the last one, and maybe he is). Both are concerned with writing intelligent lyrics that are nonetheless simple enough to reach the listener on an emotional level. That remains one of the toughest jobs in the business, and Carly is almost as good at it as Kris is.

(Continued overleaf)
What's a nice girl like you

The melodies of Sandy Denny, Judy Collins, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Rosalie Sorrels, and Judy Mayhan are basically rewrites of folk tunes—as are many of the melodies of Bob Dylan and Paul Simon. Seldom are specific folk songs rewritten (although it does happen); generally a scramble of old tunes in the subconscious is juggled into a new combination. Sometimes this blurs into some other Blast from the Past, resulting in something like Judy Collins' Nightingale, a folk song that must be backed by cellos instead of guitars. The lyrics these women write may range from Sandy Denny's antique-sounding ones (the best of which are on the early Fairport Convention recordings) to Judy Mayhan's stylized laments to Buffy's political indictments. I don't think these troubadettes have broken any new ground as songwriters, but they've cultivated existing territory well—especially Buffy, who's been working at it harder longer.

Laura Nyro, however, did invent something new: soft rock, which seems to be one part modern folk-rock and two parts Broadway-Hollywood schmaltz with a dash of Forties urban blues and gospel. I am not one of her worshipers. I think the reason so many are genuflecting before her can be traced to the taste for blandness Americans have in them as a result of pop music's having festered so long in the mush of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties and, perhaps, a nostalgia for the earlier sounds which are an element in her music. Still, a high intelligence marks the work of Nyro; the symbolism in her lyrics is cleanly and professionally rendered, and her melodies have a fluidity that no amount of soul could produce without help from the brain. There is nothing surprising about the political views Nyro espouses; she is a pop-culture booster to out-Melanie Melanie—but, being intelligent, she has put the platitudes into shape with fewer awkward modifiers than most.

I find Janis Ian more interesting because she uses a similarly powerful cerebrum more to move people than to impress them. Sometimes she overdoes it and works for shock value alone: "Mr. President, his face went red/And he said, 'Kid, you should've come before I came/Will you please remove your face?'" In such cases, she's merely doing what worked so well before—Society's Child, written when Janis was a little kid, separated the liberal men from the liberal boys. But she is a prodigy growing up, and her later work deserves a larger audience. Some of her newer melodies show not just the folk ambiance but a wide range of influences, including that of country blues.

It is obvious that Joni Mitchell was influenced by the Sixties folk revival, but just how much is not evident—she is such an artist that she has put together all the schooling she's absorbed in a special way and fed us back something we never heard before. She is a superb songwriter. I think only Jim Webb and Cat Stevens are in the same class—which is definitely not tourist. Her authoritative use of minor-chord subtleties and her complete willingness to be unconventional—to bend a melodic line where others simply assume there is no joint—make her melodies unique. She has a child's imagination, a gift for playing with irony, the courage to be candid, the insight to penetrate to almost-buried memories, and the craftsmanship to make use of all these gifts in the building of lyrics. If she has a weakness, it is in her refusal to simplify her melodies (He Comes for Conversation, for example, has such a twisting, back-pedaling melody that it draws attention to itself at the expense of the lyrics), her unwillingness to subordinate them to the overall impression the song wants to make. But it's always a pleasure to hear these melodies. They hold up, year after year, whether they dance up and down the scale in the style of Rainy Night House or hover about a central chord in the manner of Blue.
As a vocalist, Joni bothers some people by shifting into falsetto at every little hill—I must admit I found Judy Collins' smooth version of *Both Sides Now* easier to take than Joni's. But the bumpy singing style doesn't place any great burden on the listener, and if it is symptomatic of the same wide-roaming spirit that attends her songwriting, I say let it bump.

The creative output of these and other troubadettes certainly is as varied as what the troubadours are doing, so there are few generalizations that can start with "The girls..." There is a characteristic that may be called "feminine," though, and it can most easily be observed in the work of Dory Previn. Dory aims to make intensely personal statements about life—her life—and its adjustments, and she does that with utter disregard for the technical accommodations a musician—especially a male one—is expected to make. Her melodies are thin, like sing-songy nursery rhymes; her lyrics are even more specifically autobiographical than Simon's or Kristofferson's. Her first album dealt with losing her husband to another woman. In "Reflections in a Mud Puddle" she deals with the death of her father in a song containing the lines "I couldn't make up/For the deal/He got in this world." Yet this sort of thing does seem to work—it *shouldn't* (this is a male talking), but it does. Dory is compulsive, intuitive, and not so much weak on technique as oblivious to it. I don't think it's necessarily "feminine" to try to avoid responsibility for attending to the details, but Previn's work seems to illuminate a fundamental difference in male and female attitudes toward technical skills.

Ellen Willis wrote in the *New Yorker*: "Like the educated middle class that produced them, the new male rock musicians are art snobs, and one facet of their snobbery is a tedious worship of technical proficiency." But is it tedious worship or pride in workmanship—or even a hang-up about workmanship? Women's Lib songwriter Ruth Batchelor sings, "I got my baby wheels, wheels with power drive..." invoking the (rather dated) jargon of "wheels" for an automobile but apparently failing to realize that tedious, nitpicking males would be bothered by "power drive," which they would recognize as meaningless doubletalk, a term that does not exist in the jargon of the car culture or even on Madison Avenue. Jan and Dean and the early Beach Boys knew a muffler from an intake valve and wouldn't have dared write car songs without such knowledge. And the matter of intuition persists: as Norman Mailer and others have hinted, what males fear about women is this seeming ability to "know" without being informed, to understand without analyzing. Will Ruth Batchelor and Dory Previn get away with it? Do they really know something we don't about the higher priorities details should be subordinated to, or are they just plain sloppy?

I know a psychologist who claims that there are basic differences in the structure of the male and female brain, so I guess anything is possible. If intuition really is the stern and serious stuff some people fear (and others hope) it is, it means the troubadettes have a stronger link to their instincts, a closer tie with nature—which means they have a formidable advantage over mere troubadours. Which means further that the male singer-songwriter could one day be as lonesome a figure as Buffy Sainte-Marie was ten years ago. What we're hearing now could be the first strains of a sirens' song that will dash our ship against the rocks, leaving tediously proficient males with nothing to be but engineers and backup lackeys. But before we make up our minds to start worrying about that, let's leave the tiller untended for the moment and relax here on the poop deck and listen to the music. Sure is pretty.

*By Noel Coppage*
"...I began to think of it not as Carnegie Hall, but as some hall in Albuquerque, and it worked."

By ROBERT WINDELER

Early in 1971, Carly Simon overcame two lifelong fears: getting onto an airplane and getting out on a stage in front of an expectant crowd of strangers. In three days she managed to get herself together and fly to the West Coast to appear with British singer Cat Stevens at the Troubadour in West Hollywood. In doing so, she launched the career that has placed her in the forefront of the post-rock-era young ladies who are helping to make quieter and clearer the pop music of the early 1970's. Had she not gotten onto that first plane, Carly might still be singing and writing songs in her own living room for the amusement of her family and friends—and herself. But following the Troubadour, she toured the country with Stevens, all the way up to Carnegie Hall. Her first album on Elektra, called simply "Carly Simon," has sold better than half a million copies, as has the single taken from it, That's the Way I've Always Heard it Should Be. Her second album, "Anticipation," and the title single from it, have already equaled that figure, and she is currently writing songs for her third album.

Carly, a tall, gangly, twenty-eight-year-old with a smooth, rich voice, can sing in a wide variety of styles. She comes from a solidly musical family whose best-known member perhaps, until Carly herself made it, was her father Richard, who founded the publishing company Simon & Schuster. Carly is the third child and third daughter of the late publisher and has a younger brother Peter, twenty-four, a photographer who lives in a de luxe commune in Vermont. Only Peter, among her siblings, "has not even a suggestion of musical interest."

Her sister Joanna is a well-known opera singer, and her second sister, Lucy, was Carly's partner in the Simon Sisters for several years. The Simon Sisters set nursery rhymes such as The Owl and the Pussycat to music and debuted with the Columbia album "The Simon Sisters Sing the Lobster Quadrille and Other Poems for Children," which had a modest success. Lucy is retired and a mother now, but Joanna, with whom Carly once shared an apartment, has been achieving a success in the classical field similar to Carly's.

The girls grew up in a series of households in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, Stamford, Conn., and Martha's Vineyard, and were thoroughly steeped in music of all kinds. Their father was an accomplished amateur pianist, and their uncles are prominent in music and criticism. Alfred E. Simon (a recent contributor to STEREO REVIEW) started as a rehearsal pianist for George Gershwin's Of Thee I Sing in 1931, was a consultant and writer on theater music, and was director of light music at radio station WQXR for twenty-five years. George T. played drums in the Glenn Miller orchestra and was a record producer, writer-critic on jazz and pop, and editor-in-chief of Metronome magazine; he is now executive director of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The fourth Simon brother, Henry, before his recent death, was a musicologist and an editor of musical books at Simon & Schuster. The family has always been close, and Carly credits the musical atmosphere, among other things, with her decision to become a composer. Incredibly, however, Carly had no formal musical training and is a self-taught pianist and guitar-player.

Carly says she was "an overly sensitive child, with a lot of nervous problems—for instance, a stammer. One way around having to talk was to sing everything!" Her mother, who still lives in the large house in Riverdale surrounded by dogs and plants, encouraged Carly to express herself in song. She and Carly remain extremely close, and the stammer is long since gone.

Carly today is confident but sensitive, slightly exotic looking, well-bred in an obviously outdoorsy way
(Riverdale Country School, two years at Sarah Lawrence College, and summers on Martha’s Vineyard), but determined to compete in the musical arena on her own terms. She accompanies her singing on an acoustic guitar and most often performs her own vaguely autobiographical and certainly personal material, which is written (often in collaboration with her friend, Esquire writer Jacob Bruckman) from an admittedly middle-class point of view. “My friends from college—they’re all married now.” is a somewhat wistful line from That’s the Way I’ve Always Heard It Should Be, an ambivalent song that seems at times to celebrate marriage, at times to question it.

For the first time, Carly is indulging herself in living alone, and she occupies a cheerful, sunny, five-room apartment in the Murray Hill section of New York City. Brightly colored sofas, rugs, and draperies contrast with the white walls and woodwork. Her first guitar hangs on the living room wall in semi-retirement. Wearing electric-green cotton slacks and a white blouse, she drapes her long, yet somehow elfin, body onto a rust-colored velvet sofa, her brown hair tumbling over her blue eyes, and talks about her new success as a performer.

She shudders when she thinks of Los Angeles, where most pop musicians these days feel they must live and virtually all of them must at some time work—including Carly. “I’ve only been there twice, the first time not before a year ago when I finally decided to get over my fear of flying. I had a lot of drinks and managed to get myself on the plane. It was gauche and cardboardy, shallow, jaded, decadent—everybody’s out of a job and strange.” Martha’s Vineyard, where she spent as much of her growing up time as she could, is more Carly’s kind of place, and she retreats there whenever she can. Most recently it has been to the home of singer-writer James Taylor, the current man in her life. Having conquered her fear of flying, she spent last summer in London and is ready to go back at any time.

Carly considers the emergence of so many girl singer-composers “mainly coincidental” and perhaps unfortunate. “In the early Sixties we saw a sort of revival in the folk scene. Carolyn Hester, Judy Collins, Odetta, and Peggy Seeger were all successful, but all suffered the unfair, inevitable comparison to Joan Baez. Maybe every decade a woman is destined to create an upheaval. And perhaps other singers today will suffer in being compared to that sign of the zodiac (one of the songs on her second album was written to her niece, Lucy’s daughter, who is a Cancer and is very much interested in astrology).”

It might all have happened for Carly four years ago, when she was writing and ready to perform her own songs. “But I had an experience with people in the music business that drained me,” she says. “They treated me like a piece of meat, not as a voice. They tried to make me sing like a female Dylan. These people never listened to me; they tried to mold me. So I withdrew into household activities. I was living with somebody, he was a guitarist, and we used to play and sing around the house.”

And then a year and a half ago, when she was ready to try again, she put together an album and nightclub act from her own compositions. She was invited as the opening act on the Cat Stevens tour, and all went well until it was time to appear at Carnegie Hall. “I was out of my mind and thought I couldn’t bring myself to do it. All my life I’ve been a coward at heart, resisting new experiences. But I was, going to perform at Carnegie Hall, where all the performers I’d ever admired had performed. Then I began to think of it not as Carnegie Hall, but as some hall in Albuquerque, and it worked. It was the greatest performance I’ve ever done and the reception was incredible. I’m not one of those people who has to be in the lights. I’d much rather be in a small club, seated, with between ten and twenty people and as much eye contact as possible. It’s my responsibility to turn those rows of faces into joy and happiness. I don’t feel so exposed and alone in a small club. Sometimes in a big hall I’ll turn around and look at the drummer behind me, just to have some contact with another human being.”

Carly wants to make it clear that she is a working girl partly because she has to be. The Simon family fortune has been more of a handicap than a help, in fact. “I’ve been ostracized as a result. Everybody thinks that Joanna and I sing for a lark. They say, ‘Oh, she’s rich and she’s doing it for something to do.’ Obviously I haven’t suffered in the slums of the lower East Side, but the money from the company hasn’t been dispersed to the daughters of Richard L. Simon. It’s tied up, and the allowance I get isn’t sufficient to support me. I have to work at something.” After her first solo career collapsed, she worked as a secretary and gave guitar lessons.

The three Simon girls see each other regularly, though not as much as Carly would like. “But then again these days,” she says. “I’m not seeing as much of anybody as I’d like. I’ve lived in New York all my life, and I have an awful lot of close friends here. I resent feeling so pressured by the burden of things to do that I can’t see them. That goes under the heading ‘annoying features of show business.’”

Another of those features is the lack of time for any proper sort of love life. “I’m used to being very kind of tied to one man, being very loyal, and loving him and cooking for him and bringing him his slippers. I lived with one man for six years, another for two. We wouldn’t have broken up except for my career. There can’t be any security on his part if I’m in a field that might take me away from him. It’s a threat if I’m in a position to be admired by, hated by, or at least known by the public, although I’m still surprised when anybody’s heard of me. I don’t consider myself in the public eye. I don’t care about being a star, a top-selling recording star, if that has to come at the expense of my life.” Yet she says that her love affairs “would have survived if they were meant to.”

Now she relishes whatever time she can spend alone—although, when she is alone, she worries. “I do all kinds of worrying about my performing; it hasn’t become even vaguely routine. I’m still very unsure of myself.”

Like Cat Stevens, Kris Kristofferson, and many other performers she admires, Carly was born under the sign of Cancer and is very much interested in astrology. She demonstrates the domesticity and sense of family attributed to that sign of the zodiac (one of the songs on her second album was written to her niece, Lucy’s daughter, Julie, Through the Glass), and she swears she “goes crazy when the moon is full.”

Marriage hasn’t yet seriously crossed Carly’s mind. “I imagine I’ll probably get married some day. I’m too middle class to resist the idea for the rest of my life. Intellectually I don’t believe in marriage, but emotionally I’ll probably be drawn to it. I like all the things married women do, like cooking and taking care of a house, and I definitely want children, marriage or not. But sometimes I have the feeling I’m going to turn into an early hermit.”
An interior designer’s approach to HOUSING AUDIO EQUIPMENT

“The only time you should be on your knees is when you are praying”

By Sherman R. Emery

With the slimming down of today’s high-fidelity components, the problem of storage has decreased accordingly: the smaller the equipment, the less space required to house it. But until the day when it will all fit neatly into the palm of one’s hand like a Buck Rogers radiophone, the hi-fi enthusiast must still find some place to put his equipment so that it will (1) perform at its optimum; (2) be convenient to use; and (3) blend harmoniously with the other room elements.

Probably the simplest and most flexible type of storage facility is open shelving, of which there is an astonishing variety of types and styles. Particularly ingenious is a system called “Abstracta” which was invented by a Dane and is now distributed through several outlets in this country. Although the system has found its greatest acceptance for display purposes in shops and stores, it has great potential for residential application. The basic components are chrome-plated steel tubes and pronged connectors which look like the jacks in the child’s game of that name. By joining tubes of different lengths, one can form cubes or rectangles of many sizes; the units can be extended vertically to create an étagère (an open-shelf unit), or horizontally for an open cabinet effect. Four metal clips placed unobtrusively at the ends of each unit hold the shelves, which can be of practically any material, although glass is the best complement to the shiny metal. The great advantage of this system is that it can be easily assembled, and it can be rearranged and changed in shape or size by using tubes of different lengths. It is also easily shipped since it comes completely knocked down. Shelving material is not included. In New York, Abstracta is carried by Bonniers.

The most common type of free-standing shelving system is a combination of wood and metal poles, held taut between floor and ceiling by an adjustable spring mechanism. Shelves are placed at intervals between a pair of poles and supported by brackets...
or metal loops. In New York, the Door Store offers several variations of this system (they also sell by mail from a catalog). Shelves are available in walnut, teak, or oak or in widths from 8 inches (large enough for books but not for most equipment) to 16 inches (more than ample for a tape recorder, record player, and most "bookshelf" speakers). Once set up, the system will support a remarkable amount of weight and is stable enough that floor vibrations are no problem.

There are a number of other variations on the pole-shelf system on the market, and among them Omni is is one of the oldest and most attractive. It is also considerably more expensive than the modestly priced Door Store systems. Omni now offers two versions—a floor-to-ceiling pole-supported system and a completely free-standing cabinet variation. Either system gives the buyer a wide choice of furniture units which can be included in addition to shelves. One of these units is a specially designed audio cabinet approximately 30 inches wide, 24 inches high, and 18 inches deep. It is fully ventilated, and behind its swinging doors are pullout compartments and a turntable shelf mounted on ball-bearing slides. It also has provision for concealment of the wiring. A complete wall grouping can be made from this system, and might include a drop-down desk or bar, a slanted magazine shelf, a file drawer, small chests, and other storage pieces. Also available are several adjustable lighting fixtures. The wood is oiled walnut, and the poles are available in a choice of natural aluminum, matte black, or bronze finishes.

Still other variations on the shelving system are those which attach to a wall, either in complete wall panels, as in the Danish-made System Cado, named for its designer Poul Cadovius and sold under the name Royal System, or in the Omnibus collection by Raymor/Richards Morgenthau.

System Cado is probably the most expensive system, and also the least practical unless one is planning a permanent wall of furniture. If so, the results are equivalent to custom built-in furniture, producing a contemporary, architectural look. The basis of the system is a solid wall panel fitted with wall rails or telescopic poles to which cabinets can be attached without visible supports. Shelves, cabinets, drawers, tables—even a sofa—can be attached to the panels. There are also several units designed for housing audio components. One is a hinged-door cabinet; the interior has an adjustable shelf and partition piece and sufficient space for housing several components. Another piece which can be attached is an open, divided unit for records. System Cado is available in several exotic woods (Bangkok teak and Brazilian rosewood) as well as walnut, light oak, and pine.

Raymor's Omnibus System, another product of Denmark, is also attached to the wall, but in addition to use as wall panels, it can be "floated" or suspended off the wall on metal uprights. Furniture units include a cabinet with turntable-mount base that slides out on tracks: a shelf and panel at the top of the cabinet interior permit panel-mounting the receiver. The shelf is adjustable, and the panel is removable so that the control knobs of the receiver can be properly positioned. For a true "floating" look, the cabinet can be cantilevered from the wall by attaching it to short wall rails. It is perforated at the rear for ventilation.

Another type of wall storage system which is neither attached to the wall nor supported by poles is one composed of a series of modular units placed one on top of another and side by side to form one large, freestanding design. Such systems have much to recommend them, for in addition to their utility value, they give architectural interest to the box-like interiors of so many houses and apartments. They are also a splendid means of displaying sculpture and art objects and will easily accommodate a great number of audio components.

Another especially attractive and versatile system of this type is available from Interlùbke. An import, it was designed by Leo Lübbe, a West German manufacturer, and Walter Muller, a Swiss architect.
The system was introduced in Cologne in 1962 and is now available in the United States through furniture stores and dealers.

The Interlübke units are finished in a white polyester which is stain resistant and easy to clean with a damp cloth. Individual units are attached to one another by means of a bolt or hinge, and there is no bracketing onto a wall. Units range from open, box-like structures to fully enclosed cabinets with hinged doors—all in a vast number of sizes and practically unlimited in their potential use. One unit is large enough to house a television set, and to conceal speaker systems, slatted wood panels covered with loosely woven fabric are available.

It should be noted at this point that it is assumed throughout this article that speaker systems will be kept in their own enclosures. If necessary—and if there's room—the entire enclosure can be installed inside a furniture cabinet (after making sure, of course, that the radiation of the speaker system is not obstructed). Do not be tempted to buy separate drivers and install them in a furniture cabinet, since it is quite unlikely that you will achieve a good match between the electro-acoustic properties of the speakers and the enclosure.

For those who want to house their components in some kind of floor-standing cabinet, there are many possibilities. Sometimes an existing piece of furniture can be adapted to such use. An armoire, for example, would be commodious enough to house a great many audio components as well as tapes, records, and accessories. These large, movable wardrobes, which were originally used by the French to store armor (thus giving the piece its name), are especially popular with designers who use them in both modern and traditional interiors. They can easily be made the focal point of an interior and are another excellent device for creating architectural interest because of their size and the carved detailing with which they are usually embellished. Also, because of the size, ventilation should be no problem.

Other pieces of furniture which could be similarly adapted for storage of audio equipment are sideboards, credenzas, breakfronts, secretary-cabinets—anything which is sturdily constructed and has sufficient interior space to accommodate the components to be housed. Ventilation, even with solid-state equipment, is still a factor to be considered, however, and it may be necessary to drill holes in the back of the cabinet in order to provide a flow of air. Since this might not be desirable if the piece being considered is an antique or family heirloom, it may be necessary to look for a cabinet especially designed to house audio equipment.

One of the few specialists in designing furniture specifically for audio use is Jerry Joseph of Toujay Designs, whose cabinets range from a simple pedestal enclosure to large breakfronts. His most basic design—and one of his most popular—is an 18-inch cube, one of which is sufficient to house a receiver and a record player; additional equipment can be accommodated simply by adding one or more cubes which can be stacked vertically, placed side by side, or hung on a wall with special brackets. Both the pedestal and the cube designs will also serve for other purposes—the pedestal as a stand for sculpture or an end table, for example—and several of the cubes can be placed side by side to form an attractive cocktail table.

A variation on his cube is a tower design, a single piece of furniture, 63 inches high, available with a pull-out tray for both a tape recorder and a record player on slides, and provisions for flush-mounting the components so that only their face plates show. Joseph created this unit because he felt that many commercial audio cabinets were too low for convenience. (“The only time you should be on your knees,” he quips, “is when you are praying. With a Toujay tower, the user has access to all controls from a normal standing position.”)

For those who want a cabinet that will also house a pair of “bookshelf” speakers as well as a variety of components, Joseph has designed a long, low console (85 inches long) which he calls the “Sound-X-Pander.” The compartments for housing the speakers at either end of the cabinet are on a swivel mechanism so that the speakers can be angled for the best distribution of sound. The doors, which conceal the speakers when they are not in use, fold back neatly to the sides of the cabinet.

Although most Toujay designs are basically contemporary in design, they are available with such traditional embellishments as moldings and Oriental brasses to make them compatible with furnishings of any style. They are also available in a choice of woods as well as a selection of painted finishes.

Another manufacturer specializing in audio cabinetry is Warren Charles Furniture. This company, whose furniture is available through decorators and some audio dealers, offers buyers the choice of mounting the cabinets on wall-attached rails, similar to the method of several of the systems discussed earlier, mounting the cabinet directly on the wall (it is not wise to undertake this as a do-it-yourself project), or having the cabinet put on a base or legs. The choice of interior fittings is up to the buyer—shelves, partitioning, pull-out bases for turntables—you design it, they will provide it. Emphasis in
With more than three times as much space available on the walls as on the floor of the average room, it is little wonder that professionally designed systems should make use of it, as they do here in the Royal System (left) and that by Insetlabke.

Two units distinguished both for flexibility and airy openness: the Omni system at left includes furniture pieces to accommodate more audio units than the receiver shown; Abstracta's shelves blend nicely into the sybarite's delight pictured at the right.

Furn-a-Kit's well-designed cabinet (above) has been sabotaged by a decorator's boo-boo: the turntable is close to floor level.

Tongay's familiar Tower (left) is an elegant solution to audio storage problems. Note that working heights of units are well planned, and that record-storage space is well away from heat-producing sources.
styling is on a traditional feeling with such applied
decoration as moldings, rosettes, and metal grille
doors. Woods include birch, walnut, or oak, and the
units can also be ordered in a painted finish.

Two other systems worthy of consideration are
from the California firm of Barzilay, whose designer
Jack Venveniste has created a vertical storage sys-
tem called "Multispan" and a series of furniture
 cabinets in both contemporary and traditional styl-
ings. Most of the cabinets are in three pieces—two
for concealing the speakers (in their own enclo-
sures) and one for the equipment, which is stored
under liftup lids and at a height which precludes
stooping over. Pull-out drawers in the lower part of
the cabinet are for storing records and tapes. The
three units can be arranged side by side to form one
long piece, or the speaker cabinets (optional) can be
placed elsewhere in the room.

The Multispan wall system consists of walnut
wood columns which support cabinets and shelves
ranging from 30 to 48 inches in width. Disappearing
tambour doors are a feature of the cabinets, which
can be mounted at any height on the columns. The
system is also available in kit form.

Audio housing possibilities are obviously many
and varied. The names mentioned so far are not by
any means all-inclusive; they were selected to show
the wide scope of types of storage systems avail-
able. There are many other suppliers (see accompa-
nying list), including several manufacturers of
audio equipment—JBL, Altec, and Bozak, to name
but a few.

Because of the wide range of offerings, it is all the
more important that the buyer study his needs care-
fully before making a final decision. In making your
selection, here are a few basic points to remember,
from both aesthetic and functional viewpoints:

1. Do not crowd components into any enclosure; if
you decide on a cabinet, pick one that will allow more
space than you currently need so that you can add addi-
tional (or larger) components in the future if you wish.

2. Fine-quality furniture is not cheap; an audio cabinet
should be selected with the same care you would exercise
when buying any other piece of furniture for your home.

3. Don't be too concerned with finding a piece to
"match" your other furniture. Today's trend is to mix
woods, finishes, and design styles. Scale and proportion,
however, are important. In other words, large, heavy
pieces of furniture do not usually mix well with lightly
scaled furnishings.

4. Unless space is unusually tight, it is generally best
to house your speakers in the same cabinet with other
components so that you will have greater flexibility in
speaker placement for the best overall sound. Separates
also help preclude the problem of acoustic feedback.

5. Consider the entire room in which you will house
your equipment. Adding a new piece of furniture may
require an entirely new arrangement. Study all possibili-
ties, being careful to measure the space available before
making a decision. A cabinet which seems to be of mod-
est size on the open floor of a furniture store may turn
into a giant when you get it into your living room.

Sources for Audio-Equipment Cabinets

Some of the companies listed are also known
for their speaker systems (if you own a pair of
their speakers, check to see whether there isn't a
matching cabinet available). Others are simply fur-
niture manufacturers, but they have cabinets that
are either designed specifically to house audio
equipment or can be easily adapted to do so. Avoid
buying equipment cabinets that have speaker enclo-
sures as part of the ensemble.

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Altec Corp., 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, Calif.
92803
Audio Originals, 546 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Indi-
a 46225
Aztec Sound Corp., 960 Birch St., Denver, Colo. 80223
Barzilay Company, 16245 S. Broadway, Gardena, Calif.
90247
Bonniers ("Abstracta"), 605 Madison Ave., New York,
N.Y. 10022
06854
Country Workshop, Inc., 95 Romeo St., Newark, N.J.
07105
The Door Store, 210 E. 51st St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Frazier, Inc., 1930 Valley View Lane, Dallas, Texas
75234
Furn-a-Kit, Inc., 1308 Edward L. Grant Hwy., Bronx,
N.Y. 10452
Gamber-Johnson, Inc., 801 Francis St., Stevens Point,
Wisc.
Heath Co., Benton Harbor, Mich. 49023
Interlündke, 145 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.
Kersting Mfg. Co., 504 S. Date Ave., Alhambra, Calif.
91803
Lafayette Radio Electronics Corp., 111 Jericho Turnpike,
Syosset, N.Y. 11791
James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 3249 Casitas Ave., Los
Angeles, Calif. 90039
Omni (Division of Aluminum Extrusions, Inc.), 530 W.
Lovett, Charlotte, Mich. 48813
Radio Shack, 2617 West 7th St., Fort Worth, Texas
76107
Raymor/Richards Morganthau ("Omnibus"), 225 5th
Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010
Rockford Special Furniture Co., 2024 23rd Ave., Rock-
ford, Ill. 61010
Royal System/System Cado, 57-08 39th Ave., Woodside,
N.Y. 11377
Raymor/Richards Morganthau ("Omnibus"), 225 5th
Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010
Rockford Special Furniture Co., 2024 23rd Ave., Rock-
ford, Ill. 61010
Royal System/System Cado, 57-08 39th Ave., Woodside,
N.Y. 11377
Toujay Designs, Inc., 443 Park Ave. So., New York,
N.Y. 10016
Warren Charles Furniture, 979 3rd Ave., New York,
N.Y. 10022
Yield House, S. Main St., North Conway, New Hamp-
shire 03860
McIntosh Labs, 2 Chambers St., Binghamton, N.Y.
13903

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Sherman R. Emery is Editor of Interior Design Magazine, an au-
diophile of many years standing, and an indefatigable collector of both antique phonograph equipment and vintage recordings.
THROUGH HIS example as a performer, his activity as a scholar, and his precept in the extraordinarily judicious and information-packed manual called *The Interpretation of Music* (available as a Harper Colophon paperback), Thurston Dart has been one of the principal shapers of our contemporary perceptions of Baroque and earlier music. He died last year at the age of forty-nine, and Columbia's new release "Music for Two Harpsichords," made in what was obviously a spirit of inspired teamwork with Igor Kipnis, will have to serve as memorial. And, indeed, a worthy memorial it is, for this is certainly some of the most breathtakingly lovely music-making to have come my way in a long time.

The greatest music on the record is contained in the works by Handel, Couperin, and Byrd. The nature of the Handel suite (for which Dart reconstructed the lost second-harpsichord part) may be gauged by its layout. The four "standard" movements of the Baroque suite are Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, and the Gigue. But Handel here omits the Gigue and substitutes a more serious Chaconne. In keeping with the change, the work as a whole is rich in Handel's characteristic vein of grave, exalted nobility, especially in the spacious Sarabande, which plays for nearly as long as the other three movements together. The Couperin pieces—five of them, assembled from four of the twenty-seven *ordres* for harpsichord—are more "domestic" in scale but no less exquisite in inspiration, and the Byrd work, though less than four minutes long, demonstrates in that short span a breadth of idea and a perfection of proportion that are much more salient features of real grandeur than is the shallow longwindedness too often mistaken for size.

All of the music's qualities are brilliantly realized in these almost uncannily perceptive performances. The sonorities of the two instruments (one a Thomas Goff, the other a Robert Goble) are irresistible, and the players command an understanding of the composers' styles—in rhythmic and all other matters—that sounds as instinctive as it is undoubtedly informed. In particular, the registrations are shrewdly planned to work with the binary structure of most of the movements, and the embellishments—which were extemporized at the recording sessions—are at once tasteful and clearly spontaneous. Most ravishing of all is the dreamy, languorous treatment of the two Couperin *musettes*, which here take on a magic out of all proportion to their deliberately primitive harmonic layout.

The Tomkins and Farnaby pieces, and the suite put together by Dart from dances by the late-seventeenth-century Parisian Gaspard le Roux, are delightful additions, equally well done, and, after this feast of late-Renaissance and high-
Baroque styles, the simple *galant* gestures of the nine-year-old Mozart come as a charming contrast. Finally, the mature Mozart's C Minor Fugue sounds eminently viable on two harpsichords—for which, as Judith Robison's informative liner note points out, it may well have been intended.

The recording captures the subtle instrumental timbres impeccably, and the stereo separation is clear but discreet. This is a recording that should not be missed.

**Bernard Jacobson**


**PROKOFIEV’S NEAR-OPERA ALEXANDER NEVSKY**

*André Previn's new recording of the Cantata for Angel is a triumphant success*

I have always regretted that Prokofiev did not treat the epic story of the Russian hero-saint Alexander Nevsky operatically. None of the Prokofiev operas match the brilliant and unerringly effective theatricality he displayed in constructing this mighty Cantata, which is drawn from the score he wrote for the famed Eisenstein film on the subject in 1938. It has just about everything needed for a twentieth-century work in the *Boris Godunov* tradition: picturesque landscape painting, medieval atmosphere, monumental conflicts, massive choruses, and beautiful vocal writing for the solo mezzo.

The popularity of this music with conductors is easy to understand. Entering a field already well traversed by such generals as Fritz Reiner, Thomas Schippers, and Yevgeny Svetlanov, André Previn acquires himself extremely well with his new recording of the work for Angel. He sets the ominous mood of the opening effectively, revealing much inner detail in the orchestration and eliciting great sonorities from both chorus and orchestra. The creamy-voiced Anna Reynolds sings her solo most affecting.

Without quite matching, in terms of incisiveness and wide dynamic contrasts, the spectacular sound Columbia’s engineer provided Schippers in his reading, Angel’s production crew has nonetheless turned out a technically impressive recording that contributes its share to this triumphant success. 

*George Jellinek*

**PROKOFIEV: Alexander Nevsky, Op. 78** (Cantata, based on music for the Eisenstein film, with words by Lugovsky and Prokofiev). Anna Reynolds (mezzo-soprano); London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, André Previn cond. ANGEL S 36843 $5.98, 8XS 36843 $6.98, 4XS 36843 $6.98.

**MORE RIDDLES FROM THE ENIGMATIC RANDY NEWMAN**

"Sail Away," his latest from Reprise, finds him in full command of his remarkable abilities

From as far back as 1966, with *Simon Smith and the Dancing Bear*, the most consistently productive creator of very personal, very allusive, and very good songs that seem to become pop hits almost in spite of themselves has been the young American songwriter Randy Newman. It is therefore no surprise—to me—to find him, in his newest Reprise album “Sail Away,” in full command of his remarkable abilities. True, he has always been considered a little too square, a little too middle-class to qualify as a paid-up Now Person for the Cognoscenti of the Trends. After all, arranging for Peggy Lee? And a commercial success?

Luckily for us, Newman doesn’t seem to pay any attention to this sort of put-down; he obviously considers himself a professional man in a profession he enjoys and intends to make a success of. But all that is quite beside the *artistic* point, which is that Newman has achieved that success despite the undeniably quirky eccentricity of much of his work. Take, for instance, the weird lyrical exercise he set for himself in *You Can Leave Your Hat On*: a young lady is urged to take off her coat, shoes, and dress, then stand on a chair and shake her arms while Newman chants “They don’t know what love is/they don’t know what love is/I know what love is.” I doubt that any talent other than Newman’s could make this oddity into the oddly affecting piece it is when he performs it.

My favorite in this group, however, is also probably the most forthrightly commercial: *Lonely at the Top* is another pass at a tired—and usually tiresome—complaint: the empty meaninglessness of too much money and fame, too many girls. But in Newman’s version I detect a slyness in the music, the arrangement, and the performance that suggest to me that the composer may just be putting us on.
There is a riddlelike quality to much that Newman does that may be the key to my fascination with him. *God's Song* is relatively straightforward and, I'm afraid, more than a little slick; *Burn On* is another oddity, mustering up a quite legitimate indignation over the burning of Ohio's Cuyahoga River (the river itself actually caught on fire from industrial pollution, burning down two bridges in the process). But no matter what Newman writes, arranges (this always superbly), or performs, he is always interesting. And that he is somehow able to share his private, highly symbolic world with a mass listening audience makes him unique in the pop-music field.

Peter Reilly

RANDY NEWMAN: *Sail Away*. Randy Newman (vocals and piano); orchestra. *Sail Away; Lonely at the Top; He Gives Us All His Love; Last Night I Had a Dream; Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear; Old Man; Political Science; Burn On; Memo to My Son; Dayton, Ohio - 1903; You Can Leave Your Hat On; God's Song*. REPRISE MS 2064 $5.98, ® M 82064 $6.98, ® M 52064 $6.98.

NO ROOM FOR COMPROMISE IN "THICK AS A BRICK"

*The new Jethro Tull album explores the ambiguous verses of one forty-four-minute song*

The new Jethro Tull album for Reprise, "Thick as a Brick," is already enjoying thunderous commercial success, which must mean that the public still has an appetite for rock music that is both vigorous and adventurous. "Thick as a Brick" is not, however, what anyone could call conventionally "commercial," even taking into account the fanatic loyalty of Tull devotees: an entire album devoted to one forty-four-minute "song," which is built around a difficult, often obscure, and sometimes tedious poem, has obviously made few compromises in order to sell itself.

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson

What Ian Anderson and his mates have done is to fashion an album whose basic sound is reasonably dependable and whose constituent parts can be immediately assimilated, even if deciphering the whole has to be put off indefinitely. The distinctive Tull sound, keyed to Anderson's flute, has been altered slightly; John Evan's organ becomes the unifying instrument, and Tull has changed drummers. The new one, Barriemore Barlow, is fast, sharp, and trained—but a bit conservative. He doesn't muffle the phrase endings the way Clive Bunker did and so is responsible for a slight erosion in the group's style.

Anderson was criticized for making a fuss about so unhip a subject as hypocrisy in the "Aqualung" album. I expect he will draw fire now for beating such other "dead" horses as war-mongering and dollar-chasing. But reports of the death of those particular nags were much exaggerated. A by-product of the Jesus Movement was that it gave hypocrisy a rich new field in which to work—young people. And, as "Thick as a Brick" tries (I think) to say, those who overthrow the war mongers and money changers tend somehow to settle into their own patterns of waging war and chasing loot.

The album is packaged in the form of a newspaper containing fair to good satire on journalism. Its lead story tells of the controversy surrounding *Thick as a Brick*, an epic poem written by Gerald "Little Milton" Bostock, age eight. It seems the Society for Literary Advancement and Gestation (SLAG) announced the poem as winner of a national literary contest and had Gerald read it on television. The society reversed itself after psychiatrists said the boy's mind was unbalanced and the telly station received "hundreds of protests and threats." The newspaper also carries a review by one Julian Stone-Mason, B. A., of the new Tull disc "Thick as a Brick." Mr. Stone-Mason notes: "Poor, or perhaps naive taste is responsible for some of the ugly changes of time signature and banal instrumental passages linking the main sections, but ability in this direction should come with maturity."

Mr. Stone-Mason has a point, but most of the instrumentals are reasonably interesting rock time-fillers—not as good as those in "Tommy," to be sure—and there are a few passages, such as the one between the banishment of the father and the son's final decision to emulate the father's tyranny, that really make the grade as program music. Perhaps this bloke Stone-Mason oughter 'ave another listen.

Noel Coppage

JETHRO TULL: *Thick as a Brick*. Jethro Tull (vocals and instrumentals). REPRISE MS 2072 $5.98, ® M 82072 $6.98, ® M 52072 $6.98.
"Second Best" is getting better

It used to be that every new cartridge made was doomed to near-obscenity in the monumental shadow of our Shure V-15 Type II Improved Cartridge. The shadow is still there, of course, but with the introduction of our new M91ED Cartridge, the "second best" cartridge comes somewhat closer to the performance capabilities of the V-15 Type II—especially in the area of trackability. That's because the M91ED uses some of the same design principles used in the V-15 Type II: among them, a gem-quality diamond stylus tip that is "nude-mounted" directly on the stylus bar—decreasing stylus tip mass and increasing trackability. The M91ED reproduces the high recorded levels of modern pressings with ease—and at tracking forces that reduce record and stylus tip wear to a reassuring minimum. Suggestion: the new M91ED for modest budgets, the V-15 Type II Improved if only state-of-the-art perfection will do.

Shure Brothers Inc.,
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60204
CIRCLE NO. 52 ON READER SERVICE CARD

STEREO REVIEW
JOAN BAEZ: Come from the Shadows. Joan Baez (vocals, guitar); various musicians. Prison Trilogy: Rainbow Road; Love Song to a Stranger, Myths: In the Quiet Morning; Troubadour: To Bobby; Tumbleweed; and four others. A & M SP 4339 $4.98, ® 4339 $6.98, © 4339 $6.98.

Performance: On the soapbox
Recording: Excellent

This is Joan Baez's first album for A & M after a decade or so with Vanguard and, yes, it is a concept album, with Joan pushing her own strain of populism, for both your body and your soul. It contains six of her own compositions, quite a lot for her in one album. These include For Bobby, a song urging Dylan to shake off his Country Pie ennui; it is a poorly constructed song whose verse and chorus melodies are sorely at odds. Most of Joan's songs are poorly constructed. All the Weary Mothers is not, but its melody is dull and its lyrics preachy. Love Song to a Stranger, making do with a fragment of melody, is the most effective of her songs and has by far the most poignant and sensitive lyrics. Song of Bangladesh is hopelessly contrived, and Myths is slapdash and tiring. The six songs that other people wrote are poorer than Joan's, except for John Lennon's Imagine, which lies too low for her voice.

So, in spite of her fine job on the vocals (except, that is, for the growing on Imagine and bored experimentation on A Stranger in My Place, a prize bomb), I am less than overwhelmed. She has generally good backing, though, including delicious harmonica playing by one of the best, Charlie McCoy, and the album makes a generally pleasant impression—if you want Joan Baez to be merely generally pleasant. N.C.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
CAT MOTHER. Cat Mother (vocals and instruments), Greenwood Shuffle; She Came from a Different World; Ode to Oregon; Three and Me; The Dribbleworks Blues; Trials and Tribulations; Letter to the President; Heebiejeebies; Love until Your Heart Breaks. POLYDOR PD 5017 $4.98.

Performance: Hooray!
Recording: Evocative

Cat Mother is one of those rare groups who have true talent and who are yet refreshingly imperfect. Their drawbacks only add to their reality. The holes are part of their appeal—like those in a sweater knitted by a true love.

Most of the writing is done by keyboardist Bob Smith. He is not an astounding writer or singer, but he is real. He's also damned good, and so is the rest of the band; they have arrived at a happy point musically and personally. Some of the writing—Ode to Oregon, Three and Me, Love until Your Heart Breaks—is harmonically and melodically imaginative. Other pieces display sheer competence: Dribbleworks Blues is a fine bottle-neck guitar solo by Charlie Prichard. Smith's organ playing is the most interesting I have heard since Booker T. Jones' and Smitty Smith's, respectively from the MG's and Motherlode.

Cat Mother has an open, airy, exploratory, easy-sense that feels like it was created (or congealed) on a summer's night and yet is still good for a winter's day. Wonderful. J.V.

ROGER COOK: Meanwhile Back at the World. Roger Cook (vocals, guitar); various musicians. Meanwhile Back at the World; I Am; Greta Oescwina; We Will Get By; Warm Days, Warm Nights; Oh Babe; I'll Bet Jesus Is a Lonely Man; Sweet America. KAMA SUTRA KSBS 2056 $4.98. @ M 82056 $6.98. © M 82056 $6.98.

Performance: First-rate
Recording: Superb

If you've heard the slick, gutless songs Roger Cook and his partner Roger Greenaway have churned out for such allegedly-musical organizations as the New Seekers, you're in for a surprise when you hear these songs. There's not a clinker in the bunch, and they are sung and played with the kind of authority only a true pro can command. Cook does not have a spectacular voice, but it is a thoroughly competent one, with just a hint of buzz to give it character. I was mildly startled to see in the credits that Leslie Duncan is in the back-up

Explanation of symbols:
= reel-to-reel stereo tape
= eight-track stereo cartridge
= stereo cassette
= quadrasonic disc
= reel-to-reel quadrasonic tape
= eight-track quadrasonic tape
= quadrasonic cassette

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol ®.

The first listing is the one reviewed; other formats, if available, follow it.
chors—I had already described Cook's vocals to somebody by calling him "a male Les-
ilie Downes." (That didn't help, as the voice
son—like too many others—had never heard
Miss Duncan.) Anyway, this is a collection of
material that varies from the comic-nostalgic
Greta Oskwina to a Jesus song with a differ-
ence, with lovely ballads, anthems for this and
that (including Sweet America, which may be
valid point about the old homeland: no matter
how disgusted you may be with its politics and
plastics, you have to love its countryside,
if you really look at it, and a couple of thor-
ously successful gospel-based workouts in
between. The backup sound, using such musi-
cians as Jimmy Horowitz and Chris Speeding,
is rich and vigorous and tasteful. This is easily
among the best five or six albums of the last
several months.
N.C.
RITA COOLIDGE: Nice Feelin'. Rita Cool-
idge (vocals); accompaniment, Ronald Stone
dir. Family Full of Soul; You Touch Me in the
Morning; If You Were Mine; Nice Feelin';
Only You Know and I Know; and five others.
A&M SP 4325 $5.98, © 4325 $6.98, © 4325 $6.98.
Performance: Comfortable, but cool
Recording: Good
Rita Coolidge's voice is ever soft, gentle,
and low, an excellent thing in a woman, and
it says in her album title, she gives you a "nice
feelin'." There are lots of ladies giving out
nice feelings these days: Carole King, Roberta
Flack, Judy Collins, Carly Simon. Dory
Previn. Conceivably the Seventies may prove to
be the Decade of Distaff, musicians as well as in
all other areas of the Liberated Woman's activities. Should we males flee?
Or should we hold firm and defend ourselves?
One glance at the soft, gentle, low-keyed
photos on Rita's new album and I'm tempted
to stay. Hearing her message through the
lyrics of the songs she has selected doesn't
threaten, for they are all nice, sweetly sad,
and gentle love songs. But there is something
about Miss Coolidge's affirmative, controlled
vocals, and their vulnerability with their music.
Ms. Flack is an artist and musician first and
last; Ms. Collins is a dove of peace. But Ms.
Coolidge is a forceful new one. For even when
she sings "you touched me this morning/This
evening you'll be gone," there is a lack of
suffering in her voice that is appallingly ob-
vious, and it is this cool, uninvolved resis-
tation that speaks to me. I want to believe
Rita, but I can't.
R.R.
KEITH EMERSON: With the Nice. Keith
Emerson (keyboards); Lee Jackson (bass and
vocals); Jennings (vibes); Joe Farrell (soprano sax);
Rainey (bass); Bernard Purdie (drums); Jack
Eckstine collaborated on an old album on the
Emarcy label that has become a collector's item. Some of the beats, tempos, and arrange-
ments here are a bit corny for my taste, but
the voices are the message, and Flack and
Hathaway make no secret about their mutual
admiration in that department. Roberta Flack
and Donny Hathaway are pure dynamite to-
gether. I think this is one of the most sensual
experiences I've had via records this year.

ROBERTA FLACK & DONNY HATHAWAY
An extraordinary musical camaraderie
and "Elegy"; but then you never know—
these could be alternate takes.
Don H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
ROBERTA FLACK AND DONNY HATHA-
WAY. Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway
(vocals and piano); Eric Gale (guitar); Chuck
Rainey (bass); Bernard Purdie (drums); Jack
Jennings (vibes); Joe Farrell (soprano sax); and
others. I Who Have Nothing: You've Got a
Friend; Baby I Love You; Be Real Black for
Me; You've Lost That Loving Feeling; For
All We Know; and four others. ATLANTIC
SD 7216 $5.98, © M 87216 $6.98, © M 57216
$6.98.
Performance: Velvet funk
Recording: Excellent
According to a recent New York magazine
article about cops, the only true friends are
two-man patrol units, like the partnership in
The French Connection. Well, I wouldn't want to
be the one to contradict New York, but on the
basis of this album, I'd say Roberta Flack and
Donny Hathaway have got something too
special to knock. If this isn't true friendship, I
don't know the meaning of the word. Some-
times, as in I Who Have Nothing, it's Roberta
whose Rock-of-Gibraltar tones take the
lead, with Donny adding occasional moans,
like slides on an intelligent trombone. At
other times, as in Carole King's You've Got a
Friend, both voices take the stand and hold
forth in a duet of companionship. Both of
these extraordinary performers have fine in-
struments, mellow and in tune, and both of
them complement each other in surprising
ways. Example: on Be Real Black for Me,
Roberta takes the lead, soap-boxing gently
about the beauties of West; and Don-
ny joins in on "You don't have to change a
thing," and, unless I'm crazy, I would swear
it was all unrehearsed, an expression of total
devotion. There's a tightness here, a musical
camaraderie the equal of which hasn't been
felt since Sasssy Sarah Vaughan and Bill
Eckstine collaborated on an old album on the
Emarcy label that has become a collector's item. Some of the beats, tempos, and arrange-
ments here are a bit corny for my taste, but
the voices are the message, and Flack and
Hathaway make no secret about their mutual
admiration in that department. Roberta Flack
and Donny Hathaway are pure dynamite to-
gether. I think this is one of the most sensual
experiences I've had via records this year.

JAKE AND THE FAMILY JEWELS: The Big
Moose Calls His Baby Sweet Lorraine. Jake
and the Family Jewels (vocals and instrumen-
tals); various other musicians. Sunshine Joe;
Don't Look Back (I Heard Somebody Say);
Lake Louise; Water Makes Me Sing; Pent-
house; Minstrel Boy; Down on My Knees;
When Will I Be Loved; When You Were Just
A Maid; Motorcar (Oh What a Dream). POLY-
DOUR PD 5024 $4.98.
Performance: Dandy
Recording: Good
Jake & the Family Jewels is Alka-Seltzer for
the musical blats. What a relief to hear them
after trying to digest too much glucose-and
starch rock! Theirs is unpretentious, un-
adorned, unheavy music, and perfectly delight-
ful. Allan Jacobs (Jake) is a tasty writer-
Sunshine Joe, Don't Look Back, Motorcar
(these last two fine "nostalgia" pieces), and
When You Were Just A Maid, along with his
version of the Everly Brothers' When Will I
Be Loved, are the outstanding cuts. The trump-
et on Maid is effective and right for the
mood; Jake's Hawaiian guitar on Joe is
charming.
All concerned do a fine job. No wonder
the big moose calls his baby Sweet Lorraine
(I don't know what that means, but somehow it
sounds right and proper for the record).
J.V.

JETHRO TULL: Thick as a Brick (see Best
of the Month, page 71)

GRETA KELLER & ROD McKUEN: An
Evening in Vienna with Greta Keller and Rod
McKuen. Greta Keller (vocals); ensemble.
Kurt Werner cond. Rod McKuen (vocals); ensem-
ble. Arthur Greenslade cond. Wonder-
in' Star; My Ship; If You Go Away; and six
others (Keller); It's a Beautiful World; And to
Each Season; The Far West; and five others
(McKuen). STANIAN 5040 $5.98.
Performance: Par for the course
Recording: Excellent
GRETA KELLER: Great Songs of the 30's.
(Continued on page 76)
BASF jamproof cassettes.

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To: Fate, Warner Bros. Records, P.O. Box 1261, Hollywood, Cal. 90028

Subject: Kiss the World Goodbye

I encourage you to find the single, "Kiss the World Goodbye," by Kris Kristofferson. When Kris is a pure and genuine artist, he strikes the right chord in me. Never has the recording of the song "Kiss the World Goodbye" been so fitting. The lyrics and the music are both haunting and beautiful, capturing the essence of the human condition. I believe that Kris's work is a testament to the power of music to touch the soul and uplift the spirit. May we all continue to enjoy and appreciate the gift of music.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
When it comes to fine stereo systems...

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That means that Marantz not only makes the finest most expensive stereo equipment in the world but also the finest least expensive stereo equipment in the world. Our $1319 Marantz stereo component system for example includes the Marantz Model 120 stereophonic tuner featuring the exclusive Gyro-Touch tuning and built-in osciloscope for $429; the Model 330C preamplifier/control center that offers you full control facilities at $395; plus the Marantz Model 25C, a 250 watt RMS power amplifier priced at $495. Put them all together and you spell Marantz—a total of $1319 worth of the best stereo equipment available to the connoisseur.

$1319

For the budget-minded music lover, Marantz also makes the finest, least expensive stereo equipment in the world. Marantz offers a component system that includes the Marantz Model 110 FM/AM stereophonic tuner featuring Gyro-Touch tuning for only $179.95, and beautifully complemented by the Marantz Model 1030 stereo preamp-amplifier with 15 watts RMS per channel priced at only $149.95. A great system for the budding stereo enthusiast and the best buy for the money in the audio world.

$329.90

Same name, same quality—regardless of price. That's Marantz' superior quality, inherent in the full line of components. And to complete your system choose a Marantz Imperial speaker system. Marantz.

We sound better.
IS JAZZ COMING BACK?

An opinion based on recent experience

By JOEL VANCE

There have been recent predictions (almost a flood of them in the "jazz month" recently ended), some cautious, all hopeful, that "jazz is coming back." Among the reasons cited are the number of jazz albums now being released (some, to be sure, on semi-private labels), the rather recent introduction of a sort of modified jazz to the "youth-oriented market" via such groups as Chicago and Blood, Sweat & Tears, and, of course, the claimed superior richness of jazz for the mind and for the glands.

Most of the predicting, predictably, has come from jazz magazines, which have been saying "foo!" to rock all these years while deriving their revenue from advertising by rock-equipment manufacturers. Reading these magazines is like reading those gossip columns whose proprietors, overage in grade, have settled into a determined fantasy that, not only were things a lot better twenty-five years ago, but that it is twenty-five years ago, that Toots Shor's and the Stork Club are still going strong, and that kid who used to sing with Tommy Dorsey has really developed into a bloody bore.

Well, then, is jazz coming back? I think not. The jazz albums being released these days cannot in quantity, quality, or intent of vendor be cited as proof of a new life, for among the major labels these days it is simply Catalog City: they are reissuing (in comparison to normal business times) a large amount of catalog in all fields—opera, spoken word, comedy, pop, and rock—because, among other things, they spent too much money over the last five years on rock groups that didn't catch on. Catalog product, including jazz, is cheap to reissue and has a much greater profit margin, no matter how large or small the potential market.

Two other reasons for the great number of jazz records appearing on the market are (1) very small, semi-private labels owned by jazz musicians or aficionados continue to appear, and they sell their product by mail-order, with none of the distribution or promotion facilities (or problems) of a major or minor "commercial" label (2) commercial labels reissue old sides specifically designed for (and often instigated by) the Continental European market, where jazz still has a lingering exotic appeal. (In England, however, jazz has been making the same shrill and arrogant mistakes it made Stateside, with the same predictable reactions from the audience.)

Which brings us right up to date and to the ten-LP series just issued by Capitol tagged "Capitol Jazz Classics." Capitol does have a fairly representative catalog of "modern" or "progressive" jazz from the late Forties into the Fifties. Like other major labels in that period, they recorded jazz as long as it still sold records, and they curtailed their recording, like the others, when it stopped selling.

The series is liner-noted (and, I imagine, instigated) by the editors of Jazzwereld, a Dutch publication. The notes read like most—nay, all—of the bad Yank jazz criticism of the Forties/Fifties/Sixties and are full of that peculiar European notion that Americans don't really understand or appreciate their native art forms (including the movie Western, the stage musical, rock, and, perhaps, Jerry Lewis), plus a safely uninvolved smugness about American racial problems. They are over-written both emotionally and intellectually. It is to recoil. As for the albums themselves:

1. Miles Davis: Davis was twenty-two and the band members, including arranger/bari-saxist Gerry Mulligan, were all about the same age when these sides were made in 1949/1950. The music is joyous, energetic, and ambitious. It is also indistinguishable even amongst itself, and the technique is overpowering and almost militarily stiffing. Though it is supposedly an exercise in freedom, it is more like calisthenics. It inaugurated the Puritan spirit in jazz ("We are doing God's work, and we—maybe not you so much as I, I—I/are God?").

2. Stan Kenton was always fitfully interesting. These recordings, previously unreleased, are also fitfully interesting.

3. Art Tatum was a very fine pianist, full of surprises, ahead of his time in anticipating that jazz piano, if not all jazz, would become too predictable in its improvisations around familiar melodies—so he specialized in prestidigitation anticipated improvisations. Too much all at once is too much, but the sixteen sides here—taken, say—at the rate of four a day are very rewarding.

4. Gerry Mulligan/Red Norvo/Stan Hasselgard is an expedient potpourri because Mulligan didn't record enough sides for a full album. Nobody does anything really wrong here, but like much of the jazz of this period, it bears the sacred seal of a closed society. The audience is supposed to look, but not touch.

5. Coleman Hawkins may have been, as many musicians and critics claimed, the grand master of the tenor sax. I have listened to him for fifteen years now, and I still can't get past his rattling, breathy and spit tone. It destroys for me the whatever pleasure his phrasing and thinking might contain. But if you like Hawkins, you will probably like this 1945 collection.

6. All Star Sessions, quickie dates by a not necessarily complete rosters of jazz magazine poll winners, contains and/or features Davis, Hawkins, Benny Carter, Buster Bailey, Dizzy Gillespie, Kai Windling, some Ellington family members, and others, when it stopped selling.

Nothing terribly memorable here, but Nat Cole, in his music, is young, energetic, and ambitious. It is also indistinguishable even amongst itself, and the technique is overpowering and almost militarily stiffing. Though it is supposedly an exercise in freedom, it is more like calisthenics. It inaugurated the Puritan spirit in jazz ("We are doing God's work, and we—maybe not you so much as I, I—I/are God?").

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7. Tommy Dorsey has really developed into a leaden massiveness about jazz as long as it still sold records, and they curtailed their recording, like the others, when it stopped selling.
7. Serge Chaloff was a talented baritone sax player who used all the tones and ranges of the instrument—and a bari is not the easiest thing in the world to play. A very enjoyable album, marred by the disgustingly necrophilic liner notes. Chaloff had a spinal disease and died young; the boys at Jazzwereld are as enthusiastic about the poor man’s affliction as they are about his music. And you thought vampires came only from Transylvania?

8. King Cole Trio is a thoroughly delightful album full of good-natured good music to play and play again. Nat Cole’s sense of phrasing was as sure on the piano as it was in his voice. He knew how to pick the right tunes and, having picked them, knew what to do with them, not to them.

9. Woody Herman is full of idiotic bop-scat vocals and screeching trumpets. “Ooole-op-hop,” seen in the clearer perspective of the decades, is just not as funny or as charming as “vo-do-de-o-do.” And the trumpet, dammit, is an instrument, not a weapon. The whole disc sounds like Les Brown and His Band of Renown trying to play Bob Hope off the stage on a USO tour after the theater has been shelled by the Cong.

10. Swing Exercise is another potpourri and smells like one. Billie Holiday is featured on the cover, though she has only one side out of thirteen tracks. Al Casey, Sonny Greer, Sid Catlett, and Rex Stewart are shown to their worst advantage. The Greer and Stewart sides take Ellington tunes the two had played with Ellington bands and give them cheap service. Sid Catlett, one of the best jazz drummers, worked better in almost any other circumstances than those recorded here.

Jazz started off as a wonderful brat, became experienced, started to grow up, but then turned into a perpetual college student, something like Fritz the Cat. It would be nice if jazz were to come back, but not in the hostile, egocentric, academic, chauvinist form it has taken even since the early Forties. And if it does come back, it has to come back for people—not The People, but just people—pretty women and ugly men. Otherwise, as Chuck Berry once said, “I don’t want your botheration.”


CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF

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Performance: Watery Scotch
Recording: Deafening

I am sure you were quite as upset as I was, on that day of infamy July 2, 1971 (or 22nd July, as our noble cousins across the Atlantic put it), when the name of the Royal Scots Greys—who once had Wellington thrash Bonaparte—disappeared from the Order of Battle in the British Army. I was hard put to finish my morning scones and tea when the stop-press news came through. But take heart, my hearties! The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) have amalgamated with the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales Dragoon Guards) to form "Scotland's new armoured Regiment. The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers and Greys)." What is even more thunderous news, the Military Band and the Pipes and Drums of the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, representing the cream of musical talent in both parent regiments, has issued a record album to commemorate the brave deeds of the Royal Scots Greys. "This stirring and moving music will bring a flush of pride and a tear to the eye," a stout-hearted fellow named Pete Kerr predicts in his liner notes. And a buzz to the ears and a tic to the cheek, one is almost tempted to add. What a "stirring" band it is, pounding out slow airs, quick marches, strathspeys and jigs and reels, evening hymns and morning reveilles to a breathless world. If you think the days of Empire are no more, just listen to the Russian Imperial Anthem or the 72nd's Farewell to Aberdeen, as these boys deliver it, and be reassured. "Art imitates life," when this group pumps it out, is enough to bring on an entire religious revival all by itself. The commercial miracle of this album is the unprecedented success of the title selection as a pop single. Amazing, but I don't understand it either.

P.K.

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE: Moonshot. Buffy Sainte-Marie (vocals and guitar); orchestra. Lay It Down; Jeremiah; Moonshot; Not the Lookin' Kind; and seven others. VANGUARD VSD 79312 $5.98.

Performance: Disappointing
Recording: Good

This disc is a major disappointment for someone I have long considered an important pop influence. Buffy Sainte-Marie's singing style has been ripped off by more young women than she probably cares to think about. No one can rip off her composing talent, but there have been attempts "in the style of." Though never able to make the breakthrough to stardom, she hasn't, until now, produced an album that didn't contain numerous moments of unique music-making. What happened here? I haven't a clue. What I can say is that the voice sounds pushed much beyond its natural limits, that the throbbing vibrato has become a fazed cow, and that most of the songs are so overproduced and overarranged that it's impossible to determine whether they have any real merit.

Everyone is entitled to a mistake, and no one more than an artist of Miss Sainte-Marie's gifts, so I won't dwell on the album's general air of hysteria and fragmentation. Pass this one by—but don't neglect her previous work. It is very good indeed.

P.R.


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P.R.
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SEPTEMBER 1972

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the instance in which this is done best, with Gunderson’s guitar and composer Mait Edey’s piano shaping different and complementary melodic figures, and Charlie La Chappelle playing melodic, very blue stand-up bass. Bill Hurd and Billy Thompson weave two saxophone solos together beautifully in Wobbly Bird Blues. The music is restrained throughout—perhaps too restrained—but it is also subtle and seductive. The suggestion of energy is clearly planted, and, the mind being what it is, suggestion is often more effective than outright declaration. A few civilized moments with this one, at any rate, is time well spent.

YOUNG-HOLT UNLIMITED: Born Again. Young-Holt Unlimited (instrumentals). I'll Be There; Hot Pants; Something; Liv Bugg; Save the Day; and five others. Cotillion SD 18044 $4.98. @ M 88004 $6.98, © M 58004 $6.98.

Performance: Vital
Recording: First-rate

This disc contains strong, unmanpered jazz playing with dark touches of the blues and bright touches of rock. The only sour notes are the quartet vocals on some tracks. In Hot Pants they sound smothered and distant. In Liv Bugg they're a lot more prominent, but you wish that they weren't. The star, of course, is Redd Holt on drums, and he is a wonder. The engineering, except for the vocals, is exceptional, with a woody, resonant feel to it.

FOLK

TOM DARBY & JIMMY TARLTON. Jimmy Tarlton (vocals and lead guitar); Tom Darby (vocals and rhythm guitar). Ooze up to Me; Birmingham Town; The Rainbow Division; Down in Florida on a Hog; Lonesome in the Pines; Birmingham Jail #2; Heavy Hearted Blues; and seven others. Old Timey LP 112 $5.98.

Performance: Great classic folk
Recording: Excellent reprocessing

Jimmy Tarlton and Tom Darby were two white Southerners heavily influenced by black blues. Darby sang straight country vocals with Tarlton’s eerie harmony, and the latter’s Hawaiian guitar style and solo vocals rank him with the best of the white blues singers, who are very few. These sides were originally cut in the late Twenties, and the sound reproduction on this LP is very faithful. The outstanding cut is Tarlton’s solo on Ooze up to Me, a black blues so delightfully pornographic that you’ll laugh as much as you’ll marvel at the swing.

The performances are far from perfect; chords clash, and vocals stray off or come in too soon before the instrumentals have ended; but the artlessness brings D & T a lot closer to art than the puffy - scruffier of current rock. I haven’t heard of the Old Timey label before, but according to the liner notes they have a fairly large catalog, on several related labels, of blues, folk, and jazz. I’d be interested to hear more.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

THE MUSIC OF TRINIDAD (Recorded on location). Introduction: Children’s Songs: Tegno; Humane; Madame Ophelia (Go-coyaveil Youth Arts Club); Queen of the Bands (Staliff Steelband); Sans Humana (Lara Brothers’ Parrang); Jouyve Parade (various steel bands); Calypso Medley (The Mighty Bomber); Carnival (Fondeuil Steelband); and others. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC Society 3297 (available by mail from the Society, Dept. SR100, Washington, D.C. 20036) $4.95 postpaid.

Performance: Exciting
Recording: Fine on-location

The National Geographic Society, which came a couple of years ago with a perfectly ravishing portfolio and record called “The Music of Greece,” has managed to match the high standard it set then in this second package of its “Sounds of the World” series. The trade winds that brought Columbus to that southernmost of the West Indies (just ten degrees above the Equator) also brought the Spanish, the French, and the British as conquerors and settlers, slaves from West Africa, indentured laborers from Madeira and China, and hundreds of thousands of immigrants from India—all with their own customs and traditions and their own music. It was the Afri-
can influence that led to the birth of the is-
land's most famous export, calypso. Into cal-
ypsy, the black Trinidadians—employing his own patois with its mixture of French, Span-
ish, and English—has poured his wit, his inge-
nuity, and his anger. Long before these songs
served to amuse Americans with their humor, they were weapons in political battles against oppression and injustice.

But Trinidad's music, along with the African chant and the rhythms of African drums, gradually began to include the more subtle sounds of East Indian music, and adaptations of Spanish songs and dances such as the seben-
ymusique, the galleron, and the joropo, and the bele-
lypes, the black Trinidadian—employing his
land's most famous export, calypso. Into ca-

The Empire cartridge uses four poles, four coils and three magnets (more than any other brand). This means ultra-wide frequency response and separation while tracking at forces so low they barely touch your records. RECORDS AND RECORDING MAGAZINE summed it up very well. They called the Empire cartridge "a design that encourages a music lover to clap his hands with joy." Empire four channel cartridges are available at better hi-fi stores. For further information, write Empire Scientific Corp., 1055 Stewart Avenue Garden City, New York 11530.

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#1 RECORDINGS

MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY: Retrospect. Mike Nichols and Elaine May (comedians). Telephone: Ad Liberty Disc Jockey; Mother and Son: A Little More Grace; Morning Rounds: Merry Christmas. Doctor: Physical; Cocktail Piano; Bach to Bach; Second Piano Concerto (The Dentist); and Nichols and May at Work. MERCURY SRM 2-628 two discs $5.98, @ MCT8 2-628 $9.98.

Performance: Beyond compare
Recording: Good stereo, fair "electronic processing"

Oh, Mr. Nichols and Miss May! Why did you ever break up the act? Yes, you gave us The Graduate. Mr. Nichols, and all those movies and plays for which plaudits and awards have rained down on your head. Yes, Miss May, you created that unforgettable portrait of a female slob in A New Leaf. Separate-ly you have proved yourselves fine writers, performers, and directors. But together—together you had a genius for satire unequalled in our day, and comedy records have never been the same without you.

The only complaint one could possibly have about this retrospective anthology of the great skits from the Nichols and May archives is that there aren't enough of them. Each side runs a little more than fifteen minutes, and I could think of off-hand of at least a dozen episodes that could have been added to the program without lowering its quality: even though the special price puts the album in the bargain bracket, the whole thing could have been fitted onto two sides.

Never mind. What's here is immortal: Miss May as the telephone-company supervisor assuring Mr. Nichols in his phone booth that "Bell Telephone doesn't need your dime" (Lily Tomlin's Ernestine learned much from this encounter); an adulterous couple unable to endure their rendezvous at a motel without the company of the husband they are cuckold-ing; a name-dropping disc jockey ("Jack Ego from the Tip Top Lounge atop New York's Ansonia Hotel") interviewing a dizzy, sim-pering movie queen who starts her sentences "But seriously, Jack" and is about to appear in The Big Sky, the life story of God (whom the interviewer knows personally); a nagging mother who accuses her son the scientist of caring more about his Vanguard rockets than about phoning his mother from Cape Kennedy ("Hello, Arthur. This is your mother. Do you remember me?"); four scenes from the famous record about doctors and nurses, including the love affair in the operating room, and the analyst hurt because her patient would rather spend Christmas with his wife and children than with her; and, finally, three from the "music-lovers" series—the seduc-tion of the mimeograph operator by her boss in a bar, the masterpiece "Bach to Bach," in

(Continued on page 88)
After the monthly breakthroughs and revolutions in speaker design, how come the Rectilinear III still sounds better?

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That was the original Rectilinear III, which we are still selling, to this day, for $279. Within a year, virtually every hi-fi editor and equipment reviewer went on record to the effect that the Rectilinear III was unsurpassed by any other speaker system, regardless of type, size or price. (Reprints still available.)

Then came about forty-seven different breakthroughs and revolutions in the course of the years, while we kept the Rectilinear III unchanged. We thought it sounded a lot more natural than the breakthrough stuff, but of course we were prejudiced.

Finally, last year, we started to make a lowboy version of the Rectilinear III. It was purely a cosmetic change, since the two versions are electrically and acoustically identical. But the new lowboy is wider, lower and more sumptuous, with a very impressive fretwork grille. It measures 28" by 22" by 12 1/4" deep (same internal volume) and is priced $20 higher at $299.

The new version gave Stereo Review the opportunity to test the Rectilinear III again after a lapse of almost five years. And, lo and behold, the test report said that “the system did a essentially perfect job of duplicating our “live music” and that both the original and the lowboy version “are among the best-sounding and most ‘natural’ speakers we have heard.” (Reprints on request.)

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On Columbia Records and Tapes
*Recorded for 4-channel
†Not available on tape
RECORD REVIEWS
CLASSICAL

Reviewed by DAVID HALL • BERNARD JACOBSON • GEORGE JELLINEK • IGOR KIPNIS
PAUL KRESH • ERIC SALZMAN • LESTER TRIMBLE

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
Performance: Overwhelming
Recording: Very good

Alkan's Concerto for Solo Piano is made up of three of his Douze Etudes dans sous les
Alkan's Concerto for Solo Piano is a heroic work that would do credit to Liszt. The first of
these "études" lasts almost twenty-seven minutes—even at Ogdon's furious tempo—and
never, but never, flags. The Adagio and Finale, a mere twenty-two minutes between
them, are scarcely less impressive, the former a kind of funeral march, the latter something
like a cross between a polonaise and a boléro.

The combination of imagination, skill, craft, and virtuosity—performer's and composer's—is simply staggering, and the quality of invention and fantasy is high. I don't find Alkan's formal sense convincing—he sprawls all over the place—but then, of the middle and late Romantics, only Brahms is entirely successful at making large-scale instrumental pieces. Missing also is the final touch of stylistic coherence. But Alkan's eclecticism hardly needed bother us much more than Mahler's, and this music, furious and demented, is not lacking in character.

The mind boggles. The technical demands of this fifty-minute hour crammed full of music are staggering. Ogdon makes an overwhelming impression. But it must be said that he occasionally lets his own facility get away with him; I can point to many details that could have been realized with more clarity or control. Nevertheless, I know of no other nineteenth-century work that makes such extensive and continuous musical and technical demands upon the performer, and I know of few performers as well equipped to deal with these demands as Ogdon. Piano sound is changy at the top, but otherwise acceptable.

E.S.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
AVISON: Six Concertos, Op. 6: No. 1, in G Minor; No. 2, in B-flat Major; No. 6, in D Major; No. 8, in E Minor; No. 9, in D Major.

JOHN OGDON
Equipped for Alkan's staggering demands

Handel had such a pronounced influence on his contemporaries in England that almost every younger composer succumbed to the basic characteristics of his style. One exception was Charles Avison (1709-1770). As Charles Cudworth, one of England's most knowledgeable and entertaining writers on musical subjects, points out in his annotations for this album, Avison didn't like Handel; he even attacked him in print. He preferred instead Marcello, Rameau, Domenico Scarlatti, and the man who is supposed to have been his violin teacher, Francesco Geminiani.

Avison's set of twelve concertos, Op. 6, were published in 1738 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the composer lived for most of his life and worked as an organist. Most of the concertos included here follow the four-movement sonata da chiesa form, and in general they have the melodiousness of Geminiani, for example the affecting Amoroso in the eighth concerto. Avison can also be remarkably forceful (the fugue of No. 9) as well as captivatingly sprightly (the Allegro of No. 2). One cannot call each and every concerto a masterpiece, but they are always interesting to hear and to compare with other concerti grossi of the period. Emanuel Hurwitz makes an extremely good case for their performance; his ensemble has a fine grasp of style, and the group plays with sensitivity and good ensemble. The recorded sound is quite satisfactory, except for some slight constriction at the side ends.

I.K.

BACH, J. S.: Cantata No. 202, "Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten" (Wedding Cantata). HANDEL: Motetto, "Silente venti." Carole Bogard (soprano); Raymond Dosté (oboe); John Gibbons (harpsichord continuo); Emanuel Hurwitz Chamber Orchestra of Copenhagen. John Storlari cond. CAMBRIDGE CC 2772 $5.98.

Performance: Enterprising
Recording: Good

The circumstances surrounding the composition of Bach's marvelous Cantata 202 are not well known; this secular work was written for a wedding celebration and probably comes from the composer's years in Cöthen. Handel's cantatas, which he called a "motetto," is a sacred work dating, in its final form, from the 1720's; parts of it were written during his Italian years, and the final "Alleluia" also appears again in Esther. From its opening French overture and dramatic first recitative ("Be still, ye winds! Your murmuring cease, ye leaves, for my soul in bliss reposeth") until the bouncy finale, it is Handel at his very best. Neither piece is new to records. The present performances, baring a few deficiencies, are very attractive ones on the whole. Carole Bogard negotiates the florid vocal line with comparative ease, and the accompaniments, if not too refined tonally, are sensitive and vital. The soloist has an excellent understanding of style; he uses Miss Bogard less effectively and expertly in the appropriate places. The harpsichord continuo, too, is very effective. I do wish that the soprano's pronunciation were a bit clearer, for consonants never quite emerge, and she lacks the warmth and expressivity of Elly Ameling, whose notable recording of the Bach cantata is on Victrola

Explanation of symbols:
=R= reel-to-reel stereo tape
= eight-track stereo cartridge
= stereo cassette
= quadraphonic disc
=R= reel-to-reel quadraphonic tape
= eight-track quadraphonic tape
= quadraphonic cassette

Monophonic recordings are indicated by the symbol M.

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

SEPTEMBER 1972

91
VICS 1281. Nevertheless, this is a commendable recording, especially for the Handel; here, Miss Bogard outshines her competitor, Halina Lukomska (VICS 1264), in vocal attractiveness. The reproduction is good, though a treble boost may be advisable. I sum up: complete texts and translations will be part of the final package; my advance copy contained only annotations.

I.K.


Performance: Excellent Bruch Recording: Good

For two young musicians at so early a stage in their international careers as Yong Uck Kim from Korea and Okko Kamu from Finland to attempt yet another recording of two of the most recorded violin concertos is indeed tempting the fates. After all, "who needs it?"—another recording of the Bruch and Mendelssohn concertos, when one has a choice of Heifetz, Francescatti, Ricci, Stern, and Milstein with seasoned conductors of the quality of Szell, Munch, Ormandy, and Steinberg?

But even in the face of this competition, Messrs. Kim and Kamu deliver an ardent and broadly scaled reading of the Bruch. The Mendelssohn fares less well, for my taste. Kim's tone here seems thin and wiry, Kamu's accompaniment slow-paced and lacking in urgency. Heifetz-Munch still set the standard for me. Clean and spacious sound by DGG.

CARLOS: Sonic Seasonings. Spring; Summer; Fall; Winter. Electronic music and sound effects, Walter Carlos cond. COLUMBIA KG 31234 two discs $5.98, © GR 31234 $7.98, © GA 31234 $6.98, © GT 31234 $6.98.

Performance: Cacophonous calendar Recording: Stupefying

It was with considerable anticipation that I unwrapped this two-record set from Columbia and began Walter Carlos' latest investigation into the possibilities of electronic music. I had been impressed tremendously with his score for Stanley Kubrick's movie of A Clockwork Orange and less irritated by his "Switched-On Bach" than I had expected to be. What with Rachel Elkind's effusive notes and the handsome cover from the Japanese collection of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, I could hardly wait to hear what Mr. Carlos had wrought with his sound effects and tape machines. Rest assured: neither Vivaldi, Glazounov's, or Haydn's Seasons are in any danger of replacement by Mr. Carlos and his "Sonic Seasonings."

Disillusionment came over me only gradually—not to say deafeningly. I went along through the first side entitled "Spring," enduring the songs of birds mingled with the moos from the Moog patiently, even when an interminable rainstorm took over. After that, however, it was all downhill. Summer turned irritatingly into the real thing, with what innocently started out sounding like a lawnmower but increased intolerable to the proportions of a giant buzz-saw, while the crickets-and-katydids sound effects were magnified beyond all toleration, as in some ghostly science-fiction epic. The roaring winds of autumn, accompanied by a kind of galumphing electronic country dance, and the howling storms and wolves of winter came almost as a relief from Mr. Carlos' excruciating noises of the sounds of summer, but by this time I was only hanging in there to find out how much I could take; I ended up a rather shattered man.

The trouble lies, I suspect, in the very approach that Miss Elkind, as Mr. Carlos' mentor and accomplice, ingenuously describes when she says, with misplaced pride, that "we were 'winging it' from the first inch of tape to the end." Most "environmental" records with which the market has been burdened have been content to echo nature with chittering birds or endless repetitions of waves breaking on shores. When one dares to go beyond that, it is only when that real musical invention is needed, not just the hope that enough fooling around with sound effects and electronic keyboards through undisciplined improvisation is going to take you anywhere. As the sounds begin slowly to modify and dissolve in the early minutes of "Sonic Seasonings," the listener's hopes go up: perhaps he is in good, resourceful hands. By the time the two-record set has run its sterile, stupefying course, he realizes that he has been lured down the pages of an empty calendar through a siege of sound and fury that is the very antithesis of creative composition—whether for conventional instruments or electronic ones, with or without sound effects. (Continued on page 95)
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FM reception is superb: 2.2uV IHF sensitivity, 70dB selectivity, for example. And the preamp section has all the controls for stereo, four-channel, or mono: high filter, loudness compensation, independent bass and treble controls for front and back. That leaves only cost as your excuse. And it’s a weak one. The SCR-6650 costs hardly more than stereo receivers of comparable facilities and specifications, $329.50.*

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“One of the most productive and innovative composers of our century”

By Richard Freed

Sixty years ago, at just about the time he turned sixty, Darius Milhaud produced an autobiography titled Notes Without Music (published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf, 1953). This intriguing memoir, whose chapter on the author’s early discovery of jazz is quoted with some frequency, now must be considered “Volume I” in the fascinating and far from finished story of one of the most productive and innovative composers of our century, whose eightieth birthday year—the precise date is September 4, 1972—has received far less attention than one might have expected in the way of performances and recordings of his works.

Shortly after the publication of Notes Without Music, Milhaud conducted recordings of his Suite Provençale and Saudades do Brasil, to which he appended this modest note:

“I am very happy to have the opportunity to record some of my works, like the Suite Provençale, even if they have previously been done by great conductors. Although you don’t expect from a composer the technique of professionals of the baton. I think it is worth while to have the composer’s temp and interpretation.”

Of course, by the time he made that record for Capitol, Milhaud was no newcomer to the recording studio. He had been conducting and playing (as pianist) his music—and that of “my old friend and master” Erik Satie—on records for about as long as Igor Stravinsky (to whom he refers matter-of-factly in his book as “the greatest musician of the century”), and in the documentary sense the Milhaud discography is of comparable value.

Milhaud’s modesty, as exemplified in the above quotations regarding his conducting and the music of Stravinsky, is not feigned. He has always been a singularly candid and shrewd evaluator of his own merits, and aggrieved only by what he considered a general tendency to categorize him as a musical jester. Describing a program on which Satie’s Trois petites pièces montées, Poulenc’s Cœurelles, Auric’s Fox-Trot, and his own Le Boeuf sur le toit were premiered under the late Vladimir Golschmann in 1920, he wrote:

“The light-hearted show presented under the aegis of Erik Satie was treated by the newspapers as a ‘leg-pull,’ was regarded by the public as symbolizing a Music-Hall Circus system of aesthetics, and for the critics it represented the so-called post-war music. Forgetting that I had written Les Chophones, both public and critics agreed that I was a figure of fun and a showground musician. . . . I, who hated anything comic and in composing Le Boeuf sur le toit had only aspired to create a merry, unpretentious divertissement in memory of the Brazilian rhythm which had captured my imagination, but had certainly never—no, never!—made me laugh.

“Hated anything comic” seems a bit of an overstatement from the mouth of Edward Lockspeiser, who has described so aptly as “a fertile and generous figure, eager to receive the abundance of human experience and to return it, manifold, in his vast, inspiring output.” The phrase may have been a deliberate exaggeration, but Milhaud’s irritation is understandable. La Création du monde, which he labeled “hallet nègre,” was an epochal work, the first by a “serious” composer to make use of jazz in 1923, the year before Gershwin’s Rhapsody in Blue; it is likely that this particular breakthrough also had a part in creating or extending the “Music-Hall” impression, even though there was no element of burlesque or derision in the music. In any case, the sets and costumes of Fernand Léger, or the choreography of Jean Borlin, during the premiere at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées on January 15, 1923, were a joint venture by the famous painter and the famous choreographer.

This unprecedented work was one of the first Milhaud undertook to conduct on records—just as Le Sacre du Printemps had been the first composer-conducted Stravinsky recordings—and his own early 78-rpm version has been superseded by a stereo remake issued here on Nonesuch (paired with Le Boeuf sur le toit, H 71122).

Although the inquirer’s tastes are no longer of the “juvenile” category, Milhaud works once available on records have disappeared from our catalogs. The splendid Bernstein recording of Les Chophones has been relegated to Columbia’s special-order list (CMS 6213). The composer’s own performances of three of his symphonies (whose finale is a choral Te Deum celebrating the end of World War II and the victory over Nazism) with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and the Sabattieh Morning Service (commissioned by the same San Francisco temple that had earlier commissioned a similar work from Ernest Bloch) with the orchestra of l’Opéra were both circulated on the Westminster label during the late Sixties, but only briefly; they may yet find their way into the catalog of the Musical Heritage Society. However, which already includes the Symphonies Nos. 4 and 8 with Milhaud leading the O.R.T.F. Orchestra.

Milhaud himself had expressed the wish that all eighteen of his string quartets (Nos. 14 and 15 of which may be played together as an octet) might be recorded as an integral unit for his eightieth birthday. But that wish has not been fulfilled. His own recent recordings have included his First Piano Concerto with Philippe Entremont and the Conservatoire Orchestra on Columbia (MS 7432), a collection of chamber works under his direction on Everest (Aspen Serenade, the Suite de quatrains with Madeleine Milhaud narrating, and the Septet for Strings, SDBR 3176), and two particularly interesting Cavendish records with the Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg: the six “Little Symphonies” and the ballet L’Homme et la Machine on one (EC 31008), and three concerted works (Les Chophones, Le Boeuf sur le toit, and the Concerto for Percussion with Ulrich Koch, Concerto for Percussion with Faure Daniel) on the other (CF 31013).

Plans for additional recordings on Candid under Milhaud’s direction had to be changed last spring when the composer’s poor health kept him from making the Luxembourg sessions for the Second Piano Concerto (Grani Johannesen) and the Suite scènique for cello and orchestra (Thomas Blee), which were taken over by B. Kontursky. However, there will be a Candid birthday release with Milhaud conducting: the first recording of the complete score of Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel, a joint venture by five members of Les Six (falling but Durey) for a Cocteau production of 1921. Milhaud made this recording, with the O.R.T.F., six or seven years ago for Disques Ades, whose catalog was also the source of the composition for Everest. In a certain sense, perhaps, this is a particularly fitting birthday gift, since it includes Milhaud’s old colleagues Auric, Poulenc, Honegger, and Tailleferre among the co-celebrants. In any event, it should be a notable addition to the Milhaud discography—and one that I, for one, would enjoy while waiting for Volume II of the memoirs to materialize.”
combination Leporello-Loge-like confidant of Jove, or Teresa Kubiak as the properly outraged Juno. Mention must also be made of Hugues Cuénod, who sings the transvestite role of Linfea, the virginal biddy and follower of Diana, with superb timing.

The recorded sound is most imaginatively handled, with a more airy ambiance being given to the heavenly scenes; the final chorus of celestial spirits, fading out as at the end of Holst’s Planets, is marvelously atmospheric as well. Texts and translations are provided, though I’m sorry the accompanying booklet did not include any photographs of the actual Glyndebourne production.


Performance: Good
Recording: Good

Credit Nelson Freire, the twenty-eight-year-old Brazilian-born pianist, with an imaginative idea in coupling the two great B Minor sonatas of the mid-nineteenth century. On previous records, Freire has revealed both his excellent technical equipment and his interpretive sensitivity, and he displays these assets again.

Still, good as these performances are—and there is a great deal to admire here—the interpretations lack breadth and, to a certain extent also, depth. The pianist is inclined to be rather even-tempered and lacking in rhetoric in both pieces. For example, for all her willful qualities, Martha Argerich is far more exciting in the Chopin, and more spontaneous as well. The classic recording of the Chopin Sonata, of course, is Dinu Lipatti’s; he brought a patrician, noble quality to this piece that is only hinted at in Freire’s performance. Much the same may be said about the Liszt. The poetic moments are quite beautifully handled, but when it comes to the diabolic sections, I found myself missing that kind of crackling excitement that one hears in the famous old Horowitz recording. Of the more recent versions, Arrau’s superb account is the most convincing I know in its espousal of nineteenth-century grandeur and rhetoric, and both Andre Watts and Pascal Rogé have made interesting and effective recordings of the piece. The problem with Freire is that, a great deal of the time, he doesn’t project much except enormous technical and musical competence; one longs for individual touches, as well as more expressive dynamics and pacing. Regarding the dynamics, the recording itself may play down and smooth out his louder passages; it is warm piano sound, but also a little dull on the top. The German CBS pressing, which I have had for a couple of years, emphasizes the piano tone’s brilliance more effectively.

DVORÁK: Violin Concerto in A Minor (see WIENIAWSKI)

HANDEL: Motetto, “Silete venti” (see BACH: Cantata No. 202)


Performance: Fair
Recording: Good

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Fans of “Papa Casals” will no doubt want these interpretations of “Papa Haydn” as performed by the Marlboro Festival Orchestra with the aged cellist on the podium. The symphonies are a delight, as always, and Casals’ sturdy hand is obviously involved. But no one should be misled into thinking that these are revelatory interpretations, nor as polished, elegant, and scorsos as most of the music that has come from the Marlboro Festival via its own record label. The orchestra’s intonation is away of enjances and “ensemble” are rugged, and Casals’ interpretive contribution is notable more in the special (though not necessarily splendid) shaping of a phrase or tempo here and there than it is in any overall conception of the works. This is a record for those who already admire Casals for all he has done in the past; it will make no converts. Perhaps, rather than putting these performances directly on tape at the Marlboro Festival, complete with applause, it might have been better to go through the normal recording process and polish it a bit.

L. T.

**LISTZ: Sonata in B Minor (see CHOPIN)**

**RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT**

**MAHLER: Symphony No. 8, in E-flat Major, (“Symphony of a Thousand”).**

Heather Harper, Lucia Popp, and Arleen Auger (sopranos); Yvonne Minton and Helen Watts (altus); René Kollo (tenor); Karl Steinberg (bass-baritone); Merti Talvela (bassist); Viennese State Opera Chorus, Vienna Singverin Chorus, and Vienna Boys’ Choir; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Georg Solti cond. LONDON OSA 1295 two discs $19.96.

Performance: The best

Recording: Superb

Even though “Symphony of a Thousand”—the nickname of Mahler’s Eighth—does the composer with an injustice with its hint of the circus, nevertheless the array of performers called for by this setting of the medieval Latin hymn Veni, Creator spiritus and of the closing scene from Goethe’s Faust is indeed an extraordinary one. Two mixed choruses, a boys’ chorus, eight vocal soloists, and an orchestra that includes quintuple woodwinds and eight horns (in addition to a piano, a harmonium, an organ, and a second brass group placed at a distance from the main forces) make it the Mahler’s most ambitious work. The conductor has undertaken this task (though not in length—the third, at ninety minutes, is longer, and the Seventh and Ninth equal the Eighth at roughly seventy-five minutes).

In view of the size and expense of its apparatus, performances of the Eighth have naturally tended to be special “festival” affairs. Yet this new version by Georg Solti and his Chicago Symphony Orchestra, made in the Vienna Sollers and at the start of the orchestra’s first European tour, is an extraordinary effort that brings the number of currently available recordings up to a lavish half-dozen. And this time the London engineers, back in a recording location they know and like, have captured the thrilling sounds made by a remarkable conductor-orchestra combination much more faithfully than they were able to do either in the Fifth and Sixth symphonies (taped in Chicago’s Medinah Temple) or in the Seventh (which failed to realize the magnificent acoustical potential of Krannert Center in Urbana, Ill.). The multitudinous strands of the score are clarified without loss in sheer physical impact. The bass line is always firm and clear, and the dubbing in of the organ and extra-brass tracks after the main recording—(Continued on page 98)
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always a risky process—has been skillfully managed. The only qualifications are that occasional solo entries (like the baritone's first one in Part II) emerge from the sound continuum with unnatural closeness, and that the brass perorations in both parts of the work, comfortably and vividly though they are accommodated, generate little sense of spatial placement.

As for Solti's conception of the music, it emerges from these discs with a strength and beauty that could only be hinted at in the public performances given a few months before the recording and largely neutralized by the cruelly dampening acoustical environment of the Chicago Opera House. Part I, a vast sonata movement, is shaped with complete clarity and an unerring sense of rhetoric, and the conductor's achievement is more remarkable still in the discursive, romantic expanses of Part II. The music never loses its sense of underlying unity, yet every passing moment is realized richly and fully.

The orchestral contribution, whether in the confident elan of the more intimate passages, surpasses anything to be heard in the other versions available, and the approach to the final hymn-like chorus attains a long-breathed serenity beyond anything in my experience of the work, either on records or in the concert hall. The solo singing, too, is the best on record, from Heather Harper's exquisitely controlled first soprano line down to Martti Talvela's powerful, dark bass. Lucia Popp and Arleen Auger both achieve some memorable moments of grandeur. The altos, Yvonne Minton and Helen Watts, produce sumptuous and well-contrasted sounds. René Kollo displays a Heldentenor's strength of phrase and much more than a Heldentenor's taste and intelligence, and baritone John Shirley-Quirk is as cultivated and sympathetic as ever. The Viennese choirs gathered for the occasion respond to Solti's direction with some splendid, full-bodied singing, of which his soloists are less impressive. The best recording of all, technically, is perhaps Kubelík's on Deutsche Grammophon (now finally available apart from the fourteen-disc set of the symphonies). His performance is admirable, but the soloists (except for Fischer-Dieskau) are mostly less good than Solti's, and the orchestral work is less masterly than the Chicago Symphony's.

The only unworthy aspect of the new London set is the flimsy and altogether workaday leaflet that accompanies the records. It hardly lives up to the sense of occasion evoked by both performance and recording. Presumably London will make amends when it issues all nine symphonies as a set later this year. Meanwhile, for the Eighth Symphony as it lives and breathes, you cannot do better than this.

B.J.

MARTIN: Piano Concerto No. 2: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Paul Badura-Skoda (piano); Wolfgang Schneiderhan (violin); Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg. Frank Martin cond. CANDIDE CE 31055 $3.98

Performance: Splendid
Recording: Very good

This world-premiere recording of two large concertos by Frank Martin is an event worth your serious consideration. There is much beautiful and maturely conceived and executed music here, and yet there are lapses from concentration enough to produce dissatisfaction even in a convinced admirer.

The Second Piano Concerto is the more consistently convincing of the two works. Its two fast movements are loaded with energy, attractive ideas, and beautiful orchestral textures. The Concerto for Violin and Orchestra is not lacking in these qualities, however, and some people may disagree with my preference for the other work. The soloists are, in both cases, extremely fine, and the orchestra plays beautifully under Martin's direction.

One doesn't give composition lessons to an octogenarian composer of world renown. At the same time I confess to being puzzled at the coexistence in these works of technical and aesthetic aspects that are those of a master composer, and what I would guess are lapses in the composer's self-critical faculties. For instance, the slow movement of the Piano Concerto is based on a kind of passacaglia so lacking in pungency or drive that it is little wonder the composer seemed to have difficulty spinning out a Lento movement in which the soloist and the orchestra are often able to engage one's responses.

The Violin Concerto has a plethora of lovely ideas clearly etched, and orchestral writing which rivals any composer's for imaginative beauty and elegance. But here Martin's conception (Continued on page 100)
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Mozart: THE MAGIC FLUTE
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Martti Talvela, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and other soloists—The
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(Grand Prix du Disque)

Schumann: THE FOUR SYMPHONIES
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
OSA-1397

In Preparation

Beethoven: SYMPHONY NO. 9 (“The Choral”)
Pilar Lorengar, Yvonne Minton, Stuart Burrows, Martti Talvela—The
Chicago Symphony Chorus (Director: Margaret Hillis)—The Chicago
Symphony Orchestra

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MOZART: Misero, o sogno, o son desto? (K. 431); Per pieta, non ricercate (K. 420); Si
mostra la sorte (K. 209); Se al labbro mio non credi (K. 295); Con asseguio, con rispetto (K.
210). Jozsef Reì (tenor); Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, Antal Jancsovsics cond.
HUNGAROTON 11485 $5.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Very good

Most of these rarely heard tenor arias appeared on Werner Hollweg’s recital disc
(Philips 6500 007), which I reviewed in these pages in January, but they receive superior
performances here. I have admired the work of Jozsef Reì in a number of Hungarian im-
ports (songs and oratorios, mainly) that have come my way during the last few years. I even
recall dubbing him a “Hungarian Aksel Schiøtz” on one occasion, and his present
achievement reinforces that feeling. This is a cultivated artist, a thorough musician who
uses his agreeable though by no means spec-
tacular vocal resources with exceptional intel-
ligence and skill. He understands the dramatic
situations of these arias, and interprets them
with proper stylistic sense and with excellent
enunciation. His intonation is impeccable,
and his vocal agility is far above average.
As for the repertoire, these are “insert
arias” originally intended for operas other
than Mozart’s own, according to the common
practice of the day. K. 431 is an absolute gem,
a dramatic scene of the first Mozartian magni-
tude, and K. 420 is not far behind it (both
were written in 1783). The others are earlier
and less significant: K. 209 and 210, both from
1775, are conventional but delightful buffo
pieces, and K. 295, an occasional piece for the
famous Anton Raaff, is too long for its intrin-
sic strength. They all add up to an uncommon
disc with very fine singing and vital orchestral
accompaniments.

G .J.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

MOZART: Oboe Concerto in C Major (K.
314). STRAUSS, R.: Oboe Concerto in D Ma-
jor. Heinz Holliger (oboe); New Philharmon-
ica Orchestra, Edo de Waart cond. PHILIPS
6500 174 $6.98.

Performance: Exemplary
Recording: Stunning

This record is a delight. Already the thirty-
one-year-old Dutch conductor Edo de Waart
has made so many superlatively beautiful re-
cordings for Philips that one would be justi-
ﬁed in setting aside a small space on his rec-
ord shelves and labeling it “De Waart.” For
(Continued on page 102)
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MOZART: Requiem in D Minor (K. 626). Pia Tassinari (soprano), Ebe Sighnani (mezzo-soprano), Ferruccio Tagliavini (tenor), Italo Tajo (bass); Orchestra and Chorus of Radio-televisione Italiana, Victor de Sabata cond. EVEREST 3324 $2.98.
Performance: Fair
Recording: Good

The Angel disc offers a dignified and sensitive Requiem, in which Barenboim's tempos fall between the brisk effectiveness of Davis' (Philips) and the sombre weight of Böhm's (DG). He maintains a nice lyric flow throughout, brings the requisite drama to the Dies Irae, builds finely gauged climaxes, and secures orchestral playing of consistently high quality. The chorus is good, though some of the choral details are not in perfect balance. They seldom are, by the way, and this minor reservation should not be held against the overall values.

The four solosists form a well-blended ensemble, each artist handling the individual lines with total beauty and eloquence. However, Fischer-Dieskau lacks the low notes to project his solo in Tuba mirum effectively, and only Janet Baker observes the trill in the Benedictus. It is surprising that Barenboim consented to its omission in parallel passages by the other vocalists. I would have liked more presence for the four solosists against the chorus, but this may be only an individual preference.

The singers in the Everest reissue of the old (around 1950) Cetra disc are accorded a great deal of prominence, and they exhibit some fine operatic vocalism. But this performance, not too Mozartian to begin with and plagued by some ragged orchestral playing, is no longer a serious contestant, considering the many modern alternatives available. All things considered, Davis/Philips leads the crowded field, with Barenboim/Angel running high among the contenders.

PROKOFIEV: Alexander Nevsky (see Best of the Month, page 70; Piano Sonata No. 7 (see STRAVINSKY)

Performance: Glittering
Recording: Good

The Scriabin Études, Op. 8, are an amalgam of Chopin and Wagner's Tristan style, poured on occasion into the mold of the Lisztian virtuosic manner. The glittering virtuosity of the piano writing certainly comes to the fore in Viktor Merzhanov's rather hard-toned readings. For myself, I prefer the more poetic and more graciously recorded performances of Morton Estrin in the excellent Connoisseur Society issue. An A-B comparison of the quietly lyrical Étude No. 4 in B Major will provide the most telling justification of that view. D.H.

STRAUSS, R.: Oboe Concerto in D Major (see MOZART: Oboe Concerto)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

STRAVINSKY: Three Movements from Petrushka; PROKOFIEV; Sonata No. 7. Maurizio Pollini (piano). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2530 225 $6.98.
Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent

STEREO REVIEW
These are brilliant performances of two Russian superstar piano pieces. Missing is any quality of reflection, but then, except for the slow movement of the Prokofiev, inwardness is not exactly an outstanding characteristic of this music. The challenge in big, extrovert pieces like these lies in the necessity of shaping them and sustaining them at their high energy level, and this Maurizio Pollini succeeds in doing very impressively. This is very fine playing enhanced by excellent piano sound.

E.S.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 3 ("Pastoral"). Tuba Concerto. Heather Harper (soprano, in Symphony); John Fletcher (tuba, in Concerto); London Symphony Orchestra. André Previn cond. RCA LSC 3281 $5.98.

Performance: Stellar

Recording: Splendid (almost)

Anyone who loves Vaughan Williams should rejoice in this recording, in which André Previn and the London Symphony have achieved one of the finest performances I’ve ever heard of the English composer’s symphonic music.

Vaughan Williams, despite the seeming straightforwardness of his style, is not an easy composer to interpret. His music must sing, but with a very special voice and temperament—not too intensely emotive nor, on the other hand, too impersonal. The passion in his music is of an unusual sort: contained and internal, it warms and animates the music from within while maintaining the appearance of decorum on the outside. Needless to say, this double dimension is not easy to handle, for it means that things are seldom what they seem. Often, passages occur, as in the “Pastoral” Symphony here, which appear, at first blush, to be descriptive. But are they really? Is that little horn or trumpet call really meant to describe something, or is it a symbol for something more universal, than a mere description could be?

A phrase in James Goodfriend’s splendid liner notes characterizes this music with special insight and accuracy. He calls it “music that is less a communication than a natural phenomenon.” The “Pastoral” Symphony is not meant to be a description of nature, nor a philosophical statement about nature, but nature itself made manifest in sound.

André Previn’s interpretation strikes me as nothing short of miraculous. It is thoroughly inspired, and as subtle as the music. I cannot describe the finest of his achievements, for they have to do with musical nuances one can hear, but not put into words. Such things, for instance, as avoiding German-Romantic or Russian-Romantic melodic stresses at the very moment when they would seem the natural direction to take. Or allowing just a note or two at the top of a phrase to linger and blossom, but without misrepresenting the passage by rubato. There is constant plasticity in his performance, but the “underflow” of the music never wavers.

Vaughan Williams’ Tuba Concerto dates from a much later period than the Symphony—in fact, from the last few years of his life. It is a stunning, and, in a way, a strangely personal piece of music. I wonder whether the composer—a portly old gentleman by then—could have seen himself in the role of protagonist, identifying with the ungainly elephant of (Continued on page 106)
TWO NEW FACADES TO CELEBRATE WALTON'S SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

By Paul Kresh

One upon a time—fifty years ago, in fact—Miss Edith Sitwell, already a formidable and eccentric lady at the age of thirty-four, gathered with the twenty-year-old William Walton, just down from Oxford, and her brothers Sacheverell and Osbert at their home in the Chelsea district of London for the first performance of Façade—An Entertainment. There were some forty poems and musical pieces in the suite on which the poet and composer had been collaborating for more than a year. When this "entertainment" was subsequently offered to the public at Aeolian Hall on June 12, 1923, Miss Sitwell and six musicians were hidden behind a curtain. There was an overture, and then sixteen of the poems were recited through a megaphone. The entire affair caused quite a commotion.

The poet later reported that among those whom one critic invited to explain the "alarm" and "uproar" the concert had caused were several passing postmen and "firemen on duty at the hall." Their critical judgment, which Miss Sitwell felt might have been precipitate, was that everyone connected with the affair was stark, raving mad. By the time the work was revived in 1940, there were twenty-six poems plus a new fanfare, and the public was less antagonistic. After the affair caused quite a commotion.

The poet herself (who died world-famous in 1964) spoke of Façade as a series of "experiments" in the nature of "an inquiry into the effect on rhythm, and on speech, of the use of rhymes, assonances and dissonances, placed outwardly and inwardly... and in most elaborate patterns—abstract poems—that is, they are patterns in sound." All of which is true enough technically, but the poems of Façade, along with Walton's music (although poems and music are sometimes performed separately, they are inseparable in the minds of most devotees) also constitute a devastating satirical lampoon on the hollow postures of art and life which they travesty—the ha-ha-heartiness of hunting weekends in the Scottish highlands, the oily sentimentality of the tango, the pretensions of fashion, the empty vulgarity of hotel life in Switzerland—all the preposterous debris of pseudo-cultural airs and absurdities then cluttering the landscape of European (and English) life. They are subtle pieces, with Miss Sitwell's sly imagery and Sir William's elusive parodic references to a host of musical clichés yielding new surprises at every hearing.

First came across Façade, in a record store in the 1930's, on a pair of Decca 78's featuring Miss Sitwell and Constant Lambert, who had much to do with promoting the whole enterprise, reading about a dozen of the poems to Walton's music. It was impossible to understand a word of it, and for a long time, before I got around to looking up the poems in the library, I enjoyed the whole thing just for the sound. In the 1940's Columbia issued an album of a historic reading by Miss Sitwell at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and later London came out with an LP offering the voices of Miss Sitwell and Peter Pears in superbly condescending readings while Anthony Collins conducted the English Opera Group Ensemble in incisive accompaniments. That record, for me, is the best we have had, although since then Hermoine Gingold has travestied the travesty on a Decca release still extant, and Irene Worth has teamed with Sir John Gielgud for readings of some of the poems along with other pieces by Edith Sitwell, minus the music, for RCA. (The poems alone are also available on Caedmon as read by the poet.)

Of the two new recordings of the work just released, the gentler article is on the Argo label: the composer (at seventy) conducting an excellent group, realizing all the acerbic brilliance of the score in a true collaboration with Peggy Ashcroft and Paul Scofield, who offer restrained but properly aristocratic interpretation that accomplishes as much as any but never evade the challenges of the work's rhythmic intricacies. One could wish for more mischief out of both of them, but their taste on the whole could not be better. Mr. Scofield does, when the text calls for it, employ his genius for characterization in the "Scotch Rhapsody," where he puts on a brogue to act out the part of a cartoon Scotsman, "boring the ptarmigan and grouse for fun—boring them worse than a nine-bore gun." Some of the poems are serious—affectionate, atmospheric, impressionistic—and here Miss Ashcroft chooses an intimate tone. Listen to "A Man from a Far Country" in her subdued reading, with Walton's music caressing the air with sweet sound, and you realize the extraordinary range of Edith Sitwell's art. Sometimes a poem is shared by the two readers so as to provide contrast, and the lines are divided up with intelligence and discretion. This recording, by the way, is intended to be used as the soundtrack for a film of Façade that is now in preparation.

On the Angel label, however, Michael Flanders (of Flanders and Swann) and Ferretta Fielding (she starred in the 1970 Broadway production of Façade and is simply not in the Scofield-Ashcroft class. Flanders easily manages all the tongue-twisting episodes with speed and aplomb, but he seems only occasionally aware of the profundity concealed in the richer lines, and too often makes Lear-like nonsense verses out of stanzas that are not nonsense at all. Miss Fielding, I fear, overacts and overemphasizes, and, if she isn't truly out of her depth in these waters, too often sounds that way. For the voices of members of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields who supply the music under Neville Marriner's baton, they play superbly and are well recorded, but the element of spice or caricature in the music seems to elude them. Of the currently available performances on disc, then, the new Argo release wins hands down. Both recordings come with texts.

FAÇADE (Edith Sitwell—William Walton). Peggy Ashcroft and Paul Scofield (readers). London Sinfonietta, Sir William Walton cond. Fanfare; Hornpipe; En Famille; Mariners Man; Long Steel Grass; Through Gildred Trellises; Tango-Patosable; Lullaby for Jumbo; Black Mrs. Behemoth; Tarantella; A Man from a Far Country; By the Lake; Country Dance; Polka; Four in the Morning; Something Lies Beyond the Scene; Value; Jodeling Song; Scotch Rhapsody; Popular Song; Fox-Trot; 'Old Sir Faun'; Sir Beetlebeez. ARGO ZRG 649. $5.98.

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an instrument which is, in fact, so gentle, agile, and handsome in sound if not in body. John Fletcher, the virtuoso who plays the solo part, is remarkable. He could not play more flexibly if his instrument were a flute or a violin, and Vaughan Williams gave him beautiful material to play. Indeed, I would rank this Concerto somewhat on the level of the Prokofiev Second Violin Concerto in terms of beauty and the quality of inspiration.

After all these nice things, I must also report that, on my review copy, the beginning of side two is marred by an intermittent rumble. It’s not too disturbing, but it is there.

**WIENIAWSKI: Violin Concerto No. 1, in F-sharp Minor. DVORÁK: Violin Concerto.**

**Viktor Pikaizen (violin): Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky cond. (in Wieniawski); Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, David Oistrakh cond. (in Dvořák). MELODY/TANGLEWOOD 40185 $5.98.

**Performance:** Very good

**Recording:** Very good

Here are two appealing concertos, intelligently coupled. Since the deletion of the late Michael Rabin’s fine version on Angel 35484, Wieniawski’s undeservedly neglected Opus 14 has been missing from the Schwann catalogue. Though the same cannot be said of the Dvořák Concerto, it too is far from overfamiliar. The two, furthermore, make an interesting contrast: Wieniawski’s violin exhibitionism towers over its discreet orchestral accompaniment, and Dvořák’s no less effective solo part is imbedded in a glittering orchestral framework.

I have never kept my fondness for the virtuosic repertoire of the Vieuxtemps-Wieniawski school a secret. Though I find the Wieniawski work not quite as irresistible as his better-known D Minor Concerto, I take much enjoyment in its tuneful inventiveness.

It is constructed with the kind of treacherous lucidity for which violinist-composers are well known, whose prayer-like central Larghetto providing a calm interlude between the fiery end movements.

Viktor Pikaizen, who comes from the Ukraine, where fiddlers grow on trees (or rooftops?), romps through the work boldly and excitingly. His playing is note-perfect lacking only that final flourish of refinement. He also plays the Dvořák work extremely well, but here he faces formidable competition from such violinists as Storace and Ysaÿe, whose music is, incidentally, worthy of note, and Dvořák’s no less effective solo part is imbedded in a glittering orchestral framework.

**Ibert:** Concertino for Alto Saxophone and Eleven Instruments among the twenty-four composers’ works programmed here (only a mere handful, by the way, of our total “holdings” in creativity).

If you are asked to tell me what is the most moving performance on these discs, I would wholeheartedly say that it is unquestionably under Robert Help's extraordinary fingers. A composer himself, with one of his own fine works represented on these discs, he is also a superb pianist.

**Thanks again to CR1 for retrieving this lost treasure. There are a few instances of pre-c echo and groove noise on the records, but not enough to trouble one greatly.**

**MUSIC FOR TWO HARPICORDS — Recital By Thurston Dart and Igor Kipnis (see Best of the Month, page 69).**

**EUGENE ROUSSEAU: Saxophone Recital.**


**Performance:** Good

**Recording:** Good

In order to give proper recognition to recordings of music like this, I hereby create an annual international award. Its title is “the International Dollisville Prize,” and for 1972 I bestow it complete with grey ribbon, upon this recording. Villa-Lobos, Ibert, and Glazunov were all three composers with splendid gifts but something less than genius. These pieces rank among their very weakest efforts. Pierre Max Dubois, born in 1930, and—believe it or not—a recipient of the Paris Conservatoire Prix de Rome in 1955, should blush for his contribution to this recording. His Saxophone Concerto, with its limp, naive imitations of passages from Bach, must be one of the most inexcusable pieces of musical-as-opportunism that I have ever heard. I believe, not just from a musical, but from a historical, viewpoint, that this piece is not embarrassing, it is downright offensive. Poor Adolphe Sax could not imagine this when he invented the saxophone!
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Performance: Brash Offenbach, lovely Bizet
Recording: Matches performances
Playing Time: 56' 17"

These two performances represent Leonard Bernstein as Hyde and Jekyll. I second his joyous view of Offenbach, but cannot go as far as the raucousness he brings to the can-can bits or the heavy sentimentality he imbues the waltzes with. For me, Offenbach is also elegant and graceful, and there's precious little of these qualities to be heard here.

The beautiful Bizet music is something else again. Here Bernstein is at his very best—vital and sensitive, playing every note of the two suites with tender loving care and (I'm happy to say) with Bizet's original saxophone scoring where called for in the Overture of the first suite and the Intermezzo of the second. The recorded sound, too, is airier and warmer than it is in the Offenbach. I'd recommend you get this cassette for the Bizet. D.H.


Performance: Both individualized
Recording: Violin Concerto better
Playing Time: 71'

The Violin Concerto recording was made in 1963, the Piano Concerto in 1966. Both readings are on the leisurely and expansive side, a treatment I feel the Violin Concerto can take better than the other. Even the fabulous Richter is no match for Van Cliburn when it comes to playing the Piano Concerto in this style and making a convincing job of it. Richter's performance here emerges merely as low-pressure, however elegant the details of phrasing and dynamics. Ferras' reading I would call juicy, and its effect is enhanced by the Berlin recording locale, which is endowed with a decidedly warmer and brighter acoustic

The Siegfried package under consideration here requires three cassette as opposed to five discs. But all is not wine and roses for the cassette fan: despite fewer interruptions for turn-over, some of the side-breaks in the cassette package are clumsy, to say the least. Then there is the vexing question of the libretto: a postcard is duly enclosed, but this is far from an ideal solution to what may be an insoluble problem.

The bumptious aspects of the music for the young hero, as expounded in Act One, make Siegfried the opera of the cycle I like least. And yet there are marvelous things, page after page of them, throughout the score. If Das Rheingold is a tale of beginnings, Die Walküre one of consequences, and Die Götterdämmerung one of reckonings, then Siegfried is a tale of confrontations: Siegfried and Mime, Mime and the Wanderer, Alberich and the Wanderer, Siegfried and Fafner, Mime and Alberich, Siegfried and the Forest Bird, the Wanderer and Erda, Siegfried and the Wanderer, and finally, as the stunning climax, Siegfried and Brünnhilde. Probably the most intense and poignant music of the whole cycle is contained in those pages of the final scene, beginning with Siegfried's discovery that the sleeping warrior on the fiery mountaintop is not a man, to the point at which Brünnhilde commits herself wholly to Siegfried and his destiny.

Though Wolfgang Windgassen is no match for the mighty Melchior of hallowed memory, he superably communicates the lyrical and poignant aspects of Siegfried's music, especially those pages in which he dwells upon his origins. Birgit Nilsson is, of course, outstanding through the sheer beauty and power of her voice, which rides over Wagner's mightiest climaxes like an eagle above the storm. Gustav Neidlinger as Alberich is the very incarnation of absolute evil, and Gerhard Stolze's Mime is an odd but convincing mixture of the shly repellent and the ranting. Hans Hotter, even though past his vocal prime, is superbly authoritative in the role of Wotan. The complete Ring on cassette? With this issue of Siegfried, added to previous releases of Die Walküre and Die Götterdämmerung, the reality seems near at hand—presumably on eleven cassettes as against nineteen discs. The Siegfried package under consideration here requires three cassette as opposed to five discs. But all is not wine and roses for the cassette fan: despite fewer interruptions for turn-over, some of the side-breaks in the cassette package are clumsy, to say the least. Then there is the vexing question of the libretto: a postcard is duly enclosed, but this is far from an ideal solution to what may be an insoluble problem.

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processed tape from pre-Dolby original masters, it retains much of the brilliance and kinetic power of the original disc issue, but detailed comparison, especially in the huge climaxes of the Act One forking scene, leaves me with a decided preference for the discs – at least for listening at high playback levels in a large room. The discs both carry more impact at the low end of the frequency spectrum and are somewhat cleaner in the mid-range at points of major climax. They also convey the feeling of a slightly wider dynamic range than the cassettes. Certainly these cassettes, though good as pre-Dolby material goes, do not measure up to the London cassettes of the Beethoven Elegie music with George Szell and the Vienna Philharmonic. But this performance, together with others making up the total Ring cycle recorded under Georg Solti’s baton with John Culshaw as recording director, stands as one of the monuments of the art.

D.H.

**POPULAR**

CHET ATKINS/BOSTON POPS: *The “Pops” Goes Country*. Chet Atkins (guitar); Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler cond. Country Gentlemen, Tennessee Waltz; Adios Amigo; I’ll Fly Away; Faded Love; Cold, Cold Heart; and five others. RCA © RK 1059 $6.95.

Performance: Uneasy alliance
Recording: Excellent
Playing Time: 30” 20”

The alliance of Chet Atkins’ Nashville-bred guitar and Mr. Fiedler’s biggest-of-breed Boston band, which can sometimes sound like a musical Newfoundland puppy determined to please but a little too large for the setting, makes for some entertaining moments, as well as others that are rather awkward, this time around. When Mr. Atkins and Mr. Fiedler, who will try anything, give it a whirl about the floor in their family-size Tennessee Waltz it almost brings a lump to your throat, like watching a six-year-old dance with his grandma. When they play a medley of country favorites interlarded with for fun, or to lighten Things of Old Smoky, things breeze along briskly and pleasantly. And leave it to Mr. Fiedler not to be caught on the wrong end of a joke when he leads his boys bravely through Listen to the Mockingbird: the piped-in bird whistles provide just the right note of winking spoofery. But when it comes to I’m Thinking Tonight of My Blue Bird: the piped-in bird whistles provide just the right note of winking spoofery. But when it comes to I’m Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes, Faded Love, and the bewilderingly swarthy non-country presence of Adios Amigo on the agenda, all the bird whistles in the world could never lift the curse off the clumsiness that results, too much of the time, from this uneasy collaboration between Massachusetts and Tennessee.

P.K.

ANITA KERR SINGERS: *Grow to Know Me*. Anita Kerr Singers; instrumental accompaniment. Grow to Know Me; Datetime, Nighttime; Moses in the Sunshine; Blame It on a Monday; Eleanor Rigby; and five others. Amplex © M 51036 $6.95, ® M 81036 $6.95.

Performance: Girls from Glomisville
Recording: Good
Playing Time: 41” 40”

“Grow to know me … and I will show you the mirror of my soul.” Miss Kerr and her singers promise in one of those shamefully embarrassing lyrics they seem to favor in their songs. A few minutes later, having wandered into a religious mood in Moses in the Sunshine, they seemed to be merging the figures of the Egyptian-born Biblical hero with that of Jesus, which struck me as rather bold theologizing for a popular song, but since Jesus Christ Superstar one has come to expect anything. A few minutes later, when the girls started confiding in me how terrible it had been to be ten years old with the whole family too busy to pay any attention to you, I began to wonder whether maybe I was plugged in to the listening end of some psy- chiatrist’s couch that had been wired for sound, and not hearing a cassette of a pop group at all. It restored my equilibrium when they entered the comfortably familiar terrain of Eleanor Rigby—though Lord knows that girl too had her problems. It should be added that while the Kerr Singers choose some depressing subjects to sing about, their style, even in purveying this dismal stuff, is consistently distinguished, and their accompaniments as resourceful as any I have heard lately, from dreamy impressionist effect to a fine Moogish orchestral interlude that came between Moses in the Sunshine and Blame It on a Monday—this last a catalog of misfortunes from late buses to letters bearing bad news that made the old song Gloomy Sunday, once banned from the air because it was said to encourage suicides, sound like a romp in comparison.

P.K.

LOU REED: *Lou Reed (vocals); unidentified accompaniment. I Can’t Stand It: I Love You; Walk and Talk It; Lisa Says: Berlin; Going Down; Wild Child: Love Makes You Feel; Ride into the Sun: Ocean*. RCA © PK 1931 $6.95, ® P 1931 $6.95.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Very good
Playing Time: 38’ 43”

There are no really outstanding songs here, although Wild Child and I Love You will turn your head and Going Down will probably wear well. And Lou Reed doesn’t have a voice that makes a strong first impression. Nevertheless, this cassette says clearly enough that Reed is a comer. The album couldn’t have been better timed for what it is but for what it forecasts. His vocals contain a touch of self-parody, accomplished mainly through inflection, and reminiscent of the same quality in the voices of Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan. The songs, their themes concentrated on their lyrics, are not very musical—they are almost demand to be semi-spoken like David Bromberg’s songs—and Reed’s voice, with its hard, stubby texture, isn’t very musical either. Fortunately work on melodies seems called for. But the arrangements by Reed, are clean and airy. Built upon the piano and the beat, which is big but not cumbersome. I doubt that I would buy this tape, but if Reed can keep the promises he makes here, I’ll be happy to pay for the next one.

N.C.
That's the way Stereo Review described our XLM. High Fidelity headlined their review, "Superb new pickup from ADC" and went on to say, "...must be counted among the state of the art contenders." And Audio echoed them with, "The ADC-XLM appears to be state of the art."

With the critics so lavish in their praise of the XLM, there's hardly any necessity to add anything. Far better to let the experts continue to speak for us.

**Frequency response**
The CBS STR-100 test record showed less than ±1.5dB variation up to 20,000Hz. Stereo Review
The response is within ±2dB over the entire range. Audio
Frequency response is exceptionally flat. High Fidelity

**Tracking**
This is the only cartridge we have seen that is really capable of tracking almost all stereo discs at 0.4 grams. Stereo Review
The XLM went through the usual torture test at 0.4 grams (some top models require more than a gram). High Fidelity
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**Distortion**
Distortion readings...are without exception better than those for any other model we've tested. High Fidelity
The XLM has remarkably low distortion in comparison with others. Audio
At 0.6 grams the distortion was low (under 1.5 per cent). Stereo Review

**Hum and noise**
The XLM could be instrumental in lowering the input noise from the first stage of a modern transistor amplifier. Audio
The cartridge had very good shielding against induced hum. Stereo Review

**Price**
This would be a very hard cartridge to surpass at any price. Stereo Review
We found it impossible to attribute superior sound to costlier competing models. High Fidelity
Priced as it is, it is a real bargain in cartridges. Audio

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SEPTEMBER 1972
A FOUR IN YOUR FUTURE?

I've been experimenting recently with quadrasonic recording of live music, and I'll report on that in a future column. What I'd like to get into right now, however, is an impressive feature included in some of the new four-channel decks, one that is potentially useful to readers interested in conventional two-channel stereo recording. The feature I'm talking about goes by various trade names, perhaps the most familiar of which is Ampex's "Sel-Sync." Although a standard feature of professional machines, until recently it has rarely been found on consumer recorders. Briefly, what the Sel-Sync feature does is temporarily switch one or more gaps of a record head into the playback mode. This permits monitoring the recorded track(s) — via headphones fed by the record head — while adding a new track with one of the other record-head gaps in perfect synchronism with the previously recorded material. (A normal three-head machine cannot record in sync because of the spacing between the record and playback head gaps.) This feature is helpful with a two-track recorder, but it really comes into its own with a multitrack machine. To see just how it works, let's consider an exaggerated example of how a "pop" recording might be made.

Smith, on drums, comes to the studio on Monday and records his part on track one along with Jones, on guitar, who records his contribution on track two. Robinson, who plays electric organ, does his thing on track three. Murphy, on bass guitar, does his part (track four). There are now four recorded mono tracks, completely synchronized, which can be mixed down onto track one, two, three, and four. By leaving track four unaltered, a quadrasonic recorder with this feature can handle both half-track and quarter-track tapes. In short, the ability to reshape and add special effects to the individual contributions on each track is the basic reason for multi-track recording. The Sel-Sync permits adding the performer's voice on one track at a time, and also redoing a specific track, while leaving the others unaltered. A quadrasonic recorder with this feature would be a boon to any musical group that wants to make its own audition tape, but can't handle the studio costs for multi-track recording. By mixing tracks one, two, and three onto track four, then reusing tracks two and three for mix-down onto track one of the ultimate two-channel stereo record, each signal track is subject to only one re-recording.

As an added bonus, tracks one and four of a quadrasonic deck scan the left and right channels of half-track stereo tapes. The normal home stereo machine can play such tapes because its right channel (track three) falls almost entirely in the unrecorded area between the two channels of the half-track format. Thus, not only will a quad-open reel machine play four-channel tapes, but it will also handle both half- and quarter-track tapes. So even if you haven't made the transition to four-channel sound, you might consider the virtues of a quadrasonic recorder. For a list of available models, write me at STEREO REVIEW, Dept. TH, One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.
TEAC 350: the cool one in a dead heat

When we first introduced the TEAC 350 Dolby Cassette Deck, we had the field pretty much to ourselves. But as front-runners in the industry, we're accustomed to looking over our shoulder and seeing others gain on us. In fact, we like it this way. It keeps us on our technological toes.

The last time we looked around there was a cassette deck or two seemingly running close to ours. Can we still call the TEAC 350 The Definitive Dolby* Deck? Yes!

After all, only the 350 has high-density ferrite TEAC-built heads of such quality and durability that we warranty them for the lifetime of the original owner. That's a TEAC exclusive. And a precision peak recording level indicator that lets you record on chromium dioxide or high-energy tape up to the highest signal levels without distortion. This type of indicator is precise and instantaneous, compared with mechanically-lagging meter systems. This is why we don't have to resort to peak limiting circuitry to avoid distortion.

We're also ahead with an input selection switch that lets you bypass the mike preamplifiers when you record from a tuner or other tape deck. This way you make optimum use of the built-in Dolby by switching out small residual mike preamp noise.

We're up front, too, with separate linear record and output level controls. Which used in conjunction with the 350's VU meters give you full balance flexibility at all times.

And speaking of VU meters, the 350's have large angle-mounted faces. These allow you to read the higher signal levels of chromium dioxide or high-energy tapes easily on an expanded linear scale with a total display area up to +6dB.

Finally, the futuristic styling of the 350 places it well ahead of everything in its class with the best professional features of studio consoles.

So even when the cassette deck race heats up, it's no wonder TEAC's 350 stays a cool winner.
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*E-V Trade Mark. E-V 4-channel products are produced under U.S. Patent No. 3,632,886.