HARRY NILSSON: AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY
Our power amplifier tests were confined to 8-ohm loads, but at that, the Sherwood S-7200 exceeded its claims and pumped nearly 43 watts into each load, with both channels driven.

"Based upon a 40-watt rated output per channel, power bandwidth extended from 10 Hz to 40 kHz, quite a bit better than claimed. At the audio limits of 20 Hz and 20 kHz, 1% THD was reached at 36 watts per channel and 40.5 watts respectively, while

"The loudness-volume control of the S-7200 deserves special mention. The tracking of the two sections of this control was excellent—with no more than 1 dB variation all the way down to 60 dB from the full clockwise position—which means that high quality potentiometers are used in this all important control."

But in the end, it is the power of Sherwood receivers that normally turns people on.

"Using low efficiency speaker systems in our main listening area, we just could not overdrive the amplifier portion at any desired listening level—and we mean all the way up to over 100 dB sound-pressure levels."

Which perhaps brings us to this point. If there is one impressive factor about Sherwood receivers, it is that they often not only outperform their specs: they almost always out-spec competition.

Sherwood Electronics Laboratories, 4300 North California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60618

The word is getting around.
"It was in the area of audio amplification, however, that we got our biggest surprise. The S-7200 is one powerful set."

This quote from Audio Magazine, May 1973, evaluating the Sherwood S-7200 AM/FM stereo receiver, surprised us.

Not that the reviewers found it to be such a powerful set. But that they found it so surprising.

The fact is, most people who are into Hi-Fi components, are discovering that Sherwood delivers on its claims. And then some.

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"With a signal as little as 5 uv, quieting had already reached an impressive 52 dB."

"THD in mono exceeded published claims, reaching a low figure of just 0.2% at mid-audio frequencies."

at all power levels below 40 watts, THD remained well under 0.5% for all audible frequencies."
This is "one"
powerful set!"
These four major developments make the new BIC Venturi speakers totally unlike all others...and better.

Venturi Principle Bass Section
(patents pending) transforms the magnitude of air mass and energy in a way never before applied to acoustics. (Fig. A) The result is bass response hundreds percent more efficient and substantially purer in quality than is possible from any other speaker of comparable size.

Biconex Pyramidal Dispersion Horn (patents pending) was developed to match the demanding capabilities of the Venturi bass section. It is far more efficient, can handle more power and covers a wider, uninterrupted frequency range than cones and domes. And, unlike other horn designs, it can't add metallic sound coloration and has truly wide angle dispersion in both the horizontal and vertical planes, for unrestricted system positioning.

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Extended Musical Dynamic Range results from the unique combination of high efficiency and high power handling capability. Even the smallest model (Formula 2 at $98.) can be used with amplifiers rated up to 75 watts RMS per channel. Formula 4 ($136.) will handle 100 watts; the Formula 6 ($239.) can take 125 watts. Yet any of these models can make a Titan of an amplifier rated as low as 15 watts RMS per channel!

A 12-page booklet is needed, at the very least, to properly describe what makes these BIC Venturi speaker systems so different, and we think you'll agree, better. So this is what we will send you, upon request. Or better still, visit your BIC Venturi dealer, and hear for yourself.
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A review of the first volume of a to-be-continued autobiography
LOUISE GOOCH BOUNDAS

SONGWRITER JACk LAWRENCE
The popularity of a song is evidently no index of its writer's fame
HENRY PLEASANTS

ROCK WRITERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
A report on a meeting that may not make journalistic history
STEve SIMELS

THE BASIC REPERTOIRE
Bloch's Schelomo
MARTIN BOOKSPAN

HARRY NILSSON
A modern Horatio Alger story
ROBERT KIMBALL and ABIGAIL KUPFELIK

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Friedrich Witt was no Beethoven, but
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Advice on readers' technical problems
LARRY KLEIN

AUDIO BASICS
Glossary of Technical Terms-3
RALPH HODGES

TECHNICAL TALK
Anti-skating Adjustment; Hirsch-Houck Laboratory reports on the Pilot 254 AM/FM receiver, Design Acoustics D-6 speaker system, Teac 450 stereo cassette deck, and the Pioneer SA-9100 integrated stereo amplifier
JULIAN D. HIRSCH

LOUDSPEAKER POWER NEEDS
How to arrive at a "realistic" sound-pressure level
ROY ALLISON

TAPE HORIZONS
Understanding Frequency Response
CRAIG STARK

THE REVIEWS
BEST RECORDINGS OF THE MONTH
POPULAR DISCS AND TAPES
CLASSICAL DISCS AND TAPES

THE REGULARS
EDITORIALLY SPEAKING
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
GOING ON RECORD
ADVERTISERS' INDEX

COVER: Illustration by David Edward Byrd • FRONTPSICE: Caricature by Lincoln Perry
Provisions for external CD-4 demodulator.

Unique new lumped-selectivity IF circuitry and ultra-sophisticated phase-locked-loop multiplex decoder on FM.

Studio-type fader control for volume.

Built-in SQ decoder.

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“Joystick” master balance control, with professional pan pots, for 360° localization and balance flexibility.

Two tape recording and monitoring facilities.

Provisions for external CD-4 demodulator.

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And, conversely, if your budget is limited, you've got to accept something less than the very best. So goes the conventional wisdom of the audio world.

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Fisher Radio, Dept. SR-9, 11-40 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**SPECIFICATIONS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amplifier and Audio Section</th>
<th>Stereo</th>
<th>4-Channel</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Total Continuous Sine-Wave Power (RMS) (20 Hz - 20,000 Hz)</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 ohms</td>
<td>76W (38/38W)</td>
<td>80W (20/20/20/20W)</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>76W (38/38W)</td>
<td>60W (15/15/15/15W)</td>
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<td>2. Total Continuous Sine-Wave Power (RMS) (at 1 kHz)</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 ohms</td>
<td>100W (50/50W)</td>
<td>112W (28/28/28/28W)</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>96W (48/48W)</td>
<td>80W (20/20/20/20W)</td>
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<td>3. Total IHF Music Power (at 1 kHz)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 ohms</td>
<td>134W</td>
<td>156W</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 ohms</td>
<td>120W</td>
<td>100W</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total Harmonic Distortion (THD) at rated power, 4 ohms</td>
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<tr>
<td>THD at rated power - 3 db</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
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<tr>
<td>IM dist. (60 and 7,000 Hz, 4:1) at rated power, 4 ohms</td>
<td>0.15%</td>
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<tr>
<td>IM dist. at rated power - 3 db</td>
<td>0.8%</td>
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<tr>
<td>FM Tuner Section</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Usable Sensitivity (IHF Standard) (at 400Hz, 100% modulation)</td>
<td>1.8uV</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mono</td>
<td>0.2%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stereo</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signal-to-Noise Ratio (at 100% mod. &amp; 1 mv input)</td>
<td>70 db</td>
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<tr>
<td>Selectivity (IHF method) (alternate channel)</td>
<td>60 db</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Max. Antenna Input Level (for 0.5% THD)</td>
<td>3 volts</td>
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*$399.95* 

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*Fair trade price where applicable. Price slightly higher in the Far West and Southwest.
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MUSICAL CHAIRS

ONE of the good things about being an editor is the people you get to work with. Come to think of it, that's one of the bad things about being an editor too. But I am far from lamenting my lot, for I have been lucky enough to have experienced more of the former (good) than of the latter (bad). The mettlesome minds and talents of our regular staff and those of our roster of contributing editors are the whetstones I credit for keeping my own wit sharp. They are stimulating, challenging, and provocative, sometimes irritating and even downright exasperating, but always entertaining and instructive. I'd like to stay that way. And so, whenever the music (whatever it may be) stops momentarily and a chair is added or subtracted from our little orchestra, I like to pause as well, to count heads, noses, ears, and instruments, and to reassure myself before we resume that we are still in shape to play whatever is put before us.

First, the good news: two new Contributing Editor chairs this month, one for columnist Irving Kolodin ("Choosing Sides," page 130), another for reviewer Richard Freed (see Haydn, page 118). Mr. Kolodin, until recently music editor of the late, much-abused Saturday Review (it may be reincarnated in Saturday Review/World magazine by the time you read this), can best be described as the dean of American record critics. A New Yorker who studied at the Institute of Musical Art (long ago merged with Juilliard), Mr. Kolodin started his career in musical journalism with the Brooklyn Eagle. For fifteen years subsequently he wrote a column, "The New Records," for the New York Sun until it merged with the World Telegram in 1950. Concurrently, beginning in 1947, Mr. Kolodin had also been inventing the "Recordings" section in Saturday Review, a feature that was to be, for more than a score of years, one of the obligatory bench marks for anyone who hoped to keep track of the eb and flow of serious record criticism in this country. Mr. Kolodin is the author of the influential series New Guides to Recorded Music and two books on the Metropolitan Opera, among others.

Richard Freed is a well-known musical journalist and record scholar as well, having contributed not only to these pages in years past, but to Saturday Review, the New York Times, Chicago Tribune, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Washington Star-News, the Gramophone, and others. He has been a consultant to the New York State Council on the Arts and the New York Philharmonic, program annotator for the St. Louis Symphony, and author of innumerable record jacket notes.

Now, the bad news: bidding farewell to their many partisans (and perhaps even a few detractors) are reviewers Lester Trimble, who wants to be free to give more time not only to his composition students at Juilliard, but to his own creative work as well, and Bernard Jacobson, who is leaving not only Stereo Review's roster but his post as music critic of the Chicago Daily News to return to his native England as Director of the Southern Arts Council. Both will be missed here.

Other news: Rex Reed is on sabbatical from these pages, having temporarily withdrawn from record reviewing after discovering himself guilty of the sin of overcommitment. Penance done, he will be back. Former Editorial Coordinator Robert Clark has retired to address himself to the formidable challenges of free-lance writing, and Contributing Editor Steve Rubin is writing a book on the history of the New York City Opera. Joel Vance is at work on another that will attempt to describe the inner workings of the American recording industry. Robert Windeler's book on Mary Pickford has just been published in England and will appear in an American version shortly. Henry Peoples' ambitious tome on American popular singers will be a heavy entry on the spring book lists, and Chris Albertson's biography of Bessie Smith is going to film, with Roberta Flack starring. And I figure I'm doing pretty well turning out this editorial every month.
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- SYMPHONY NO. 6 in F Major—the “Pastoral!” a musical evocation of nature's changing moods—from serene to tempestuous, from lush green to black stormy skies.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Musical Coexistence

- A few more like the July issue and I will be hooked for life. I have dismantled the whole thing in order to keep several items for reference. The Calendar of Classical Composers is a great idea, a wonderfully compact source of information. And the column “Editorially Speaking” is as clear and succinct an exposition of the values inherent in the coexistence of various kinds of music as I have ever seen. I am saving it to argue with unbelievers.

CHARLES J. SWEEDY
Woodhaven, N.Y.

Happy Birthday

- Concerning the birthdays on the cover of the July issue, what about:
  July 4th—George M. Cohan
  July 10th—Henryk Wieniawski
  July 11th—Hermann Prey and Nicolai Gedda
  July 12th—Kirsten Flagstad and George Eastman
  July 17th—Eleanor Steber
  July 21st—Isaac Stern
  July 26—Serge Koussevitzky?

Oh well, maybe next year. . . . It is a nice cover.

ALISON AMES
New York, N.Y.

While we’re on the subject: Editor—July 1,
Managing Editor—July 13, Technical Editor—July 9, Associate Technical Editor—July 1

Classical Calendar

- I would like to point out the omission from James Goodfriend’s “Calendar of Classical Composers” (July) of one of this century’s most distinguished men of music: Luigi Dallapiccola, born in 1904. Amid the clamor and conflict of the century, Dallapiccola goes on writing, without ostentation, some of the most distinguished music of our time.

RUDY SHACKELFORD
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

- I and my pupils much appreciate the Calendar of Classical Composers, as we do Mr. Goodfriend’s other articles in Stereo Review and his appearances on the radio program First Hearing. But here’s the “but”: How could he, even granted the second paragraph of his introduction to the calendar, omit the name of Vincenzo Bellini? We are holding an opera-ory of his music in memory, at which time Mr. Goodfriend’s name may not be mentioned. And I certainly hope that Maria Callas doesn’t catch the oversight, for your sake.

WILLIAM A. MOLIK
John F. Kennedy High School
Cleveland, Ohio

So do we.

- After reading the “Calendar of Classical Composers” in the July issue of Stereo Review, I found that James Goodfriend’s 1973 revision of the original 1966 calendar applied only to the very old and almost unknown composers of the Renaissance and Baroque periods, like Johannes Ockeghem and Jan Peterszoon Sweelinck. I did not find enough of the big names of the Romantic and Modern periods who also deserve to be mentioned, who but who still remain neglected. Being myself a musician, I do not believe that space limitation is a good excuse for omitting so many great names. I’d like to provide a short list of these neglected composers: Edouard Lalo, Anatol Iadov, Pietro Mascagni, Alexander Glazounov, Vassili Kalmikov, Reinhold Gilère, Ottorino Respighi, Ferde Grofé, Carl Orff, and Howard Hanson.

Does Mr. Goodfriend think these names are less important than those of their contemporaries like Henri Duparc, Isaac Albeniz, Henry Cowell, or Kurt Weill?

Finally, if such composers as John Cage and K. Stockhausen have their place among classical composers, what is wrong with Leonard Bernstein, Toshio Mayuzumi, and Krzysztof Penderecki? Are they not better? Their music is more preferred for performing by great American symphony orchestras.

DYMTRY WERESOW
Sayreville, N.J.

Music Editor James Goodfriend replies: The composers added to the revised version of the calendar are Johannes Ockeghem, Jan Peterszoon Sweelinck, Pier Francesco Cavalli, Johann Joseph Fox, Carl Ruggles, and Luciano Berio. Unlike Mr. Weresow, I feel that space limitations are not merely a good excuse for omitting others but a perfectly valid one.

Allowing, then, that the calendar contains the maximum possible number of names, the answer to Mr. Weresow’s first question (whether I consider his list of names less important than mine) is “yes.” The answer to his second question is “nothing,” and the answer to his third question is “no.” Let me also add that Cage and Stockhausen are generally accepted as two of the most important compositional innovators of the century; Bernstein, Mayuzumi, and Penderecki, whatever their eventual statures might be, are today, in different degrees, followers rather than leaders.

Dylan and Ambiguity

- Re “Stop! In the Name of Love!” (July): please advise J Marks that Bob Dylan’s Positively 4th Street was not included on the “Highway 61 Revisited” album. It was released in September 1965 as the follow-up single to Like a Rolling Stone and later appeared on “Bob Dylan’s Greatest Hits.” Also, I question Mr. Marks’ comment that Positively 4th Street . . . comes down as one of the most anti-female proclamations since Bluebeard.” Granted, the song is one of the most spiteful in all of rock ‘n’ roll, but the gender of the person(s) involved is never made clear. Concerning 4th Street, Dylan biographer Anthony Scaduto has this to say: Dylan was either slicing up one specific individual on the Village scene or all of them, all of his friends and former friends.

TOM MCQUOWN
San Francisco, Cal.

Reader McQuown is correct about Positively 4th Street not appearing on “Highway 61.” As for the meaning of the lyrics, that’s the nice thing about ambiguity— it lets you find whatever it is you are looking for.

C. G. Burke

- I do not think it has been reported in any publication known to me that C. G. Burke, record critic and author of a well-known dictionary of Haydn’s music, died at his home near Huntington, N. Y. in the latter part of July, 1973. He was seventy years of age and had been a lifelong friend of the undersigned since we met in a Newark, N. J. bookshop in the mid-Twenties.

Burke’s erudition in matters musical was matched by few professionals, though his technical knowledge of the subject was limited, and he reads scores only with difficulty. His general knowledge was truly encyclopedic: he was the only man I knew, or known to me, who had read the Encyclopaedia Britannica from Aabanraa to Zygote. He thus acquired considerable uselessness as well as useful information, almost all of which he commanded from an unusually retentive memory.

Burke’s involvement in the world of business was restricted to a pair of years between 1915 and 1925, when he participated in the planning and execution of the centennial recordings produced in England for the anniver- sary years of Beethoven and Schubert and issued in this country by Columbia. He had limited but secure financial means which enabled him to live and write in the country—which, from 1935 until his death, meant Columbia County in New York State. In the early Forties, though beyond military-service age, he enlisted and qualified for officer training; he left the army in early 1946 with the rank of major. He subsequently wrote record reviews for Saturday Review and High Fidelity magazines as well as a lengthy series of (Continued on page 14)

STEREO REVIEW
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* Suggested retail.

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CIRCLE NO. 53 ON READER SERVICE CARD
novels, none of them published. He leaves no close relatives, for his wife, the former Janet Andrews, died ten or so years ago and they were childless.

Burke was a man of enormous intelligence, discrimination, scholar attributes, and personal appeal, of which but a fraction was percutuated in his published writings. It should please his friends and the phonographic community to know that his substantial collection of 78's (dating to 1929) and his wide catalog of LP's have become part of the holdings of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives at the Lincoln Center Library Museum.

Carmen

A note to Eric Salzman—I agree with Mr. Kresh's (July) except for a few points. I think the orchestra was a bit too loud. I am not one of those who believe that opera is meant to emphasize the singing at the expense of the orchestration, but on this recording I believe the orchestra takes center stage at wholly inappropriate times. Also, it often sounds as if the performer is singing into an empty auditorium (especially when James McCracken sings fortissimo), which doesn't support the "you are there" concept of modern stereo. Nevertheless, on the whole it is an excellent recording of a musically and historically extraordinary performance.

Alan Rothenberg
Buffalo, N.Y.

The Man Behind Acoustic Suspension

In your July issue, Ralph Hodges' "Glossary of Technical Terms" included a definition and explanation of the term acoustic suspension. I thought it might be in order to call the attention of the new generation of Stereo Review readers that the development of this technological breakthrough, which in fact made stereo a practical possibility, was the work of Edgar Villchur, founder and, at one time, President of Acoustic Research.

Gerald Landsau
Director of Marketing
H. H. Scott, Inc.
Maynard, Mass.

Our thanks to Mr. Landsau for the opportunity to get this point into the record. Mr. Villchur, who is now engaged in hearing-aid research, was indeed acoustic suspension's pioneer, though, unlike Messrs. Watt, Ohm, Volta, Herz, Ampère, Faraday, Heimholtz, and others, his name has yet to make its way into technical glossaries.

Supporting Pet

I feel that Paul Kresh missed the point somewhat in his review of Petula Clark's album "Now" (July). While Mr. Kresh claims to admire Miss Clark's talent and freshness, he devotes most of his comments to reviewing the quality of the songs on the album rather than Miss Clark's performance of them. If he finds songs like "Solitaire" and Don't Hide Your Love too juvenile for his taste, shouldn't his criticism be directed at Neil Sedaka, who wrote the material? Petula Clark's performance on "Now" is superb. Each track sparkles with Pet's unique style. Incidentally, Mr. Kresh may be interested to know that I am twenty-six, neither retarded nor a teenager.

Dennis D. Rice
Bath, Pa.

Mr. Kresh replies: It's too late to persuade Mr. Sedaka to refrain from writing them, but perhaps not too late to keep Pet from making the mistake of singing them again. Great gifts should not be wasted on unworthy material.

José Carreras

Many thanks for Robert Connally's interview with José Carreras in your June issue. I was one of the fortunate ones to have seen Mr. Carreras' Philadelphia debut in La Traviata with Montserrat Caballé this past April. Never having heard of him before, it was like discovering unexpected treasure.

Here is a very young singer who has obviously done his musical homework. His voice is one of great beauty, warmth, and perfect pitch, delivered with a tasteful, elegant style and polish that many so-called "great" tenors twenty years his senior have never achieved.

Following his second-act aria, he sang the short cabarette which is rarely, if ever, sung. With it, he brought down the house, despite Philadelphia audiences' reputation of coldness to unknown performers. As a future great conductor said of a future great singer, "If he keeps singing like this the whole world will talk about him."

Eugene J. Robinson

Choosing Mary Travers

The Mary Travers album "All My Choices" (June) was everything Peter Reilly said it was. If I hadn't read his marvelous review, I would probably never have purchased it at all.

I don't have time to listen to much FM radio, so I depend on Stereo Review's fine pop reviewers. Tell Chris, Noel, Paul, Joel, and Peter to keep up the important service for their appreciative readers.

George Schalk
Kearny, N.J.

Classical Rookies

I'm a rock nut. Lately, however, my wife and I have been wanting to experiment with some classical music. We've been trying to decide what to buy, but we're really baffled. I'm sure there are many others who would like to become "enlightened" but don't want to waste $5 or $10 on an album that may be too much for a rookie listener. Can you be of any help?

Charles Martin
Orchard, Neb.

I have subscribed to Stereo Review for some time, and I enjoy reading what I know about. That's why I'm writing: I'd like to know more. Is there any way—or just how does one begin—to learn to enjoy and appreciate classical music?

Ken Gould
Sudbury, Ont., Can.

The Editor replies: Letters such as these from readers Martin and Gould have crossed my desk with greater frequency. Boorish regularity in the past, but it does seem that there has been a slight but gratifying upswing of late—gratifying because it indicates that a central tenet of our editorial policy—the encouragement of a catholicity of musical taste—a making itself felt that we have to add that I am no less pleased when a reader whose interests have been wholly classical writes for guidance into the world of popular music.

But to the appeals at hand: I am always just a little at a loss when facing up to the responsibility of suggesting the proper direction of first steps into unknown territory because I am torn between recommending an album, something whose tonal palette bears at least a little comforting resemblance to what my client has perhaps been listening to, or (b) something that is totally, radically different from his usual fare. In this case, let me do a little of both: (a) Krzysztof Penderecki's Utrenja, the Entombment of Christ, RCA VICS 1239 (Penderecki's ability to communicate too successfully with modern audiences has won him the contempt of some critics, but no matter; his music is the one chance if necessary—it will get to you); Vitali's Four Seasons, Argo ZRG 654 (to be played loud; guarantee of an unforgettable first contact in any circumstances); Beethoven's Scotch Folk Songs, Deutsche Grammophon DG 2530262 (to each his own vocabulary, but this is to me a definition of "irresistible"); Chopin Nocturnes, Connoisseur Society $1065 (the best kind of Chopin, perfectly played); Berlioz, Nuits d'Été, Angel $36505 (you'll never be the same).

In addition, Popular Music Editor Steve Simels suggests Charles Ives' Fourth of July, Columbia MS 6859; Managing Editor Charles Shumway recommends Ian Livingstone says play it safe at first and get a sampler designed for this very purpose—such as Columbia's "The Greatest Hits Album," MG 30074; Assistant Techni
cal Editor Ralph Hodges advises starting with Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"), Columbia MS 6921; and Music Editor James Goodfriend directs you to Stereo Review's own Stereo Demonstration Record, which contains so many kinds of music that something is bound to click (available for $5.98 from Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Dept. 23, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016). It is, of course, a fascinating game that brings out the proselytizer in all of us. Are there any evangelists among our readers who have had marked success in opening the classical doors with some key recording?

Ragtime Revisited

That was a fine article on Eubie Blake by William Bolcom and Robert Kimball ("The Words and Music of Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake") in the November issue of Stereo Review. The writers refer to a recording on Stereodiscs of Eubie along with Joe Jordan, Charlie Thompson, and Bob Darch. Bob brought these three men together again for a recording session in 1962. Out of this came thirty hours of tape. It is hoped that some enterprising individual or company will take the opportunity to build this disc into a complete collection.

Any Stereo Review readers interested in going into ragtime in greater depth should subscribe to the publications of the Maple Leaf Club, 3560 West 62nd Street, Los Angeles, Calif., 90015, and the Ragtime Society, Inc., Box 520, Westport, Connect., An...
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Audition the new dimensions in spirited sound
There are some things you'll appreciate about a Dual right away.

Others will take years.
You can appreciate some things about a Dual turntable right in your dealer’s showroom: its clean functional appearance, the precision of its tonearm adjustments and its smooth, quiet operation.

The exceptional engineering and manufacturing care that go into every Dual turntable may take years to appreciate. Only then will you actually experience, play after play, Dual's precision and reliability. And how year after year, Dual protects your precious records; probably your biggest investment in musical enjoyment.

It takes more than features.

If you know someone who has owned a Dual for several years, you've probably heard all this from him. But you may also wish to know what makes a Dual so different from other automatic turntables which seem to offer many of the same features. For example, such Dual innovations as: gimbal tonearm suspensions, separate anti-skating scales for conical and elliptical styli, and rotating single play spindles.

It's one thing to copy a Dual feature; it's quite another thing to match the precision with which Duals are built.

The gimbal, for example.

A case in point is the tonearm suspension. Dual was the first manufacturer of automatics to offer a true twin-ring gimbal suspension. More importantly, every Dual gimbal is hand assembled and individually tested with precision instruments especially developed by Dual. The vertical bearing friction of this gimbal is specified at 0.007 gram, and quality control procedures assure that every unit will meet this specification. Only by maintaining this kind of tolerance can tonearm calibrations for stylus pressure and anti-skating be set with perfect accuracy.

Other Dual features are built with similar precision. The rotor of every Dual motor is dynamically balanced in all planes of motion. Additionally, each motor pulley and drive wheel is individually examined with special instruments to assure perfect concentricity.

The Dual guarantee.

Despite all this precision and refinement, Dual turntables are ruggedly built, and need not be babied. Which accounts for Dual's unparalleled record of reliability, an achievement no other manufacturer can copy. Your Dual includes a full year parts and labor guarantee: up to four times the guarantee that other automatic turntables offer.

If you'd like to read what several independent testing laboratories have said about Dual turntables, we'll be pleased to send you reprints of their impartial reports. To appreciate Dual performance first hand, we suggest you visit your franchised United Audio dealer.

But your full appreciation of Dual precision won't really begin until a Dual is in your system and you hear the difference it will make on your own records. Play after play. Year after year.
"My passion for life was never greater than on that spring. I was a happy man! And I dare say that I still am the happiest person I have ever met. . . . I had learned to love life unconditionally." Greeting-card sentiments? Perhaps. But who is to deny Arthur Rubinstein's right to them? (Impresario Sol Hurok uses "Artur" for publicity, so all disc, concert notices, programs, etc. also use this spelling; his citizenship papers give his name as "Arthur," however, and that is how he signs his name.) For one thing, he's been around longer (eighty-six years or so: he's never been precise about it), to more places, with more people, than most of us. And, of course, he is a great pianist, his spectacular career having spanned eighty years. His joie de vivre is legendary, and his recently published My Young Years, the first volume in his autobiography—it covers his life up to the age of thirty—can only add to the legend. In fact, literally hundreds of stories about the Polish-Jewish prodigy, his encounters with music and musicians, teachers, impresarios, audiences, political figures, women: stories about Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Venice, Valen-
cia, London, Paris, and Columbus, Ohio; stories about sleeping cars and about food, about opulent country estates and less opulent furnished rooms; stories about the aristocracy of glittering pre-War society, about members of the Mid-

dle-European Jewish middle class, about the War itself; stories about Henny, Basia, Magdalena, Pola, Muriel. . . .

Rubinstein has (only this year) curtailed his performing schedule, but anybody who has ever seen him play, or who saw the television documentary about him a few months ago (it was shown in movie theaters in Europe), or who reads this book cannot fail to be impressed with the man's apparently inexhaustible energy. He writes of his triumphs, but he writes of his doubts as well—and he did have them, inconceivable as it may be to anybody who has ever felt his remarkable stage presence. At the Anton Rubinstein competition in St. Petersburg, he listened to the other contestants: "They depressed me—they played too well. All four had the kind of technical polish which I never pos-
sessed. And I never missed a note, the devils. It is better for me not to listen to the others. I decided. . . . As a matter of fact, I am afflicted with an infi-
riority complex with regard to my play-
ging; any youngster who performs proper-
ly a Scarlatti sonata makes me feel that he is a better pianist than I."

Then there were all the scrapes, mostly financial, he got himself into, and, every time, the deus ex machina that got him out again. But best of all are the sto-
ries of other people. He must have kept endless journals and scrapbooks to recall everything in such detail (or could it all be that incredible memory that permitted him to learn for the Rubinstein competition from scratch, and in two weeks, the Anton Rubinstein Concerto in D Minor, a Bach four-voice fugue, and a Liszt étude, in addition to preparing for performance a late Beethoven sonata, a ballade, a nocturne, and a mazurka by Chopin, and Schumann's Papillons?). Here are Paderewski, Diaghilev, violin-

ist Paul Kochanski, Chaliapin, Szyma-
nowski, Pablo Picasso, Colette, Pablo Casals, actress Ruth Draper, Tchaikov-

sky, Henry James, John Singer Sargent. Arthur Rubinstein knew them all, and more. There is, for instance, the young man who was commissioned to caricu-
ture Rubinstein when he was just begin-
ning his concert career. The youth was making his living as an artist because his father, who was a well-known actor, in-

sisted that the family should not have two members in the theater. The artist's name was Sacha Guitry.

And there was his great and good friend, the basso Feodor Chaliapin ("Artooosh!" he would boom), whose recital repertoire was actually very lim-
ed, according to Rubinstein. But he found a way of making it seem really extensive: instead of distributing pro-
grams at his recitals, he distributed booklets containing hundreds of song ti-

tles, all numbered; when he announced to an audience that his next song would be number so-and-so, it appeared to be an impromptu choice from all those list-
ed possibilities, and his admiring public never seemed to notice that he invari-
ably chose to sing the same six or seven numbers.

Rubinstein's encounters with other musicians were not always smooth. When he first met Scriabin, in Paris, the Russian composer was pleased to find someone who spoke his language and invited the young pianist to tea. But when Rubinstein said that his favorite composer was Brahms, Scriabin became enraged. "How can you like this terrible composer and me at the same time?" he screamed. "When I was your age I was a Chopinist, later I became a Wagnerite, but now I can only be a Scriabinist!"

They met once again, a few years later, and both composer and pianist seem to have been scrupulously polite. "He was a bit strange, Scriabin," Rubinstein con-

cludes, "but I still have a great admira-
tion for his music."

He also describes as "strange" the fa-

mous Bohemian soprano Emmy Destinn, whose tattoo (a snake encircled her leg from ankle to thigh) he found less admir-
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tions, though, Rubinstein's anecdotes are more likely to be chariable than otherwise, and the hyperbole more likely to be used in advocacy. This is no collec-
tion of vicious gossip, nor is it, as some apparently expected, a settling of ac-

counts with enemies made during a long career. It is an old-fashioned book and a well-mannered one, as befits a turn-of-the-century gentleman.

Although My Young Years is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, it has not been received very kindly by most critics. "Maybe the virtuoso performer is supposed to think about anything but his Art, much less express himself in any anecdotal digressions. Perhaps we ordinary mortals admire a little too much a purity of obsession, we make myths about Devotion to Art, and then we ex-

pect our fabricated conventions to be observed. But Arthur Rubinstein has not written "a musical life"—not yet. He is, thank goodness, more than a bit of a ren-

garde, his life, like his music, escaping our facile classifications. And whether or not you are a partisan of Rubinstein's music, you will enjoy at least this part of his life as recounted in a book that is a little like those mouisses au chocolat the young Rubinstein used to enjoy so much in Paris. It is sweet, delicious, and very rich—perhaps a little too rich for a steady diet. You will not want to read it straight through, but you will return to it again and again—to taste a little more here, a little more there—which is, after all, the best way to savor dessert.

MY YOUNG YEARS

Arthur Rubinstein's account of his salad days must be savored like the rich dessert it is

Reviewed by

LOUISE GOOCH BOUNDAS

Chopin, and Schumann's Papillons?). Here are Paderewski, Diaghilev, violin-

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New products

Hear-Muff Stereo Headphones

- The crafts of audio and upholstery come together in the Hear Muffs, billed as the first stereo headphones designed specifically for comfort while reclining. Within a U-shaped cushion of velour-covered polyurethane foam are two 4-inch cone drivers mounted in molded acoustic cavities. The Hear Muffs are designed to be worn around the back of the head, so that the headset's yoke provides a soft neck support when the user is lying down. Adjustable spring-steel bands adapt to fit the head and also hold the phones in place when the listener starts the platter rotating) or automatically by means of the familiar motor-board lever switch that initiates tone-arm cycling. Pitch controls, varying the speed over a ±4 per cent range, are provided for both speeds, to be used in conjunction with an illuminated stroboscope indicator. The cueing mechanism is damped in both directions of travel. Style-force is applied by a calibrated drum adjustment, with a separate knob for anti-skating compensation that has markings for spherical and elliptical styles. Dimensions, which include the wood base and plastic dust cover supplied with the unit, are approximately 161/2 x 141/2 x 6 inches. Price: $350.

Circle 115 on reader service card

Dual 701 Direct-Drive Turntable

- A single-play turntable with a direct-drive two-speed (33⅓ and 45 rpm) motor has been introduced by Dual. The rotor, coupled directly to the 12-inch turntable platter to form a 9.7-pound integral assembly, is an annular eight-pole magnet that is rotated by the alternating fields of sixteen stationary coils arranged in two overlapping layers. The drive signal is derived from a d.c. supply voltage; it is feedback-controlled by two Hall-effect devices operating as motion sensors for the rotor. The tone arm of the 701 is also a new design, with a counterweight that incorporates two mechanical filters tuned to damp resonances arising from the tone-arm/cartridge interaction and the turntable-chassis suspension.

Except for the absence of a record-changing mechanism, the controls and appearance of the 701 are very similar to those of other models in the Dual line. The turntable can be operated manually (removing the tone arm from its rest and moving it toward the platter automatically) or by means of the familiar motor-board lever switch which initiates tone-arm cycling. Pitch controls, varying the speed over a ±4 per cent range, are provided for both speeds, to be used in conjunction with an illuminated stroboscope indicator. The cueing mechanism is damped in both directions of travel. Style-force is applied by a calibrated drum adjustment, with a separate knob for anti-skating compensation that has markings for spherical and elliptical styles. Dimensions, which include the wood base and plastic dust cover supplied with the unit, are approximately 161/2 x 141/2 x 6 inches. Price: $350.

Circle 116 on reader service card

Jensen Coaxial Mobile Speaker

- A new addition to Jensen's extensive line of "raw" speakers for mobile applications is a true coaxial unit consisting of a 6 x 9-inch elliptical low-frequency driver and a 3-inch cone tweeter mounted on the woofer axis and within its cone's concavity. Both drivers have entirely separate magnet/voice-coil assemblies: they are wired in parallel to the speaker's amplifier terminals. The woofer has a 20-ounce ceramic magnet and a single-roll foam surround. Power-handling capability is rated as 25 watts, and the frequency response is specified as 40 to 16,000 Hz. Suggested applications for the weather-resistant speakers include installation in cars, boats, mobile homes, and campers. They are packaged for sale as stereo pairs (Stock Number C9740), including two plastic grilles for flush mounting, 15-foot lengths of hookup wire, mounting hardware, and instructions. Also available are single units sold as a "Rear Deck Kit" (Number C9739, which includes one grille, hardware, and a balance control), or a replacement speaker (Number C9737). Prices: $69.95 (C9740), $36.95 (C9739), $31.95 (C9737).

Circle 117 on reader service card

Integral Systems
Model 10 Preamplifier and Model 200 Power Amplifier

- The first products from Integral Systems are a stereo preamplifier and stereo power amplifier, Models 10 and 200. The Model 10 preamplifier, rated at a maximum output of 3.5 volts into a minimum load impedance of 10,000 ohms, has less than 0.05 per cent intermodulation distortion at a 1-volt output. Frequency response is 20 to 100,000 Hz ±0.25 dB; signal-to-noise ratios are 90 dB (phono inputs) and 100 dB (high-level inputs). Sensitivity of the phono inputs can be set for 1 or 4 millivolts, with corresponding overload points of 3.5 and 14.0 millivolts. The straightforward control layout includes knobs for volume, balance, bass and treble, and pushbuttons for input selection (PHONO, TUNER, AUX 1, AUX 2), tape-monitoring facilities for two tape decks, stereo/mono mode, loudness compensation, and low- and high-cut filters. The preamplifier also has switching for two stereo pairs of speakers. (To permit the switching, the speaker outputs of the associated power amplifier are connected back to the preamplifier, which has its own set of terminals to which the speakers are connected. The signals for the front-panel stereo headphone jack are also derived from the power-amplifier outputs.) The low-frequency response is specified as 40 to 16,000 Hz.

Circle 118 on reader service card

(Continued on page 24)
They put a rotary engine in a car. We put a cam shaft in a turntable.

For the same reason.

The reason?
To make it quieter, smoother, more reliable.
The basic record changer mechanism—like the automobile's piston engine—has been a fairly reliable device that has served with some success for many years. But the very action of the engine—or the changer—produces constant vibration and strong, sudden movements that can ultimately wear it out. Now we have alternatives. For cars, the Wankel rotary engine. And for record players, the sequential cam shaft drive mechanism used in BSR's finest automatic turntables.

Its even rotating motion programs the complex automatic functions of the BSR 710 and 810 smoothly and without noisy and potentially harmful quick starts and stops, without slamming metal against metal. And because the cam gears are mounted on a carefully machined central shaft, they are all but impossible to put out of alignment by rough handling or constant use.

The result: consistent care-free performance, and good music. With the BSR 710/X and 810/X Transcription Series Total Turntables.
NEW PRODUCTS THE LATEST IN HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

Model 200 Amplifier

Cut filter provides what is essentially an 18-dB-per-octave rolloff of subsonic frequencies, while the high-cut filter introduces a very sharp cutoff above 9,000 Hz, to −14 dB at 10,000 Hz.

The Model 200 power amplifier has a continuous power rating of 100 watts per channel at 8 ohms with both channels driven. Harmonic and intermodulation distortion are under 0.2 per cent at any power level: the signal-to-noise ratio is 90 dB. Frequency response at a 1-watt output is 10 to 200,000 Hz ±1 dB, and

Control One Automatic Power-Switching Unit

HR MANUFACTURING has introduced a switching device for audio systems that automatically turns them off after ten minutes of non-use. To install, the control cable supplied is connected to one set of speaker terminals on the back of the system's amplifier or receiver. The components to be switched are then plugged into the two convenience outlets on the back of Control One, which in turn is plugged into the a.c. wall socket. The absence of a signal at the speaker terminals activates an electronic timer mechanism within Control One that removes power from the convenience outlets after ten minutes unless the signal resumes and resets the timer. The on and off switches on the Control One's front panel permit the unit to be used as a central power switch for the entire system. A red pilot light located on the same panel indicates operation. Dimensions of the unit are 12 3/4 x 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches, including the walnut side-trim panels. Price: $39.95.

Ace Audio

Basic Stereo Preamplifier

The first product from Ace Audio is the Basic Stereo Preamplifier, available as a kit or in factory-assembled form. The Ace preamplifier has no tone controls or associated active circuits; it functions simply as a magnetic-phono preamplifier, switching, and level-control center for an audio system. The front panel has an input selector (TUNER, PHONO, TAPE, AUX), a tape-monitor switch, separate slider-type volume controls for the two stereo channels, and a power switch. In the rear are a mono/stereo switch, the necessary source inputs and output jacks for tape and power amplifier, and four a.c. convenience outlets, three of which are controlled by the front-panel power switch. Specifications include a maximum output of 10 volts into 15,000 ohms, with harmonic and intermodulation distortion both 0.05 per cent for a 2-volt output. Signal-to-noise ratios are 85 dB for the high-level inputs and 70 dB for the phono inputs. Magnetic-phono frequency response is flat within ±0.5 dB of the RIAA curve across the audio range. The preamplifier outputs require a load of at least 15,000 ohms. Construction of the kit is based on two printed-circuit boards, with a separate power supply incorporating three filter capacitors. The completed unit measures 11 x 3 x 8 inches. Prices: kit, $69.95; factory wired, $99.95.

JVC SX-3 Speaker System

A newly developed soft-dome tweeter is featured in the JVC SX-3, a two-way, bookshelf-size speaker system with a 10-inch woofer in a fully sealed enclosure, which is a 10-inch woofer in a fully sealed enclosure. The SX-3 has no grille cloth; both drivers are protected by perforated metal screens. Overall dimensions are approximately 20 1/2 x 12 1/4 x 11 1/4 inches. To prevent interference effects from sound reflections, the front panel has no edge trim. Price: $159.95.

Circle 118 on reader service card

Circle 119 on reader service card

Circle 120 on reader service card

Circle 121 on reader service card
CHECK OUR SPECS BEFORE YOU BUY THEIR 4 CHANNEL RECEIVER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Sylvania</th>
<th>Pioneer</th>
<th>Sansui</th>
<th>Fisher</th>
<th>Harman-Kardon</th>
<th>Marantz</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RQ3748</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Continuous (RMS) Power</th>
<th>50W x 4</th>
<th>125W x 2</th>
<th>&lt;0.5%</th>
<th>&lt;0.5%</th>
<th>1.9μV</th>
<th>2.8μV</th>
<th>1.5db</th>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>50 db signal to noise ratio</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Capture Ratio</td>
<td>1.5db</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Price</td>
<td>$549.95</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*All power measurements taken at 120 volts/60 cycles, 8 ohms, 20Hz-20kHz, all channels driven simultaneously.

If you're in the market for four channel, you already know you've got to spend a good bit of cash for a receiver. So it'd be a good idea to spend a good bit of time checking specs on everything available just to make sure you get the most for your money.

To make your search a little easier, we've prepared the blank comparison chart above with spaces for some of the best-known brands and most important specs. Just take it with you to the store, fill it in, and you'll be able to tell at a glance what you get for what you pay.

We took the liberty of filling in the Sylvania column with specs for our RQ3748 four channel receiver. We did it because we know we're not the best-known name in four channel, and we didn't want you to overlook us for that reason. Because we think the RQ3748's specs are really worth remembering.

50 watts of RMS power per channel at 8 ohms, 20-20kHz, with all four channels driven. 125 watts per channel in stereo bridge mode. A THD and IM of less than 0.5% at rated output. An FM sensitivity of 1.9 microvolts. A discrete four channel receiver with matrix capabilities so you can use either type of quadrophonic material. And much, much more?

We can offer so much because we have so much experience. We were one of the first in the audio field. And now we're applying all our knowledge, all our engineering skill to four channel.

Once you've proven to yourself which receiver has the best specs, move on down to that last line in the chart and compare Sylvania's price with all the others. Find out which one gives the most for your money.

We feel pretty confident you'll discover that the best-known names aren't necessarily your best buy.

*So much more that it won't all fit here. So send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll send you a four-page brochure on our four channel receivers.

Sylvania Entertainment Products Group, Batavia, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 1973
Disc S/N

Q. I've a large collection of stereo discs, and I have noticed some are not as loud as others played at the same volume-control setting. How do these differences in reproduction effect the signal-to-noise ratio of my unit?

GEORGE M. LATHAM
Bronx, N.Y.

A. Assuming that almost all the noise (hiss and hum) in your system originates in the amplifying stages before the volume control, then the higher you have to set your volume control for a given loudness level (whatever program source is being used) the higher the noise will be. (Or, to put it in terms of your question, the worse the signal-to-noise ratio will be.) However, the real question is not whether the signal-to-noise ratio is reduced, but rather whether you hear excessive hum or hiss at the volume control settings you have to use with your low-level records.

Recording in the Round

Q. I have noticed that Columbia has a large collection of stereo discs, and I have noticed some are not as loud as others played at the same volume-control setting. How do these differences in reproduction effect the signal-to-noise ratio of my unit?

WILLIAM MEREDITH
St. Louis, Mo.

A. Shown above, right, is a modified sketch from John Crabbe's excellent Hi-Fi in the Home (Blandford Press, London 1972). It shows the arrangement of the performers for a recording of Mahler's Symphony No. 8 ("Symphony of a Thousand") made in the Walthamstow Assembly Hall in 1966. There was no intention of establishing a four-channel mix-down from the seventeen microphones used—it simply was a convenient way of grouping the orchestral and vocal forces around the conductor (designated C in the diagram) when there was no need to consider the visual and aural convenience of an audience.

In short, given the use of directional microphones, multi-track recording technology, and the existence of pan-pots, I suspect the major advantages of the "sound in the round" technique (as Newsweek referred to it in its January 1, 1973 issue) accrue to the public relations departments of the record companies rather than to the engineering department. With today's recording techniques it really doesn't matter, in respect to the directional properties embodied in the finished recording, whether the orchestra is arranged in a circle or is perched upon the various corners of a tesseract.

Speaker Doubling

Q. In test reports in some other publications I've seen the term "doubling" used. It apparently is a fault in a speaker that shows up during their testing procedure. I have two questions: how significant is doubling, and how come Julian Hirsch never mentions it in his speaker test reports?

GEORGE LIRAULLA
Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Doubling can result when the cone of a speaker does not respond fully and evenly (linearly) to the audio signal. This loss of linearity results from excessive drive to—and hence excursion of—the speaker-cone/voice-coil assembly. What is "excessive," of course, varies from speaker to speaker, but what happens is that, at the extremes of the cone movement, the voice coil is either no longer under full control of the magnet or the linear limits of the mechanical cone suspension have been exceeded—or both. Extra length (long-throw) voice coils and special cone-edge surrounds are used to extend the amount of linear excursion available.

The situation is quite analogous to what happens when an amplifier is overdriven into clipping distortion, except that with a well-designed speaker the doubling problem becomes severe only at low frequencies. This is true because the woofer's cone excursion quadruples for each octave the drive frequency is lowered. Many speaker systems that can easily handle the cone excursions required to reproduce a 100-Hz signal run into trouble at 50 Hz or so.

Obviously, if the drive signal to the speaker is kept low so as to reduce the cone movement, nonlinearity will not occur until some very low frequency is reached. Or, conversely, if the speaker is driven hard enough, doubling may occur at some higher frequency.

The term "doubling" is used because of the audible effect of the distortion. As the frequency of the test signal driving the speaker is lowered, the harmonic distortion that is produced by the nonlinear cone excursion starts to get louder and louder compared with the fundamental tone (which, below some point, will itself be decreasing in loudness).

Finally, the harmonics swamp it out completely. The audible effect is as though the frequency of the test signal from the audio generator were suddenly turned up to twice (or three times) its original frequency—hence "doubling."

Despite the prevalence of "doubling" in the speaker test reports of some other magazines, Julian Hirsch and I have seldom found it a problem when listening to speakers intended for hi-fi use played at reasonable loudness levels. Good speakers simply don't audibly double on program material, except possibly when played very loud or when contending with something like the opening moments of Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Mr. Hirsch's approach to low-frequency performance is to provide direct measurements of a speaker's low-frequency distortion—and, in addition, to evaluate the system by ear using program material rather than test tones. This helps avoid confusing factors such as the standing waves in the listening room or the ear's relative insensitivity to low audio frequencies (the Fletcher-Munson effect). Both of these phenomena make test-tone measurements of low-frequency distortion (or doubling) difficult if not impossible to perform meaningfully.

AUGUST 1973
With PE, West German precision begins at $89.95.

When the new PE 3000 series was introduced last September, a new concept was introduced at the same time: A fine precision turntable for well under $100.

Since then, thousands of price-conscious music lovers have experienced the enjoyment of playing their records on a well designed precision turntable: A turntable with the costly materials, fine engineering, and careful manufacturing you’ve come to expect only from the Black Forest craftsmen of West Germany.

And what’s even more satisfying is the fact the PE turntables are priced at only a little more than ordinary changers, yet have quality features associated only with much higher priced turntables.

For example, the $89.95 PE 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 can bind and cause eccentric wear.

No other turntable at or near $89.95 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.

For those who want further refinements and who are prepared to spend over $100 to get them, there are two other PE models to choose from.

- The 3015 at $129.95 which has a rack-and-pinion counterbalance, anti-skating synchronized with tracking pressure and a dynamically balanced nonferrous platter.
- Or the 3060 at $169.95, which has a gimbal-mounted tonearm, synchronous motor, two-scale anti-skating and vertical tracking angle adjustment.

Of course, we don’t know if the 3012 has everything you want, or if you would prefer the additional features and refinements of the 3015 or even the 3060. To help you decide, we’ll be pleased to send you our new brochure. Just circle the number at the bottom of this page.

The new PE

Precision for under $100

Impro Industries, Inc., 120 Hartford Ave., Mount Vernon, New York 10553
Glossary of Technical Terms — 3

- **Anti-skating** is the function of a mechanism in the tone arm of a phonograph turntable that opposes the skating force generated by the drag of the record groove on the phono-cartridge stylus. Skating force would not exist if conventional pivoted tone arms were not bent to bring the cartridge shell into tangency with the arc formed by the record grooves. But because of this bend (necessary to minimize tone-arm tracking error), the stylus drag produces a sideways component of force that would cause the tone arm to swing rapidly toward the center if set down on a disc with no grooves to capture and restrain the stylus. With a grooved record, the effect of skating force is to press the stylus more firmly against the inner (left-channel) groove wall than the outer — a situation that invites right-channel mistracking when high-level signals occur on the outer wall.

- Anti-skating devices, usually either calibrated spiral springs or small counterweights, exert an opposing outward pull on the tone arm so that (ideally) the stylus divides the downward force applied to it equally between the two groove walls. When present, anti-skating devices should be adjustable by means of their own independent controls. The correct adjustment procedure employs a test record with synchronized volume swoops in the two channels; anti-skating is set so that mistracking occurs in the left and right channels simultaneously.

- **Attenuation** is the reduction of the strength of an electrical audio signal. For example, a volume control is an attenuator because it progressively weakens the signals reaching the speakers as it is turned down. Bass and treble controls can be used to “attenuate” low and high frequencies.

- **Audio**, from the Latin “I hear,” is a broad term covering the human hearing apparatus and the phenomena to which it responds. In our context, it refers to devices contributing to the production (or reproduction) of audible sound.

- **Auxiliary** (input) is a set of jacks on an amplifier or receiver into which the user can plug any “high-level” program source of his choosing (such as additional tape machines). They are selected (switched in) by the various designated positions of the input-selector switch. In truth, with the exception of phono and microphone inputs, all the inputs on modern receivers and amplifiers have electrical characteristics that are identical to those of the auxiliaries; their special labels, such as TUNER or TAPE, are merely for convenience in identifying the switch positions for the program sources most often used. In technical parlance, an auxiliary or high-level input usually presents an impedance of 100,000 ohms or higher and is designed to accept (on equipment made for use in the U.S.) audio signals in the range of about 0.1 to 1 volt. (Magnetic phono and microphone inputs are designed for signal strengths in the millivolt range.)

- **Balance** in a stereo system is achieved when the loudness levels of all the speakers are adjusted so that a properly distributed two-channel or four-channel (quadraphonic) spatial image is perceived by the listener at his particular location. A condition of severe imbalance exists when the image shifts toward or collapses into one side or the other of the listening room. For the optimum balance adjustment, the listener should first be positioned at an equal distance from all speakers. Then the balance controls should be used to compensate for any differences in speaker efficiency or peculiarities of room acoustics. Balance is most conveniently determined by using identical in-phase (mono) signals for all speakers and adjusting the controls so that the apparent sound source is centered.

Balance can also describe relative strengths of high and low frequencies.
At Pilot, great specs are only the beginning.

Great specs. Is there a receiver manufacturer of any consequence who doesn’t claim them?

After all, great specs are what high fidelity is all about. And we’re just as interested in them as everyone else.

Take the Pilot 254 stereo receiver, our top performer. It delivers 130 watts, 65 honest watts (RMS) per channel, both channels driven into 8 ohms. Its IHF power bandwidth measures 10Hz to 40,000Hz. FM sensitivity is 1.8µV (IHF) with 38dB separation. Distortion is virtually unmeasurable and so on.

Obviously, we compare more than favorably with the best of them.

But at Pilot, we think performance is more than just specs, however great. We think unvarying quality and product reliability are equally important.

That’s why we painstakingly check every Pilot 254 individually, performing over thirty different tests.

That’s why we use MOSFET’s and ceramic filters, integrated circuits and expensive double wiped silver plated contacts. In fact, premium quality components are employed in all critical circuit applications.

That’s why we developed a unique electronic circuit protection system and then backed it up with fused speaker lines.

And finally, that’s why every Pilot 254 stereo receiver meets or exceeds every one of its listed specifications.

Because Pilot engineers demand margins of performance and reliability that far exceed ordinary production standards, you can own a stereo receiver that will work the first time you use it and for years to come.

For complete information and the name of your nearest Pilot dealer write: Pilot, 66 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

The Pilot 254 Stereo Receiver $429.90.
The new ADC-XT 10.

If you believe, as we do, that the ultimate test of any speaker is its ability to produce a true audible analog of the electrical signal fed to it, you'll be very impressed with the new XT 10.

The XT 10 is a two way, three driver, system employing a newly developed ten inch, acoustic suspension woofer with an extremely rigid, light weight cone and a specially treated surround that permit exceptionally linear excursions.

Matching the XT 10's outstanding low frequency performance are two wide dispersion tweeters that extend flat frequency response to the limits of audibility (see accompanying frequency response curve) and significantly improve power handling capacity.

All three drivers are mounted in a beautifully finished, non-resonant, walnut enclosure. And in place of the conventional grille cloth is an elegant new foam grille.

An extraordinarily accurate transducer, the XT 10 is characterized by very flat frequency response, excellent high frequency dispersion and extremely low distortion. Finally, it is distinguished by outstanding transient response assuring exceptional clarity and definition.

As a result, the ADC-XT 10 rivals and in many instances, surpasses the performance of units costing several times as much.

But why not experience for yourself what a truly well behaved speaker sounds like. Audition the XT 10 at your ADC dealer now.

For more detailed information on the ADC-XT 10 write: Audio Dynamics Corporation, Pickett District Road, New Milford, Conn. 06776.
ANTI-SKATING ADJUSTMENT: A letter from a reader notes that our test reports usually comment on the need for higher anti-skating settings on tone arms than those recommended by the turntable manufacturer. He asks—as we have—why most manufacturers seem to turn out “incorrectly calibrated” record players, and wonders if the fact that we use special high-velocity test records to evaluate anti-skating may not provide misleading results. In other words, are our test criteria the correct ones?

In my view—and I’m aware of the controversy around the subject—the principal reason for anti-skating compensation is to enable a cartridge to play the highest recorded velocities on discs with a minimum of tracking force. At any ordinary recorded program level (say, up to about 15 centimeters per second), almost any cartridge and arm can be used with no anti-skating compensation. After all, record players were used for years without anti-skating, and most people were not even aware of the existence of a skating-force “problem.” Its presence became felt—or, more accurately, heard—with the introduction of cartridges designed for operation at very low tracking forces, such as 1 to 2 grams. When these cartridges were mounted in the tone arms of the day, certain high-level recorded passages were reproduced with an unpleasant “shattering” distortion, usually in one channel. This mistracking could often be corrected by increasing the tracking force to the maximum allowable value for the particular cartridge. Understandably, most people resisted this solution, preferring to use the cartridge at a lower force, which would be adequate perhaps 95 per cent of the time. But what about the other 5 per cent?

The “skating” effect is caused by the friction between the stylus tip and the record material, which, in an angled tone-arm head, produces a force component tending to move the pickup toward the center of the record. This effectively increases the tracking force on the inner wall of the groove, and decreases it on the outer (right-channel) wall. For example, if the skating force is equivalent to 0.5 gram (an exaggerated figure), our hypothetical cartridge operating at 1 gram is contacting the inner wall with a 1.5-gram force, but on the outer wall the force is reduced to only 0.5 gram, and mistracking distortion results in that channel.

The most obvious cure, as we have suggested, would be to raise the total tracking force to 1.5 grams. The effective forces on the groove walls would then be 2 grams and 1 gram, and, assuming that the cartridge is really capable of 1-gram operation, both stereo channels would be reproduced without serious distortion. Most tone arms, however, are designed with some sort of mechanical or magnetic anti-skating compensation, which is supposed to exert an outward force equal and opposite to the skating force. This solution is complicated by the fact that the amount of skating force depends on several factors, including the size and shape of the stylus, the specific properties of the record material, the tracking force, and even, it is claimed, the recorded velocities of the program material. As a result, anti-skating dial calibration usually represents a practical compromise that is not always optimum.

Since most audiophiles do not have access to the test records and instruments necessary for a precise anti-skating adjustment, the indicated tone-arm settings can usually be used with quite satisfactory results. An uncompensated pickup, placed on a rotating blank disc, will move toward the center under the influence of the skating force. If the anti-skating is adjusted until the pickup stays where it is when put on the record, then supposedly the skating force is compensated for. The “catch” in this procedure is that the friction in the groove—and hence the real amount of skating force—is considerably higher
than on the surface of a blank record, and the anti-skating force must be set correspondingly higher. Many manufacturers, for reasons unknown to us, seem to use this incorrect procedure as a basis for calibrating their anti-skating systems, and that is why we take issue with their recommendations in our reports.

The best procedure is to play a stereo recording with a sine-wave test tone recorded at a level exceeding the tracking ability of the cartridge, and examine the waveforms of the two output channels on an oscilloscope. We use a record (no longer available) with 1,000-Hz tones at a 30-cm/sec (centimeter per second) velocity. Without anti-skating, one channel usually will be obviously distorted ("clipped"), while the other may appear undistorted. As the compensation is added, the distorted channel improves and the other may become distorted. With the correct compensation, both channels should have the same waveform, although distortion may still be present. Some cartridges, at their rated operating force, will track both channels of the disc without distortion, even with no anti-skating. In such a case, one might as well use the manufacturer's recommended setting.

An excellent aid for setting anti-skating compensation without instruments is the STEREO REVIEW SR 12 Test Record. One of its bands has test tones that slowly increase in level, ultimately causing audible distortion in the right or left speaker, depending on whether the anti-skating is too low or too high. Equal distortion from both speakers, or none at all, indicates correct anti-skating compensation.

So, in response to the reader’s question as to how "typical" our use of high-velocity records is, we can only say that many modern records have very high peak velocities; therefore, for best tracking at low stylus forces readers should set their anti-skating adjustment for balanced tracking of both channels, rather than for a stationary position on a rotating blank record. Like so many of the refinements in today's high-fidelity components, anti-skating is of relatively minor importance, but since it is there, one might as well use it correctly.

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**STEREO TEST RECORD**

In addition to the specially recorded high-velocity test bands for adjusting anti-skating, STEREO REVIEW'S SR 12 Stereo Test Record has twenty-one other tests—many of them for evaluation by ear—that are useful for obtaining and maintaining optimum performance in your stereo system. Among these are complete-system frequency response from 20 to beyond 20,000 Hz, phono-cartridge tracking at both high and low frequencies, and turntable rumble and flutter tests. Copies are available for $5.98 each, postpaid (New York residents please add local sales tax), from Stereo Test Record, Dept. 23, Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. Payment must accompany order.

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**EQUIPMENT TEST REPORTS**

By Hirsch-Houck Laboratories

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**Pilot 254 AM/FM Receiver**

- THE NAME Pilot—one of the oldest in radio—is now associated with a broad new line of audio components, and the Model 254, the most powerful stereo receiver in the group, is typical of them. The machined aluminum knobs and pushbuttons contrast handsomely with the flat black anodized front-panel finish. The tuning-dial area, which is blacked out unless the receiver is set for AM or FM reception, is flanked by the tuning knob and two meters. During FM operation, the dial scales and a zero-center meter are softly illuminated in green; on AM, the zero-center meter is darkened and a relative-signal-strength meter is visible. An illuminated red MTPLEX legend signifies stereo FM reception. The plastic dial pointer, normally lit in white, changes to red when an FM station is correctly tuned.

When one of the other inputs (two high-level AUX and two magnetic phono cartridges) is selected, the dial and meters are darkened, and a clearly visible yellow identifying legend (AUX 1, PHONO 2, etc.) appears below the dial area. The Pilot 254 has input and output connections for two tape decks, with off-the-tape monitoring possible from either one. The connections for one tape deck are duplicated on the front panel by two three-conductor phone jacks. In addition to the input selector, there is a speaker switch that can activate any of three pairs of speakers or any combination of two pairs simultaneously. The bass and treble tone controls are in concentric pairs for separate adjustment of left and right channels. At the left of the panel is a small MIC MIX gain-control knob, with a three-terminal microphone jack below it. At the right is the pushbutton power switch and a headphone jack.

Pushbuttons along the bottom of the panel control the 12-dB-per-octave low- and high-cut filters, stereo/mono mode, loudness compensation, and FM muting. In the rear of the receiver are the six pairs of spring-loaded insulated speaker terminals, protective fuses for speakers and power cord, and two a.c. outlets, one of which is switched. The preamplifier outputs and main amplifier inputs are brought out to separate jacks, normally connected by external jumpers. Each phono input has a

(Continued on page 34)
Most people seem to take for granted the smooth, effortless way in which a Revox works. And that is as it should be.

For a great deal of time, effort and sophisticated engineering have gone into translating extremely complex function into lightning quick, responsive operation.

For example, when you press the play button of a Revox, you set in motion a sequence of events that take place with the precision of a rocket launching.

It begins with a gold plated contact strip that moves to close two sections of the transport control circuit board.

Instantaneously, the logic is checked for permissibility. If acceptable, a relay is activated.

Within 15 milliseconds, power is supplied to the pinch roller solenoid, the brake solenoid, the back tension motor, a second relay and, at the same time, the photocell is checked for the presence of tape. If present, Relay One self-holds.

Elapsed time, 25 milliseconds.

At 30 milliseconds, Relay Two closes and puts accelerating tension on the take-up motor.

The logic checks are now complete and power is available to actuate all necessary functions.

From 30 milliseconds to 300 milliseconds, mechanical inertia is being overcome and the motors and solenoids are settling down.

By 300 milliseconds, the brakes have been released, the pinch roller is in contact with the capstan shaft, the tape lifter retracted, the playback muting removed and the motors have come up to operating speed.

At 350 milliseconds power is cut off from Relay Two, which changes over to another set of contacts, releasing the accelerating tension on the take-up motor and completing a circuit through Relay One that, in turn, restores normal tension to the take-up motor.

Total elapsed time, 400 milliseconds. The Revox is now in the play mode.

And it's all happened in a fraction of the time it takes to read this sentence.

The 400 millisecond miracle. More proof that Revox delivers what all the rest only promise.
HI/LO switch to accommodate cartridges over a wide range of output voltages. A DET OUT jack carries the FM audio, before de-emphasis, for possible use with any future discrete four-channel FM decoder. The AM ferrite-rod antenna extends and rotates for best reception.

The circuitry in the receiver is fully up-to-date, with two MOSFET r.f. amplifier stages in the FM section, an i.f. amplifier with three IC stages, and three ceramic filters. An IC is also used for the multiplex demodulator. The output stages, which are direct-coupled to the speakers, are electronically protected. The Pilot 254, which is supplied with a walnut veneered wooden cabinet, is 18 3/4 inches wide, 7 inches high, and 17 1/2 inches deep and weighs 42 pounds. Price: $429.90.

- Laboratory Measurements. The size and weight of the Pilot 254 implied a high amplifier-power capability, and we were not disappointed. At 1,000 Hz, the outputs clipped (were overdriven) at 82 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads with both channels driven. Into 4-ohm loads, clipping occurred at an output of 100 watts per channel, and into 16-ohm loads at 50 watts. Both harmonic distortion at 1,000 Hz and intermodulation (IM) distortion were well under 0.1 per cent up to about 30 watts output, reaching the rated 0.4 per cent at approximately 78 watts per channel.

At Pilot's rated 65-watt-per-channel output level, the distortion was 0.1 to 0.15 per cent from 20 to beyond 10,000 Hz, reaching a maximum of 0.25 per cent at 20,000 Hz. At lower power outputs, distortion was considerably reduced—typically about 0.05 per cent at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz with output levels up to 10 watts per channel.

The input required for a 10-watt output was 88 millivolts (AUX). 0.75 millivolts (PHONO HI). 1.25 millivolts (PHONO LO), and 0.43 millivolts (MIC). The signal-to-noise ratios, referred to a 10-watt output, were 72 to 73 dB through AUX or PHONO inputs and 66 dB through the MIC inputs. The phono inputs overloaded at 34 millivolts with the HI gain setting and 55 millivolts with the LO gain. Since the sensitivity of the latter is more than adequate for modern high-quality cartridges, we would recommend its use exclusively to avoid possible input overload and consequent distortion with heavily modulated discs.

The orderly rear panel of the Pilot 254 has all the inputs and outputs grouped according to type within rectangular white borders. The antenna terminals include a 75-ohm coaxial connector.

The RIAA phono equalization was accurate within ±2 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz, and the MIC input frequency response was down 3 dB at 40 and 7,000 Hz. Testing the phono inputs with three representative magnetic cartridges yielded frequency-response variations of only 3 dB at 15,000 Hz in the most extreme case. The loudness compensation boosted both low and high frequencies. The low- and high-frequency filters operated at, respectively, 100 and 3,500 Hz, both with effective 12-dB-per-octave slopes. The tone control curves "hinged" at about 1,000 Hz, and their range was more than adequate for any needs.

FM tuner performance was well up to the standard of the audio section, with a 1.7-microvolt IHF sensitivity and only 0.16 per cent harmonic distortion at almost any useful signal level with mono reception. The stereo distortion was about 0.5 per cent. A 50-dB signal-to-noise ratio was measured at 2.5 microvolts (mono) and at 38 microvolts (stereo). The ultimate quieting levels measured 81 dB and 70 dB, respectively, both of which are outstanding figures.

The FM frequency response was within ±0.5 dB from 30 to 15,000 Hz. Stereo separation was very good, exceeding 40 dB between 250 and 8,500 Hz. The capture ratio was an excellent 1 dB for a 1,000-microvolt signal, and 1.5 dB at 10 microvolts. Image rejection was 82.5 dB (very good), and alternate-channel selectivity was 62 dB for signals on the high-frequency side of the desired channel, and 87 dB on the low-frequency side. The AM rejection, at 49 dB, was satisfactory. Leakage of the 19,000-Hz stereo pilot carrier was a good 70 dB below full modulation. A 17-microvolt input was needed to overcome the interstation-noise muting, which again came into operation when the signal dropped below 9 microvolts. The automatic stereo-switching threshold was 10 microvolts. The AM tuner frequency response was a "normal" ±4 dB from 70 to 3,500 Hz.

(Continued on page 36)
High fidelity requires all the acoustic elements working together in a mutually beneficial relationship: symbiosis. And that's why accuracy, important as it is, is only one of the parameters in Quadraflex speaker design. With a frequency response of 45 to 20,000 Hz (±5dB), our Model 55 isn't going to introduce distortion in the music. And it probably won't be called upon to reproduce distortion caused by a clipping amplifier, because efficiency is one of our important parameters. (Recommended amplifier power is 20 to 120 watts RMS per channel.)

And price is also an important symbiotic parameter of Quadraflex design. The Model 55 is a three-way ten-inch acoustic suspension system selling for $119.95. Good as they are, we know Quadraflex speakers can sound only as good as the rest of your system.

Quadraflex
1301 65th Street, Emeryville, California 94608
**Comment.** Our test measurements clearly showed that the advertised specifications for the Pilot 254 are not only honest, but quite conservative. To the best of our knowledge, it is the most powerful stereo receiver in its price class by a considerable margin, and its low noise and distortion can make that power a meaningful factor—especially to anyone with low-efficiency speakers and a large listening room.

The FM tuner is also of excellent quality. From a distance at which the zero-center tuning meter is not readable, the color-changing dial pointer provides a clear confirmation that the station is tuned "on the nose." The need for this assurance is more psychological than real, since the Pilot 254 FM tuner is rock stable and showed no signs of any drift, even from a cold start. Tuning for minimum distortion is noncritical, and the muting operates positively, with hardly a trace of a thump and only an occasional burst of modulation "break-through."

All in all, we could not fault this fine receiver in any respect. It is physically imposing, with the bulk and weight usually associated with four-channel receivers (Pilot's own four-channel models use the same cabinet as the 254). Obviously, one cannot tuck the Pilot 254 away inconspicuously in a corner or on a shelf; on the other hand, we can't imagine not wanting it in plain view.

For more information, circle 105 on reader service card

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**Design Acoustics D-6 Speaker System**

- **Laboratory Measurements.** The frequency response of the D-6, as measured in a normal "live" room with both switches turned up, was quite smooth, sloping slowly and gradually upward with frequency so that the output at the highest frequencies was about 5 to 8 dB over the bass and mid-range levels. Turning down the high-frequency level switch reduced the output by about 5 dB at frequencies above 2.000 Hz and produced an overall frequency response that was exceptionally flat—within ±2 dB from 45 to 15,000 Hz.

- **When we tested the Design Acoustics D-12 speaker system (January 1973), we found it to be one of the finest speakers we have encountered, with truly omnidirectional dispersion and a virtually flat energy response across the audio spectrum. However, its unusual dodecahedron shape limited its decor suitability for many listening rooms. Design Acoustics has now undertaken to provide a more conventional-appearing alternative to the D-12—and without sacrifice of performance.**

Externally, the new D-6 speaker system appears to be quite conventional, with a handsome walnut-finish wood cabinet measuring 24½ inches high, 16½ inches wide, and 13½ inches deep, and weighing about 30 pounds. In respect to its internal design, however, there is little that is conventional about the D-6. It is a three-way system employing seven drivers. Its 10-inch woofer, identical to that of the D-12, is on the rear panel of the enclosure as is its damped ducet port. The mid-range driver (also identical to the one in the D-12) has a cone of about 5 inches and faces forward. Five 2½-inch tweeters are used; one faces directly forward and the others are mounted on the beveled edges of the protruding front panel. This configuration is designed to produce 180-degree dispersion, both vertically and horizontally—in other words, hemispherical coverage. The crossover frequencies are 800 and 2,000 Hz. Two toggle switches in the rear can reduce the levels of the woofers and/or the tweeters (from anechoic flat) by 3 dB or so to compensate for room acoustics and speaker position.

The Design Acoustics D-6 can be installed either vertically or horizontally, and in almost any location, as long as the rear panel of the cabinet is at least 2 inches from the wall. System impedance is nominally 8 ohms, and amplifier powers of at least 20 watts per channel are recommended. The standard grille color is black. It is also available in azure, cocoa, and crimson. Price: $249. The enclosure is available in rosewood for $50 additional, and the optional 2½-inch-high bases for floor mounting (shown in the lead photo) are $15 per pair.

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For more information, circle 105 on reader service card

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We measured the low-frequency output at two points: in front of the woofer and at the port opening. The "crossover" between the woofer and the port radiation occurred at 55 Hz. and the overall combined bass-response curve was excellent—within ±2.5 dB from 43 to 600 Hz, and ±1 dB from 50 to 600 Hz. The low-frequency switch reduced the output about 3 dB below 800 Hz. The bass-distortion measurement was made with the microphone directly in front of the woofer, and our figures therefore do not reflect the low-distortion contribution of the port at frequencies below 55 Hz. Even so, the distortion measured less than 3 per cent down to 50 Hz, reaching 5 per cent at 40 Hz and 10 per cent at 35 Hz. The results were essentially the same whether we used a constant 10-watt drive signal or a constant acoustic output of 90 dB sound-pressure level (SPL) measured at a distance of 1 meter. A measurement that could include the outputs of both the

(Continued on page 40)
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A COMPLETE SET OF MATCHED STORAGE CASES

Here's the ideal solution to the problem of keeping all your records and tapes stored neatly, safely, conveniently and attractively. A complete set of matched storage cases, designed by the editors of STEREO REVIEW magazine, for your records and all your tapes: cassette, cartridge and 7" reel. Now you can keep them side-by-side on your bookshelf or cabinet, easy to identify and readily available.

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Units A, B and C have tilted compartments to prevent spillage and include pressure sensitive labels for titling.

(D) 6-unit 7" reel case. 8" high x 7 1/2" deep x 5" wide. Holds reels in original boxes. $5.25 each; 3 for $15.00.

(E) 20-unit 12" record case. 13 1/4" high x 12 1/2" deep x 3 1/2" wide. Holds records in original jackets. $5.95 each; 3 for $17.00.

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TX-666
"An auspicious entry from Onkyo..."

(Quote from Hirsch-Houk Laboratories Test Report; March, 1973)

Furthermore, High Fidelity Magazine's experts (May, 1973 issue) joined Hirsch-Houk (Stereo Review, March, 1973) in praising this outstanding AM-FM stereo receiver. Both subjected the TX-666 to rigorous procedures. Both were impressed by the high quality construction, solidly built design and the outstanding performance characteristics: extraordinary phono overload capability...excellent harmonic distortion ratings...flawless FM muting...fine sensitivity...quite conservative amplifier ratings...unusually accurate dial calibration.

But, yours is the final expert opinion—the judgement we value most. Please do this. See your dealer. Listen to the TX-666 and other outstanding products in the Onkyo fine quality audio component group—tuners, amplifiers, receivers and speaker systems. Send for these and other reports from major critics. You'll agree that Onkyo is "unquestionably, the world's finest sound."

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SEPTEMBER 1973
CIRCLE NO. 39 ON READER SERVICE CARD

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port and woofer would most likely have shown even lower distortion.

The tone-burst response was uniformly good. The impedance, with both level switches set for maximum, was 5 to 8 ohms at most frequencies below 5,000 Hz, falling to about 4 ohms in the 10,000- to 20,000-Hz range and increasing to 16 ohms at the bass resonance of 58 Hz. With both switches down, the 58-Hz peak was reduced to 7 ohms, and the impedance was lowered at most other frequencies, falling as low as 3.5 ohms above 10,000 Hz. It would seem advisable to avoid using the D-6 in parallel on the same channel with any other speaker, which would result in too low an impedance for many amplifiers.

*Comment.* In our simulated live-vs.-recorded listening test, the D-6 (with controls in the up position) was 100 per cent perfect at any point in our listening room! The D-6 is the only speaker in our experience to achieve this. Not only were the highs "on the nose," but the important mid-range was reproduced with no coloration that we could detect by ear—or by measurement. The bass was clean and solid, and so well matched to the sound of the other drivers that there was no hint of transition from forward-facing/angled high-frequency drivers to a rear-facing woofer.

For these tests, and for subsequent listening, the speakers were located a few feet from the nearest wall. Placement closer to a wall, or in a corner, would boost the bass response, which was impressively powerful, but that is presumably why Design Acoustics has provided a switch to reduce the lows, if necessary, to preserve balance. The D-6, like the D-12, was fairly efficient and required only about 1 watt of amplifier power to generate a 90-dB SPL measured at a 3-foot distance.

Omnidirectional speakers (or "quasi-omni" hemispherical-radiating types like the D-6) are usually tolerant of any placement in the room, but are perhaps more responsive than conventional speakers to the absorption characteristics of the room. For example, our listening/test room is moderately "live," and has a hard floor, so that even the downward-angled tweeter contributed significantly to the total output energy of the system. Conceivably a heavily carpeted floor could absorb much of the output from the lowest high-frequency driver, but since at maximum this would amount to only 20 per cent of the total high-frequency output of the system, the loss would probably not be audible.

Frankly, we had not expected to encounter another speaker so soon whose performance matches—and possibly even surpasses—that of the Design Acoustics D-12. Nevertheless, that is just what the D-6 does. In short, it ranks among the finest systems we have heard. It is not easy to describe its sound character without resorting to such overworked—but communicative—adjectives as "open," "airy," "neutral," "uncolored," and the like. These—and many others—surely apply to this speaker.

After listening to the D-6 for a while, the colorations heard from many other speakers stand out like the proverbial sore thumb.

For more information, circle 106 on reader service card

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### Teac 450 Stereo Cassette Deck

The Model 450 cassette deck is a brand-new design from Teac intended to approach the performance level of open-reel equipment. Even its physical appearance departs from the norm, since virtually all the operating controls and indicators are located on the front side of the rectangular cabinet, laid out like the control panel of an amplifier. Only the covered cassette well and storage slots for six cassettes occupy the upper surface of the unit. The light-touch "piano key" transport controls form a row across the top left edge of the panel. They are plainly marked on both the top and front of the unit, making them identifiable from the side or above. Four of the keys are marked eject, rec, stop, and pause; three others are identified by arrows for play, fast forward, and rewind. The slightest pressure on the eject key opens the cassette cover, applying more pressure ejects the cassette. Cassettes are held firmly in place, with no tendency to "jump" when ejected, and yet they are exceptionally easy to load and remove. Most of the cassette can be viewed through a clear window in the hinged cover.

The front panel is dominated by a pair of large illuminated recording-level meters resembling those found on the better open-reel machines. To their left are two 1/4-inch phone jacks for microphones of between 150 and 600 ohms impedance, and a stereo headphone jack that will drive 8-ohm phones. Between the meters are two small red indicators using fast-acting light-emitting diodes. One is the record indicator, and the other flashes on momentary signal peaks that could overload the recorder but might not register on the more slowly responding meters.

The upper right portion of the front panel has five toggle switches, the pushbutton power switch, the three-digit (Continued on page 42)
Now you can create your own 4-channel world with the incomparable Sansui vario matrix QRX series of 4-channel receivers. Sansui's sound controls enable you to mix your own 4-channel sound according to your own musical preference in ways you have never experienced before. Dollar for dollar, ear for ear, the vario matrix QRX series gives you greater power, better separation and superior, truly musical 4-channel reproduction from all sound sources: records, tapes, FM, 8-track cartridges or cassettes. The unique Sansui QS vario matrix gives you richer, fuller 4-channel sound from QS (Regular Matrix) as well as SQ (Phase Matrix) sources, plus CD-4 discrete demodulated sources. And with its superior QS synthesizing section, it creates thrilling 4-channel sound from conventional stereo. Get a demonstration today from a franchised Sansui dealer— anywhere.

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The Teac 450's jack panel is quite simple, consisting of inputs and outputs (via phone jacks or DIN sockets) and Dolby calibration controls. Switched a.c.-necessary outlet is at right.

Laboratory Measurements. The Teac 450 played back our standard Nortronics AT-200 test cassette with a ±1.5-dB variation from 55 Hz to the upper limit of 10,000 Hz. The output rose below 60 Hz to +6.5 dB at 31.5 Hz, relative to the output at 333 Hz. This low-frequency rise corresponds to the new unofficial equalization now being used by the major cassette duplicators.

According to the test data supplied by Teac, the "normal" bias and equalization are intended for such tapes as TDK SD and Maxell UD, and a suitable "high-performance" tape is TDK ED. We measured the record-playback frequency response with the TDK tapes, and used Ampex chromium dioxide tape with the CrO₂ switch settings. The TDK SD produced an overall response of ±2 dB from 22 to 13,500 Hz. TDK ED was measurably flatter at the high end, varying ±1.5 dB from 25 to 14,500 Hz. As expected, the CrO₂ tape gave the best response: ±1.5 dB from 25 to 16,000 Hz.

We also tested the response with what we consider a "standard" tape, Memorex, which also required lower bias than the others. Evidently the 450's "normal" bias current is a bit too strong for such "standard" tapes, since the high-frequency output dropped off above 7,000 Hz to −5 dB at 11,500 Hz, relative to the 1,000-Hz level. We also tried Capitol 2 tape with the "high" bias, obtaining a response very similar to that of TDK ED—within ±1.5 dB from 26 to 14,000 Hz.

The Dolby circuits tracked quite well, with a maximum record-playback response variation of less than 2 dB at recorded levels of −20 and −30 dB when the Dolby was switched on, as compared with the response with it off. The Teac 450 required 73 millivolts (line) or 0.16 millivolt (microphone) for a 0-VU recording level, and corresponding playback output was 380 millivolts (a reading of +3 VU on the meters). The overload light began to glow at +4 VU.

Unlike many cassette recorders, the Teac 450 has considerable reserve recording "headroom," resulting in only 1.2 to 1.7 per cent distortion at 0 VU, depending on the tape used. A reference distortion of 3 per cent was measured at 7 VU with the ferric-oxide tapes, and at 5 VU with CrO₂ tape. The unweighted signal-to-noise ratio was between 48 and 49 dB with ferric-oxide tapes and just over 51 dB with CrO₂ tape. When we used the Dolby system, the signal-to-noise ratio was 64.3 dB with any tape type. When the microphone gain was adjusted so that a 3-millivolt input (a reasonable signal level for a medium-impedance microphone) produced 0-VU meter readings, the microphone preamplifiers did not increase the recorder's noise level. At maximum microphone gain, however, the noise was 27 dB greater than at maximum line (that is, high-level input) gain.

The tape speed was within 0.1 per cent of the correct value, and in fast forward or rewind a C-60 cassette was handled in 92 seconds. The wow was less than 0.02 per cent, and the unweighted flutter was 0.19 per cent. Since available flutter test tapes are specified at 0.2 per cent residual flutter (0.1 per cent with DIN weighting), they are not really adequate for testing a machine of this quality. We did make a flutter measurement over the combined recording and playback process, which was only 0.11 per cent, suggesting that the Teac 450's formidable weighted flutter specification of less than 0.07 per cent is probably quite realistic.

With 8-ohm phones, the headphone volume was well... (Continued on page 44)
Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

Even at the firemen's parade, everyone seems to have a gimmick—almost everyone. Pick the one who doesn't.


2. No. And no. Tex'n'Tilly, icky-poo radio-TV personalities. Gimmick: If it moves, interview it. They once even used a stethoscope to talk to a mole.

3. Jerry Jibroni. Spends so much time setting up, he never sees the parade. Smokes cigarettes so super-long he almost needs binoculars to light them.

4. He's Tom Thump. His bass drum really is a gimmick. Can't stand the noise, but he likes to wear it. Puts cotton in his ears and in his cigarette filters.

5. Right. He enjoys the passing parade, without any gimmicks. That's why he smokes Camel Filters. They're good tasting, easy and honest. His kind of cigarette.


Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

above that of most cassette recorders we have used. The ballistic characteristics of the VU meters, though not quite equivalent to those of professional meters, were much better than those usually found on home recorders (including open-reel types), and they read within 1 dB of the correct values on tone-burst test signals.

**Comment.** The test results speak for themselves, though perhaps not as loudly as they should. The Teac 450 did such a superb job of recording and playing cassettes, from a variety of sources, that it seemed to us that—in this case, at least—the whole could well exceed the sum of its parts. Many cassette recorders have a considerable roll-off at the lower frequencies, as well as mid-bass response irregularities; the Teac 450 seems more like a good open-reel deck in these respects. Heard through good speakers, its solid "bottom end" is unmistakable. Cassette recorders typically require great care to avoid tape saturation and distortion; the 450 seemed to be immune to these problems as long as the recording-level meters remained on scale. While its noise level and flutter measured slightly higher than those of a good open-reel deck, we were never aware of the presence of either, even though we made a special point of listening for them. In its human engineering aspects, the 450 was equally outstanding, with a rare combination of versatility, easy operation, and good styling. Last, but far from least, we appreciated the convenience of being able to hear Dolbyized FM broadcasts as they were meant to be heard. With so much "sameness" among cassette recorders, it was refreshing to encounter the Teac 450—a "different" machine that does more, and does it better, than any other cassette deck we've tested up to now.

For more information, circle 107 on reader service card.

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Pioneer SA-9100 Integrated Stereo Amplifier

- **Pioneer's** newest and most powerful integrated amplifier, the SA-9100, is replete with unorthodox control features and circuits. Although space prevents our delving into any of those circuits in detail, the basic character of the unit can be judged from its power rating—60 watts per channel into 8 ohms, with both channels driven, at any frequency from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with less than 0.1 per cent harmonic or intermodulation (IM) distortion.

  The large volume-control knob is surrounded by a ring-shaped rotary switch with positions labeled 0, −15 dB, and −30 dB. Selecting one of the "minus" positions reduces the signal level (at the volume control) by the designated amount, so that the entire rotational range of the control can be used for setting low listening levels. Also, the ring selector provides, in effect, three different threshold levels (to suit speakers of varying efficiencies) at which the loudness compensation takes effect. The separate balance control is conventional.

  In line with the current trend toward providing greater flexibility than can be achieved with the conventional bass and treble tone controls, Pioneer has built four tone controls into the SA-9100. The two main bass and treble controls are fairly conventional, with up to ±10 dB of control range at 100 and 10,000 Hz. Two smaller knobs operate the "sub" controls, which are rated to supply a boost or cut of up to 6 dB at 50 and 20,000 Hz. Detented rotary switches, operating in 2-dB steps, are used for the tone controls, and a **Tone Defeat** lever switch bypasses the tone-control circuits for easy aural assessment of their effect.

  The low- and high-cut filters have 12-dB-per-octave slopes, and are operated by two three-position lever switches. The "normal" low-frequency response has a subsonic roll-off below 8 Hz; a 30-Hz cut-off is supplied for rumble reduction, and an "off" position for anyone who thinks his speakers or hearing warrants continuing the response below 8 Hz! The two high-frequency roll-off points are 8,000 and 12,000 Hz.

  Similar lever switches control the power, muting (a 20-dB volume reduction for brief listening interruptions), loudness compensation that boosts response at low frequencies, and tape-monitoring functions. The tape-monitor lever is a three-position switch, connecting either of two tape decks into the signal path. Next to it is a duplicate switch that cross-connects the inputs and outputs of the two tape recorders for copying a tape from either machine to the other. Simultaneously, one can monitor the output of either machine, or even listen to the normal input program of the system while making the tape copies.

  The input (FUNCTION) selector consists of a three-position lever and a four-position knob control. The lever connects either the TUNER or PHONO 1 inputs, or any of the inputs controlled by the knob (MIC, PHONO 2, AUX 1, AUX 2). A **Mode** switch provides stereo, reversed stereo, either channel, or their sum through both outputs.

  The speaker selector connects any of three pairs of speakers, or two combinations of two pairs at a time, as well as silencing all speakers for headphone listening via the front-panel jack. A unique feature of the SA-9100 is a rear adjustment for speaker B levels, so that speakers of different efficiencies can be heard at the same volume when switching between B and speaker A or C. (It should be noted, however, that in the A+B switch position the level adjustment is out of the circuit, and the B speakers revert to whatever loudness level they would be playing at if there were no adjustment.) The adjustment, which has a 14-dB range, is ahead of the power amplifiers and therefore does not affect the amplifier damping factor.

  Other adjustments in the rear of the amplifier control PHONO 2 and AUX 2 input sensitivities, so that a number of input sources of different levels can be heard at the same volume when switched. A three-position slide switch also sets the PHONO 2 input impedance at 25,000, 50,000, or 100,000 ohms. The PHONO 1 input is always at the usual 50,000 ohms.

  Two standard 1/4-inch phone jacks for the microphone inputs are in the rear, as are the separate preamplifier output and power-amplifier input jacks. A switch separates the normal connections between these jacks for insertion of an accessory device, or to convert the SA-9100 to bi-amplifier operation with an electronic crossover. There are three a.c. outlets, one of which is switched. The power line is fused and the amplifier circuits are electronically protected against damage. The speaker connectors are insulated spring clips which exert an impressive (Continued on page 46)
The better the turntable the fewer the moving parts. Ours have only one.

The one is the Technics direct drive DC motor. A DC motor to escape wow, flutter and hum. A DC motor that is brushless and spins at 33⅓ or 45 rpm so it doesn’t have the vibration and noise problems of its faster competitors.

WOW AND FLUTTER

And it has an analog feedback speed control so it never suffers from frequency or voltage fluctuations.

The drive system is just as important as the motor. And direct drive doesn’t depend on an idler wheel or belt. They had to go because they show their age and lose their shape. Instead we put the platter right on the motor shaft.

We make three direct drive turntables. The SL-1100A, shown below, comes with a professional-type tone arm, viscous-damped cueing, illuminated stroboscope, variable pitch controls and a dust cover.

The SL-1200 includes most of the same features at a more modest price. And the SP-10 is for those who insist on choosing their own tone arm.

Either way. The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.
clamping force on the wires. The internal circuits of the SA-9100 operate with balanced positive and negative power supplies, so that the signal is always at d. c.-ground potential. This completely eliminates the possibility of transient clicks or thumps when operating any of the amplifier's switches or controls. The Pioneer SA-9100, supplied with a walnut-finish wooden cabinet, is approximately 17 inches wide, 5½ inches high, and 13½ inches deep; it weighs 30 pounds. Price: $399.95.

Labotory Measurements. With both channels driven into 8 ohms at 1,000 Hz, the waveform clipped at an output of about 75 watts per channel. With 4-ohm loads, the power was 97 watts, and with 8 ohms it was 47.5 watts per channel. The distortion, both intermodulation or harmonic (with a 1,000-Hz test signal), was under 0.05 per cent from 0.1 to 75 watts per channel, and was typically 0.03 per cent. At the rated 60 watts per channel, the distortion was essentially under 0.03 per cent from 20 to 20,000 Hz, and was typically about 0.015 per cent. At lower power levels, the distortion was 0.01 per cent or less over most of the audio-frequency range.

The measured input sensitivities for 10 watts output were 60 millivolts (AUX), 1 millivolt (PHONO 1), 1 to 3.4 millivolts, depending on the input sensitivity setting (PHONO 2), and 0.75 millivolt (MIC). The PHONO 1 input overloaded at a very high 185-millivolt input, and the overload point of PHONO 2 varied with its sensitivity adjustment from 185 to 520 millivolts. Even the MIC input, whose dynamic range is overlooked in many amplifiers, could handle up to 150 millivolts input without overload. The signal-to-noise ratios (unweighted), referred to a 10-watt output, were 79 dB for the high-level inputs, 75 dB for PHONO, and 65 dB for MIC inputs.

As might be expected, the tone controls provided an almost unlimited choice of response characteristics. The main bass control affected frequencies below about 200 to 500 Hz, depending on the knob's setting, and the treble control operated at frequencies above 2,000 to 5,000 Hz. The "sub" bass control took over below 150 Hz, the "sub" treble control above 8,000 Hz. The high- and low-frequency filter characteristics were very good—subtle, yet effective—with -3 dB points at 35, 9,000, and 13,500 Hz. The phono equalization was virtually perfect (precision resistors and capacitors are used in the equalization feedback networks), within ±0.25 dB of the RIAA curve. In actual phono-cartridge checks there was no more than a 1.5 dB variation in response at any frequency. The MIC response was -1 dB at 25 and 11,000 Hz.

Comment. As might be expected, the Pioneer SA-9100 easily fulfills the prime requirement for a fine amplifier—that it be seen but not heard. Its most notable characteristic is a total absence of vices. At no time does one hear any extraneous sounds—no clicks or other noises, no electronic upset from severe overloads or shorted outputs (the protective relay instantly shuts down the amplifier until the fault is cleared). In short, this is an essentially distortionless, bug-free, and powerful amplifier with exceptional flexibility.

We appreciated the SA-9100's ability to compensate for different speaker efficiencies as well as different source levels, thereby eliminating disconcerting volume changes during switching operations. Its input circuits cannot be overdriven by any program source we know of. The tape-recording hobbyist could not ask for a simpler control center for two tape decks; it is especially convenient to be able to copy a tape without interrupting the normal operation of the system. Years spent in the engineering of precision laboratory instruments have given us a special appreciation of the manner in which a highly complex array of electronic circuitry has been packaged into a consumer product of relatively modest price without a trace of "haywire" or slipshod assembly. It almost seems a pity to hide the internal workmanship!

For more information, circle 108 on reader service card.
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TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

(a) SA-504 4Ch. 140 W (RMS) Receiver
(b) SB-404 4Ch. 60 W (RMS) Amplifier
(c) PT-490 Auto Reverse Dolby* Cassette Deck
(d) SR-80 Deluxe Turntable
(e) C-4015 Electret Condenser Cartridge
(f) SA-304 4Ch. 60 W (RMS) Receiver
(g) PT-415 DNL Cassette Deck
(h) SA-500 2Ch. 70 W (RMS) Receiver
(i) SA-400 2Ch. 30W (RMS) Receiver
(j) PT-470 Dolby* Cassette Deck

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Songwriter
JACK LAWRENCE

"Maybe there's an advantage... in obscurity"

By HENRY PLEASANTS

HERE'S an after-dinner game for you, when you have seen who can—or cannot—list the fifty states of the Union in ten minutes, or the state capitols in fifteen, or the counties of your own state (mine, Pennsylvania, has sixty-seven) in twenty: see who can name the composers of (a) Over the Rainbow, (b) Stormy Weather, (c) Blues in the Night, (d) Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, (e) I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues, and (f) One for My Baby.

They were all written, as it happens, by Harold Arlen. But did you know? And do you know who wrote the lyrics, each of them a minor masterpiece? Your ten minutes are up. The answers are: (a), E. Y. “Yip” Harburg; (b), (d), and (e), Ted Koehler; and (c) and (f), Johnny Mercer.

It’s something to think about when you have had enough of Watergate. I mean, so many American songs of the past half-century are known and loved and sung the world over, and yet so few people other than music professionals seem to know who wrote either the music or the lyrics.

Jack Lawrence, screenwriter, has just come from the third annual meeting of the Songwriters Hall of Fame in Los Angeles, where tributes had been paid to, among others, composer Harry Warren (b. 1893) and lyricist Edward Heyman (b. 1907).

Ever hear of them? Well, Harry Warren wrote Chattanooga Choo-Choo; Shuffle Off to Buffalo, September in the Rain, There'll Never Be Another You, Rose of the Rio Grande, Jeepers, Creepers, and a few hundred more. Eddie Heyman wrote the words to Body and Soul and I Cover the Waterfront. (You knew, of course, that the music for these was by Johnny Green?) It was fitting that a lyricist should be honored. The president of the Songwriters Hall of Fame is Johnny Mercer, one of the finest of them all.

“It may seem odd to speak of the slighting of the composers and lyricists,” Lawrence observed over drinks at Claridge’s, “in view of the fame of the composers, the names do appear on records, because so many songwriters are also singers, and so many singers are also writing. I’m not sure it’s a good thing. They’re getting too much fame and too much money too early in the game. They have talent. They come up with the big one. And they’re IN. Then, gradually, most of them fade OUT. They don’t have the time, they don’t have the experience, they don’t have the inclination, and they may not have the ability to work to order as we had to do, to write more than one type of song, to learn to tailor a song to singer, occasion, show, film, and fashion.

Maybe there’s an advantage, come to think of it, in obscurity. We weren’t celebrities, and we didn’t have celebrities’ problems. We were craftsmen, or became craftsmen, and out of our craft came a lot of good songs. Some of us made a bit of money. Still, a credit line now and then, legible or audible, and intelligible, along with the check..."

One way to get the credit line is to be your own producer. The film Somewhere Out There will feature “Songs by Jack Lawrence!”

Tonight (Sammy Cahn); of Nancy with the Laughing Face (Jimmy Van Heusen); of Georgia on My Mind (Hoagy Carmichael); of Walking My Baby Back Home and I’m Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter (Fred Ahlert); of Happy Days Are Here Again (Milton Ager); or Old Devil Moon and On a Clear Day (Burton Lane)?

“I suppose it’s partly because there have been so many songs [Wilder estimates that 300,000 were deposited for copyright in the first half of the century]. A more pertinent explanation, probably, is that American music has been so performer-oriented. All you hear about on radio and TV is the singer and the song. The announcer doesn’t say you will now hear so-and-so sing Burt Bacharach’s Raindrops. Nor do the singers themselves, as a rule, in introducing a song, mention the composer or the lyricist. The names do appear on records, along with the name of the publisher, but in a size of type that is barely legible, and hardly ever read.

“IT’s a two-way street, of course. The singer needs the songs, and we need the singer. Of my own songs, for example, All or Nothing at All is associated with Frank Sinatra (a bomb with Harry James in 1940, a hit with Tommy Dorsey in 1943); Tenderly (music by Walter Gross) with Rosemary Clooney (it was a “B” side). Yes, My Darling Daughter with Dinah Shore (she sang it at her audition for Eddie Cantor in 1940); If I Didn’t Care with the Ink Spots; and Play, Fiddle, Play with Emery Deutsch (it became his theme song in the heyday of radio).

YOUNG songwriters today are probably better known than we were, if only because so many songwriters are also singing, and so many singers are also writing. I’m not sure it’s a good thing. They’re getting too much fame and too much money too early in the game.

“...and the composers, and the lyricists, and the publishers, and the songwriters, and the performers, and the listeners, and the record companies, and...”
The airwaves over Los Angeles are thick with signals from 78 FM stations, all squeezed into 20 MHz of spectrum.

Other urban centers are no better. But Magnavox has found a way through the sound smog, to help you find and pull in just the station you want—even if it's butted up against one that's lots more powerful.

Our bright idea: the 1500 Plus DTI, the first stereo FM/AM receiver with digital tuning. It counts, latches, decodes and displays in large glowing numerals the exact frequency you're tuned to—FM or AM—with the accuracy you'd expect from a digital computer. Which, in fact, is how we do it—after our MOSFET front end and ICs clear the air.

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Other goodies: linear phase lump-constant filters for minimum distortion on FM, an active tone-compensation network, full-function jack panel, 4-channel matrix decoder, and a thermal protection circuit that shuts the set off if it's ever overloaded—then shows you why it shut off.

What price pure air? $419.95*. Other Magnavox high-performance receivers, with zero-center tuning meters, start at $169.95*

Visit him today, and hear what clear air sounds like.

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*Minimum retail price in fair-trade states. Optional with dealer in other states.
A lot of people really have no use for rock critics. In fact, some cynics have even suggested that the Day the Music Died was the day an undergraduate named Paul Williams first conceived the idea for the original Crawdaddy. But by now it hardly matters what one thinks about the rock press; for better or for worse, like rock-and-roll itself, it's seemingly here to stay. True, no rock critic can make or break an album the way Clive Barnes can make or break a Broadway show (or even the way Downbeat in its heyday could affect a jazzman's career). But still, given a flourishing fanzine underground acting as a sort of farm-team system, and the continuing viability of a number of national magazines preoccupied in the main with rock-and-roll in all its permutations (notably Creem, Fusion, Rock, Crawdaddy, Phonograph Record, and that great, gray eminence Rolling Stone) it's clear that the rock critic has become, if not an institution, then at least a fact of life.

If that sounds far-fetched to you, clearly you weren't in Memphis this May when, in a classic example of music-biz freebie-ism, approximately one hundred rock critics and fellow travelers were flown, all expenses paid, to the first and last annual convention of the National Association of Rock Writers. Last, because early in the convention there was a lengthy debate over a more appropriate moniker for the group. National Association of Rock Critics, or NARC, had a few supporters (for obvious reasons), but it was ultimately rejected as too provincial—there were, after all, several representatives in attendance from such British magazines as Sounds and Let It Rock. Also voted down were the International Rockwriters Association (IRA) and my own favorite, Arthur Levy's Love (ALL), in favor of the big winner, the grandiosesounding Rock Writers of the World, or RWW. The Wobbies live, I suppose. At any rate, convention organizer John King was left with a truckload of useless NARW stationery.

The purpose of the gathering, according to the official invitation, was "to provide improved communications with and increased cooperation among writers and all other segments of the music industry, as well as to enhance the professional standing of the rock journalist." Laudable sentiments, certainly, but of doubtful practical value: the rock press is by no means a closed shop, but it is undeniably a small one, and most of the critics who attended, if not old friends, were at least old professional colleagues. The convention was the brain child of Jon Tiven, who, at age eighteen, may be said to typify the second generation of rock critics, having gone the route from fanzine editor (the excellent New Haven Rock Press) to the big time and Rolling Stone. Tiven wrote a rave review in last summer's Fusion of Big Star's "Number One Record," which delighted the people at Stax subsidiary Ardent Records (it was their premier release). As a token of their appreciation, they invited Jon to Memphis, where they wined him and dined him, as well as giving him a red-carpet tour of their studios.

Jon managed to have a fine time, and suggested that it would be nice if the rest of his critical conferees could be similarly entertained, from which suggestion grew the idea for organizing the far-flung members of the up-till-now loosely structured rock press. Intrigued, the people at Ardent convinced their parent company to foot most of the bill, and viola! (There was, apparently, some financial support from outside the Stax group, Atlantic Records in particular, but most of the other major labels were relatively cool to the idea. Organizer King's comment: "Wait till next year.") Frankly speaking, not a hell of a lot went reasonably well, and the weekend seemed to be taken up with running from room to room looking for parties, some of which were provided by record companies that had considerably bothered to set up hospitality suites. Oddly, for a group of people with such a reputation for craziness, very little in the way of outrage actually took place. (The repressible Richard Meltzer was even thanked publicly by John King for "cooling it for the whole damn thing.") The high point for me was reached in the disco in the hotel lobby, where, after the final bash, I returned to perform various suggestive dances à la Mick Jagger with some endemic flowers of Southern womanhood while their boyfriends looked on threateningly. A transcendental moment.

Whether the whole affair will ultimately yield anything more concrete than another convention is as yet unclear. Despite some of the muttering about unionization, it seems unlikely. There is, after all, something of a symbiotic relationship between the critics and the record companies, and sometimes, of course, we're talking about the same people. However, the executive board is made up of some extremely clever writers—Gary Kenton, Vince Aletti, Meltzer, Cameron Crowe, Dave Laing, Todd Everett, Arthur Levy, John Ingham, The Mad Peck, and I. C. Loiz—and at the very least they should be able to maintain the illusion of a working organization. Whether Time or Newsweek will immediately set out to hire "official" rock journalists, or whether we will now see Lester Bangs doing concert reviews for CBS News is another matter entirely. But I won't be surprised.
An acoustic achievement destined to become the universally preferred sound reproduction system.

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 three new Pioneer series R speaker systems, once you hear them. We built in the sound most people prefer when compared with the conventional speakers now available.

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By using improved horn tweeters instead of less costly cone or dome-type tweeters, you can hear the difference in wider dispersion, lower distortion and high transient response.

The same on-target thinking has been applied to the precisely designed crossovers and the sturdy, acoustically padded enclosures.

We’d be happy to send you complete specifications on the R series. But first make this test. Compare the R700 ($229.95), R500 ($159.95), R300 ($119.95) with similarly priced speaker systems at your Pioneer dealer. It’s their absolute superiority in sound reproduction that will convince you to buy them.

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A tape's high-fidelity sound reproduction capabilities depend not only on its frequency response characteristics, but also on a number of other properties. TDK has arranged twelve of the most important of these characteristics on their exclusive CIRCLE OF TAPE PERFORMANCE shown below. Each of the twelve "spokes" of the wheel represents one of the twelve factors; the outer circle represents the ideal characteristics of a "perfect" tape. By plotting the characteristics of various cassette tapes on the circle, we can compare them directly: the closer they approach the size and shape of the ideal tape, the better their hi-fi sound reproduction capabilities.

**ED EXTRA DYNAMIC**

**SD SUPER DYNAMIC**

**D DYNAMIC**

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COLUMBIA'S COLUMBIAS

Columbia Special Products is that odd creation of an odd industry, the record company within a record company. Created a couple of years ago as a method of keeping certain older discs, mostly classical, available to the public on special order, it has now grown to be virtually a company in itself, with a large and varied catalog, a growing national distribution through regular record stores, and more and more individual listings in the Schwann-I Catalog (something it was not entitled to under its former distribution limitations).

What has CSP to offer for your delectation? I suppose the first thing to talk about is the shows. Most of the ones that you always planned to buy, but never got around to while they were still in the catalog, are once again available. To cite a few: Kurt Weill's magnificent score for Street Scene; Comden, Green, and Styn's Subways Are for Sleeping; Adams and Strouse's still amusing Bye Bye Birdie, the remake of Jerome Kern's Roberta, with such people as Portia Nelson, Jack Cassidy, and Kaye Ballard; Cole Porter's Out of This World (at least a couple of the tunes deserve immortality); and Harold Arlen's House of Flowers, with the original cast starring Pearl Bailey. Were it not for CSP, virtually any of these would command $25 or more on the cut-out market.

Weill is especially well represented in Special Products, as he no longer is in Columbia's regular catalog. His Lady in the Dark (lyrics by Ira Gershwin) comes off the disc, in a performance starring Risi Stevens, Adolph Green, and John Reardon, as still a masterly and entertaining essay in the musical comedy form, dated only in the best of ways, as the best popular entertainment recreates its own time instead of struggling against it. It is nice, in these days of the prevalent amateur, to hear professionalism so polished (as in both Weill's music and Gershwin's lyrics) that it can be witty about itself. From Weill's earlier days, Happy End (source of Surahaya Johnny and the Bilbao Song), Seven Deadly Sins, and Three-Penny Opera (original German version) are also available. Weill was no one-hit man but one of the true greats of the musical theater, worth investigating to the fullest.

Perhaps for more specialized tastes, there are such items as A Thurber Carnival, with Tom Ewell, Alice Ghostley, and others. Though long an admirer of the late James Thurber, I must confess to a certain blind spot (deaf ear?) in regard to this show, much of which strikes me as a series of immortal punch lines with the addition of unnecessary music and without the very necessary pictures. Perhaps others will feel differently. The Kleinsinger-Durian Archy and Mehitabel, based on Don Marquis and also minus the pictures save those reproduced on the album, does work as aural entertainment, owing in part to the contributions of Carol Channing, Eddie Bracken, and David Wayne, but also to the strange, at times funny, and almost brutally unintentional literary personality of Don Marquis himself. The liner notes by E. B. White are almost worth the price of the album.

That pioneering record of poetry read by those who wrote it, "Pleasure Dome," issued originally in 1949, is also available. We are a bit spoiled now in sound, Future issues will be selectively reissued, in our regular series of listings, which amounts to their original packaging, full-color cover, liner notes, inserts, and all. Others have one of two uniform "Collectors' Series" covers — still, however, with the liner notes and/or texts. Some, though, are supplied in a simple black jacket (albeit skin-wrapped) with a circular hole on one side for the record label to show through, and no other printed information whatever. Generally unfortunate, this procedure is almost disastrous with such pieces as Weill's Seven Deadly Sins. It seems to me that, considering the list price, a one-page photo-offset insert of the notes and texts would not unduly strain the production budget.

In all, then, Columbia's Special Products series is well worth investigating, for subject matter if not for the latest in sound. Future issues will be selectively reissued in our regular review columns; and remember, if you want to buy them, the place to do so now is your local record store.
A prince of a cartridge.

In the footsteps of the king of cartridges (our V-15 Type II Improved) there is, indeed, a prince: the Shure M91ED Deluxe High Trackability cartridge. What's kept the M91ED from ascension to the throne is the fact that its overall trackability scores are very close but not quite up to the phenomenal trackability of the V-15. Even though the M91ED costs substantially less, it incorporates many of the design principles of the V-15: the same gem-quality diamond elliptical stylus tip, the same mass-decreasing "nude" stylus tip mounting, and a similar electro-magnetic structure to give it the ability to effortlessly track the "hottest" passages of modern recordings. All at ultra-low tracking forces that keep record and stylus tip wear comfortably tolerable. For details and specs, write:

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AKAI’s best...in black & white
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Introducing from left to right... 

A. AKAI’s GXC-46D stereo cassette deck. Near distortion-free recordings are possible thanks to the combination of a Dolby® Noise Reduction System with AKAI’s unique ADRS (Automatic Distortion Reduction System) and AKAI’s exclusive GX head... virtually wear-free and dust-free.

B. AKAI’s GX-280D-SS discrete 4-channel tape deck. Magnificent musical clarity and unique sound quality are the results of AKAI innovations. 4 separate heads—including 2 AKAI exclusive GX heads—and 3 outstanding motors make this unit the professional 4-channel deck.

C. AKAI’s AS-960 4-channel stereo amplifier/tuner. Loaded with sophisticated features for unparalleled performance. Sensitive and powerful, the AS-960 provides a continuous output of 120W (30 x 4). Plus 4 separate 4-channel modes... Discrete, SQ, RM, and CD-4 with individual separation controls. AKAI’s ultimate receiver.

D. AKAI’s CR-80D-SS discrete 4-channel cartridge tape deck. A fantastic host of features include Automatic Stop... Continuous Play... Fast-Forward... and Public Address System Convertibility.

All surrounded by:

E. AKAI’s SW-175 (5-way) speaker systems. Each cabinet encloses 6 separate speakers. They’ll take up to 80W of input power and provide excellent frequency response from 20 to 23,000 Hz.

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THE BASIC REPERTOIRE: Item One Hundred and Sixty-one

By Martin Bookspan

Bloch's

Schelomo

Three of the books of the Old Testament—Song of Songs, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes—were written, tradition tells us, by Solomon the King. The chronology of the creation of these books is explained by a Midrash (an analysis of the Hebrew scriptures) in these words: "When a man is young, he composes songs of love. When he advances in years, he expresses his wisdom in maxims and aphorisms. When he grows old, he describes the futility of things." Solomon is one of the most complex personalities in the Bible, and through the ages he has provided artists with provocative and intriguing material. Handel's ceremonial oratorio is one of the best-known musical works on the subject of Solomon. Another, composed nearly two centuries later, in 1916, is Ernest Bloch's Schelomo (the Hebrew name for Solomon), a rhapsody for cello and orchestra.

Schelomo was the outgrowth of a project that Bloch had contemplated for some time: the creation of a score for voice and orchestra based on the Book of Ecclesiastes. It was only after he had made the acquaintance of the Russian cellist Alexander Barjansky, however, that Bloch's Ecclesiastes idea came into full focus. A solo cello replaced the human voice in Bloch's scheme, and the composer was able to complete the score in just a few weeks. Lasting little more than twenty minutes, it is a concentrated single-movement piece of kaleidoscopic moods and colors. Though no specific program is attached to it, one can readily conjure up visions of the splendor and magnificence of Solomon's court, the riches of his kingdom, the revelries of his wives and concubines (of whom there were supposed to be a thousand!), the anguish of his slaves and warriors. And yet one must always remember that it was the Solomon of Ecclesiastes who first fired Bloch's imagination—the Solomon who wrote: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

In form, Schelomo consists of an introduction, three main sections, and a coda. The brief introduction is dominated by the cello and serves to present some of the principal themes of the work. Each of the three sections rises to a tumultuous orchestral climax, until at the very end the music subsides to a mood of introspective and resigned repose.

A few months after Bloch composed Schelomo, he left his native Switzerland and settled in New York as a professor at the Mannes School of Music. An all-Bloch concert was organized by the Society of Friends of Music for May 3, 1917 in Carnegie Hall. It was then that Schelomo received its first performance, with Artur Bodanzky conducting and Hans Kindler as cello soloist.

Among the half-dozen available recordings of the score there is not a single failure; all, in greater or lesser degree, deliver sympathetic, perceptive accounts of the music. Three among them rate as my own particular favorites: Gregor Piatigorsky's, with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony (RCA LSC 2109); Leonard Rose's, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia MS 6253); and Janos Starker's, with Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic (London CS 6661). The three have in common a kind of ecstasy in their approach to the music—a higher commitment, if you will, than is communicated by Pierre Fournier, Zara Nelsova, and Christina Wallenskya in their otherwise fine accounts. Ultimately, it is the passion and personal conviction of Piatigorsky and Munch that elevate their performance to the very top of my list. They brought a patrician grandeur to their 1957 performances of Schelomo that immediately preceded the recording sessions, and there is an elegance of phrasing here that is unique. Too, although the recording is the oldest among those currently available, it is one of the most impressive sounding. The clarity of the reproduction reveals details of the orchestral fabric that are obscured in most of the other recordings. And the overall acoustic of the RCA disc is rich and vibrant.

Apparently none of the recordings exist in cassette format, and there appears to be only one reel-to-reel tape release—Pierre Fournier's smaller-scaled account of the score, with the Berlin Philharmonic under Alfred Wallenstein's direction (Deutsche Grammophon L 9128). Fournier's tone, as reproduced here, is on the nasal side, and the general approach is less heroic than I like, but the Fournier-Wallenstein collaboration is nevertheless an estimable one. Wallenstein, incidentally, was the cello soloist when Schelomo was introduced into the repertoire of the New York Philharmonic in 1931.
From successful computer specialist to popular songwriter just doesn’t compute, using the ordinary equations of life. Nonetheless, if Horatio Alger had tried to tell the story of Huck Finn, he would have ended up with something like

HARRY NILSSON

By ROBERT KIMBALL and ABIGAIL KUFLIK

A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

Prologue to Act IV. Shakespeare’s Henry V

T

hese lines from Henry V inspired the title of the versatile Harry Nilsson’s latest album “A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night.” The tousled character on the album’s stark black and white cover will never be confused with Shakespeare’s heroic king, but some people might mistake this new record for a sequel to Nilsson’s recent best-selling rock albums, “Nilsson Schmilsson” and “Son of Schmilsson,” both of which had a similarly unkempt-looking Nilsson on the cover. It is not a rock album, however, for in it the singer-songwriter has turned his multifaceted talents to twelve standards of American popular music, such as Always, I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now, and As Time Goes By, which, but for their perpetuation through movies on late-night television, would be almost unknown to the rock generation and perhaps nearly forgotten by the rest of us. Now, just how does a young composer-performer of contemporary pop music find himself in an album like this?

In a spectacular alteration of his life circumstances—from bank employee to pop-music superstar—Harry Nilsson has, in the space of a few years, produced nine albums, won gold records, awards, and other accolades, found himself on Time’s cover, and earned a reputation as one of the finest singers in the business. In addition, he has written a significant body of songs that have been performed by such disparate artists as Blood, Sweat & Tears, José Feliciano, Harry Belafonte, Herb Alpert, Glen Campbell, Jack Jones, Mary Hopkin, Carol Channing, the Monkees, and Three Dog Night. Yet, Harry Nilsson is his own best interpreter as well as a major interpreter of the work of other songwriters, the Beatles and Randy Newman among them. But, ironically, Nilsson really established his reputation by singing a song written by someone else—Fred Neil’s Everybody’s Talkin’. It was the theme song of the movie Midnight Cowboy, and it catapulted Nilsson to fame.

From the beginning of his recording career—with an intricate collage of about a dozen Beatles tunes that won the praise of John Lennon—Nilsson has received many laudatory notices for his singing. He has a fine, flexible, unmannured tenor voice that occasionally evokes the late Nat King Cole, a fabulous range, and a clear, unforced tone that appears to be especially secure on high, soaring top notes. At times, with multipart harmonies achieved through painstaking overdubbing of tapes in the studio, Nilsson sounds as if he were a singing group—for the album “Nilsson Sings Newman” he managed to bring in almost a hundred voices, all of them his own.

Despite his fame, the thirty-two-year-old Nilsson is something of a shadowy figure to the public because he never appears in live performance; he has built his career entirely on recordings. He is probably unique in that respect among established pop artists, and even his classical counterpart, pianist Glenn Gould, once made concert appearances and can still be seen on television from time to time. There is a real, live Harry Nilsson, however, as we happily discovered when we met him in New York early this summer. To all those who have never seen him, we can report that he is tall and lanky, with a blond beard and mustache and collar-length hair. He is also charming, cheerful, open, intelligent, and disarmingly unaffected by his success.

We also met two of the other members of the talented team who created “Schmilsson in the Night”: Derek Taylor, who made his producing debut with this album, and Phillip McDonald, a young engineer.
who used to work with the Beatles. Harry Nilsson and Derek Taylor are friends of several years’ standing—ever since Taylor heard Nilsson’s song "As Time Goes By" on the radio and was so struck with it he asked a mutual friend to introduce him to Nilsson. "Derek," Nilsson told us as we waited for Taylor and McDonald to join us for lunch, "has been one of the great influences on my life. I’ve had others. Lenny Bruce—I used to memorize all his routines. Ray Charles, whose Newport 1958 is one of the classic recordings of all time. Also the Everly Brothers, Little Richard, and, of course, the Beatles.

"Derek was and is a traditional journalist who, after hearing a lot about the Beatles, went to interview them in Liverpool, where they were just starting about 1962, before they hit America. To get the interview he literally—and this is typical of him—kicked the door open and said, ‘How do you do. My name is Taylor. I’d like to talk with you.’

“Meeting them changed his life; he went to work for Brian Epstein and the Beatles. He was the one who made all those wild statements—like when John said the Beatles were bigger than Jesus Christ. Derek was their Ron Ziegler, but he was much better. He’s a brilliant man, the most brilliant man I’ve ever met.”

"I approached the music business very cautiously. It was a matter of security."

Taylor later described to us how the “Schmilsson in the Night” album came to be made. “About two years ago Harry and I were talking about songs, swapping titles, and testing memories. You know that game? Who wrote Miss Otis, and what year did Jolson die, and what else besides As Time Goes By did Herman Hupfeld—Herman Hupfeld!—write? We found a lot of marvelous songs with fine words. And what melodies! You Made Me Love You, I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now. Brilliant stuff, constructed with such style and flair and instinct.

“I had gotten tired and fed up with rock-and-roll and was involved in jazz clubs in England. One day Harry suggested, ‘Why don’t we do an album of the old songs?’ and it was the best idea I’d heard since God only knows when. ‘You produce and I’ll sing,’ he said. And two years later—it’s November 1972—he says it again, and this time it’s more than an idea; this time it’s on.”

“Our original idea,” Nilsson continued, “was to do a bunch of standards, I had four or five in mind—Paper Moon, Nevertheless, It Had to Be You, and As Time Goes By. Gradually we considered a great many more, at least thirty.

“The oldest song on the album is Lazy Moon, which was written in 1901 [by the great, almost-forgotten black writers Bob Cole and Rosamond Johnson]. I had heard it in a Laurel and Hardy movie, Pardon Us. Laurel and Hardy are two of my idols. Lullaby in Ragtime was written by Sylvia Fine—Mrs. Danny Kaye—for the Danny Kaye movie The Five Pennies. Danny sang it to Barbara Bel Geddes’ baby. Always is another great song, not really the kind you hum in the shower, but it’s by Irving Berlin, and one of the things that separates it from so many other songs is its sense of commitment. It makes a positive statement: ‘Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but Always.’ I like that. As Time Goes By is almost like the theme of the album, and it may be the greatest song ever written.

“RCA was very enthusiastic when I came up with the idea for the album. They like to think of me as a contemporary singer, but they also like to think of themselves as having an artist who’s capable of setting a trend or being contemporary enough to do something unique. And I could back it up by saying ‘Look, I did “Nilsson-Newman,”’ which was a unique sort of album. And there was “The Point” [an album based on a ninety-minute animated cartoon which Harry conceived and for which he wrote the music and lyrics; it was shown on ABC-TV in 1971], which was a departure album. So I said, ‘Consider it a special-projects album, like the other two, and if it’s anything better than that, we’ll know it. If it’s not, well then that’s what it will be.’”

Listening to the hyper-articulate Harry Nilsson, it is hard to believe that he has had little formal education and is largely self-schooled. “I find myself constantly amazed by the things people learn in school,” he commented. “I didn’t know what the Constitution was until I read it myself.” His formal education stopped at fifteen when he dropped out of high school. A very private person—some people take him to be merely shy—he is reticent about his personal life, especially about his early years, suggesting, perhaps, that he doesn’t have many happy memories of his childhood. But he does acknowledge that he was born in Brooklyn, New York, that
his parents were divorced when he was young, and that he lived with his mother. He is himself the father of a two-and-a-half-year-old son named Zachary; he and his wife are in the process of divorcing. His connections to music through his family history might best be described as tenuous. His grandparents had an aerial circus act in Europe, and "'Sign here, kid,' he'd say, 'for a quarter of a million dollars.'"

his mother authored a few songs, including Marchin' Down Broadway, an incantation of Cohan-esque innocence praising the World War II heroes who "finished Japan." His mother once received, but turned down, a flat $1,000 offer from a publisher for the song, and Nilsson sings it on his album "Harry."

At ten, Nilsson moved from Brooklyn to California. He returned to New York at fifteen, but before he turned sixteen he had left school and hitchhiked back to California. He got a job as an usher at a movie theater, and by the time he reached seventeen he was assistant manager.

When the movie theater closed, as so many did under the onslaught of TV, many of the cashiers were able to find jobs at banks because of their experience in handling money. "I assumed I could do that too," Nilsson remembers, "so I applied for a job at the bank. I thought I was going to be a teller. But they gave me a test, and then they gave me another test, and they said I came out with programming aptitudes. So they sent me to programming school where I learned how to program. It happened that this was the very first computer bank, the first to use magnetic encoding on checks, and they were screening people for their brand-new computer center.

"Even after I took the course, it was a long time before they let me use the computer. In the meantime I switched to the Security First National Bank in Van Nuys. I was a sorter, then I was head of the sorter room, then computer operator, head computer operator, then I was in charge of the computer operators, then assistant supervisor, and finally supervisor in charge of the night shift—thirty-two people, three computers—when I left.

"Now, when I started in banking, I had also started songwriting. When I was fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, I used to listen to the radio. I was never very good at remembering words, but the melodies were always easy for me to remember. I used to hear a song on the radio and I'd be walking along trying to sing it and I'd make up my own words to it. And then I'd go back and hear it and realize the melody was slightly different as well. So I realized I sort of had a talent in that area. When I was about seventeen, I was losing all my money playing the pinball machines in this little mom-and-pop candy store. I guess Mom and Pop Candy felt sorry for me—one day they gave me one of those $1.98 plastic ukuleles with a little chord sheet in it that showed you how to play Me and My Banjo. And I just took it upstairs with a bottle of whiskey and started my career. I played by ear. No musical training. I got a guitar when I was eighteen, and everything came together then.

"That was about when I started at the bank, and for the seven years I worked there I wrote songs and commercials and jingles and made demos on the side. Little by little I got a few bucks in from my music. I used to keep a separate accounting of that. One year it got to $1,000; the next year it was $2,500. I approached the music business very cautiously. It was a matter of security.

"One day these guys offered me $25 a week to write songs. And write I did. Within three weeks I wrote Without Her, Don't Leave Me, 1941, and a couple of others. I just really got serious about it. I'd get off work at the bank about one o'clock in the morning and go down to this office these guys had—and I'd stay there all night and write songs. They had a piano, a tape recorder, and a guitar, and I used to practice, experiment, and try stuff. Very rarely did I go down there and spend the night without coming away with a song in the morning. I couldn't wait until they got there the next morning so I could...

"It was more money than I was making at the bank... So I called the boss and I gave him one month's notice."
show them the new song I'd written. They'd walk in and I'd be sitting there with the morning's offering.

"As I kept getting promoted at the bank, I kept making more money in music. In the last couple of years it started getting pretty hectic. All of a sudden people were recording my tunes. I remember sitting around the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel talking with Brian Epstein's representative. 'Sign here, kid,' he'd say, 'for a quarter of a million dollars.' And I would stop him and say, 'Well, sir, I'd love to but I have an appointment.' So I'd have to leave the pool and the talk about a quarter of a million dollars and go back to work at the bank.

"I got by on little sleep. I still sleep in spurts. Sometimes I'll sleep twelve hours; other times I won't sleep at all. I would stay up writing songs on alternate nights, three times a week and the weekends, even though I worked six days a week normally, getting overtime—or a bonus, as they called it—on weekends.

"Then the Monkees did Cuddly Toy, and as soon as they did it, it was worth $40,000—just by being on their album. At the same time I was offered a three-year recording and publishing contract by RCA—and they gave me $35,000 for signing it. That meant seventy-five grand coming in. It was more money than I was making at the bank. And it guaranteed me three years of nothing but music. So I called the boss and I gave him one month's notice. But I stayed six weeks because they had to get somebody to replace me and I had to train him. The boss gave me a big party when I left. I see him regularly when I go to Los Angeles because he's my pal.

"I liked the bank. It taught me some order, a little discipline, and a little respect for the system. When I left, they were getting close to making me an assistant cashier, which is like an assistant vice president. I can see where my career at the bank would be if I had stayed."

HARRY and the banking world parted company in 1968. Seeing him now with his long hair, his beard and mustache, his dungarees, it is hard to picture him as a banker. Yet there he is in all his buttoned-up glory—gray suit, short hair, clean-shaven—gazing out from the cover of his first album, "Pandemonium Shadow Show." That album, and the two successive ones, "Aerial Ballet" and "Harry," which demonstrated both the variety of Nilsson's singing gifts and the extent of his creative talents as a composer of contemporary songs, received high praise from musicians and critics and sold respectably if not sensationaly. Everybody's Talkin' was one of the songs in "Aerial Ballet," but even after it achieved popularity with the success of Midnight Cowboy, sales on the album moved only from 30,000 to 75,000. Ironically, the movie soundtrack sold two million copies.

It took Harry's straight-out rock albums, "Nils-
son Schmilsson" (1971) and "Son of Schmilsson" (1972) to raise him to the loftiest levels of commercial clout. "Nilsson Schmilsson" has now sold almost one million records, and "Son of Schmilsson" over half a million. "Son" might possibly have fared better, but the muscular arm of unofficial censorship came down on it because of the song You're Breakin' My Heart. Whole chains of stores across the country refused to stock the album because the lyrics of the song concluded with the line "Fuck you."

"I never thought there would be anything wrong or objectionable because of that word," maintains Harry. "I said to Rocco Laginestra [President of RCA Records] when we were discussing it, 'What do you say after "You're breakin' my heart"'? Darn it?' The word fits. And if a song is done correctly, in good humor and honesty, and if it's taken that way, then it's all right. You can't say moon, June, spoon for everything."

But apparently quite a lot of people in these United States are just not ready for Nilsson's candor. A man in California spent a night in jail because he played You're Breakin' My Heart over a shopping center loudspeaker and someone complained to the police.

It is perhaps inevitable that a discussion with Harry Nilsson will sooner or later arrive at the question of why he has avoided a career as a concert artist. Since he is a gifted singer, it is surely not because he lacks the talent. But despite enormous pressure and sizable financial inducements to end his holdout from the concert world, Nilsson remains true to his convictions and his privacy. "It's another occupation," he declares. "Anyway, I get the same feeling of excitement in a studio that many people get on stage. Concerts and recordings — although they do overlap — are different ways of making a living. When you do a concert, you know that once you do something the moment's gone. You can't stop the tape. You can't change anything. And I'm a perfectionist in some areas of my life — even if I leave my socks on the floor."

Interestingly, Nilsson's experience with the computer facilities at the bank has proved invaluable in the recording studio. "The equipment is similar, very similar," Nilsson explains, "so I found it easy to adjust to the recording studio. I was used to handling tape and seeing things go around — buttons and lights and that sort of thing. It's a controlled environment too, always seventy degrees and 52 per cent humidity — perfect temperature and climate. You don't have that control in front of a live audience, where there are too many variables: people you've never seen, equipment you're unfamiliar with, and maybe even a band you've never played with before."

For Nilsson, the recording studio provides a total, virtually self-contained environment, a combination home, workshop, and office. "I actually do a lot of my writing in the studio," he says. "At home you're conditioned not to play loud, but in a big studio you've got all the tools to do whatever you want — and when you are inhibited by an engineer or somebody looking at you, you can go to another studio where there's no one around. It's usually dark, and there's a piano or drums lying around, and there's no way you can walk over to a set of drums without doing something. I wrote the lyrics for Maybe in a studio and also Think About Your Troubles, which took less time to write than it takes to sing."

"Songs come differently each time," Nilsson continued. "Each album is unique. In Africa, the year before last, I wrote the Schmilsson album in a month and a half. I was never that prolific before and probably never will be again. I was with this beautiful woman, Kathy. We were sitting there reading Time and Newsweek. There was no telephone going off. There were elephants outside. I took out a notebook and a pen and wow! all of a sudden I started writing lyrics and melodies without being near a piano or guitar or anything."

"I see myself as a craftsman, a computer of sorts, compiling bits and pieces, phrases — you might say producing a song rather than creating it. But I think that the paradox of productivity versus creativity assumes a total separation of art and science. That's something I don't accept. They overlap."

"My own criteria for songs are public acceptance, longevity, the degree of challenge — in addition, of course, to the quality of the work itself. The Beatles would be the contemporary group whose songs best fulfill these criteria."

"My own songs have become more sophisticated, I think, with time and as I have mastered the craft. I
have tried to be more economical, more precise. I am learning how to leave things out. A song has limits. You only have three minutes, and you can’t discuss religion or politics in three minutes. It’s not that love lends itself easily to short treatment, but that everyone can relate to love. It’s the most common ground.”

Though the themes of Nilsson’s songs often seem to have been drawn from his own life, he denies that what he writes is consciously autobiographical. He acknowledges that “experiences are springboards to imagination, and since everything you know is what you’ve experienced, my songs, in that sense, are a product of my experience. But they’re not autobiographical.”

Yet a song such as 1941 does seem to be closely related to Nilsson’s own disrupted childhood; 1941 is even the year he was born. “In 1941,” as the song begins, “a happy father had a son,” but three years later he walks out the door, leaving the mother and son to survive as best they can. The years pass. At fourteen the son sees and follows a circus clown, who lures him to a life of adventure and freedom from responsibility, a romantic quest along railroad tracks and open roads leading to a new girl in every town. He finally meets a “soft, kind” girl, whom he marries. They settle down. In 1961 they have a son, and three years later the father walks out the door. And, we assume, the cycle of love, marriage, childbirth, desertion, the pursuit of the adventurous life, and survival repeats itself in the new generation.

“When I started 1941,” Nilsson recalls, “I was interested in writing a song about a number. So I thought I’d write a song about a year. First I tried 1944. No. Then I tried 1941. Yes, that’s it! Originally it was going to be a war song.”

It turned out to be one of Nilsson’s most important songs, transforming his individual experiences, his memories, and his hopes into a universal statement about life and its recurring patterns and inexorable social forces. It is also one of his most representative songs. It exemplifies the narrative quality that marks several of his best works, notably Mr. Tinker, Mr. Richland’s Favorite Song, Nobody Cares About the Railroads Anymore, and Mournin’ Glory Story. And it underscores as well the themes of loss and dislocation Harry often returns to.

The most poignant expressions of loss—through separation—occur in Nilsson’s fine ballads Don’t Leave Me, Together, One, and The Wailing of the Willow. Where Maybe treats the possibility of loss with sly ambiguity, Without Her, desolate and powerful in its stark poetry, comes closer than anything Nilsson has written to being a cry of despair. These songs may tend to give the impression that Nilsson is something of a pessimist, but such a conclusion is well off the mark. As Nilsson himself argues, “Hope is practical. With hope you have the option of living. Without hope, it’s pretty scary. Me, I’m an optimist.”

In most of Nilsson’s songs, then, there is hope, even in the depths of heartache. In The Wailing of the Willow, for example, there is the hint that “love will call again.” In Don’t Leave Me, the music brightens and soars at the words, “Think about the happy times, the groovy times. Don’t tell me they are gone.” Sleep Late, My Lady Friend and Good Old Desk are just two of Nilsson’s many joyful songs. Others show his special feeling for people and things the world has passed by. Nobody Cares About the Railroads Anymore is a kooky evocation of the passage of trains from American life. Mr. Tinker tells of a tailor the world no longer needs because all suits are ready-made, and Mr. Richland’s Favorite Song relates the tale of a once-idolized singer who is now forgotten. But the saddest and most moving is Mournin’ Glory Story, a sensitive and tender threnody about a lost soul who wonders how she will ever carry on.

The fervent, hymn-like I Guess the Lord Must Be in New York City is another powerful expression of Nilsson’s artistry. It was, in fact, Nilsson’s entry in the Midnight Cowboy theme-song sweepstakes. The film’s director and producer finally chose Everybody’s Talkin’. “I saw the film differently from the way they did,” Nilsson recalls. “To me, it was about the grass always being greener on the other side of the fence. Here’s this guy from Texas who can’t wait to get to New York. And what does he find? A guy in New York who can’t wait to get to Florida. Whenever you get somewhere, God, or good, or whatever you call it, is somewhere else. But I knew Everybody’s Talkin’ was a hit as soon as I heard it.”

In his two rock albums, Nilsson continued to write songs of above-average quality and deliver
HARRY ON RECORD

- Pandemonium Shadow Show (November 1967), RCA LSP 3874. Ten Little Indians (Nilsson); 1941 (Nilsson); Cuddly Toy (Nilsson); She Sang Hymns Out of Tune (Kincaid); You Can't Do That (Lennon-McCartney); Sleep Late, My Lady Friend (Nilsson); She's Leaving Home (Lennon-McCartney); There Will Never Be (Boikin-Garfield); Without Her (Nilsson); Freckles (Hess-Johnson-Ager); It's Been So Long (Nilsson); River Deep-Mountain High (Spector-Barry-Greenwich).

- Aerial Ballet (July 1968), RCA LSP 3956RE. Good Old Desk; Don't Leave Me; Mr. Richland's Favorite Song; Little Cowboy; Together; Everybody's Talkin' (Neil); I Said Goodbye to Me; Mr. Tinker; One; The Wailing of the Willow (Nilsson-Smith); Bath. (All Nilsson except as noted.)

- Harry (July 1969), RCA LSP 4197. The Puppy Song (Nilsson); Nobody Cares About the Railroads Anymore (Nilsson); Open Your Window (Nilsson); Mother Nature's Son (Lennon-McCartney); Fairfax Rag (Martin); City Life (Martin); Mournin' Glory Story (Nilsson); Maybe (Nilsson); Marchin' Down Broadway (Nilsson); I Guess the

- The Point! (January 1971), RCA LSPX 103. Everything's Got Em; Me and My Arrow; Poli High; Think About Your Troubles; Life Line; P O. V. Waltz; Are You Sleeping? (All Harry Nilsson.)

- Aerial Pandemonium Ballet (June 1971), RCA LSP 4543, selected tracks from "Pandemonium Shadow Show" and "Aerial Ballet" (see above), many re-mixed and with new vocals added. 1941 (Nilsson); Daddy's Song (Nilsson); Mr. Richland's Favorite Song (Nilsson); Good Old Desk (Nilsson); Everybody's Talkin' (Neil); Bath (Nilsson); River Deep-Mountain High (Spector-Barry-Greenwich); Sleep Late, My Lady Friend (Nilsson); Don't Leave Me

- Nilsson Schmilsson (November 1971), RCA LSP 4515. Gotta Get Up (Nilsson); Driving Along (Nilsson); Early in the Morning (Hickman-Jordan-Barley); The Moonbeam Song (Nilsson): Down (Nilsson); Without You (Ham-Evans); Coconut (Nilsson); Let the Good Times Roll (Lee); Jump into the Fire (Nilsson); I'll Never Leave You (Nilsson)

- Son of Schmilsson (June 1972). RCA LSP 4717. Take 54 (Nilsson); Remember (Christmas) (Nilsson), Joy (Nilsson); Turn On Your Radio (Nilsson); You're Breakin' My Heart (Nilsson); Spaceman (Nilsson); The Lottery Song (Nilsson); At My Front Door (Abner-Moore); Ambush (Nilsson), I'd Rather Be Dead (Nilsson-Perry), The Most Beautiful World in the World (Nilsson)

- A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night (June 1973), RCA APL 1 0097, Lazy Moon (Bob Cole-Rosamond Johnson); For Me and My Gal (E. Leslie-E. R. Goez-G. W. Meyer); I Had to Be You (Isham Jones-Gus Kahn); Always (Irving Berlin); Makin' Whoopee! (Gus Kahn-Walter Donaldson); You Made Me Love You (Joe McCarthy and James V. Monaco); Lullaby in Ragtime (Sylvia Fine); I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now (Joseph E. Howard-Harold Orlob-Frank Adams-Frank Hough); What'll I Do? (Irving Berlin); Nevertheless (Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby); This Is All I Ask (Gordon Jenkins); As Time Goes By (Herman Hupfeld). (See review on page 82.)
them with his usual care. Unlike most rock singers, he even manages to make the lyrics intelligible. *Gotta Get Up* and *Jump into the Fire* pulsate with frenzy and abandon, while *The Lottery Song* is a quiet, moving commentary on life as a gamble. *Take 54* and *Turn On Your Radio* portray the lonely life of the successful rock artist who is too busy to reach out to anyone he loves except through his songs. *Remember*—Nilsson's, not Irving Berlin's—carries the composer back into the past, but the distance between the two *Remembers* is so short that one can see that the other step—from "Son of Schmilsson" to "A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night" is much more logical than it at first seemed.

For his new album, Nilsson has linked together into highly imaginative unity a group of twelve songs that might at first appear to have little to do with one another. For Nilsson, an album is "not just a collection of songs, no matter how great the songs or how well I may be able to sing them." And, indeed, his albums have all been carefully structured, self-contained productions, often held together by a unifying theme. In effect, they are creative works in themselves. And so it is with "A Little Touch of Schmilsson," which tells the story of courtship, marriage, and its aftermath. *For Me and My Gal,* for example, represents the marriage, and *Makin' Whoopee!* introduces a note of suspicion, which is confirmed by *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.* Then come disillusionment (*What'll I Do*?), resignation (*Nevertheless*), and acceptance (*This Is All I Ask*). The album closes as it opens, with the reminder that, for all ages and all generations, "the fundamental things apply, as time goes by."

"Even the musical segues," says Nilsson, "were designed to unify the album. You hear a brief fragment of a song you've already heard or one you are yet to hear and this provides both reassurance and surprise."

Work on the album began in a London studio on March 15, 1973, and the whole was finished four working days, twenty hours, 103 takes (including many false starts) later. There was even time to record six songs that were not used. Directing the musical forces was veteran orchestra leader Gordon Jenkins. "When we began the album," Nilsson comments, "we wanted to work with the best conductor-arranger we could find. It was Derek who suggested Gordon Jenkins. When we first met him in December, we had already decided on most of the songs. But Jenkins, while he liked most of them, said that there's no way he's going to touch *Auld Lang Syne*!"

"I came to love that guy. He's the silver fox, tall and young as hell, conducting that orchestra with a ham sandwich in one hand and a glass of milk in the other, wearing his hat on the back of his head."

Jenkins, who had known Nilsson previously only through *Everybody's Talkin',* came to love Harry as well. "I've worked with big stars for forty years—Jolson, Garland, Danny Kaye, Bert Lahr, Bea Lilley, Sinatra—and I'm not easily impressed," he said in a phone interview from his home in California. "But I'm impressed by Harry. If he had been an out-and-out rock star, I couldn't have been of any help on the album. Here I felt I could contribute something. It is the understatement of the year to say that I'm not a big fan of some of the current rock and pop stuff. I don't judge songs by how many thirteen-year-old girls like them, but by whether they are high-quality songs that will still be around in thirty years. At any rate, I'd drop anything to work with Harry again."

Who knows? Maybe Nilsson will make another album with Jenkins. Or maybe he'll make another movie—he seems pleased with his first venture into acting in *Son of Dracula,* which stars Nilsson and his good friend Ringo Starr. Or he might produce *We the Jury,* a film he's had in mind for a couple of years about the inequities of the court system and the possibility of the use of TV in courtrooms. His interest in technology and social problems might even lead him eventually into something as far from music as music is from banking.

In the meantime, Nilsson leads a nomadic existence. London, where he does most of his recording, is home for half the year; but he also spends a lot of time in New York, Los Angeles, and Hawaii. His search for new places and experiences appears to stimulate his creativity. His collaboration with Gordon Jenkins (who is just twice his age) and his respectful treatment and loving identification with the old songs in the new album are both notable refutations of the contention that in music—or anything else—there must always be a "generation gap." Harry Nilsson, with his ability to embrace different styles and traditions, has demonstrated that not only do we have a usable past, but that—just possibly—the great tradition of the American popular song, which many of us had feared was nearly moribund, might, after all, have a viable future, that some fundamental musical things still apply too.

Robert Kimball and Abigail Kuflik are man and wife. She is on the staff of Newsweek magazine; he is the author of last season's Cole, a coffee-table-size salute to that monument of American popular song, and (with Alfred Simon) of this season's *The Gershwins,* a soon-to-be-published tribute on a similar scale.
Amplifiers with power outputs of 60 watts or more per channel have been available and in wide use for more than a decade. Lately, the new "super" amplifiers, with audio powers in the hundreds of watts, have reached the market and have been receiving almost uniformly favorable reviews. In one such review in this magazine, Julian Hirsch wondered if 350 watts per channel is enough power to reproduce music at realistic levels with many of today's home speaker systems. Yet, other responsible audio writers aver that amplifiers with relatively moderate power output—say, 25 watts per channel—can produce realistic sound levels from most small loudspeaker systems in most listening rooms.

There is a small area of potential misunderstanding that should be clarified at this point: if an amplifier has a 25-watt-per-channel rating, this does not mean that when playing music it is continuously producing a power output of 25 watts. The 25-watt rating indicates its maximum output power potential—which is to say that, when driven by an audio signal (the music), 25 watts is the maximum amount of power the amplifier can put out without exceeding its rated distortion. Also, within the context of this article, when we refer to the peak demands (of the music), we are referring to the times when the strongest (loudest) audio signal in the program is being fed to the amplifier. At such times, the amplifier (depending on a variety of factors) may be operating below or above its maximum power-output potential. When, in an attempt to achieve a realistic sound level, the amplifier is driven beyond its output potential, "clipping" of the musical waveform occurs (see Figure 1), with results to be discussed shortly.

What is meant by "realistic" sound levels? How conservative is that 25-watt figure? And, specifically, how much amplifier power is needed with a specific pair of speakers in a given listening room? First, a "realistic" reproduced sound level in a listening room is achieved when the sound-pressure level (SPL) in the room is equal to that at the original live performance. Traditionally, in discussions such as this, the live performance has been assumed to be that of a symphony orchestra playing classical music in a concert hall designed for that specific purpose and without benefit of electronic augmentation. The maximum sound amplitudes (peaks) in such a setting for most listener locations are of the order of 100 dB SPL. Peaks of 100 dB SPL can be produced in a fairly large home listening room by a pair of 1 per cent efficient stereo speakers being fed by a 25-watt-per-channel amplifier. However, although most bookshelf-size speaker systems are about 1 per cent efficient, there are also a number of good ones that are only 0.5 per cent efficient, and there is a trend toward even lower efficiency. If
your speakers are actually only 0.5 per cent efficient in converting the electrical signal power delivered by your amplifier into acoustical power, the amplifier power required to produce the same acoustical output is doubled. Further, if your listening room is extremely large or abnormally "dead" acoustically because of heavy drapes, rugs, and overstuffed furniture, you will also need more than 25 watts per channel to achieve that SPL of 100 dB even with the 1 per cent efficient speakers. For nine out of ten home music systems, however, this estimate of the relationship between amplifier power and sound-pressure level (25 watts for 100 dB SPL) is reasonably accurate.

Most people will agree that music that reaches peak levels of 100 dB is quite loud, whether it is heard in a concert hall or at home. The U.S. Surgeon General has not yet determined that sound-pressure levels in excess of 100 dB are dangerous to your health, even though your employer is prohibited by Federal law from exposing you to such levels for more than a short time at your place of work. But no matter what the medical—or aesthetic—opinions may be, they are irrelevant to the fact that a significant part of the populace does play music at sound levels considerably higher than 100 dB SPL simply because, to them, it sounds better that way. Many of these are people who listen to classical music only—and they prefer it larger than life size. But the bulk of the music played at these levels falls in the popular category. Indeed, a realistic sound level for rock music (matching the usual live-performance level, that is) would be 110 dB SPL or more on peaks rather than a mere 100 dB. (Technical Editor Larry Klein once measured over 110 dB SPL on a fairly constant basis at the rear of the Fillmore East auditorium during a Jefferson Airplane performance.)

### Decibels and Audibility

The question is, how significant are the variations in preferred loudness in terms of amplifier power demand? Figure 2 is an attempt to show their interrelationships by displaying amplifier power demand on a linear scale (which is how we tend to think of it), letting the decibels fall where they may. At the extreme left is a scale of amplifier power demand (per channel) from 0 to 250 watts. The next column to the right is marked in decibels (dB), with 0 dB established at the reference point of 25 watts on the loudest signal peaks. If the conditions discussed earlier apply, 0 dB on this scale represents a sound-pressure level of 100 dB in the listening room; to find the maximum sound-pressure level for other values of amplifier power delivered to the speakers, simply add 100 to the figures in this decibel column. The third column shows how the brain/ear combination interprets SPL in terms of relative subjective loudness; again, 25 watts per channel (100 dB SPL) is chosen as the loudness reference, which is assigned the value of 1.

A word of warning: subjective judgments of loudness increments vs. objective differences in SPL vary with the frequency content of the signal, with the absolute values of sound pressure, with the test conditions, and with the individual. It should therefore be kept in mind that the following discussion is based on average conditions. The comments do apply with fair accuracy to most people's responses in the range of sound levels considered in Figure 2 over a wide range of frequencies, but not including the frequency extremes.

For the average person, the minimum perceptible change in SPL—and then only during a direct A-B comparison—is 1 dB. The fourth column in Figure 2 correlates 1-dB increments with amplifier power changes: a 20 per cent decrease if the change is 1 dB downward, a 25 per cent increase if the change is 1 dB upward. Thus, if the amplifier is delivering 200 watts on signal peaks, it would take an additional 50 watts more output to produce the barest perceptible change in loudness. On the other hand, music with maximum levels of only 90 dB SPL (a comfortable volume) might require a change of only ½ watt—from 2½ to 3½ watts per channel—to produce a change in loudness just as audible.

The fifth column in Figure 2 shows the power increase or decrease needed to accomplish 3-dB changes in SPL. A 3-dB difference is plainly audible in a direct switch from one level to the other, but it is not usually considered to be a major difference.
For example, a speaker with a ±3-dB response over the audible range is considered "flat." It is necessary to double (or to halve) the power output the amplifier is delivering in order to produce this relatively small change in subjective loudness. If you are operating at 100 dB SPL on loudness peaks, an increase to 50 watts (or a decrease to 12 1/2 watts) from 25 watts per channel would be a 3-dB change.

The last (right) column in Figure 2 shows the magnitude of change in power necessary to produce very significant changes in subjective loudness. In order for a sound to be judged twice as loud as before, its level must be increased by 10 dB, which works out to a tenfold increase in amplifier power to the loudspeakers. (Incidentally, adding a 10-dB bump electronically—with tone controls or a speaker equalizer, for instance—at some low or high frequency also means that the amplifier is required to supply ten times more power at those frequencies than it has to supply at the mid-frequencies.) And it should be remembered that individual preferences of sound level for comfortable music listening vary by 30 dB or more no matter what speakers are used, and that is a range of amplifier power requirements of one thousand times!

Considering all the variations in preferred level and the differing power requirements of loudspeakers and listening rooms, one must wonder at the fact that nearly all listeners appear to be satisfied with the acoustic power capabilities of their music systems—whatever their other complaints may be. Probably the loudspeakers and amplifiers used by most readers of this magazine are capable of generating 100-dB SPL peaks in their living rooms—but not, as a rule, significantly higher levels. Yet a great many people insist on having their music louder than this, and they are actually getting the audible equivalent of higher levels. How? By cheating, that's how. They are turning up the volume control beyond the point at which the tips of the waveform peaks are clipped, and if their amplifiers are well-behaved, they probably don't even know it.

It may be common knowledge that playing music very loudly is likely to result in an occasional extra-high-amplitude peak's being clipped, the result of the amplifier's being driven momentarily so hard that it reaches its maximum power capability and simply fails to deliver all the power capability called for by the music-waveform peak. When that happens, the loudspeaker can produce only the lower part of the waveform, and the upper part is chopped off. If the amplifier is stable and tolerant of momentary overloads, it goes about its business with no audible after-effects after it has clipped a peak.

The Audibility of Clipping

Since there seems not to be any quantitative data available on just how far this peak-clipping can go before it becomes audible to critical listeners, I conducted some simple tests designed to yield information on the question. I prepared tape recordings of short sections of three types of music: solo piano, plucked strings and drums, and bowed strings. Extra care was taken to ensure that no peak-clipping occurred anywhere during the recording process. For playback, the tape machine was connected to an amplifier with a volume control accurately calibrated in decibel increments. Only one channel was used. The loudspeaker system used was a wide-range unit capable of handling the maximum power output of the amplifier (76 watts) without significant distortion. In the very large room where the listening tests were made, the
sound-pressure levels averaged 99 dB at the amplifier's maximum output. An oscilloscope was connected across the amplifier's speaker-output terminals to monitor the electrical waveform.

For each of the recordings, the test procedure was the same: first, the volume control was adjusted so that the highest peaks of the music waveform just reached the amplifier's clipping point as visible on the scope. This control setting was labeled "A" and the listeners were asked to familiarize themselves with the sound. The volume control was then advanced until the signal showed severe clipping and then backed off slowly to the point at which the consensus was that the clipping was not yet audible.

This control setting was noted as "B." Finally, the volume control was further advanced to the point (noted as "C") at which the listening panel agreed that clipping effects were clearly audible. The A, B, and C points turned out to be, as might have been expected, different for each of the recordings.

On the piano recording, the difference between volume-control setting A (close to, but not reaching, amplifier clipping) and setting B (inaudible clipping) was 5 dB. The difference between settings B and C (the definitely audible clipping at C produced a rattling type of distortion with each note struck) was another 2 dB. A most significant finding was that during the entire 7-dB increase in the volume-control setting, the subjective loudness of the music increased, despite the fact that the actual signal peaks could go no higher when the control was moved from the A to the C setting. (Figure 2 presents a clarification of this apparent anomaly.) It was, of course, the average sound-pressure level that increased as the volume control was turned up, the sensation of loudness being determined more by average than by peak SPL. (The producers of radio and TV commercials have long been aware of this characteristic of the human ear. By compressing the peaks and then raising the overall audio level, they are able to produce commercials that are significantly "Louder" than the entertainment part of the program but which nevertheless do not cause over-modulation of the broadcast station's transmitter.)

Insofar as the subjective impression of the piano's loudness was concerned, this amplifier behaved as if it had 5 dB more clean power available than it really did. Practically, this means it could play this

\[ \text{CLIPPING LEVELS ON PIANO . . .} \]

\[ \text{Oscilloscope waveform (A) shows 1 second of piano music at a level just below the amplifier's clipping point. (Each vertical division represents 10 volts; the amplifier's maximum output is 76.5 watts to an 8-ohm speaker.) In (B) the control setting (and the average power output) is up by 5 dB and some inaudible clipping can be seen. In photo (C) the volume has been increased by 7 dB and clipping is heard clearly.} \]

This recording of plucked strings and drum, the volume setting for B (visible, but not audible, clipping) was 6 dB higher than for A. We were astonished by the fact that the large amounts of clipping shown on the oscilloscope at control setting B could not be heard by six experienced listeners. Still another 5 dB increase in volume-control setting was needed before the distortion reached the clearly evident C point. The main effect of the audible clipping distortion could be described as a loss of transient clarity—a "mushiness" in the attacks.

The recording of bowed strings, however, produced quite different results. Volume-control setting B was only 3 dB higher than A. Increasing it another 1.5 dB to position C produced a clear rasping noise that was most unpleasant. It is worth noting that this recording sounded subjectively louder at the A, B, and C settings than the others, and very
few if any listeners would choose to play it at levels approaching even the clipping point of B.

Thus, we have something of a serendipitous situation—we go looking for one thing, and come back with something better: if we look for an amplifier that is tolerant of brief overloads—that clips, in other words, without creating additional audible problems—we discover that it can also produce average sound-pressure levels that make it appear to be two to four times (depending on the type of music being played) more powerful than it really is. Because subjective loudness is related primarily to the average, not the peak, SPL, this 3- to 6-dB “cushion” of overload capability compensates for several hundreds of dollars extra he will have to pay for a super-power amplifier worth the 5 to 10 dB more of unclipped power it can deliver?

Listeners who always stay in the 100-dB SPL range or below generally have no such problem. A good amplifier providing 40 to 60 watts per channel is sufficient. And nearly any amplifier or receiver is adequate if you can live with a slightly less loud maximum. Peaks of 95 dB SPL can be obtained with 20 watts per channel, even with quite inefficient loudspeakers.

If there is any doubt as to which category of music listener you fit into, or if you simply want to confirm a decision you’ve already made, the best

**Recommendations**

None of this is meant to imply that music amplified with some of the peaks clipped off cleanly will sound exactly the same as it would if it were played at the same subjective loudness level through a much more powerful amplifier that could pass such peaks intact. But the difference is subtle at best, which poses something of a dilemma for the listener who likes his music as loud as he can get it. Simply stated, the problem is that, unless he has very efficient speakers, an amplifier of moderate power will not be completely sufficient for his needs. Certainly he will have to rely heavily on the “clipping cushion.” Only he can answer his own question: is the advice may be the most obvious. Go to a cooperative audio dealer at some time when his store traffic is light. Ask him to set up his switching panel so that the kind of loudspeakers you own—or are considering buying—can be driven by amplifiers of successively higher power rating. With each amplifier (or receiver), play the kind of music you like as loudly as you think you’ll ever want to play it at home. Then turn up the volume control just a slight bit more to allow for the variables. The amplifier that sounds just as good under those stress conditions as the one next-higher in power rating is the one for you, because nearly any dealer’s showroom will need more acoustic power from the amplifier/speaker combination than your listening room will require for the same loudness level.

Roy Allison, Vice President (Engineering) of Acoustic Research until early 1973, is now engaged in independent research on the interrelationships of loudspeaker systems and listening rooms.
The "Jena" Symphony
Beethoven didn't write it, but let's hear it again anyway
By RICHARD FREED

Late in the first decade of this century the German musicologist Fritz Stein (1879-1961), who was then only beginning his long and distinguished career, discovered at the University of Jena a full set of parts for an anonymous Symphony in C Major which had been received about 1790, according to the records of the University's Academic Concerts (a series inaugurated in 1780).

There was no score, but it was simple enough to prepare one from the parts, and this Stein did, impelled by his conviction that he had unearthed an unknown early effort of no less a master than Beethoven.

There had always been a good deal of conjecture that Beethoven must have tried his hand at composing a symphony before he was twenty-eight years old (the Symphony No. 1, in C Major, Op. 21, was composed in 1799-1800). Sketches survive for a Symphony in C Minor outlined in 1785 (using themes from one of the piano quartets), and the composer's journal for 1795 contains references to a Symphony in C Major. Along with these factors, there were notations in the material Stein found which encouraged him in his undertaking: the second violin part was inscribed (though not in Beethoven's own hand) "par Louis van Beethoven" and in the cello part there was "Symphonie von Beethoven" (sic).

Stein's findings were supported by his mentor, the illustrious Hugo Riemann (1849-1919), who was the first of many to cite the work's remarkable similarities to the great Symphony No. 97 of Haydn, also in C Major.

In 1911, Breitkopf und Härtel published Stein's edition of the "Jena" Symphony, and he reported his research and conclusions at the London meeting of the International Musical Society in an address published the following year under the title Eine unbekannte Jugendsymphonie Beethoven's? The first performance was given March 30, 1912, at the Queen's Hall in London, initiating a forty-five-year period of low-key controversy.

While many since Stein and Riemann have noted the work's resemblance to Haydn and Beethoven, agreement on their attribution of its authorship was less widespread; some scholars, in fact, used the Haydn parallel as an argument against attributing the work to Beethoven. Marion M. Scott pointed out that Beethoven could not have seen the Haydn score until 1795 or 1796, though the "Jena" Symphony is presumed to have been written by 1790, and by 1795 Beethoven was far too advanced to have modeled a symphony of his own so closely after one of Haydn's or anyone else's. This point was registered, too, by Robert Simpson, the English composer and Nielsen authority, who, however, suggested that Beethoven might have contributed only the final movement to a work of otherwise unknown authorship.

In any event, Stein lived to see his findings disproved: in the Music Review for May 1957, H. C. Robbins Landon reported his discovery of evidence identifying the "Jena" Symphony as a composition of Beethoven's contemporary Friedrich Witt (1770-1837), a rather uncelebrated figure even in his own lifetime. Witt was born near Württemberg on November 8, 1770, five weeks before Beethoven's birth in Bonn, and became a string player in an orchestra at about the same time Beethoven did. His instrument was the violin; he was appointed concertmaster in the Prince von Oettingen's orchestra at nineteen, and spent the last thirty-five years of his life uneventfully as Kapellmeister in Würzburg. None of his music, apparently, has been performed under his own name since his own time.

Landon's discovery did not start a Witt revival, but rather seemed to provide a "final solution" for the "Jena" Symphony problem: now that it had been identified as not even arguably by Beethoven but assuredly the work of the unknown Witt, it was simply consigned to limbo. This is regrettable, for any symphony worthy of even superficial comparison with Haydn's No. 97 is surely worth hearing.
and, regardless of its attribution, the “Jena” Symphony is a most ingratiating work.

The parallels with the Haydn symphony are striking, especially in the first two movements, in both of which details of construction are so similar as to suggest the Haydn work as the specific model for Witt’s—though Witt would have been even less likely than Beethoven to have seen or heard the Haydn by 1790. What is equally striking, though apparently never used in support of the Beethoven attribution, is the similarity of the first movement’s principal theme to one in an unquestionably genuine Beethoven work: it is almost identical with the “consoling” motif that appears twice in the slow movement of the Quartet in F Major, Op. 18, No. 1.

The adagio cantabile is typical, both in feeling and construction, of Haydn’s variation movements, as epitomized by the one in his No. 97. In this case, though, Witt’s theme looks pretty far ahead: it is a very reasonable facsimile of the aria “Oh rest in the Lord” in Mendelssohn’s oratorio Elijah (composed nine years after Witt’s death). The minuet begins in the same festive mold as the one in the Haydn counterpart, but it soon assumes a more Mozartian character, evoking recollections of the minuets in Mozart’s “Linz” and E-flat symphonies (K. 425 and K. 543, respectively). The final allegro departs from the pattern also: structurally, it has more in common with the finales of some slightly earlier Haydn symphonies (such as the one in the “Oxford,” No. 92, in G Major) than with that of No. 97, and it is orchestrated somewhat differently from the three movements which precede it. It was this difference in orchestration, marked particularly by more imaginative use of the winds, that led Simpson to speculate that this movement alone might have been composed by Beethoven.

Whatever the level of Witt’s other efforts (eight other symphonies, two operas, two oratorios, masses, cantatas, a flute concerto, chamber music, pieces for wind band), the “Jena” Symphony is a work of which Haydn himself need not have been ashamed. Were Haydn’s name affixed to it, or had Stein made a stronger temporary case for his Beethoven attribution, the work would surely be in the active repertoire. No argument is being advanced here for disinterring Witt’s other music: Ruggiero Leoncavallo has made it on the strength of one work, so has Pietro Mascagni, and so, really, have Johan Halvorsen and Ferde Grofé, but poor Witt is denied that modicum of immortality, as if he himself had perpetrated a fraud for which he must be posthumously punished.

There is no precedent for such a penalty. What was known for at least two centuries as “Purcell’s Trumpet Voluntary” has been identified as a keyboard piece by Jeremiah Clarke called The Prince of Denmark’s March, and the charming little “Toy” Symphony, so confidently attributed to Haydn, we know now to be part of a cassation by Leopold Mozart. Seven years after tearing away the “Jena” Symphony’s tenuous claim to survival, Robbins Landon showed that all six of Haydn’s Opus 3 quartets—of which No. 5, in F Major, has the celebrated “Serenade” for its slow movement—were actually written by one Romanus Hofstetter (1742-1815), a monk at Amorbach who so admired Haydn that he avowedly copied his style in his own compositions (and was probably unaware that some of them were published under Haydn’s name). None of these much-beloved works, nor any of the Fritz Kreisler pieces (in the styles and under the names of various earlier composers), have suffered in popularity when their true authorship was revealed.

Record producers, characteristically more determined than concert producers in such matters, have not ignored the “Jena” Symphony. To date there have been at least nine recordings of the work, of which the two latest were made during the last few years, well after Landon’s establishment of Witt’s authorship. These two, however, the only ones available now, are so lackluster, devoid of vitality, and generally undistinguished as to make any listener wonder why anyone would bother performing the work, recording it, or even writing about it. It would take some imagination to work up any enthusiasm for the symphony as performed by the Westphalian Symphony Orchestra under Hubert Reichert on Turnabout TV-S 34409 or by the Rhineland Philharmonia under Wolfgang Hoffman on Musical Heritage Society MHS 1506.

Some thirty years ago RCA released a stunning recording of the “Jena” by Werner Janssen and his own Los Angeles orchestra on ’78’s (DM-946), a performance filled with elegance and vivacity. Robert Heger, Franz Konwitschny, and Walter Goehr also recorded the “Jena” in the early days of LP, but less persuasively than Janssen. If such esteemed conductors felt the work worthy of their attention (when it was still thought it might be Beethoven, one must concede), perhaps one of the conductors active now in this very sort of repertoire—a Helmut Müller-Brühl, an Ernst Märzendorfer, or a Theodor Guschlbauer—might be persuaded to take it on, or one of the imaginative people at Philips might even get Eugen Jochum to do it. And in the absence of an adequate modern recording, it would be good in the meantime if RCA were to bring the Janssen back on Victrola.
JAN DE GAETANI
Disciplined freedom gives one of our busiest recording stars the time to be wife, mother, and teacher as well
By ROBERT S. CLARK

JAN DEGAETANI tells about a friend who recently went into a record store to buy a copy of her Nonesuch recording of Stephen Foster songs. "Jan DeGaetani singing Stephen Foster? You must be kidding," the sales clerk told him. "She only sings Schoenberg and Varèse and George Crumb and stuff like that."

Behind this anecdote is the odd but widespread notion that concert artists, particularly singers, are of two distinct kinds: (1) those who perform contemporary music, and (2) those who perform only more traditional music. Jan DeGaetani is a living refutation of this notion. It is true that in recent years she has concentrated on the performance of new scores and modern classics such as Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire and Varèse's Offrandes. In fact, hers has become, for several contemporary American composers, the voice around which they conceive their works. So successful has she been at mastering the contemporary vocal style that Andrew Porter could say of her in the New Yorker, "She has a flexibility of tongue, lips, and mouth and a control of breath that enable her to achieve a virtuosity of vocal sounds unheard since the late Elsie Houston made those famous records of Brazilian folk songs."

But the attractive mezzo-soprano has accumulated a list of credits in her two decades of singing (it's hard to believe she's thirty-nine) that impressively puts the label "specialist" to rout. After her musical studies, begun in her native Ohio and completed at the Juilliard School in New York, she sang operatic roles in small-scale productions of Mozart and Rossini, medieval and Renaissance music as a member of the Waverly Consort and in Noah Greenberg's celebrated Pro Musica Antiqua productions of the Play of Herod, and a little bit of everything (including Ernst Toch's Geographical Fugue) with a chamber group called the Abbey Singers. She has sung in Mahler's Second Symphony and in his Fourth—mezzo in the one and soprano in the other. And, when I visited her one afternoon at her New York apartment, she had only recently returned from New Orleans, where she sang Mahler's songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra.

"Over the years, I've learned most of the repertoire for my voice type. There it is," she said, and gestured at a long shelf full of scores on the wall in her living room. "I've never thought out the direction I would like my career to take, I've simply kept busy and was satisfied as long as I felt I was growing. For a long time, though, I was afraid of singing with a large orchestra. Now I think I'm ready. The concept of orchestral program-making has evolved to the point now that pieces for smaller ensemble, too, can take their place on programs alongside the standard symphonies and concertos. That opens up possibilities for me: Bach cantatas, the Spohr clarinet songs, Ravel's Chansons Madécasses and Mallarmé songs..."

But Miss DeGaetani is not turning her back on contemporary music. She reigns over that field graciously, and has no intention of abdicating. Last fall she took George Crumb's Ancient Voices of Children to London for its English premiere in Queen Elizabeth Hall and to Holland for its Continental premiere in a radio broadcast led by Richard Dufallo. Early this year she made her debut appearance with the New York Philharmonic in the same work, with Pierre Boulez conducting. And heading her schedule just now is a fall European jaunt with Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, with which she has sung often and has made several of her most highly acclaimed recordings, Pierrot Lunaire, Offrandes, and Ancient Voices of Children among them. The repertoire for the tour will include Pierrot, Seymour Shiffin's Suites of Circumstance, works by Dallapiccola, Rochberg, and Crumb, and perhaps a new piece that Peter Maxwell Davies is writing for her.

"I'm going to take my family along on the tour," she told me. "My daughter Francesca is learning the boy-soprano part in Ancient Voices. She'll do it in Europe—if only she'll stop developing signs of puberty!" "Family" for Miss DeGaetani consists of Francesca, who is eleven, and nine-year-old Mark, both children of an earlier marriage that ended in divorce, and her husband Philip West, an oboist. They live in an airy, spacious, comfortably cluttered apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and it does not take a visitor very long to sense that, in the contest for Miss DeGaetani's time and attention, her art has to strive mightily with her domestic affections. "For a long time, I didn't have a manager, and when I finally decided I needed one, I had to have the right kind, one who would understand that my family comes first, and wouldn't mind my insisting that he clear every date with..."
me before he schedules it. Fortunately, I found just the man.” (He’s Melvin Kaplan.)

There is a third major contestant for her time and attention, too. For the past year she has taught two days a week in the music department of the State University of New York at Purchase, a new campus about twenty-five miles from midtown Manhattan. Oddly enough, her students are instrumentalists, not singers. “I taught theory and solfège at Juilliard after graduation, and master classes at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. These were standard—at Wisconsin the students sang and I told them what I heard. But my classes at Purchase are something different. Their premise is that instrumentalists have physical tensions they may be unaware of, and that these tensions may inhibit their getting across to the audience. The dean up there told me about hearing a violinist play. When the recital was over, he said, he knew a lot about the violin, less about the person who had played it, and nothing at all about the music. My job is to help my students find a way around their tensions. Once they relax and accept their vulnerability on stage, they can release their sensibilities to the audience.”

What is her method? It is a personal “mishmash”—her word—learned in part from Elaine Summers, an avant-garde choreographer with whom Miss DeGaetani studied for a time, and refined by teaching artists at Joseph Chaikin’s Open Theater (“I ended up learning a lot from Chaikin, too.”). She uses breathing exercises, body movement, and concentration drills in much the same way theater groups do. “For instance, I ask the students to throw themselves around the room in overt, free physical movement, and I ask them to pair off and look at each other intently,copying the other’s movements. Usually a student who does one of these things well does not do the other well. They look at freedom and concentration as opposites. The general feeling is that freedom implies lack of control and that control inhibits freedom. It’s not true. I want my students to learn that the more secure your control over your body, the freer you are to use your instrument and to communicate to others with it.”

The singer herself is testimony to the fact that all of this is more than a mouthful of theories. For it is not just in the face of complex musical scores that she is unflappable. During my two-hour visit she handled with aplomb the frequent ringing of the telephone, several callers at the door, the coming and going of her children to their respective music lessons (Francesca studies the violin, Mark the cello), and the friendly but distracting attention paid me by a white Yorkshire terrier and a hefty black cat. Yet the impression I was left with was one of a refreshing spontaneity of response. And Jan DeGaetani places a high value on such spontaneity in her music-making, too. Take, for example, her attitude toward recording. “Records are work-in-progress. Consequently, a lot of performers, myself included, do not like to listen to their recordings. I’ve never heard the Ancient Voices or the Foster record all the way through. I know a musician who listens to his recordings a great deal—they are some sort of completion for him. But I think recording represents only a momentary choice of how to do a piece, and should never constitute a ‘definitive’ way.”

Well, I told her, “definite” is the adjective being applied everywhere to her disc of Stephen Foster songs—it was acclaimed by critics around the country, and won a “Record of the Year” award from STEREO REVIEW. Taken from the original sheet-music editions, the songs were recorded at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington on period instruments—parlor piano, melodemin, keyed bugle—in the Smithsonian collection. I asked how the project had gotten started. “The idea came from Tracey Sterne of Nonesuch Records. After the success of the Scott Joplin piano-rag recordings, she thought there would be interest in more Americana done in authentic homely style. When she proposed it, I had two provisos. A man was needed, I felt, for variety’s sake”—baritone Leslie Guinn was engaged—and “and I refused to do any of the ‘blackface’ dialect songs. I’ve always felt they were demeaning, and surely the social climate is not right for that kind of thing now, in any case. Tracey, Joshua Rifkin, and Bill Bolcom went to the Americana collection in the Music Division of the Library of the Performing Arts and came up with about a hundred possibilities! Leslie and I weeded them out and chose what we wanted to do. Meanwhile Tracey had made arrangements to record on the instruments at the Smithsonian. So all of us—musicians, engineers, staff—and the equipment were hauled down to Washington. On the way, I got sick—flu! But the money had been spent, and we had to go ahead. Thanks to the others, it all came off. Gilbert Kalish, the pianist, was wonderful—absolutely constant. The piano went out of tune so easily that we had to have a curator standing by to tune it. But Gil never made a mistake—I had my share of flubs, so he couldn’t afford any. Someone had to be a rock, and he was it.”

Kalish will be her pianist on another recording, a selection from Hugo Wolf’s Spanish Songbook soon to be recorded by Nonesuch. Together they also hope to do a disc of songs by eighteenth-century composers, including some little-known songs by Haydn that Miss DeGaetani discovered in the library of her teacher, the late Sergius Kagen, just after his death. Then there’s the tour with the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, and the teaching, and those orchestral dates she will be lining up. And more: “Out of the blue the other day, someone from the Fromm Foundation called to say they would like to commission a piece for me for performance in the 1973-1974 season. What did I think and what did I want? Well,” she said, beaming. “I told them I thought it was just lovely. I asked for a chamber piece for voice and about thirty instruments, and gave them the names of several composers I would love to see chosen to do it. No. George Crumb was not one of them—he’s very special to me. but he’s up to his ears in commissions right now. There were Jacob Druckman, John Harbison, George Rochberg, and others. . .

“Why these composers? Well, they are all men who, in a way, define their generation. They speak of where we all have come from and where we are going, and not of an isolated and arbitrary experience of their own. They connect with the past, somehow, and lead to the future. They live in the same world as you and I. Tracey Sterne—in her openhearted way she can always find something opposite and bracing to say to you when you’re low—one told me that a performer of contemporary music can contribute a great deal to establishing a tradition for performers and composers of the future. It’s crucial to contemporary music whether those who perform it give a good or a bad performance. It’s not like a lousy performance of the Brahms Fourth, because the audience can’t just go out and hear another one. I feel an intense responsibility to the composers whose music I sing.”
IS GERSHWIN CLASSICAL OR POPULAR?
A sparkling new disc of his piano music from Nonesuch brings the question into focus

If there is one composer about whom most living Americans will swear they know the whole story, that composer is George Gershwin. Gershwin’s songs are still very much in our heads, and his Rhapsody in Blue was once—at least during my youth, which was before Van Cliburn and the Tchaikovsky Concerto—the obligatory classical album in most every American household. His name is at least as familiar to Americans as that of Stephen Foster, and a lot more familiar than those of Scott Joplin, William Billings, Charles Ives, Aaron Copland, and a lot of others. How strange, then, that a new Nonesuch release of Gershwin’s solo piano music should so very obviously be a “rediscovery” album, quite in line with the other recorded rediscoveries in recent years of Joplin, Billings, Gottschalk, Ives, and even Foster.

Perhaps the problem with our musical heritage has been not that music has been buried away in cellars and libraries, but that it has been continually under our noses, albeit in watered-down form, where it seems all too familiar to be taken seriously. While such a theory is of unequal application, of course, it seems to apply quite strongly to Gershwin. Gershwin, we feel, is established; he has his niche already cut out for him. But just what is that niche? Those who take Gershwin most seriously as a “classical” composer are themselves concerned mostly with popular song. Those who are worldly wise in the classics are inclined to look down their noses at Gershwin and say, “Well, not quite a real composer, but a good songwriter.”

No single record release is going to set these matters straight, but a new one from Nonesuch is a good start. It contains most of Gershwin’s music for solo piano, and that in itself makes it a very mixed bag. For Gershwin, whether consciously or not, was quite a different composer at different times. Rialto Ripples, for example, composed in 1916 (Gershwin was seventeen) in conjunction with another man (Will Donaldson), is little more than a white commercial adaptation of black ragtime. It is a “composition” only in the sense that it has no lyrics, that it is a piece for solo piano: for many years, such a durchkomponiert piano solo was looked upon as being a cut or two above a mere song. The Three Preludes, however, were quite expressly concert pieces, and they sound it. The difference is that Rialto Ripples (as representative of one kind of piece) is merely an attempt to write within a pre-existing popular style (ragtime), while the Preludes are a new organization of elements abstracted from a popular style (jazz). Rialto Ripples is ragtime, but the Preludes are not jazz: they are classical music.

It is along such lines that Gershwin’s ultimate reputation as a classical composer will be established, for hindsight now permits us to see that what he was at times doing was not so
very different from what Stravinsky was doing. The search for basic materials led them sometimes in different directions, sometimes in the same one—for example, Stravinsky’s “ragtime” music. But whereas in Stravinsky’s case there is never any confusion between the source and his abstraction of materials from it, in Gershwin’s we find a perhaps unique instance in which both the popular source and the classical abstraction of it were composed by the same man.

The most dramatic representation of this lies in the music that occupies side one of the Nonesuch disc: *George Gershwin’s Songbook*, a collection of piano improvisations Gershwin published on eighteen of his own finest songs. Everyone will recognize the tunes, but that is hardly the point (beyond the patently obvious fact that Gershwin was a damned fine tunsmith). What is the point is that classical composer Gershwin has taken these materials by popular songwriter Gershwin, along with certain characteristic piano-style ideas of a number of popular pianists known to the composer, and has fashioned from them a set of preludes, impromptus, études, or what you will, all quite in the tradition of Chopin, Debussy, or Stravinsky. The jazz and popular elements are there, but this is no longer popular music. For one thing, it no longer has the romantic elasticity of popular music; the composer has fixed the interpretation at one level of the songs’ potential. For another thing, the musical concentration is far higher than in popular music: there are few, if any, unnecessary notes, and what is said is said fully but economically (listen to the almost laconic endings, for example). Perhaps we are still too chronologically close to this music to realize fully the extent or the significance of the abstraction that has taken place. The next generation may perceive it more easily, as we today can listen to Debussy and not hear, as Saint-Saëns did, an interminable series of arpeggios on French nursery tunes.

If the music, from this description of it, seems today to balance on a razor’s edge, just imagine what would have to be the qualifications of the pianist who could play it effectively. Well, do imagine them, and then play this record and hear them perfectly met. William Bolcom is himself a man at home in several musical worlds, and he is obviously very much at home in all of those represented here. He plays cleanly and with lilt, obviously conversant with the songs (where such are employed), equally conversant with the jazz elements in the scores, but able to sense the difference between what is fluid and what is fixed. His rubato, his dynamics are effective, but he knows when he is not playing jazz or cocktail piano. On the evidence I have heard, I would say he plays like Gershwin himself, but better. I deplore only the album photograph of him sucking thoughtfully on a pipe. Given the way he plays, he should have a dollar cigar in his mouth. The recorded sound is natural and appropriate.

*James Goodfriend*

**GERSHWIN: George Gershwin’s Songbook (improvisations on eighteen songs); Rialto Ripples; Three Preludes; Impromptu in Two Keys; Three-Quarter Blues; Merry Andrew; Piano Playin’ Jazzbo Brown; Promenade. William Bolcom (piano). NONESUCH H 71284 $2.98.**

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**THREE UNUSUAL STRING QUARTETS**

*The Composers Quartet again demonstrates its remarkable interpretive gifts in “modern” music.*

The string quartet seems to have survived into the late twentieth century in better shape than many other traditional Classical musical forms. A cynic once remarked that this was because absolutely anything sounds good played by a string quartet, and it may well be true if the group playing is one as extraordinary as the Composers Quartet.

Be that as it may, composers have continued to produce important music for string quartet even in a country as remote from the sources of quartet tradition as this one. The evidence supplied by a new Nonesuch release goes back to 1931, the date of Ruth Crawford Seeger’s remarkable essay in the genre, which is by now an acknowledged masterpiece from a rich period in American musical life. Ruth Crawford was the wife of the important composer, critic, philosopher, and musicologist Charles Seeger (and thus the stepmother of Pete Seeger). She was also, in her own right, one of the major figures in American music in the Twenties and Thirties, and her quartet stands with works of Ives, Varèse, Ruggles, and Cowell as one of the remarkable achievements of an era whose importance is still being assessed. Beyond all that, the work is quite simply an extraordinary piece of music, inventive and powerful in its combination of originality, concision, and directness.

Milton Babbitt’s role as a teacher and therefore as an influence on others is now widely recognized, and although the reaction away from serialism in recent years has turned interest away from his music, he remains an important figure, surprisingly independent of his many imitators and followers. His String Quartet No. 2 (1954) follows the line of
the kind of total serialism he developed six years earlier. The prose tradition of explaining this music (here faithfully carried out in the liner notes) is incredibly turgid and academic but, oddly enough, the music has a remarkable simplicity and transparency—an almost naïve faith in the beauty of rationality, one might say, expressed in terms of open textures that lay out complex ideas in unaccompanied, unison, and octave lines as well as simple melodic and harmonic formations. There is clarity also in the performance. Babbitt is fond of quoting Schoenberg's line to the effect that “my music is not avant-garde, only badly played.” Here it is brilliantly played, revealing its essentially crystalline clarity and sparkle.

Of the three composers on this record, George Perle is the least known. This is somewhat surprising in view of Perle’s reputation as a teacher and writer as well as his musical position, which synthesizes traditional and serial ideas. Unlike some neo-Romantic composers who have adopted superficial elements of expressionism and serialism as a way of strengthening and updating their essential conservatism, Perle has long applied a deep and quite essential approach to such matters as harmony, form, and coherence to a highly attractive and personal style based on familiar elements. This quartet, the most recent work on the Nonesuch release (it was written in 1960 and revised in 1967), sounds like the most traditional work here, and yet, paradoxically, it has the fewest obvious historical connections. In any case, it is a good piece and, like the other two, extremely well performed.

The Composers Quartet has a well-deserved reputation for making the most difficult music sound easy; one listens to the music, not to the struggle of the performers to play it. The recording, a bit rich and glamorous for my taste, nevertheless helps make these pieces sonically attractive without any accompanying sacrifice of essential clarity.

Eric Salzman

RUTH CRAWFORD SEEGER: String Quartet.
GEORGE PERLE: String Quartet No. 5.
MILTON BABBITT: String Quartet No. 2.
The Composers Quartet. NONESUCH H 71280 $2.98.

ART TATUM: BURIED TREASURE
Some previously unreleased revelations from one of the greats of jazz piano

SOME thirty years ago, before the recording industry discovered the merits of live recordings, Jerry Newman, a Columbia University student with a love for jazz and an interest in recording technology, began preserving on acetate discs private sessions held in his parents’ Park Avenue apartment. Soon he went a step further and brought his portable disc-cutting machine to various Harlem haunts where he captured some of the most significant musicians of the day in an atmosphere highly conducive to the creation of improvised jazz.

Except for some remarkable recordings of legendary guitarist Charlie Christian, recorded by
ART TATUM: an unexpected but entirely welcome reprise from a jazz pianist with extraordinary improvisational skills

Newman at Minton's Playhouse, these important acetates have been heard by relatively few people, but their existence was no secret. Fearful of bootleggers who would not share his concern for musicians' rights to payment, Newman zealously guarded his treasures. Once, when persuaded to present some of his Tatum recordings on a New York FM station, he made sure that bleeps were heard over the music at regular intervals.

Now, more than two years after Newman's death, producer Don Schlitten has signed agreements with the estate of Jerry Newman and those of the artists, and the Onyx label has just released the first in a series of albums that will undoubtedly surpass in importance even the historic Fifties release of Benny Goodman's famous 1938 Carnegie Hall concert.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the importance of Art Tatum to jazz piano; he possessed the technique of a Liszt, the soul of a Chopin, and the inventiveness of a Louis Armstrong. But, great as his many commercial recordings are, these glimpses of Tatum among friends in the intimacy of the musty, reefered air of Harlem's Gee-Haw Stables, Reuben's, and Monroe's Uptown House are even better. All but the first three tracks (two of which are solos excerpted from longer performances with Murray McEachern) are club recordings made between May and September of 1941. It was a bad year for peace, but a banner one for jazz. Tatum exceeds himself playing some of his favorite standards before we are treated to his only recorded vocals, a duet with bassist Chocolate Williams on Knockin' Myself Out (Lil Green's song about pot smoking, which was a current favorite on jukeboxes), and his own humorous Toledo Blues, which has nothing to do with Tatum's hometown. Worse voices are recorded daily.

Ollie "Dollar Bill" Potter (so-called because of her expert tip collecting, Harlem style) is on hand to sing There'll Be Some Changes Made, but she is upstaged by her accompanist. However, Tatum comes close to finding his match in trumpeter Frankie Newton on the two final tracks, Lady Be Good and Sweet Georgia Brown, both extraordinary displays of improvisational skill. The interplay between Tatum and Newton is one of the most exciting examples of musical teamwork in recorded jazz, as writer Dan Morgenstern points out in his excellent notes.

A shortsighted Columbia Records executive turned these historic Jerry Newman recordings down two years ago, justifying his decision with the contention that the company's vaults already contained so much material of this sort. Nonetheless, the enormous wealth of first-rate jazz material owned by the big companies notwithstanding, the atmosphere that permeates these candid sessions and the music it inspired make these pioneer remote recordings by the late Jerry Newman far too special and too musically rich to ignore.

Chris Albertson

ART TATUM: God Is in the House. Art Tatum (piano and vocals); Frankie Newton (trumpet); Chocolate Williams or Ebenezer Paul (bass); Reuben Harris (whiskbrooms); Ollie Potter (vocal). Georgia on My Mind; Beautiful Love; Laughing at Life; Sweet Lorraine; Fine and Dandy; Begin the Beguine; Mighty Lak a Rose; Knockin' Myself Out; Toledo Blues; Body and Soul; There'll Be Some Changes Made; Lady Be Good; Sweet Georgia Brown. ONYX $5.98 (available by mail from Onyx, 160 West 71st St., New York, N.Y. 10024).

HARRY NILSSON SINGS EVERYBODY'S SONGBOOK

A remarkable demonstration of the recreative powers of a master of the pop tradition

"O"RIGINAL," says the dictionary, means "capable of or given to thinking or acting in an independent, creative, or individual manner." That's the adjective. The noun, not much used these days, defines an "original" as an "eccentric." And moving somewhere between the two is the elusive, bewilderingly protean, and impressively au-
tonomous entity called Harry Nilsson, songwriter and performer extraordinary, clearly his own inner-directed man in a time when doing your own thing means, nine times out of ten, tagging after the nearest crowd.

Just released by RCA is “A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night,” Harry’s ninth album, and it is, as might have been expected (will we ever learn?), another unexpected departure. There are twelve songs in the album, not one of them by Harry the songwriter, but mostly “standards” drawn from five decades of American pop music, the unmistakable and well-loved common denominators of contemporary American musical and sentimental experience. The professional pooh-pooher will at this point inquire what is so unusual these days about another nostalgia kick, to which I will lengthily reply that it isn’t. It would appear, on the evidence of this and of previous albums, that Nilsson’s mind works rather more like a computer than most people’s. His is essentially an information-gathering instrument that just naturally collects and files sense impressions, ideas, tunes, and miscellaneous data indiscriminately, holding them all ready for instant, programmed retrieval. (Most people’s minds, I find, are palimpsests: look that up and file it away!) For the computer’s memory bank, and for Harry’s mind, all this material is without tense, past, present, or future: it is simply there waiting to be called up. And that is why, when Harry sings them, these are not Great Old Songs, but rather Great Songs, out of time, perfectly sung, every note struck with perfect authenticity, perfect sincerity.

That Harry should be able to do this with his own music is remarkable enough, but that he can do it with as much apparent ease in other people’s music is, well, unsettling. Somehow, through a rightness of expression, a commanding assertion of authority over its construction and meaning, he makes a song almost literally his own. (For example, one of the songs on this album—Lazy Moon—is over seventy years old: Harry sings it as if he wrote it—yesterday.) If you doubt that he has this power, I direct you not only to this album (which, granted, is composed of songs that have been around so long we all own just a little piece of them), but to the earlier “Nilsson Sings Newman.” If Randy Newman was not flattered by that almost arrogant expropriation, he must at least have understood it, for he and Nilsson are remarkably alike. They both appear to have, to a most amazing degree, a comprehensive grasp of the subtly rich and richly complicated idiom of American vernacular music, and they must sense that kinship in each other’s songs. The self-taught, instinctual Nilsson is, quite naturally, I think, a better performer than the learned, cerebral Newman—but how remarkable that they seem to have arrived at the same destination by such different routes, and how lucky we are to have them both.

Beyond all this, there is Harry’s voice. A skilled songwriter himself, he of course has no trouble getting immediately to the heart, the essence of whatever he sings. But he also has one of those voices of such unusual and personal timbre that a note or two suffices to identify it—not unlike those of Crosby, Bennett, Sinatra, and others. All voices are unique, of course, but some are more unique than others. Harry’s is: I cannot call to mind the name of any other singer he may be said to resemble vocally. One hears an anthology of influences when, say, Johnny Mathis sings, but when Harry sings one hears just Harry, a very intimate, confiding tone, an impressive range suggested and then artfully concealed by the lightest possible touch on the vocal cords.

If you have by now gotten the impression that I’m just wild about Harry’s new album, you are quite correct. The thing for you to do now is to hear it for yourself and then perhaps you’ll know why.

William Anderson

HARRY NILSSON: A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night. Harry Nilsson (vocals); orchestra, Gordon Jenkins cond. and arr. Lazy Moon; For Me and My Gal; It Had To Be You; Always; Makin’ Whoopee!; You Made Me Love You; Lullaby in Ragtime; I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now; What’ll I Do; Nevertheless; This Is All I Ask: As Time Goes By. RCA APL 1 0097 $5.98, APS 1 0097 $6.95, APK 1 0097 $6.95.
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JOAN BAEZ: Where are you now, my son? Joan Baez (vocals and guitar): orchestra. Rider, Pass By; Marv Call; Windrose. A Young Gypsy. Less Than the Song; and three others. A & M SP 4390 $5.98. © 4390 $6.98. © 4390 $6.98.

Performance: Side one excellent; side two shrill

Recording: Good

Well, I'll just have to take back what I said about Joan Baez in my Laura Nyro review last month: she has turned into a cartoon of "involvement." as side two of this release demonstrates. The activist American woman is, of course, a part of our American heritage; without her we might not still be the best-places-in-the-world-to-live-in. (End of flag-waving.) The big "but" about activism, however, is the where, when, and how of it. Baez's recent well-publicized comments on her sex life, for instance, struck me as the wrong "how"—not really activism, but narcissism—a free gift of ammunition to those who have always dismissed her as an aper of fashionable liberal trends. Who is sleeping with whom is really none of our business, and it has nothing to do with whether the object of such scrutiny is an able performer or not. Baez certainly is, a superbly communicative composer-performer with a distinctive, affecting voice that has a magical quality when addressing such root-simple material as A Young Gypsy or Rider. Pass By. But, ardent fan that I am, I found side two of this album an affront. Baez was in Hanoi during the American bombing around Christmas of 1972, a shattering experience certainly, but what has she made of it? Where are you now, my son?, a tiresome and teary voice-over ballad perched on a collage of Hanoi street sounds, a long and pretentious dirge that arrogates to itself the suffering and the agony of real human beings in a preachy, accusatory rebuke with as much power to move as that old meal-time admonition. "Finish your dinner, remember the starving Chinese." She is the kind of woman who can invest a platitudinous line (like "Impossible to live with, but I know I could never live without you") with so much fervor and so much of her own style that it sounds like a brand-new truth she just thought of as she stepped up to the microphone.

The choice of material for this album is as-stute—titles like Never Never Never and Going Going Gone turn out to pack far more of an emotional wallop than their empty words would indicate—and Bassey makes the most of it, easing her way down into the distressed areas of your emotional life to make you feel needed, wanted, and understood. She is particularly lucky in her arrangers, who provide her with solid, lean accompaniments that never show off for their own sake or break the mood this singer establishes. This is an unusually attractive recital. P.K.
My Friends: Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds; A Day in the Life, All You Need Is Love; and twenty-one others. APPLE SK BO 3404 two discs $9.98.

Performances: Ne plus ultra

Recordings: Variable

Now about those "new" Beatles albums. First of all, the flip sides of the hit singles, heretofore unavailable on LP, are still unavailable on LP. That they are not included is inexplicable, even considering that the songs in question—I'm Down, You Know My Name, and George's Inner Light—are hardly top-rank Beatles material. Even more annoying, the slovenly mastering that Capitol lavished on some of the tracks when originally released has not been cleaned up, the prime offender being I Am the Walrus, which inexplicably switches from stereo to mono halfway through the song.

Apart from all that, however, I can report that, as greatest hits albums go—and it is a legitimate genre—the disorganization and the chronological sequencing actually works. The folk-rock side, in particular (from Help! to Norwegian Wood) is a total delight. Yet somehow, the guys were one hell of a rock-and-roll band. Now, if Paul could just lose a little weight, and if John would take time out from composing his Daniel Ellsberg song, well, I can dream, can't I? Steve Sinels

TONY BENNETT: Listen Easy. Tony Bennett (vocals): orchestra, Don Costa arr. and cond. Love Is the Thing, At Long Last Love; How Little We Know; Tell Her It's Snowing; and seven others. MGM/Verve MV 5094 $5.98.

Performance: Excellent

Recording: Flashy, but right

I have always been sure that a lot of Tony Bennett's long and very successful career hinges on the fact that he comes across as an essentially nice guy. To watch him in clubs, where his act is generally too long by half, and in which he continually thanks everyone (including the microphone) for allowing him the honor of performing there that evening, is an example of the total something. What, I'm not quite sure. But what is sure is that he somehow always emerges as a thoroughly likable, musically, and professional performer. Within the business, he carries the same name that Capitol and Atlantic lavished on some of the tracks when originally released. There are, indeed, as the notes assert, a few gems included. Notable among these are Bob Dylan's The Ballad of Donald White (written in 1962 and recorded.


Performance: Varied

Recording: Awful

The editors of Broadside Magazine, in fashioning this album mostly from home-recorded tapes, tried to pick songs the singers had not recorded elsewhere. There are, indeed, as the notes assert, a few gems included. Notable among these are Bob Dylan's The Ballad of Donald White (written in 1962 and recorded.


The other Dylan songs, Train A-Cumin' (1963). Dreadful Day (1964), and The Ballad of Emmett Till (1962) are interesting period pieces, but it isn't difficult to understand why he didn't record them. Dreadful Day is particularly terrible. Tom Paxton's The Train for Auschwitz (1963) has heavy-handed lyrics but helps confirm that Tom always gave the writing of melodies an honest, informed effort. His vocal is smooth, and the recording quality of his segment is unexpectedly high. There are two turkeys from the topics by Phil Ochs, whose vocals—even though apparently recorded inside a rain spout—come across with something of his often touching sincerity comes through. Tony Bennett is a thoroughly likable performer.

Drums at the Village Gate, was, as usual, as subtle as a buffalo herd, but something of his ability to reflect a certain part of the consciousness of the early Sixties.

Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite: Cross-Country. Toni Brown (vocals, guitar), Terry Garthwaite (vocals), Charlie McCoy (harmonica), Vassar Clements (fiddle); Bill Aikens (piano); Jim Colvard (guitar); Dennis Lindie (bass), other musicians. Don't Cry; Whitney; Father; The Big Boy in the Sky; Delicious; Two-Body Weekend Woman; Boogie; and four others.

PLAYBOY PB 111 $5.98.

Performance: Up-country

Recording: Very good

Here Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite step out of their group, Joy of Cooking, and into a spot not far in front of a band that surely will play in heaven, if country boys with their T-shirts peeled rolled up and six-packs growing out of their wrists have a heaven. Only two rilly big strictly Nashville names are flashed—those of harp player Charlie McCoy and fiddler Vassar Clements—but everyone knows his part, and that sound comes out. Toni has written several pieces (among which Come to Me Now, Midnight Blues, and I've Made Up My Mind are mighty easy to take) that sound right at home down home. But, doggone it and shucks, only the frenetic approach of Joy of Cooking could save something like Terry's I Want To Be the One—and they ain't nothin' honey, could save Tom's Hey Little Girl. The ideas, both in music and lyrics, are pretty thin in several places and—although both Charlie and Vassar are almost turned loose a few times—the instrumentals are, in general, too nearly routine to make that old gooseshell pop out on the backs of yo' arms. The album is mostly ambling and mostly amiable, but I find that, for best results, I have to cull about a third of it.

Laurie Kaye Cohen: Under the Shank. Laurie Kaye Cohen (vocals, guitar); Mike Deasy (guitar); Leland Sklar (bass). Jim Gordon (drums); Jim Horn (flute); other musicians. Don't Cry; Whitney; Father; The Big Boy in the Sky; Delicious; Two-Body Weekend Woman; Boogie; and four others.

PLAYBOY PB 111 $5.98.

Performance: Upward

Recording: Fine

Well, heh-heh, I guess Playboy can laugh at itself, after all. The cover of this album on the new Playboy label shows Laurie Kaye Cohen wearing a skunk cap, which comes off. Lift it up and there is a color photo of Laurie Kaye in the midst of an orgy with six store mannikins. Playboy... mannikins. Get it? Just in case you don't (and if you don't need this extra nudge, you're probably too, ah, mature for this album anyway), the little flyer of notes enclosed with the disc is entitled "Foreplay." That's what I like about Playboy products— they're so subtle.

"Ripping," the flyer says, "involved, exploitive, Laurie Kaye Cohen's voice travels into areas usually untouched by good music singers." The flyer is right about that, but it should also have noted that Laurie Kaye and her crew blunder into bloated, helterskelter arrangements that the so-called good music singers wouldn't touch, either. And a (Continued on page 89)
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SEPTEMBER 1973

CIRCLE NO. 13 ON READER SERVICE CARD
THE BANDSTAND THAT WOULDN'T GROW UP

Twenty years (!) of Dick Clark Reviewed by Noel Coppage

I had a flat-top when Dick Clark first got on television and indirectly helped make it mandatory that a male in his acne years have either a flat-top or a D.A., but I'll never forget it accompanied by that damned Dutch wax. I had a dry-looking flat-top, no less, and it flew right in the face of the dress code. In fact, it was a major grudge against those days, perpetuated by one whose hair was (and is) just naturally limp and tired-looking. This reversion or nightmare or whatever it was primed by the sight of “then” (wethead) and “now” (dry-top) pictures of Clark on the jacket of the 1953 album, “Dick Clark: 20 Years of Rock ’n' Roll,” a garrishly packaged but tediously tame folio of two LP discs, a twenty-four-page “souvenir yearbook,” and one of those little recordings on cardboard whose grooves are superimposed over another color photo of Dick Clark. This would be the “special bonus record” sedately mentioned in red splashes on the jacket and entitled “Inside Stories with Dick Clark.” To play it, you make a spindle hole right between Dick Clark’s eyes.

Clark’s American Bandstand is still on television and presumably still has influence with Young America or whatever they call kids nowadays, but it obviously doesn’t have the clout it had in the late Fifties, when you could move, like me, from Arizona to Philadelphia to dance to records on Bandstand, when Dutch wax sold by the carload because the regulars on Bandstand used it, and when teenagers in Corpus Christi sweated in heavy sweaters and fat, rolled socks because that was what the kids on Bandstand wore.

The children on the program may have started out reflecting trends, but they were soon setting them—in clothing, hair styles, dance crazes. The same pattern held with Dick Clark and the музыка. At first, he played what was popular, but pretty soon whatever he played became popular. The present album, intentionally or not, a fairly faithful chronicle of all that. Side “A” (45 rpm) presents samples of what young people listened to before or during the time I encountered Clark on nationwide television in 1957 (a forerunner of his show started locally in 1952, which is where the “20 Years” comes in): the Crew Cuts and Sh-Boom, Bill Haley and Rock-Around the Clock, Carl Perkins and Blue Suede Shoes, Jerry Lee Lewis’ original Sun version of Whole Lotta Shakin’ Goin’ On, Fats Domino and I’m Walking, and Johnny Cash, changing the key with every verse to keep himself awake during Walk the Line.

But, starting with the last cut on that side, Duane Eddy’s instrumental Rebel Rouser (appearing here in bogo stereo), we come into the full glare of the kliegs bouncing off Dick Clark’s smile. Side “B” outlines some of the happenings during his period of greatest influence. It also catches rock in what sounds like a death rattle, with Paul Anka, Frankie Avalon, Brenda Lee, Dion and the Belmonts, the Shirelles, Joey Dee, and the Kingsmen, making some of the worst noises ever recorded. Avalon, a special pet of Clark’s in those days, made a sound that actually induced physical pain in anyone with even a modest sense of pitch—but he was a polished singer compared to another Bandstand biggie, Fabian. There’s no Fabian an track on this album, possibly because someone decided there was nothing to gain by reminding us how bad things really were. But Clark’s influence was suggested that, for example, Clark’s own up-to-date thinking about what a rock-and-roll audience should hear. is the shallow, doggedly inoffensive Nice to Be With You by Gallery. That’s how 1972 bowed out? I could have sworn it was somewhat more sophisticated and a hell of a lot more outspoken. But the selection makes some sense if you thumb through the “yearbook” and find that Clark once told an interviewer his favorite television program was The Garry Moore Show.

Blandness has accounted for a lot of success on the tube; Clark discovered—well ahead of Marshall McLuhan—that television was a cool medium of massage rather than of burning message, and that the way to exploit that was to be good-looking, affable, with incredibly white teeth and no opinions; make the outline attractive, but let the viewers fill in the details themselves. Above all, do nothing to spoil the assumption the form that all your opinions are the same as theirs. Small wonder that millions of young people came to admire if not idolize Dick Clark; he was whatever they thought he was.

Small wonder too that they rallied when he needed them, during the unfolding of what Jerry Hopkins called “The Other Philadelphia Story.” It unraveled in 1959, when Congress called Clark to testify during the “payola” brouhaha, is not the small- roll audience should hear. is the shallow, doggedly inoffensive Nice to Be With You by Gallery. That’s how 1972 bowed out? I could have sworn it was somewhat more sophisticated and a hell of a lot more outspoken. But the selection makes some sense if you thumb through the “yearbook” and find that Clark once told an interviewer his favorite television program was The Garry Moore Show.

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The Congressional committee uncovered a connection to the fact that Mr. Eddy’s record got so much air play on Bandstand because the record company had paid off Clark to promote it. That was one of several ironies surrounding it), and it was suggested that, for example, Clark’s having stock in a company that had Duane Eddy under contract. Somehow it was connected to the fact that Mr. Eddy’s records got so much air play on Bandstand—more, even, than Elvis Presley’s records.

Letters poured in from youngsters who knew Dick Clark and knew he was clean. The Congressional committee uncovered a complicated network of record company, publishing, pressing plant, distribution firm, and other investments Clark had made—but it all ended happily. Clark disclosed that he had divested himself of all those interests (at the television network’s insistence) the year before. You could even say that inflation had diminished the value of whatever moneys fell his way when he was wearing ties, anyway, to speak.

There is nothing about payola hearings in the “souvenir yearbook.” There are a lot of pictures of newspaper clippings scattered through it, to help you recall the flavor of the times, but none of those mentions payola directly.

But there I go again, harping on what’s wrong with American Bandstand instead of talking about what’s right with American Bandstand. It did get kids off the streets, you know, in the old days. Every day at the last school bell there was a mad dash in the parking lot and much laying of rubber as they scammed home to watch it. And now here it is, on the record, for the record—and what sort of memorabilia does it make?

It is faithful to the show, but that gives it a rather strange personality for a record album. It just stays bithely-blandly youth oriented, like the imperishable Dick Clark. The people who would want it for the Carl Perkins, Everly Brothers, and Fats Domino originals are going to reflect on their own later years and see that that doesn’t jibe with the album’s later years—represented by the likes of Gallery, Tommy James, and the McCloys’ miserable Hung On Sloopy. The persons who are young enough to (forgivenly) swallow the “genius” baloney now being used to hype Curtis Mayfield for such garbage as Super Fly cannot have much of a personal feeling about the Crew Cuts. The problem is that people grow up, move on, while Bandstand and its audience do not—the nineteen-year-old who made it in one door as fast as the nineteen-year-olds go out the other.

Clark’s youthful dry look is a great asset in the timeless video world he has created, but the accompanying gnu-popping outlook doesn’t seem to work in that other medium that outpaced, opined Mr. Edison invented.

Dick Clark/20 years of rock n’ roll. Crying in the Chapel (Orioles); Sh-Boom (Crew Cuts); Rock Around the Clock (Bill Haley); Blue Suede Shoes (Carl Perkins); I Walk the Line (Johnny Cash); I’m Walking (Fats Domino); Whole Lotta Shakin’ Goin’ On (Jerry Lee Lewis); Rebel Rouser (Duane Eddy): All I Have to Do is Dream (Everly Brothers); Put Your Head on My Shoulder (Paul Anka): Why (Frankie Avalon): Sweet Nothings (Brenda Lee); Lebanon; American Soldier (Dion and the Belmonts); Soldier Boy (Shirley and Company): Hang On Sloopy (McCoys): Do You Believe in Magic (Lovin’ Spoonful): Good Lovin’ (Young Rascals); Brown-Eyed Girl (Van Morrison): Dock of the Bay (Otis Redding): Crimson and Clover (Tommy James): Oh Happy Day (Edwin Hawkins Singers): Candy Man (Melanie): Super Fly (Curtis Mayfield): So You’re Leaving (Al Green). Nice to Be With You (Gallery). Buddha BDS 5133-2, two discs, $7.98, 55133 $7.95, 85133 $7.95.
so-called good music producer would have somehow prevented the printing of Laurie Kaye's lyrics on the back of the jacket — for allowing us to take our time in reading them over is just asking for trouble. Ah, Taste, where can thee be in this thicket of naked models and secretaries?

N.C.

DEEP PURPLE: Made in Japan. Deep Purple (vocals and instrumentalists). Highway Star; Child in Time; Smoke on the Water; The Mule; Strange Kind of Woman; Lazy; Space Truckin'. WARNER BROS. 2WS 2701 $9.98. 38 2701 $9.98. 48 2701 $9.98.

Performance: Floor show
Recording: Good

I recently had the honor of getting slightly fizzled with Marshall Sehorn, a remarkable man, in many ways responsible for the legendary New Orleans Sound (he is Allen Toussaint's partner). He predicted that Tokyo will be to the Seventies what London was to the Sixties. He gave some good reasons: the Japanese are Americanized; they have the strongest economy in the world; they have absorbed American musical styles and have not only produced facsimiles but added something of their own, as the English did to American rock when they reworked it and hurled it back at us in 1963.

At any rate, the audience is certainly there, as this Deep Purple album testifies. They are not only enthusiastic, they clap on the beat — even clap on the beat in double-time, which the sainted children of the Fillmore were never able to do. Unfortunately, the audience is the best part of the record. Deep Purple — whom I don't dislike — is playing a live gig that's simply a floor show. Groups often harm it up on stage, especially to an enthusiastic audience, shucking and jiving as they would not (or would not be allowed to) do in the studio. This is understandable in the heat of the moment: musicians on stage before thousands of whooping fans who are presold on them are likely to be flashy and not finicky about what and how they play.

What comes out here are hackneyed guitar solos (remember that what seems an astonishing passage on an electric guitar, with its feather-light string action and its beefy amplifiers, would sound freezingly pedantic on an acoustic; electronically abetted technique can't, and shouldn't, replace conception and feeling) plus clumpety-thumpety drum solos played for the benefit of the second balcony. The organ work (even without electric muscle, it's the most awesome of instruments) is bald-faced, and straightforward. And a continuous control allows you to adjust the amount of ex-pres-sion to suit the program material.

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Electro-Voice Condenser Microphones Meet the test

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from the moment the group steps on stage and as it spilled over into the early Sixties, but (not quite accurate to confine it to the Fifties, there are a fair number of such them as a studio backup vocal group that can remind me of Buzzy Linhart. But at no time, ingeniously here of kazoos to simulate the original guitar work on their version of George Harrison's My Sweet Lord. They really are a fine, season vocal trio. It's good they've hung in there this long. J.V.

DOOBIE BROTHERS: The Captain and Me. Doobie Brothers (vocals and instrumentalists). Natural Thing; Long Train Runnin', China Grove; Dark Eyed Cajun Woman; Clear as the Driven Snow; Without You; and four others. WARNER BROS. BS 2694 $5.98, © M 2694 $6.98. Performance: Promising

Recording Good. The lyrics on this disc are probably unimportant. At any rate, they are slurred or buried in sound - but even that is unimportant. This is a fine sound band, strongest in their ensemble playing, inventive in their arrangements and the textures they weave with their instru-

THE BELMONTS: Cigars, Acapella, Candy. The Belmonts (vocals). What's My Desire; Da Doo Ron Ron; Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever; Where or When; and four others. BUDDAH BDS 5123 $5.98. 

Performance: Nice claptrap

Recording: Very good

There was, it is rumored, bad feeling between Dion, who has since gone on to a solo career of middling success, and the Belmonts, who have been working what gigs there are for a trio of backup singers minus their former lead. The Belmonts had performed on their own at previous Nader concerts, but it took him more than two years to "unite" them for this one-shot concert appearance, released as "Reunion" by Warner Brothers. It's on the Nader label. 

The audience goes, as they say, bananas from the moment the group steps on stage and rolls into their old hit I Wonder Why. As in the original recording from the Fifties, the tune features a fine doo-wop backup from the Belmonts (most of the tune is an ensemble vocal) and a minimum of solo lines from Dion, who sounds nervous or bored. He picks up considerably by the next tune, Teenager in Love, and is confident from there on, occasionally dropping in some scat vocals that remind me of Buzzy Linhart. But at no time, at least on the recording, does Dion acknowledge the presence of the Belmonts. Methinks this was less than a reunion, though the audience sounds more than satisfied.

The Belmonts' solo album on Buddah, Cigars, Acappella, Candy, is a very pleasant thing and leads me to hope that there is a healthy career for them as a studio backup vocal group that can be dropped into a recording to enhance the proceedings. There are a fair number of such groups. So a comfortable future for the Belmonts is not without precedent. I must especially commend them on their ingenious use of their reputedly cataclysmic stage act, it will be sad. Perhaps that's the natural response to a performer who tends to drooling already.

THE ELO (Jeff Lynne and Bev Bevan's half of Electric Light Orchestra II. Electric Light Orchestra II (vocals and instrumentalists). In Old England Town; Mama's Roll Over Beethoven; From the Sun to the World; Kojima. UNITED ARTISTS UA LA040 $5.98. © C 040 $7.95.

Performance: Sufficient

Recording: Superb

There's a very thin line indeed between a legitimate classical-rock fusion (à la, say, Procol Harum) and MacArthur Park-style kitsch. The ELO (Jeff Lynne and Bev Bevan's half of what used to be, and may still be, the Move) understand this, and by and large they manage to stay on the right side of the line, only occasionally sounding forced or pretentious. Most
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HAS ALICE COOPER SOLD OUT?

Burning question and review by Lester Bangs

A nybody attempting to mate rock with traditional concepts of theater is, by definition, involved in a risky business, because rock is its own self-contained theater. When Jerry Lee Lewis pounded his piano with his feet, or when Chuck Berry rocked back and duckwalked across the stage, or even when Pete Townshend of the Who first smashed his guitar to bits—all of these events were so dramatic on their own that they needed no further embellishment. This is one of the things that gives rock its special strength, and this is also why someone like Truman Capote can say, in his Rolling Stone interview—rap with Andy Warhol, that Mick Jagger is not a singer at all, but an actor. Because rock-and-roll is basically an attitude, a stance, a posture.

So anytime somebody tries to beef it up by injecting nonmusical elements from stage drama, extraneous "plots," or extensive choreography and use of props, it's bound to come off as rather artificial. In the Doors, they tried it. In six albums and related stage shows they have thrown costumes, props, air raid sirens, wind machines, switchblade knives, giant balloons, manikins, dollar bills, plenty of beer, and the kitchen sink into their act; they exploited the current sexual-identity crisis of the mass of American youth in much the same way novelist Harold Robbins might have, creating something as crass, mindless, and irresistible as The Bees. And in that high-gear machine they cranked all the way to superstardom and millionnaire status. Now they're one of the biggest draws in the world, their current tour (which ties in with their latest album, "Billion Dollar Babies") is the largest-grossing rock band tour in history, and most of their old fans are lamenting their "sell-out.

What a load of crap! Alice Cooper has never sold out. For their entire career they've been too busy buying in. The very jacket of their new album is a wallet, in line with the record's concept—a future in which affluent youth rules. No matter which side of the cash register you're on, Alice Cooper is, as Dori McMartin has said, the biggest shopping center in the world; their new show, besides a guillotine and giant toothbrushes chasing teeth with Betty Grable legs, features a solid rippling bank of neon bulbs in a set so much like a hip boutique it's incredible. Alice himself looks like something out of a boutique—wrapped in tinfoil with a flower in his mouth—and if they have been consistently calculating about selling themselves through their entire career, the Coopers are at least honest about it in "Billion Dollar Babies."

Unfortunately, however, in coming out of the showbiz closet far enough to sing something like Hello Harry ("I let the show begin/I'm ready . . .") or I Love the Dead, they also lay the tombstone on any pretensions they might ever have had to living up to those early claims of innovation and profundity. Mothers may not like to see their fourteen-year-old daughters walk in the front door with this record, but it is also true that Alice Cooper is as Old-fashioned as anything in Vegas, and that it will sell primarily to fourteen-year-olds because that's who it's aimed at. Sick Things is no more depraved than a Saturday afternoon monster movie on TV, and Alice Cooper will quite likely fulfill a lifelong dream by ending up as a network cartoon show. Hell, this album's even got individual group-member and instrument pinup punchouts, a la Doe Andrue Osmond and the Partridge Family, as well as a big Alice Cooper Dollar Bill poster. It's a toy through and through.

Alice Cooper: Billion Dollar Babies. Alice Cooper, Michael Bruce, Dennis Dunaway, Glen Buxton, Neal Smith (vocals and instruments). Hello Harry: Cuffed, Unfinished Sweet: No More Mister Nice Guy: Generation Landslide; Sick Things; Mary Ann: I Love the Dead. WARNER BROS. $5.98. CAPITOL $5.98. A&M 2685 $5.98. M $2685 $7.98. CAPITOL $5.98.
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Carolyn Hester is a late bloomer. Around the turn of the century, she was swept in on the folk-tide of that time but recording scene for almost a decade, she was overlooked and her talent went unacknowledged.

But on two songs here she reveals a big and true talent. One is Gary White's touching _The Toast_, a remembrance of times and people in the past, the helpers and the hurters, the good and the bad in anyone's lifetime. She sings it without bitterness, but with a wise edge that stings. Her own _My Little Sister Donna_, based on personal experience, is unbelievably poignant as it describes the feelings of someone who must see a mentally retarded child being placed in an institution where "They close the door behind her/And throw away the key." Hester is in absolute artistic control here: the song is never allowed to become bathetic or maudlin, and the end effect is that of pure heartbreak. Nothing else on the record reaches the level of those two tracks, but this album does prove that Hester is coming into her own.

This is a discrete quadraphonic disc, but I played it in stereo and I don't think I missed much; the production sensitively concentrates on the singer.

**HUMBLE PIE: Eat It.** Humble Pie (vocals and instrumental); the Blackberries (background vocals). Black Coffee; _I Believe to My Soul_. Shant Up and Don't Interupt Me; That's How Strong My Love Is; Road Runner; Hunks Tank Woman; and nine others. A & M SP 3701 two discs $7.98, © 3701 $7.98, © 3701 $7.98.

Performance: You too, buddy
Recording: Variable

This is a rag-tag stew of a collection, most of it unsatisfying. Side one features the Pie screaming and twanging to the lackluster songs of Mr. Steve Marriot. Side two has them getting along pretty well on material written by notable black musicians (Ike and Tina Turner, Edwin Starr). Side three is back to Marriot's material, semi-acoustic and semi-dreadful. Side four is a Pavlovian English rock concert: the audience screaming for more, and the band bansheeing its way through three tunes, including nearly thirteen morose minutes of _Roadrunner_, a song that was never meant to last more than three.

Ah, but there is balm. On side two, there is _Shut Up and Don't Interupt Me_, an undulating, swingy performance in which three young black ladies, operating under the name of the Blackberries, take what can be described as lead background vocals. Their sporadic presence on the album is welcome relief.

One of the many troubles with this album (other than the lack of a cohesive sense) is that the Pie seems to be trying to sound like somebody—maybe everybody—else, even when they're playing straight. I hear the Stones, Led Zeppelin, and Tina Turner. Well, I'll take Ms. Tina anytime—but the original only, please.

**DENNIS JAMES AT THE FOTOPLAYER.** Dennis James (organ). The Great Train Robbery; Regime Nightingale; Struggle Music; Mysterioso; Furioso #3; Regime Balabolik. CONCERT RECORDING CR M109 $4.98.

Performance: Nostalgia night
Recording: Good

If you ran a nickelodeon or a little movie theater in the early years of this century and you couldn't afford a Mighty Wurlitzer, you

(Continued on page 96)

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could always send to the Robert Morton Company and order a Fotoplayer. This was a kind of organ that could only make sounds like a violin, a flute, or a cello, but could also imitate sleigh bells, pistol cracks, klaxons, bird whistles, telephone and door bells, locomotive and steamboat whistles, and cathedral chimes. If you couldn’t get up the price of an organist to play the Fotoplayer, the company would send you any of thousands of available “picuturills,” which automatically provided music and sound effects for your silent movies. The Fotoplayer heard on this record was built for the Grand Theatre in Ephrata, Pa., in the early Twenties and restored to its original “factory condition” by a tireless couple named Harvey and Marion Roehl in 1965. It is a Model 25 (fourteen feet long by two feet wide by five feet high), and the gentleman at the keyboard is an old hand named Dennis James, who plays an improvised score complete with locomotive effects to accompany the original 1903 version of The Great Train Robbery. (And if you want to show the movie in synchronization with Mr. James’ eminently appropriate score you can order one from Blackhawk Films in Davenport, Iowa and show it on your home projector while the record plays.) The program also includes “mood music,” featuring Struggle Music, Mysterious for Stealthy Action, Burglary, etc., and a forty-five-second Fantasia that should scare nobody. A couple of ragtime pieces round out side one. Side two is even more entertaining, offering as it does excerpts from film music rolls including a Sorrow Theme, three minutes and five seconds of Treachery and Vengeance, and a sequence called The Gawky Rube which should be fine as accompaniment to one-reelers about gawky rubes. All this was written, arranged, and recorded by Mr. James himself, a talented fellow with a fine ear for period idiom. P.K.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: Thirty Seconds over Winterland. Jefferson Airplane (vocals and instrumental). Have You Seen the Jugglers; Feel So Good; Crown of Creation: When the Earth Moves Again; Milk Train; Trial by Fire; Twilight Double Leader. GRUNT BF 1164 $7.98, © BFSI 0147 $6.98, © BF 10147 $6.98, © BFL 0147 $6.98.

Performance: Confident, with reason

Recording: Variable

I remember reading in the pages of this magazine that Jefferson Airplane had lost its zip and majesty through personnel changes and other things. Though I love and esteem my fellow reviewers andread them for instruction and pleasure, I have to disagree with this one gentleman. I find the Airplane to be, as ever, an extremely inventive, powerhouse band. It may be true that we can’t expect anything new from this group; they have been doing business for some years and have settled themselves comfortably into what they want to say and how to express it. But they do not necessarily repeat themselves even if they don’t say anything new: they fall into the narrow crevice between, a hot limbo where you can still hear where they started and how far they’ve gone.

Papa John Creach is a marvelous addition to the group; he is by all odds one of the best fiddlers around, and his solos on Feel So Good and Milk Train prove it. It is heartening to hear this mild gentleman in spiffy and weird form again, after his disappointing second solo album. Beyond that, the group chugs, moons, and keens, and conducts its services with the ghostly power it’s always had.

There is something fascinating and frightening about Jefferson Airplane; they dwell in the realms of the willingly lost and half-mad, and I am not sure that Grace Slick is not singing the role of Faulkner’s Little Sister Death. If there is such a thing as a precise rock, they invented it. Scary and good.

J.V.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

LEO KOTTKE: My Feet Are Smiling. Leo Kottke (vocals, guitar). Headless Wind Howl; Busted Bicycle: Easter: Louise; Blue Dot; Stealing: Living in the Country; June Bug; Standing in My Shoes: The Fisherman; Bean Time; Eggloath; Crow River Walz/Jetsa; Joy of Mount Despair/Jack Fig. CAPITOL ST 11164 $5.98, © 8XT 11164 $6.98, © 4XT 11164 $6.98.

Performance: Excellent

Recording: Good

I know it seems early for a live album from Leo Kottke, and this one does the normal live-album twist of the purist strings by repeating several songs from the earlier albums. But Leo Kottke and his live audiences have a love affair going, and it’s worth something in mere money to get in on that. It’s a love affair of some gravity, too, based as much on mutual respect and deep agreements as on glandular matters.

In order to enjoy that with this album, you have to let go of a few small mistakes (of timing, mostly), and a couple of man-sized vocal snafus. Winking at the guitar fluffs is no problem at all, in view of how difficult a task Kottke has assigned his picking fingers in the first place. There is no backing of any sort here, yet Kottke plays so rapidly and so lavishly that the sound is, if anything, dense. His guitar is indirectly Spanish-influenced, genially or folkishly rhythmic, and tirelessly melodic; you’ll seldom hear a more personal style on acoustic guitar, and yet Kottke’s style contains no single remarkable element. You’ll also seldom hear a guitar style so ornate that doesn’t have some grounding—some lapses—into jazz phrasing.

If pushing the American folk guitar toward a true art form is to be done, Kottke (or John Fahey) is the man to do it—and if you like to be able to forget technique and concentrate on what is being communicated in music, you’re no doubt already grateful for the way he approaches the job. Winking at Kottke’s vocal failings isn’t all that difficult either; his voice, comfortably deep and discernibly rich, booms out like a howitzer. When he learns exactly how to point it, his and his audiences will love each other right into orbit.

VICKI LAWRENCE: The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia. Vicki Lawrence (vocals); orchestra, Artie Butler and Larry Mohoberb arr. The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia: Mr. Allison; Kill Me Softly with His Song; Sensual Man; Little Green Apples; Dime a Dance; and five others. BELL 1120 $5.98.

Performance: Uptight

Recording: Very good

Vicki Lawrence, who looks a lot like Carole Burnett, plays Carole’s kid sister and other

(Continued on page 98)
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second tomatoes on the TV show, which I've either never or almost never watched. I'm told Vicki is a pretty good comedienne. Here she sings—seriously enough—a varied program built around several Bobby Russell songs (he's her husband), and is backed by an orchestra of television-melodrama size and sensibilities. The songs and arrangements are so familiar or so conventional that both I and I concentrate almost fully on Vicki's vocals—which is rather too bad for both of us. Her singing shows the beginnings of a style—a "sound" of her own that is quite pleasant—but overshadows that with some definitely obtrusive control problems. What it sounds like is that Vicki is perfectly capable of hitting and holding every note called for, but is scared to death. Killa My Safty with His Song, however tired you and I may already be of hearing it, does have some melodic subtlety, and Vicki handles it very nicely until quite close to the end, when her whole voice seems to temporarily wear out. She handles the title song and He Did with Me, no purrwer for a vocalist, even better. Russell's The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia, which is Vicki's big hit, is one of the most involved, convoluted melodramas you're likely to hear during any lull between puffs from Harry Chapin. I've heard it said the song tells a true story—and that would explain the unbelievable plot. The song's tempo and wordiness, in any case, nicely occupy Vicki (He Did with Me confirms she's better off if kept busy with a song), and her good diction is a godsend to the poor listener who's trying to find out what the hell went on down there in Georgia. But in quite a few other places there are quavers, falterings, and small tremblings that sound to me like the result of nervousness. Singing into a microphone can be pretty scary, and fear attacks most singers in the diaphragm. It can become discouragingly difficult to get the lungs to perform the simplest small squeeze job.

Perhaps a different selection of songs, and certainly a different production approach (a singer could get a purrwer for a vocalist, even better. Russell's The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia, which is Vicki's big hit, is one of the most involved, convoluted melodramas you're likely to hear during any lull between puffs from Harry Chapin. I've heard it said the song tells a true story—and that would explain the unbelievable plot. The song's tempo and wordiness, in any case, nicely occupy Vicki (He Did with Me confirms she's better off if kept busy with a song), and her good diction is a godsend to the poor listener who's trying to find out what the hell went on down there in Georgia. But in quite a few other places there are quavers, falterings, and small tremblings that sound to me like the result of nervousness. Singing into a microphone can be pretty scary, and fear attacks most singers in the diaphragm. It can become discouragingly difficult to get the lungs to perform the simplest small squeeze job.

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And there is another similarity: just as the Monkees seem to have sprung to immediate, full-blown, and fantastically successful life from the head of Don Kirschner, so O'Sullivan seems to have sprung from the head of Gordon Mills. But O'Sullivan does write all of his own material, for which he has a modest talent, and his performances are authentically his own. The Monkees' material was strictly off the Screen Gems assembly line, and there was some suspicion as to who was doing the actual playing in the studio.

"Front to Back" is "theatrical" in the sketchiest of ways: it has an "Intro" and an "Outro" of patter. In between are a series of mild, unrelated songs recorded to the hilt and performed in an easy but predictable style. O'Sullivan's chief talent seems to be making everything fall so comfortably on the ear that you can usually anticipate several bars and at least one lyric line. "Simplicity" is the message. But it is simplicity merged with the cleverest of commercialism and honesty to a fine diamond edge. Clair is nice, I suppose. But then so is That's Love, and etc., etc.

One consolation for O'Sullivan: when his sun does finally plunge into the pop twilight, he's probably going to be a lot better off, financially and professionally, than the Monkees, who have vanished with the speed of a large cargo of their own wonder and delight in being Wilson Pickett. His performances are always attractive and almost always hurt by a sort of canned lyricism that suggests she could survive forever on three or four ideas simply by shuffling the subheads around. The yen and yang concept dominates his head when I listen to this The Kiss, despite its warmed-over quality, is a deftly lyrical little song. The Fugue overcomes a troublesome melody with lyrics that waft delicately in and out of irony, and The Donor, despite its banalities, simply knocks out the people I play it for, thanks to Judee's extraordinary handling of the backup chorus. The album has that way of overcoming its shortcomings. Judee Sill is not one of the better singers, or yet one of the better songwriters, or even a terribly gifted arranger; but she is a damned fine musician.

JUDEE SILL: Heart Food. Judee Sill (vocals, piano, arrangements); instrumentalists from Instant Magus, and Don Moen's pamphlet. There's a Rugged Road: The Kiss; The Pearl; Down Where the Valleys Are Low: The Vigilante; Soldier of the Heart: The Phoenix; When the Bridesroom Comes: The Dancer. A & M 5063 $6.98, © T-5063 $6.98. Performance: Good instincts Recording: Very good

Judee Sill has the kind of appeal George Harrison has. Like George's, her voice is anemic and thin; like George's, her songs have not great lyrics nor great melodies but a strong wholeness. And, like George's "All Things Must Pass," this album is over-produced but luxurious. Judee's songs are almost always attractive - and almost always hurt by a sort of canned lyricism that suggests she could survive forever on three or four ideas simply by shuffling the subheads around. The yen and yang concept dominates his head when I listen to this The Kiss, despite its warmed-over quality, is a deftly lyrical little song. The Fugue overcomes a troublesome melody with lyrics that waft delicately in and out of irony, and The Donor, despite its banalities, simply knocks out the people I play it for, thanks to Judee's extraordinary handling of the backup chorus. The album has that way of overcoming its shortcomings. Judee Sill is not one of the better singers, or yet one of the better songwriters, or even a terribly gifted arranger; but she is a damned fine musician.

RICK WAKEMAN: The Six Wives of Henry VIII. Rick Wakeman (piano, organ, mellotron, synthesizers, harpsichord); Dave Winter (bass); Mike Egan (guitar). Chris Squire (bass): other musicians. Catherine of Aragon: Anne of Cleves: Catherine Howard: Catherine Parr: Jane Seymour: Anne Boleyn: A & M SP 4361 $5.98.

Performance: Gosharootie Recording: Very good

This is well, well, program music, the secret plot behind which may have been to teach Emerson, Lake and Palmer a thing or two about stealing from the classics and how to fence the gorgeous goods once pinched. Yes-member Rick Wakeman has composed six not-so-easy pieces for his multiple keyboards (electric piano, two mini-Moog synthesizers, ARP synthesizer, electric organ, two mellotrons, Steinway grand) and other rock instruments. Each piece is a musical portrait of one of the wives of Henry VIII, although the wives don't turn up in the album in the order that they happened to Henry. Wakeman has taken the poor man's direct approach - that is, it's easy to deduce, just from listening, that Catherine Howard was the youngest, least inhibited, most fickle of Henry's wives, but beyond that the music grows ambiguous and I cannot tell most fickle of Henry's wives, but beyond that the music grows ambiguous and I cannot tell...
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—Stereo Review, April '73

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JAZZ

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
ELLA FITZGERALD: The History of Ella Fitzgerald. Ella Fitzgerald (vocals); various orchestras. Mack the Knife: Angel Eyes; People; I Said No: Matchmaker: and fifteen others. VERVE 2-V6S 8817 two discs $7.98.

Performance: Superlative
Recording: Excellent

Here is a random collection of twenty bands from four previously released albums starring the very great Ella Fitzgerald. It's hard to believe that her first hit, A Tisket, A Tasket, was all the way back in 1938. Thirty-five years later, she is still at the top of her profession, the jazz singer's jazz singer, the woman who has never hit a sour note in her performing life and without whom it would be impossible to give any coherent description of the art of popular singing in the twentieth century.

Everything here was recorded under the supervision of Norman Granz, and he has set that smoky topaz of a voice into settings worthy of a Fabergé. No matter who conducts or arranges, Frank de Vol, Marty Paich, or Johnnie Spence, the inimitable Fitzgerald glows with her own greatness. All I can add is something about my gratitude that recording technology has advanced as far as it has during her career. We now have, forever, an accurate mirror of a great artist in her prime.

P.R.

Buddy Guy: Hold That Plane! Buddy Guy (electric guitar, vocals): Philip Guy (rhythm guitar); A. C. Reed (tenor saxophone); Gary Bartz (alto saxophone); Junior Mance, Mark Jordan (piano); Ernest Johnson, Bill Folwell, Freebo (bass); Jesse Lewis, Barry Altschul, David Rip Stock (drums). Watermelon Man; Hold That Plane; I'm Ready; My Time After Awhile; You Don't Love Me; Come See About Me, Hello San Francisco. VANGUARD VSD 79323 $5.98.

Performance: Good Guy, poor setting
Recording: Good

Buddy Guy was born in Lettsworth, Louisiana, in 1936, but since the Fifties he has been a vital member of the Chicago urban blues crowd—Muddy Waters, Otis Rush, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, et al.—which so influenced British rock music. Though he has made several tours of Europe, and his name has become well established among blues fans, Guy has never been given the wide recognition his talent deserves. This may partly be a result of unimaginative record production, as illustrated by this 1969 album.

I find no fault here with Buddy Guy himself; he is an exciting blues guitarist who could well compete with—at times even surpass—B. B. King, and he is also an excellent singer. This album, however, traps him in a setting of Forties blues clichés that are played with about as much spirit as could be summoned from a dying bull frog.

Even Junior Mance—who is heard on all but one track—never gets a chance to emerge from the background. He is one of the best pianists in jazz (I have heard him play with Miles Davis and accompany the late Ida Cox with equal authority), and relegating him to a sideman's seat is tantamount to putting Sarah Vaughan in a back-up vocal group. Alto saxophonist Gary Bartz suffers a similar indignity; a very gifted young player of the modern jazz school, he disappears altogether into the r-&-b saxophone trivia that forms Guy's backdrop. For instance, Watermelon Man—now something of a warhorse—sounds like the early morning hours of a Saturday night high-school prom band until Buddy Guy's guitar steps in for a meaningful statement. Because I think Guy is a very important player, I will not suggest that you skip this album, but I will suggest that Mr. Guy has outgrown the tradition that weighs him down here—it's time to move on and up, to catch the next plane.

C.A.

ROBIN KENYATTA: Gypsy Man. Robin Kenyatta (soprano saxophone, alto saxophone, flute, vocals); Seldon Powell, George Patterson, Jack Philpot (reeds); Al Deville (trumpet); Larry Willis (electric piano); Rebilot, George Butcher (piano and organ); Keith Loving, David Spinoza (guitar); Jimmy Wood (second guitar); Rick Marotta, Billy Cobham, Charles Collins (drums): Stan Clarke (bass). Ralph MacDonald (percus-

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STEREO REVIEW
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to Pepper's fire. And fire it is that characterizes these memorable excursions into the past.

The album's only fault, and it is a very minor one, is that it fell victim to early stereo recording: nothing comes out of the middle. If that bothers you, simply play it in the mono mode; it is a musical delight throughout.

Not long after the last of these recordings was made, Pepper was imprisoned for narcotics addiction, a long battle which he now—happily—has won. According to the notes for this album, he is currently working on an autobiography and planning a new recording session. It will be interesting to see what he can do now.

ART TATUM: God Is in the House (see Best of the Month, page 81)

McCOY TYNER: Extensions. McCoy Tyner (piano); Wayne Shorter (tenor and soprano saxophones); Gary Bartz (alto saxophone); Alice Coltrane (harp); Ron Carter (bass); Elvin Jones (drums). Message from the Nile. The Wanderer: Survival Blues; His Blessings. BLUE NOTE BN LA006 F $5.98

Performance. Meandering beauty

Recording. Very good

For five years, pianist McCoy Tyner provided a complementary voice to the late John Coltrane. Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk were early influences, but Tyner soon came into his own, and his playing, which was remarkable thirteen years ago, continues to develop: he has a lyrical, driving style that is marked by inventiveness and taste.

Elvin Jones, another Coltrane alumnus who is the perfect drummer for Tyner, and Ron Carter, whose sense of timing is simply brilliant, join Tyner here in an outstanding rhythm section. Wayne Shorter of Monk, Miles, and Weather Report fame, is an asset to any group (hear him tear out on The Wanderer), and young Gary Bartz, a relative newcomer, is someone to be reckoned with. Alice Coltrane, on the other hand, does nothing for me. Her monotonous, unimaginative runs on the harp—often reminiscent of early TV soap commercials where the bar of Lux appears in a shower of stardust—just muddle the proceedings. But even the presence of Alice Coltrane cannot wreck this album. Its salient features outnumber the drawbacks of her performance five to one.

C.A.

RECORDINGS OF SPECIAL MERIT

DICK WELLSTOOD: From Ragtime On. Dick Wellstood (piano). Chicago High Life; Sunday Morning Blues; Pork and Beans; Put On a Happy Face; Keepin' Out of mischief Now; and five others. CHIAROSCURO CR 109 $5.98 (available by mail from Chiaroscuro, 15 Charles Street, New York, N.Y. 10014).

Performance. Hits the mark

Recording. Very good

DICK WELLSTOOD: Alone. Dick Wellstood (piano). Viper's Drag; Squeeze Me; Poor Buttermilk; Atlanta Blues; You Can't Lose a Broken Heart; and six others. JAZZOGY ICE 73 $5.98.

Performance. Bull's-eye

Recording. Very good

Dick Wellstood was good back in the Forties when he was a member of the Scarborough High School Gang—and with Johnny Windhurst and Bob Wilber—but he has long since reached excellence. A versatile pianist who seems comfortable in almost any idiom, he demonstrates the wide range of his musical taste in these two sets of piano pieces that run the gamut from sublime to silly finger exercises. How long has it been since you heard Zez Confrey's hit of 1921, Kitten on the Keys, or his "serious" 1923 follow-up Three Little Oddities? Well, you haven't missed much—neither of them is likely to be resurrected to the charts—but Wellstood has a great sense of humor and he plays these period pieces well. More interesting are Scott Joplin's New Rag, proving that Wellstood can rag with the best of them, his striding on Fats Waller's Handful of Keys, and his own composition Fuccialita, dedicated to the memory of Proculus of Albengue "who in 281 A.D. enjoyed one hundred Sarmatian virgins in two weeks." (I never knew there had been quite that many.) As a pianist, at least, Mr. Wellstood proves himself equally energetic and vital.

If "Ragtime On" is a very fine album, "Alone" is superb. Since the tireless Hank O'Neal recorded both sets, chances are that some of the selections were done the same day, but the overall repertoire of "Alone" is far more interesting and Wellstood shines on every track. James P. Johnson would have been proud of this rendition of Carolina Shout, and Russian Rag, with its interpolation of the three vital notes from Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-sharp Minor (there played in D Minor) is delightful. These excellent albums are two reasons why Wellstood should record more often.

C.A.
music from MGM. Never mind. You can close your eyes and pretend that you're back in the most luxurious of local Loew's, drinking in those great ponderous openings of gigantic epics and musical biographies of Kern and Rodgers and Hart, settling the West in How the West Was Won, roaming through Scotland with Lerner and Loewe in Brigadoon, and reliving the abolition movement in Raintree County. The trouble, though, at least with the first record in the album, is that you never get much past the opening credits. It's all promises in those mighty opening chords from the pens of Max Steiner, Bronislav Kaper, and Miklós Rózsa—a mighty buildup to an awful letdown. And the dubbings are wildly uneven.

The second disc in the set is something else again. Here we find three minutes of overarranged material from Rodgers' gangster ballet Slaughter on Tenth Avenue, which is snatched away just as you're getting interested; but there's also Fred Astaire narrating the Mickey Spillane (another gangster take-off) ballet from The Band Wagon and five minutes from the exuberant Broadway Ballet that helped make Singing in the Rain the most delightful musical ever filmed. The last side offers Johnny Green's improvements on Gershwin's An American in Paris for the ballet Gene Kelly staged for that lavish movie musical—a typical example of talent getting in the way of genius as Green tinkers with Gershwin, expanding here, vulgarizing there, making sweet what was meant to be astringent, and turning light-hearted humor into heavy-hand-

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TIP TOES. Selections from the musical comedy by George and Ira Gershwin, performed by Dorothy Dickson, Laddy Cliff, John Kirby, Allen Kearns, Peggy Beatty, Evan Thomas, and Vera Bryer, with chorus, two pianos, and novelty orchestra. WILDFLOWER. Selections from the musical comedy by Vincent Youmans, performed by Herbert Weis- ter and Kitty Reilly, with chorus and London Theatre Orchestra. MONMOUTH-EVERGREEN MES 7052 $5.98.

Performance: Exhumed but not enlivened

George and Ira Gershwin indisputably wrote some great musicals in their day. When they collaborated on Tip Toes in 1925 it was George's eleventh score and his third collaboration with his brother. Even so, the great day of the Gershwins was just dawning, and there were many distractions when the show was being prepared for Broadway. The composer was writing the score for his Song of the Flame, also bound for Broadway, and composing, rehearsing and preparing his Concerto in F for a December premiere in Carnegie Hall. Also, just to keep busy, he was working with Paul Whiteman on a concert version of a mini-opera called 135th Street. Small wonder, then, that there isn't much to swoon over in the score of Tip Toes. Even if there were, these worn old remasterings of ancient London-cast recordings with second-rate singers (complete with clicks and ticks from marred originals) would be less than the ideal form in which to hear them. Still, there's That Certain Feeling, certainly much to swoon over in the score of Tip Toes. By Monmouth-Evergreen are undoubtedly worthwhile. So far, though, I have been rather more diverted by Stanley Green's fascinating historical notes than by any of the recorded contents.

P.K.
domra, the balalaika, the double zhaleika, and that plucky peasant of the folk music world, the reliable old acoustic guitar. We get galumphing polkas, Byelorussian round dances, spring dances, and even a Hungarian gypsy dance—all gussied up and overorchestrated, but underneath the same boring sentimental tunes they've always been. Glinka once said that "We do not create, the people create: we only write down and arrange." He was being too modest. If you want to know just how much of an improvement Glinka's talent made on the original Kanutrinskaya dances in his version, just listen to the Pyatnitsky Folk Ensemble play it the way it was before he got hold of it. And if you want to hear how an innocent folk tune can be murdered by a vulgarian, I commend you to Rodion Shchedrin's Russian Quadrille from his ballet The Humpbacked Horse. What a clattering commotion of sound and fury, signifying nothing! For a punchy finale, the program ends with the Soviet Army Ensemble playing and singing another noisy piece called The Dnieper Cosacks. A rousing bunch—and I wish we could hear them applying their resources to material worthier of their energies.

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RABBITT: *String Quartet No. 2* (see Best of the Month, page 80)

BACH, J. S.: *Passion According to St. Mark* (BWV 244). Helen Erwin (soprano); Emmy Liskin (alto); Georg Jelden (tenor); instrumental soloists: South German Madrigal Choir. Stuttgart: Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra. Wolfgang Gönnenwein cond. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY MHS 1508 $2.99 (plus 75¢ mailing and handling from Musical Heritage Society, Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023).

Performance: Satisfactory

Recording: Good

It is known that Johann Sebastian Bach composed a *St. Mark Passion* that was performed in Leipzig in 1731. Unfortunately all that remains of it is the text, indicating that the original included some 132 items: choruses, chorales, arias, and recitatives. A number of musicologists, including Friederich Smend, Alfred Dürr, and Diethard Hellmann, have tried to reconstruct portions of the work, basing their efforts on the fact that Bach often reused his materials. In this case, these scholars have shown a textual and musical relationship between five movements from the Funeral Ode (BWV 198) and an aria and chorus, respectively, from Cantata 54 and the Christmas Oratorio. Added to these are five chorales from C. P. E. Bach's collection of his father's chorale settings, making a total of twelve items, or about a quarter of the entire work. Since no attempt at reconstructing the recitatives has been made in the present recording, which incidentally was first issued here on Epic in the mid-Sixties, the result is completely lacking in continuity. But what one does hear is, to be sure, pure Bach, and it's very good Bach indeed. Perhaps because of the lack of dramatic thread, the succession of musical meditative portions appears strangely unaffected, but this might just as easily be the fault of the vocal soloists, who are perfectly adequate but not particularly inspired. The same applies to the direction and choral singing—all commendable and workmanlike without being really gripping. The reproduction is not always absolutely clean, but it is adequate, and a text sheet has been included. In sum, then, this is a Bach curiosity for the collector already familiar with the better-known choral works. I.K.

ELA BARTOK

Folklore distilled through an astringent idiom


Performance: Good

Recording: Good

It is certainly enterprising of ABC/Westminster to make available this Russian-language version of Bartók's one-act masterwork from the Melodiya catalog, but I am not sold on its practicality. There are available two outstanding versions that use the original Hungarian text and render the poetry and mysticism of this strangely fascinating opera to the fullest degree. If we are to hear it in a language other than the original, it ought to be in English, and we can accomplish that via Columbia MS 6425, with Jerome Hines and Rosalind Elias in the principal roles and Eugene Ormandy conducting.

This Russian edition is further handicapped by several minor but totally unjustifiable cuts. The singers are better than adequate, but the overall approach is rather literal and matter-of-fact alongside the London version (1158), admirably sung by Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry and lovingly conducted by the late Istvan Kertész (Mercury 90311) offers an orchestral performance of even greater intensity under Dorati. With more idiom but tonally less ingratiating singing.

Technically, the Westminster disc is quite good. The liner notes, however, seem to have been translated from the Russian in a manner that is an insult to readers and record buyers. Did you know, for example, that Bartók wrote a ballet pantomime called "The Wonderful Tangerine"?

G.J.

BARTOK: *Bluebeard's Castle*. Evgeny Kibkalo (baritone); Nina Poliakova (soprano); Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra of the All Union Radio. Gennady Rozhdestvensky cond. WESTMINSTER WGS 8219 $4.98.

Performance: Earnest

Recording: Good

This is the only available recording of the *Three Village Scenes* (1924), Bartók's own orchestral arrangement of short pieces originally conceived for voices and piano (Koussevitzky introduced these pieces in America at a League of Composers concert in
RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Excellent
Recording: Good

Although Ernst Bloch's 1919 Viola Suite is, along with some Hindemith pieces and Walton's Viola Concerto, among the undisputed twentieth-century masterpieces for viola, recordings of the music have been relatively few and far between. Except for Gabor Rejto's cello arrangement on the Orion label, this Musical Heritage Society disc is the work's first recording in stereo.

As are the more celebrated works of the 'Jewish Cycle'—Schelomo, for example—the Viola Suite is gorgeously typical early Bloch, its expressive intensity growing out of a stylistic base of post-Impressionist harmonic and rhythmic procedures and a post-Franck cyclical structure. And Ernst and Lory Wallfisch's performance is sound and tonally full-blooded, wholly appropriate to the music. (I'm still hoping for a recording, one day, of the even more gorgeous orchestral version of this music.)

The remainder of the disc is occupied by chips from the master's workbench. The 1951 works were originally composed as one piece, then divided into two. The Meditation recalls late Debussy; the Processional is modal in somewhat the manner of Bloch's Sacred Service and distinguished by highly effective canonic texture. The Suite Hebraique is a pastel evocation of the 'Jewish Cycle.'

The Suite for Solo Viola was Bloch's last work, composed the year before his death as one of a number of suites for solo stringed instruments. Only three and a half sections of the work were finished, and in this recorded performance the twenty-five bars of the incomplete allegro deciso are rounded off with a modified reprise of the opening andante. Here the writing is sparse in texture and neo-Bach in impulsion, though quite typical of Bloch in expression.

All told, this is an excellent disc both in musicianship and sonics. D.H.
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Daniel Barenboim plays this set with great warmth, sensitivity, and emotional depth. His leisurely approach is also very well suited to the Op. 9 variations: I find his version of it preferable in its sense of breadth to Julius Katchen's slightly shallower and more technically extroverted account on London CS 6477. For all of his probing, however, Barenboim almost makes the Handel Variations fall apart: his tempos are so slow, he lingers so constantly, that continuity and any sense of climax and mounting excitement all but vanish (his reading, incidentally, takes just over thirty-one minutes, or about six minutes longer than usual). Here, I would recommend either Stephen Bishop, on Philips 839 722, or Solomon, whose legendary 1942 performance has recently been released in England on EMI SLS 701 as part of a three-disc tribute.

Deutsche Grammophon's piano reproduction, it must be noted, is astonishingly good with a rich, clean sound and not the least hint of clatter even at its loudest moments: the use of both front and back color portraits of Barenboim on the cover has evidently obviated the need to provide the usual program annotations. I. K.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 1, in C Minor.
Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam. Bernard Haitink cond. PHILIPS 6500 439 56.98.

Performance: Very good
Recording: Excellent

Having finished their Mahler cycle, Haitink and the Concertgebouw are pushing their way through the Bruckner symphonic corpus with a solid sense of purpose. The First is not—except perhaps for dedicated Brucknerians—an easy symphony to love, but it is a remarkable and full-blown example of the Bruckner symphonic genre. Its energy levels are high and unvirtuosic qualities, is a major reason, I think, for acquiring this recording. I found myself playing it over and over again, and the final few exquisite variations, with their meltingly beautiful harmonic colorations, are still haunting me.

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STEREO REVIEW
mezzo-forte, as it does rather often, any possible wind-and-string scoring subtleties disappear beneath the weight of Bruckner brass.

E.S.


Doris Pines (piano). GENESIS GS 1024 $5.98.

Performance: Very good to excellent
Recording: Very good

Why have there been so few women composers? Against all the odds, women have managed to leave outstanding creative contributions in the other arts, but—outside of pop music—women composers are still few and far between.

If it isn't easy for a woman composer now, it was certainly more difficult in the past. But there were women composers—lady composers, they used to call 'em—and some of them even managed to achieve a certain fame. Easily the best-known of these was Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944), a talented pianist (women have, of course, long been accepted as performers) whose charming salon music became quite popular. Her Scarf Dance and La Lisonjera (The Flatterer) are old standbys in those collections of "100 Pieces All the World Loves" that used to sit on grandmother's piano. That Chaminade had greater ambitions is amply demonstrated by the C Minor Sonata recorded here, a work of considerable scope with an intense and wide-ranging first movement—the second subject is introduced as a fughetta!—a fine andante that is the jewel of this recording, and a striking and not-quite-successful finale. Mlle. Chaminade was, of course, not really going to be taken seriously as a symphonic composer; even her comic opera remained unpublished and unperformed. A salon composer is what she was able to be, and she managed to be a very good exponent of that much-maligned genre.

The case of the Norwegian pianist and composer Agathe Backer-Grøndahl (1847-1907) is a similar one, although her somewhat less prepossessing salon music seems to have survived largely through the efforts of her son, also a pianist and devoted to the music of his mother. Bea Friedland's otherwise excellent liner notes to this album mentions her "harmonic adventurousness," but most of this strikes me as the old, basic melody-with-accompaniment sort of music—at least after the early études which (as in the case of early Chaminade) suggest more possibilities than the later pieces reveal. The music is never really very adventurous, but it is always attractive and often evocative in the best manner of that golden age that never was.

Doris Pines makes an excellent impression with this music. I feel she might have worked up a bit more passion—particularly in the Chaminade sonata—but in every other respect these are exemplary performances. The piano sound is good.

E.S.

CHIHARA: Wind Song. Jeffrey Solow (cello); American Symphony Orchestra, Gerhard [omitted text]
Paul Chihara

Listen to the wind!


Performance: Polished and bland
Recording: Very good, but poor pressing

For all the sensuous beauty of tone and gorgeous sonics of this recording, I am afraid Eugene Ormandy’s readings of these impressionist warhorses seem very bland indeed compared with those of Boulez, Abbado, or Munch. Ormandy’s La Mer finale is a mere summer zephyr when heard alongside the same music recorded by Boulez or Toscanini. But the Ormandy performances are the first (and, for the present, only) ones in the quadraphonic medium.

Until now all of the RCA Quadradiscs I have received have been flawlessly processed in terms of pressing, but this Debussy-Ravel package was my first encounter with a hyproducible disc. On the whole, the discs were pretty enough, and the mazurka and the waltz make a pair of effective encore. The recorded piano sound is not beautiful, but it will do; this is a quiet, well-produced disc except for the annoying effect of applause at the very start. Can there be anything more disconcerting than setting the arm down in the expectation of hearing a little Chopin and getting an absurd burst of applause? For what? Nobody has even done anything yet! E.S.

DEBUSSY: Children’s Corner Suite, Excerpts (see CHIHARA)


the CD-4 modulator it was a total disaster, justifying my fears, expressed last month, that quality control standards for discrete four-channel discs have to be incredibly rigorous in order to produce a properly playable product. The middle movement of La Mer was troubled by what sounded like noisy dropouts in the left rear speaker. The disc showed traces of what looked like tiny scorched spots there. And these were not audible in two-channel playback; they simply raised hell with four-channel CD-4 playback. Therefore, I advise very careful visual inspection of four-channel discrete discs prior to playback on CD-4 modulaton equipment. Aside from problems with scordot spots, the outer grooves of the Quadradiacs also are very critical in terms of imperfections of pressing. Side two of my review copy has provided a major instance in point. So, quadrophonic fanciers (and producers), be warned!

D.H.


Performance: Routine
Recording: Good

In case you are searching for a reason for the release of yet another Lucia di Lammermoor, perhaps I can help you by pointing out that this album is a hyproducible Italian television film produced by Mario Lanfranchi. Mr. Lanfranchi is the husband of Anna Moffo. (Commentators auguring dim hope for the survival of the institution of marriage, take note: in the world of opera it is still to be reckoned with, and its mighty achievements are richly documented!) Unlike the London (Sutherland, ABC (Sills), or RCA (Moffo) sets, the Eurodisc production lays no claim to completeness. It offers what has long been known as the standard performing edition, considerably cut, but no more so than such previously released versions as those by Angel (Callas) or Everest (Scotto). Unfortunately, it is artistically inferior; while these mentioned. There is nothing really bad in the performance, for the principals are serious artists who go about their tasks with diligence and competence. But that’s about all that can be said in favor of its efforts. Anna Moffo’s Lucia is intensely felt and acceptably sung, except in some music in the uppermost range where the climactic notes tend to get away from her. She is assisted by an Edgardo of cultivated style if vocally limited resources, and an Enrico whose agreeable light voice fails to suggest villainy or menace. The supporting singers are just about adequate. Cillario offers little in the way of dynamic leadership but, considering the handicap of a less-than-first-rate orchestra and the inherent weakness of the score, he merits praise for holding the show together.

There are some odd perspectives in the recorded sound, but it is satisfactory. The set is attractively packaged, with an illustrated booklet showing a series of stills of the fetching star.

G.J.

DVORAK: Quartet No. 5, in C Major, Op. 61; Terzetto in C Major for Two Violins and Viola,
DVOŘÁK: Piano Quartet No. 2, in E-flat Major, Op. 87. Artur Rubinstein (piano); members of the Guarneri Quartet. RCA LSC 3340 $5.98.

Performance: Vigorous
Recording: Good

Dvořák's C Major Quartet never has been one of my favorites; it strikes me as a kind of Classicizing homage to the greats of the immediate past, or near-present, that doesn't ring altogether true. It has neither the spontaneity of the wonderful Op. 51 E-flat Quartet nor the absolute sureness of craft and substance that informs the last three string quartets. In short, the C Major is, for me, a transitional work marking the final stage of Dvořák's struggle to achieve a viable synthesis of form and content in terms of his own musical language (he had achieved this orchestrally a year earlier in the D Major Symphony, Op. 60). In any event, let me say that the Guarneri's performance of the C Major Quartet is such as to sweep away many of my reservations, for the warmth and vitality of their playing bring every iota of musical substance to the fore and minimize any Classical attitudinizing. They also do justice to the companion Terzetto for the unusual combination of two violins and viola, which is a little gem of a piece highlighted by a most beguiling slow movement, a fetching scherzo, and a beautifully crafted variation-finale.

The violin-viola-cello contingent of the Guarneri ensemble is joined by the redoubtable Artur Rubinstein for a highly extroverted performance of the equally extroverted E-flat Piano Quartet. There are fine things in the music—the grandly swinging opening pages, a charming sololedsa-like third movement, and a richly varied and energetic finale—but, in my opinion, the piece as a whole does not stand up to the A Major Piano Quintet that preceded it by two years (1887).

I was not entirely happy with the earlier Rubinstein-Guarnieri disc of the A Major Quintet, partly because of what I felt was not altogether effective recording. But the music fares better on these two discs. The microphoning is fairly close-up, but there appears to be enough room ambiance to lend the ensemble tone the sonic warmth so essential to the communication of Dvořák's musical message.

D.H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT
FINE: Symphony 1962; Toccata Concertante; Serious Song for String Orchestra. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Irving Fine and Erich Leinsdorf cond. DESTO DC 7167 $5.98.

Performance: Oldies but goodies
Recording: Okay

Irving Fine was born in Boston in 1914 and died in that city in 1962. He was a leading member of the group of American composers associated with Boston, Tanglewood, and the Boston Symphony and, more particularly, with the group of young neo-Classicists who founded the music department at Brandeis University after World War II. In spite of the obvious influence of Igor Stravinsky, the music of the composers within the Boston/
HAYDN'S "MASS IN TIME OF WAR"
Richard Freed reviews two new recordings

Last January's official pre-Inaugural concert in Washington caused quite a stir, even before it took place. The National Symphony Orchestra, which had played all such concerts before, was dumped in favor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, several of whose members were so unenthusiastic over the honor as to threaten a protest action. Vincent Persichetti was asked to compose a setting of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, but the commission was withdrawn ten days before the event because it was feared the text "might prove embarrassing to the President," whose personal choice of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture as the grand finale was more offensive than ludicrous to many of the participants. The National Symphony's board, to show there were no hard feelings, "respectfully dedicated" the NSO performances of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis during the pre-Inaugural week to the President and Vice President, but members of the University of Maryland Chorus, who sang in the concerts, sent a message to the White House disclaiming any part in the dedication, and conductor Antal Dorati telephoned the newspapers to point out that he had had no part in it, either, since the Missa Solemnis "cannot be dedicated to one man." By the time the big night rolled around, the Rev. Billy Graham, chairman of the concert, could look down from the Presidential box in the Kennedy Center Concert Hall on a house packed with people who had paid up to $300 per ticket and passed Secret Service security clearance to get in. But on stage some members of the orchestra refused to touch their instruments when their colleagues played Hail to the Chief.

Just nine days before that event, another clergyman, the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr., Dean of the Washington Cathedral, scheduled "A Concert for Peace" in his church for the same hour as the one in the Kennedy Center. It went off without a hitch. Former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy delivered a short address following Dean Savre's welcoming and prayer, and Leonard Bernstein conducted a single work, Haydn's "Mass in Time of War." The chorus and soloists, like Bernstein himself, were volunteers: the orchestra was recruited from the National Symphony, whose sympathies lay in different directions being free to decline. Admission was free. Nearly 20,000 people came: all were orderly and apparently moved as much by the music as by the occasion. Naturally, this event had to be documented beyond the National Public Radio broadcasts, and Columbia taped it in the Cathedral the following day—while the actual Inauguration ceremony was being held in another part of the city.

All this background seems necessary before proceeding to a consideration of Bernstein's recording itself, for it is, after all, a document of the event as much as an addition to the Haydn discography. This listener, who was present at the concert, can testify that the recording succeeds admirably in its documentary context, capturing the acoustics of the Cathedral realistically and without exaggeration: the performers were still so charged up during the sessions that there is no diminution of fervor evident on the disc.

There are six recordings of this work available now: not one of them fails to satisfy, though none of them is flawless. The conducting, choral work, and sonics of the new Columbia album place it securely in the top half of this demi-dozen, together with Mogens Woldike's version, which now makes its third appearance (originally released on full-price Vanguard in 1966, reissued in the Everyman series in 1965), and Rafael Kubelik's majestic reading issued by Deutsche Grammophon in 1964.

In the vocal department, Bernstein has the most impressive chorus but the weakest quartet of soloists of these three recordings. The sonority that he has built up on the new Columbia album is justifiably praised, and the performance of the choral group is simply fine. Leonard Bernstein conduct. COLUMBIA M 32/96 $5.98.

HAYDN: Mass No. 7, in C Major ("Missa in Tempore Belli")
Patricia Weis (soprano)
Gwendolyn Killebrew (mezzo-soprano)
Alan Titus (tenor)
Michael Devlin (bass-baritone)
Norman Scribner Choir and Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein cond. COLUMBIA M 32/96 $5.98.

HAYDN: Mass No. 7, in C Major ("Missa in Tempore Belli")
Natacia Davrath (soprano)
Hilde Rössl-Majdan (alto)
Anton Dermota (tenor)
Walter Berry (bass)
Virginia Chamber Choir and Virginia State Opera Orchestra. Mogens Woldike cond. VANGUARD/BACH GUILD HM 285) $2.98.
Koussevitzky orbit—besides the “Brandeis School” one would have to include composers as diverse as Piston, Copland, and Bernstein—formed a distinctively American style that dominated music in this country for many years.

Of this group, Irving Fine was one of the most outstanding personalities. These recordings, which seem to have come from the vaults of RCA, show his range and his development very well. The Toccata Concer
tante is a big, driving, crowd-pleasing work of clear tonal character. The Serious Song—subtitled “Lament for String Orchestra”—shows quite a different aspect of Fine’s musical personality; written in 1955, it is a rich, intense work, far removed from the busyness of the more obviously neo-Classical toccata. Without question, however, the major attraction here is the Symphony 1962. This is a big, tight, dissonant work of marked individuality and a dynamic tension resolved in the very convincing peroration of the final pages. It is very far removed from the traditional idea of a “symphony” and suggests a fertile new direction in Fine’s development that was, alas, never to be explored.

The recording of the symphony appears to be the Tanglewood performance conducted by the composer only a few weeks before his death in the summer of 1962. A certain amount of roughness in the playing is more than compensated for by the excitement of the performance and the authority of the composer’s direction. The other two works are good studio recordings by the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf. All the recordings—especially that of Symphony 1962—have more than documentary value, and Desto is to be praised for making them available.

E.S.

GERSHWIN: George Gershwin’s Songbook (see Best of the Month, page 79)

GLAZOUNOV: Scènes de Ballet, Op. 52; Poème Lyrique in D-flat Major, Op. 12; Cor

tège Solennel in G Major, Op. 91. Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozh
destvensky cond. MELODIA/ANGEL SR 40225 $5.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Spacious

Glazounov at his blandest is represented in the eight-movement Scènes de Ballet. The opening fanfare promises much, but little is delivered. There is a mild charm to the music-box-like second movement, Marionettes, and those in the New York area whose memories go back to WQXR’s late-night Just Music program will remember the Pas d’Action slow movement today as the signature for that enjoyable program. But there is not much more to it than that.

With the other side of the disc, we encounter more vital fare. The Poème Lyrique conveys a genuinely youthful intensity of expression, and the Cor
tège Solennel is a splendidly effective essay in the genre, wholly Russian in its folk flavoring and essential vitality. Rozh
destvensky communicates the music with his customary zest, backed by spacious and brilliant recorded sound.

D.H.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

HANDEL: Overtures: Lotario; Esther; Adme

to; Alcina; Orlando; Poro; Partenope; Ottone. Leslie Pearson (harpsichord continuo). En
glish Chamber Orchestra. Raymond Leppard cond. PHILIPS 6599 053 $6.98.

Performance: Splendid
Recording: Excellent

Here is another of Raymond Leppard’s enter
ing Handel collections, this one consisting mainly of opera overtures. The dates for the operas are roughly 1723 (Ottone) through 1737 (Alcina), but by then Handel was already becoming involved in the oratorio (Esther was revised in 1732). All the opera overtures are in the popular French style, commencing with a grandiose slow introduction followed by a fugal movement; on occasion, as in the overtures to Lotario, Alcina, Partenope, and Ottone, there are such additional movements as minuets, gigue, or ga
votes. Most of this music is very grand in
deed, and there are even (if I am correct) some disc firsts: the overtures to Admeto (1727), Poro (1731), Partenope (1730), and Ottone (1723).

Leppard handles all of this material with his usual exuberant style, a little full-blown at times, but on the whole thoroughly enjoyable. I do wonder, however, at the lax dotted rhythms in Admeto and Poro, which are not nearly as sharply treated as in the other works. The English Chamber Orchestra is in a splendid form, and the recorded sound is faultless.

HENZE: Violin Concerto No. 1. ZIMMERMANN: Violin Concerto. Suzanne Lauten

bacher (violin); Orchestra of Radio Luxem-
bourg, Artur Grüber and Siegfried Köhler cond. CANDIDE CE 31061 $3.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Good

There are many parallels between these two composers and between their violin concerto. Both were middle-generation composers who came to maturity during the Nazi period and the Second World War. Both started out as neo-Classicists, later adopting twelve-tone ideas, serial concepts, and even some of the elements of avant-gardism without, however, abandoning a certain pluralism and expressionism that even includes pop elements.

For each composer, a violin concerto was a pivotal work. Hans Werner Henze’s Violin Concerto No. 1, written in 1947-1948, is his first twelve-tone work and, without doubt, one of his most attractive. It is an essentially lyric work, laid out with skill and clarity.

Bernd Alois Zimmermann (1918-1970) is well known here as Henze, but his reputation in Central Europe has grown, particularly since his death. His Violin Concerto, written in 1949-1950, is one of his first works to take on twelve-tone characteristics, but it is much more openly dramatic and less narrowly “expressionistic” (in the historical sense) than the Henze. It is hard to place Zimmermann exactly, but this piece of modern symphonic style—complete even to an energetic finale based on roman rhythms!—is quite effective.

Suzanne Lautenbacher, a violinist known here for her performances of early music, makes a very strong impression in these dem
ing works. Without having seen the scores, I can only guess at the quality of the orchestral playing, but, apart from an obvious mistake of one or two, it seems adequate. The recording is more notable for its scope than for its clarity.

E.S.

(Continued overleaf)
KIRCHNER: Sonatina Concertante (see RO-REM)


Performance: Excellent
Recording: Good to very good

This is an attractive collection of music by two talented composers. Barbara Kolb’s Figments for flute and piano is a handsome piece, vintage 1967. The related Chamoso Bus settings of Mallarmé are a bit too arty for my taste but artful nonetheless. Three Place Settings are pieces about food for narrator and chamber ensemble, brilliantly done by Julius Eastman and an excellent ensemble: they are amusingly topical on this side.

Both of Richard Moryl’s works are impressive, big-scale building-block pieces, one (Chroma) for instruments, the other (Illuminations) also including choral voices, solo soprano, and eight string basses playing a huge pedal. The latter is a highly evocative work made out of diverse elements built up into a structure of considerable dynamic tension and excitement. All the performances are excellent, and, except for the slightly dry recording of Mr. Kolb’s Chamoso Bus, the recordings are quite good.

LECOQ: Mamselle Angot (see WALTON)

LISzt: Complete Concert Paraphrases on Operas by Verdi, Rigoletto; Ernani; Il Trovatore; I Lombardi; Aida: Don Carlo; Simon Boccanegra. Claudio Arrau (piano). PHILIPS 6500 368 $6.98.

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent

Although the cult of originality certainly began—or made its major headway—with the Romantics, they were not so foolish as to cut all their ties with the past; nor did they entirely accept the hard and fast distinctions between classical, modern, folk, and pop. A parodies, with an increased sense of the tunes, which sets off Liszt’s pianistic ingenuity to marvellous effect.

When Claudio Arrau was in his teens he won two Liszt prizes, and long before he had embarked on his long series of Beethoven sonatas he was known as a Liszt pianist. One can see why. These performances are not extraordinarily brilliant, although except for the first sonata, which is their all there. But they are beautiful and full of the Liszt performances. They grow out of a deep feeling for line which, after all, must underly any music derived from vocal pieces. Around this solidly based singing line, the harmonic and keyboard embellishments have been woven. One does wish now and again for something more in the way of passion—a bit more of the demonic and the operatic. But who’s perfect? The piano sound is excellent.

MACONCHY: Ariadne, WALTON: A Song for the Lord Mayor’s Table; Three Songs to Poems of Edith Sitwell. Heather Harper (soprano); Paul Hamburger (piano); English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard cond. I. OISEAU-LYRE SOLI 331 $5.98.

Performance: Good
Recording: Very good

Elizabeth Macounch has been well established on the British musical scene since the early 1930’s, but she is little known on this side of the Atlantic except by those who have heard the Argo recordings of her Fifth and Ninth String Quartets.

The Ariadne theme has attracted a host of composers over the centuries: Haydn at one end of the time scale and Richard Strauss at the other. Connoisseurs of the off-beat in recorded fare may even remember a Czech 78-rpm disc offering a 1775 piece by Jiři Benda for declamation and orchestra. Macounch’s setting of a superb E. D. Denby’s Three Songs is, however, very close in spirit to declamation, although the vocal line is sung throughout. Much of the music recalled for me Peter Warlock’s The Curlew: a masterly song cycle on Yeats poems for tenor. English born, flute, and string quartet. In any event, Macounch’s music is beautifully crafted in line, color, and dramatic appropriateness. Heather Harper’s voice and enunciation are faultless here—though I would have liked more passion—and the all-important orchestral role is realized elegantly and pointedly under Raymond Leppard’s baton.

Two of William Walton’s early Sitwell settings—Through Gilded Tresses and Old Sir Fauls—are straight out of the Façade sequence. The first of the set, Daphne, is a separate, poetically ruminative piece deriving from Greek mythology, and its mood contrasts sharply with the deadpan humor of its companion songs. These songs show Miss Harper’s voice and enunciation are faultless here—though I would have liked more passion—and the all-important orchestral role is realized elegantly and pointedly under Raymond Leppard’s baton.
Turner riverscape, and that of Rhyme (the old children’s ditty, “Oranges and lemons”) which serves as a very appropriate and satisfying finale.

D.H.

MENDELSSOHN: Hor Mein Bitten; Sechs Sprüche; Beati Mortui; Psalm 22; Veni Domine; Ave Maria. Felicity Palmer (soprano); Ian Thompson and John Elwes (tenors); Gillian Wern (organ); Heinrich Schütz Choir and Chorus. Roger Norrington dir. Argo ZRG 716 $5.98.

Performance: Excellent

Mendelssohn’s mammoth oratorios like Elijah and St. Paul are well-known (Elijah is almost too well known, in the opinion of the listeners with an ear for music, of which there are few in this region of the country). The performances, however, are of a high order, with a strong emphasis on the text and the symphony-cantata Lohesang, for example, which not only numbered many long-suffering members of mid-nineteenth century audiences but also had a pernicious effect on both the performances and the achievements of younger men like Sir Arthur Sullivan, who worshiped Mendelssohn and were determined to create “serious” pieces just as big and, as it turned out, almost twice as boring. In this collection, rhetoric is at a minimum. The hymn Hor Mein Bitten has a more melodic, dramatic cry to heaven from a man who fears death and would find escape “in some shaded place” from the enemies that surround him. It is a symphonic cantata of Christmas, with a topic of the Second Advent, of which they are no more than a prelude to the final stanza, in which the composer makes the most of the brooding, meditative mood in the opening passages of the psalm, and builds an impressive musical piece out of the whole, with a striking hymn of homage at the close. This short work includes Veni Domine and Beati Mortui, a somber musical outcry. The Ave Maria that concludes this program, on the other hand, is buoyant and tonic, and as melodious as Schubert’s. The performances by Felicity Palmer and the Heinrich Schütz Choir and Chorus are beautifully lucid and polished, and the organ is both well tuned and well played—although I, for one, would have preferred to hear the Ave Maria with its alternative accompaniment for strings and woodwinds.

P.K.

MENDELSSOHN: Howe ch’el Ciel (Book 8); Ballo: Movete al Mio Bel Suon (Book 8); Altri Canti di Morte (Book 8); O Ciechi, Come è Strano Che La Vita; Spirituale, 1640; Questi Vaghi (Book 5); Ardo Avvampo (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Ciechi (Selva Morale e Spirituals, 8); Altri Canti di Marte (Book 8); Cie

Monteverdi: Madrigals. Hor ch’el Ciel (Book 8); Ballo: Movete al Mio Bel Suon (Book 8); Altri Canti di Morte (Book 8); O Ciechi, Come è Strano Che La Vita; Spirituale, 1640; Questi Vaghi (Book 5); Ardo Avvampo (Book 8); Hazel Holt and Felicity Palmer (sopranos); Kenneth Bowen. Wyn Evans, and John Elwes (tenors); David Thomas (bass); Jonathan Hinden (harpischord continuo). Josephine Garcia and Peter Carter (violins); Quentin Baldarre (viola); Olga Hedgedus (cello); Simon Carrington (double-bass); Heinrich Schütz Choir. Roger Norrington dir. Argo ZRG 698 $5.98.

Performance: Excellent

Monteverdi’s Madrigals of War and Love (Book 8), and the emphasis is largely on choral madrigals. Norrington displays his customary skill in eliciting the music’s affect and in conveying stylistic niceties, though I found Leppard’s version of Hor ch’el Ciel (on Philips 6799 006, five discs) more flexible in tempo. Norrington, however, is extremely successful in maintaining clarity in the choral parts and in bringing out the dance rhythms, a particularly fine example being the extended Ballo, which takes up the second half of the first side. The solos are well done, though Leppard’s tenor soloist in the Ballo has a more mellifluous voice than Kenneth Bowen. Perhaps the primary fault of this otherwise commendable collection is the stark, brooding Sunless cycle.

Leppard appears to have an idiomatic command of the Russian language, and has immersed himself in Moussorgsky’s individual world of unique and boldly conceived evocations. His vocal resources are rather ordinary, but he knows how to use a limited though extremely pliable voice to highly expressive effect. He may even have gone too far in this direction: I find the Songs and Dances of Death overdrawn; melodramatic to the point of fragmentation, and the total musical effect suffers. Just the same, the disc offers unusual performances and introduces us to an artist of the first rank. Here, again, Leppard has the advantage. Texts with translations are provided.

I.A.

MORYL: Chroma; Illuminations (see KOLB)

MOUSSORGSKY: Songs and Dances of Death; Sunless; Where Are You, Little Star?; Classic; Fled to the Flea. Benjamin Luxon (baritone): David Willison (piano). Argo ZRG 708 $5.95.

Performance: Excellent

I know next to nothing about the (presumably) English baritone Benjamin Luxon, and I wish that the company for whom he records had been informative and attentive enough to print something about him in the liner notes for this disc. The recording itself is certainly welcome, for, in addition to the relatively familiar Songs and Dances of Death, the sardonic little gem Classic, and Moussorgsky’s first song, Where Are You, Little Star?, it offers the only currently available version of the stark, brooding Sunless cycle.

Luxon appears to have an idiomatic command of the Russian language, and has immersed himself in Moussorgsky’s individual world of unique and boldly conceived evocations. His vocal resources are rather ordinary, but he knows how to use a limited though extremely pliable voice to highly expressive ends. He may even have gone too far in this direction: I find the Songs and Dances of Death overdrawn; melodramatic to the point of fragmentation, and the total musical effect suffers. Just the same, the disc offers unusual performances and introduces us to an artist of compelling interpretive powers.

G.J.
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Performance: Excellent Recording: Good

Ned Rorem's Day Music is a set of eight sketches--or études, or character pieces--for violin and piano with such titles as Peals, Extreme Leisure, Bats, Yellows (there is another, complementary set entitled, naturally, Night Music, which can be paired with this one). They form an attractive, rather loose group of inventions full of character and charm.

Leon Kirchner's 1952 Sonata Concertante is, by contrast, a big, expressionist, nitty-gritty sort of piece, a difficult, rather impressive example of a genre that yields its pleasures only after a major listening effort. They Laredos certainly contribute a major performing effort. These are excellent and expressive readings and they are very well recorded.

E.S.

RAVEL: Daphnis et Chloe (see DEBussy)


Performance: Swift and ardent Recording: Somewhat constrained

Strange are the ways of the record industry: within a sixty-day period, not one but two recorded versions of Schumann's heretofore unknown and incomplete youthful G Minor Symphony have turned up: Eliahu Inbal included the first movement as an appendix to his fine reading of the "Rhenish" Symphony on Philips; and now here is young Marc Andreas, grandchild of the famous Bruckner interpreter.
Inhal made rather heavy going of the music in his reading of the first movement, but young Andreae keeps things moving and makes a special effort to lighten and clarify texture and to make his rhythmic point as vital as possible. The same applies to Andreae's reading of the Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, which I have found to be a bit less than top-drawer Schumann—in part because most other recorded performances have seemed somewhat heavy-handed. Some will say that these readings tend toward the breathless in the woodwind department. The recorded sound lacks a range and richness comparable to that of a symphony and the orchestra of Op. 52, but I like their impulsive youthfulness.

The Munich Philharmonic players give an excellent account of themselves, especially in the windwood department. The recorded sound lacks a range and richness comparable to that of a symphony and the orchestra of Op. 52, but I like their impulsive youthfulness.

D.H.

RUTH CRAWFORD SEEGER: String Quartet (see Best of the Month, page 80)


Performance: Adequate No. 9, flawed No. 1

Recording: Exceptional

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Ideal No. 9, excellent No. 1

Recording: Good

There are still those who cannot forgive Shostakovich for affixing the hallowed number Nine to so unprensious a symphony as his Op. 70, but even they will surely find the work downright irresistible in Bernstein's hands. One must go all the way back to Koussevitzky's RCA 78's (transferred to LP briefly in the late Sixties) for the first recorded performance of this "needy little piece" (as Shostakovich described it) so distinguished for both its wit and its polish. Leonard Bernstein's tempos are so natural as to negate the very notion of choice, and the refinement of the Philharmonic's individual and collective contributions in no way diminishes the cheery feeling of spontaneity without which this music just doesn't make it. Coupling the Ninth with the First, by now a repertoire staple but still striking for its vigorous originality, is as natural as the pairing of Beethoven's First and Eighth. Bernstein is thoroughly satisfying in the First, if less sweepingly impressive than in the Ninth. An earlier coupling of the two symphonies on Turnabout TV-S 34223, played by the Zagreb Philharmonic under Milan Horvat, lacks the ultimate degree of sophistication and polish found in the Bernstein performances, but it is a genuine bargain and clearly preferable. I think, to the similar coupling on London.

Like Willi Boskovsky, Walter Weller has been known as both a concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic and a superb chamber music player. He has now turned to conducting, giving notice in his first such venture on records that his field is to be less restricted than Boskovsky's Viennese bonbon repertoire. The late Paul Kletzki left the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande in pretty good shape, but it is still not a virtuoso orchestra. Veteran bassoonist Henle Helaerts receives a well-deserved credit for his work in the Ninth, and the clarinetist (probably Robert Gugolz) is first-rate in the First, but in the slow movement of No. 1 the all-important oboe goes sour (an unaffordable lapse in this work), the timpanist seems to miss the point of his big moment in the finale, and there are other puches.

The players cannot be held responsible, though, for the tempos Weller sets—druggy in the movement just mentioned and the trio of the scherzo, scrambled in some of the faster sections because of an overzealous accelerando. Those ideal of uncomfortably gear-shifting in the first movement of No. 1, giving the impression of constant alteration between two basic tempos. Orchestral balance and dynamics are less than ideal, too: the prominence given the superbly recorded percussion in No. 1's first movement lends the work more of a music-hall character than one really wants, and the crescendo leading to the coda in the finale of No. 9 is so uncontrolled that the tambourine and other desirable devices are obscured.

The main attraction of the Weller disc is London's stunning sonics—which, however, only make the flaws all the more noticeable. The sonic frame Columbia has given Bernstein is less spectacular, but attractive by any standards (not only in the naturally focused than the close-up Tchaikovsky Third released at the same time, but less close than the London sound as well). A glance at alternative coupleings of the respective works will show that somewhere along the line a duplication or two is unavoidable for anyone who wants all of Shostakovich's major works on records. Ormandy's account of the First Symphony, on an earlier Columbia disc, is a mite more persuasive than Bernstein's, and is coupled with Rostropovich's definitive performance of the Cello Concerto. Kondrashin's too-hard-driven Ninth comes along with the only recording available in this country of The Execution of Stepan Razin. Bernstein's Ninth, though, is the first total realization of this ridiculously under-estimated score captured in stereo, and is therefore really indispensable, regardless of possible or probable duplication problems.

R.F.

STRAVINSKY: The Firebird (complete 1910 version), Orchrestra de Paris, Seiji Ozawa cond. ANGE1 S 36910 $5.98.

Performance: Sensuous

Recording: Somewhat cavernous

It is hard to imagine a sharper contrast than that between the composer's and Seiji Ozawa's readings of The Firebird. Stravinsky (on
his 1962 Columbia recording) is all clarity of texture and sharply pointed rhythms, while Ozawa revels in the atmospheric episodes. The sonics of the two discs differ widely as well. For Stravinsky's is directionally defined on a flattish acoustic plane, while the Angel engineers apparently tried for greater depth and higher volume levels.

Regrettably, the increased-depth illusion of the Angel recording brings with it an undue auditorium coloration, which lends the whole a rather cavernous sound in such episodes as the dance of Kachetel's monsters. My review copy was marred in the bargain by a badly off-center side (two, which raised havoc with pitch stability in the final climactic pages of the music.)


Performance: Opulent but mannered Recording: Close-up

The Third, still rather a Cinderella among Tchaikovsky's symphonies, is an engaging work, full of Swan Lake flavor, blended with an abundance of good tunes and some unusually intriguing rhythmic patterns, and worthy of more exposure than it gets in our concert halls. It has not wanted for attention on record, however, and indeed is thoroughly convincing. The sonic quality of the second movement, which spoils this work, full of of travel introduction and his more straightforward approach in the andante are easier to take than Bernstein's overly caressed second and third movements, and the nine-year-old sound on London CS 6428 is still sumptuous.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Songs of Travel; Ten Blake Songs; Linden Lea; Orpheus with His Lyre; The Water Mill. Robert Tear (tenor). Neil Black (oboe), Philip Ledger (piano). ARGO ZRG 732 $5.98.

Performance: Expressive Recording: A shade cavernous

Except for the Desto disc of some two years ago with John Langstaff and Lois Winter, this Argo disc with Robert Tear seems to be the only extended collection of Vaughan Williams songs currently listed in Schwann. Tear's voice, too, is a curious one, neither a true high tenor nor quite a baritone. Yet it is the songs with the lower tessitura — The Water Mill and the Blake Songs—that seem to lie more comfortably for his voice. For all the expressive intensity that he brings to his performance, I find him a bit ill-at-ease in the Robert Louis Stevenson-based Songs of Travel (a minor British counterpart to Schubert's Winterreise). There are fine things in the Travel cycle, and I especially liked Bright is the Ring of Words. But the high point of this collection is the set of Ten Blake Songs composed in the last year of the composer's life for use with a film on the great artist-poet-mystic. The accompaniment is oboe solo only, and three of the songs are without any accompaniment whatever. The very sparseness of the texture here, with pure melody providing the whole support of the musical framework for Blake's powerful and sometimes enigmatic texts, serves to intensify the impact of the music. Robert Tear is at his very best in this entire Blake sequence, and he is beautifully accompanied by oboist Neil Black.

In the Deso issue of the Blake cycle, the songs are divided between soprano and baritone (permissible according to the composer), and a comparison of the two versions is fascinating. I like both performances in their separate ways, though I find the natural room reverberation in the Argo disc a bit much and the apparently artificial reverberation in the Desto somewhat obtrusive.

Recording of Special Merit


Performance: Imposing but imperfect Recording: Excellent

It is fortunate that Sir Georg Solti has come to Parsifal now, at the peak of his art and in his mellowed maturity. Had he undertaken the task in his earlier Storm and Drang period, he would have overpowered the music with that hell-bent intensity of his. What he offers now is a profound understanding of the music's majesty: he reveals its beauties with and without that border on understatement. And yet nothing is slighted. There is clarity, power, and eloquence in the orchestral statement, excellent balances with the singers, and splendid sonorities in the climaxes. Needless to say, the Vienna Philharmonic gives him its best. This, then, is a superbly conducted Parsifal, on the exalted level of the two Knappertsbusch readings of Bayreuth performances that have been committed to records on Richmond (R95) and Philips (1962).

The sonics of the two discs differ widely as degrees below the conductor's achievement. Even Christa Ludwig, the only artist in London's distinguished cast who rises to expectations, is taxed by the top tessitura of Kundry's exacting part. But passing moments of imperfection cannot dim the glow: for once, the sultry vocal quality that makes Kundry the irresistible temptress in Act 2 is rendered believably and with a lingering effect. Without a doubt, Ludwig's is the towering vocal strength of the performance: her colleagues are eclipsed in praise, but she still contains several degrees below the conductor's achievement. Even Christa Ludwig, the only artist in London's distinguished cast who rises to expectations, is taxed by the top tessitura. Aside from a few wavy passages involving sustained phrases, her singing is forthright and sonorous, and above all, he is at all times an imposing character, endowing his utterances with individuality, sensitivity, and dignity. With great wisdom accumulated over many years, he never allows his lengthy role to sink into the dullness lesser interpreters frequently succumb to. The presence of this veteran, then, is a distinct plus.

I am unable to summon much enthusiasm, however, for René Kollo's Parsifal. For a limited span—an octave, perhaps—within the tenor range, his tone is agreeable enough. But the top notes are effortful and the bottom ones are unsupported. Furthermore, he phrases in short lyric bursts, without the long line of a true legato. Since he is a musically singer, and since he is aided by an exceptional conductor, he goes through the entire performance without ever compromising or endangering it. But this is not a voice designed for the Wagnerian largescale and tear, and most astrously, not a voice for Parsifal.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau brings to the role of the long-suffering Amfortas extraordinary

CHRISTA LUDWIG
For once, a believable Kundry

Recording: Excellent
eloquence and poignance. There are moments, such as the visionary passage "Das Weihgefasse göttlicher Gehalt erglüh mit leuchtender Gewalt" (Act I), when the words seem to light up with a special poetic illumination only exceptional interpreters possess. But the role of Amfortas also demands tonal richness and a cleanly focused singing line, and these are not within Fischer-Dieskau's power to provide.

The curious light timbre of Zoltan Kelemen's voice does not coincide with the heavier tonal image I usually associate with Kling's music, but the malevolence of the character is strongly conveyed. Entrusting the small role of Titurel to sixty-three-year-old Hans Hotter was a noble gesture similar to that accorded to Gottlob Frick. In Hotter's case, though, it was a mistake, noble intentions notwithstanding. The subsidiary roles are well taken. Led by the exquisite Lucia Popp in the exposed high tessitura of the First Maiden, the Flower Maidens include such renowned names as Anne Howells, Kiri Te Kanawa, and Gillian Knight. The chorus and the Vienna Choir Boys are outstanding, and London's engineering is of award-winning caliber. With the right Parsifal in the title role, the same could have been said of the entire performance. But where can we find one? The heavyweight champion (Melchoir) retired undefeated a long time ago, and no one now contending for the title is really in the same class.

G.J.


William Walton was twenty when he found himself a guest of the Sitwell family and started writing the music for Edith Sitwell's intricate Façade poems back in 1922. The first performance of the resulting "entertainment" practically caused a riot in London at the premiere performance in Aeolian Hall on June 12, 1923, when the orchestra was hidden behind a curtain and Miss Sitwell recited her verses through a megaphone fitted into the mouth of a face painted on the drapery. Since then, audiences have grown less hostile to these Sitwellian exercises in verbal virtuosity, while the Walton score has led a separate happy life on its own as the music for a ballet and in two orchestral suites. The suites are heard here complete, although the individual numbers are intermixed as the composer himself has come to prefer. They are dazzlingly performed, with an incisive understanding of the parody intended in the deliberately grotesque musical clichés. Yet Fistoulari is not quite as attentive to the element of mocking mischief as was the composer in his own reading of this material on a record of his works for Angel (in mono, however, and no longer available).

If the Fistoulari treatment of Façade is a welcome item to have back in the catalog, his performance of the suite from the ballet Mam'zelle Angot is even more so: it's the only one on sale. The ballet was arranged by Gordon Jacob from Lecocq's opera, La Fille de Madame Angot, which opened in Brussels in 1872, ran for five hundred packed performances, and thereafter disappeared until 1943, when Massine made a ballet out of it for the American Ballet Theatre. The ballet score

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Cage: Richard Bunger: The Perilous Night. Three Songs to Poems of Edith Sitwell (see Walton: A Song for the Lord Mayor’s Table; Three Songs to Poems of Edith Sitwell (see MACONCHY)

ZIMMERMANN: Violin Concerto (see HENZE)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Excellent

Recording: Very good live

‘Have you listened to side one, band one? If you have and if you want to know—how to prepare your own piano . . . then you’ll want to read The Well-Prepared Piano, written and illustrated by Richard Bunger with Foreword by John Cage . . .’—flyer from inside the record sleeve.

Well, finally a do-it-yourself kind of home piano preparation—and, judging by this record, from a very authoritative source too. Richard Bunger is a California pianist who has specialized in American music and apparently does very well by it. This excellent recording is taken from a live concert given a while back at Oberlin College in Ohio (with the single exception of Morton Subotnick’s prelude which, for reasons of tape balance, was studio-recorded). The pieces range across the century from Charles Ives’ early quarter-tone piece, played on two pianos tuned a quarter-tone apart and almost unbearably in their out-of-tuneness, to the somewhat Ivesian 37 Songs (1971) by Barney Childs, an American original who ought to be better known than he is. 37 Songs is a set of songs mostly without words—it ends with a few evocative spoken lines. The music consists of mere bits of expression but they are at once sweet, intense, and even visionary.

The outstanding work on the recording is undoubtedly the title piece; an early and little-known prepared-piano piece by Cage at his finest gamelan vein. TV Köln is almost not worth the trouble: thirty-two seconds of bang, scrape, and whimper, promptly repeated. The Subotnick prelude for piano and tape, written in 1966, is an attractive piece in a very difficult genre; this one works beautifully. Henri Lazarof’s Cadence IV, written in 1970, is basically a fluent example of European serialism.

All of this is very well realized by Bunger, who is skillful not only at the black and white keys, at piano scrapes and raps, and at reciting poetry but also at ideas and their communication. The piano recording is exceptionally good for a live keyboard pickup. Avant Records is a new West Coast label; the disc may not be around and may have to be ordered directly. The address is 6331 Quebec Drive, Hollywood, Calif. 90068.

E.S.

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT


Performance: Unique

Recording: Vintage

I am delighted to see these historical recordings returned to circulation after many years in limbo—really, there ought to be a law against deleting such “landmark” recordings! In any case, the Seraphim disc returns to circulation the long deleted Angel COLH 100 at half the price and with somewhat brighter sonics. Desmond Shawe-Taylor’s informative notes have been retained, at least in part, but the important recording dates are omitted in the new edition. The “Farewell and Death of Boris” comes from the famous Covent Garden performance of July 4, 1928 (recorded on stage); the others date from 1925 to 1931. The Russalka scenes, otherwise hard to come by in any rendition, belong to the 1931 group and attest to Chaliapin’s study vocal health at age fifty-eight.

Rehearing these excerpts, particularly the Dargomizhsky-Borodin-Rimsky sequence on
side two, after a long hiatus, I was struck by the remarkable power and steadiness of Chaliapin’s singing. Never mind his unique stage realism and compelling individuality: we all know about that! This was a great singer, and the more we compare him with his successors the greater he looms. This collection of thirty or so dances from the late Renaissance is based on the publications of two important music printers, Tielman Susato (d. c. 1562), a German who worked as a publisher in Antwerp, and Pierre Phalèse (c. 1510-1573), the founder of a Flemish music printing house. Both men were composers, adapters, and arrangers, and did much for some Corelli and Bach string examples in which he is accompanied on a small harpsichord by the always reliable Joseph Saxby.

The final, fourth side of the album is devoted to a brief recital of a variety of pieces that to some degree illustrate the points raised in the earlier lecture. There is also a brochure that contains the complete text of the lecture and the music for the examples.

The spoken material here is genially presented, and the playing by both performers is of the caliber one has come to expect from them. The quality of sound is variable, however, for the miking is not consistent, there is occasional overmodulation, and in the Handel sonata on side four, there is some background hammering in what sounds like unscheduled performances.

I.K.


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Performance: Genial Recording: Fair

Three sides of this album are devoted to a lecture-demonstration about the necessity for the proper playing and addition of Baroque ornaments and embellishments, touching on such subjects as expression, articulation, and rhythmic inequality, and interspersed with brief examples illustrating the various points. In the examples, Carl Dolmetsch plays several kinds of recorders, as well as treble viol for some Corelli and Bach string examples in which he is accompanied on a small harpsichord by the always reliable Joseph Saxby.

The spoken material here is genially presented, and the playing by both performers is of the caliber one has come to expect from them. The quality of sound is variable, however, for the miking is not consistent, there is occasional overmodulation, and in the Handel sonata on side four, there is some background hammering in what sounds like unscheduled performances.

I.K.

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Kohaut: Concerto in F Major for Lute and Orchestra. Alirio Díaz (guitar); I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Langro cond. (in Vivaldi and Kohaut). BACH GUILD HM 3251 $2.98.

Performance: Adequate
Recording: Very good

This is a well-played, ingratiating program of music for plucked string instruments ranging in time from the sixteenth century (Nadarra's vihuela fantasy) to the late eighteenth (a Haydn concerto, originally for lute, by the obscure Karl Kohaut). As may be gathered, there is little here that was meant specifically for the guitar (the Sainz is perhaps the only exception) and just about everything is arranged or transcribed. For that reason, as well as the fact that Señor Díaz, for all his technical expertise, plays without much understanding of proper ornamentation, I wonder whether Vangarda's Historical Anthology of Music is quite the proper place for this collection, which has been assembled from several previously released Vanguard discs. The orchestral accompaniments in the Vitaldi and the Kohaut are well managed, and everything has been recorded with pristine clarity.


Performance: The one and only
Recording: Adequate to fairly good

Melchior enthusiasts will undoubtedly snap this record up. even though the collection represents an unusual rather than an indispensable part of the late tenor's remarkable heritage. The Rienzi Prayer offers a good likeness of his still impressive vocal state in the early 1940's. The Lohengrin scene (released here for the first time) omits the chorus and presents Astrid Varnay below her best form and Herbert Jansen in the uncomfortable low tessitura of the King, but Melchior's contribution is strong and finely sustained. The four Otello excerpts document the firm command Melchior had of a role he was prevented from performing by back-stage maneuverings at the Met, and Janssen gives a better account of himself as lago. The Melchior sound is ideal for the majestic Schubert hymn Dem Unendlichen: the tempo he chose for Ständchen is curiously fast yet not ineffective. The Danish songs are all pleasant but, with the exception of Summer Lighting, not particularly memorable.

Lauritz Melchior's voice had the heroic weight and timbre of a true heldentenor, and a good vocal collection should include just about every available Melchior disc. I would, however, rate this release somewhat less important than the imported Preiser 11 (with the fabulous European recordings of 1924-1930). Victrola 1500 (his American recordings from the 1930's). and Odyssey 3216 0145 (this more significant Columbias, including the Tristan scenes).

G.J.
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BEETHOVEN'S SKETCHBOOKS

Of the thousands of records issued each year, the smallest number and, generally speaking, the lowest in quality are those that could be called purposefully educational. That is not to say there is no education to be derived from listening to records. But such education is almost exclusively a by-product of records made for other purposes, more often than not.

All that has been changed by Denis Matthews, the English pianist, musicologist, and musical investigator, with three discs issued in Britain under the trade name Discourses. It will not be lost on anyone with an ear for the language that the label has been chosen with at least three purposes in mind: to serve as a trade name, to identify a procedure, and to describe the recording medium (disc) on which it is pursued.

Such fine thinking would have meant little had Matthews not addressed himself to a subject sorely in need of exposition—nothing less than the sketchbooks of Ludwig van Beethoven. Almost everyone who has read liner notes dealing with the composer's life work or briefly himself on the master's compositional habits knows that there are such things as "Beethoven sketchbooks." Exactly what they are, or how they worked—even the purpose they served—is somewhat obscure. Picking up at random one of the half-dozen or so currently in print in facsimile can be frustrating even to a trained musician lacking the key to Beethoven's procedures.

However, Matthews has devised a methodology that gives anyone who can hear access to exactly what was going on in Beethoven's mind when he made his famous jottings and provides an introduction to the compositional function they served. Best of all, he shows how the bare bones of a group of notes on a single stave were fleshed out to become a titanic exercise in the use of orchestral power—on the order, say, of the Eroica.

The reference to that one opus (55) among the one hundred thirty-eight recognized in Georg Kinsky's catalog is by no means accidental. It was immediately before the year (1803) in which the Third Symphony was finished that Beethoven began to make a musical tool of the lined pads which had previously served him largely as a convenience. Musical ideas were crowding his mind, in a profusion he had not previously known, for instrumental works on a scale not previously imagined by anyone. Without the ways and means he developed to channel his thoughts productively into the Third Symphony, he might never have brought off such massive structures as the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, and the Missa Solemnis.

Several of these works—and many others—are touched upon in the three Discourses albums: ABM 1—"The Composer at Work," ABM 2—"The Concerits," and ABM 3—"The Eroica." To implement his purpose, Matthews has added to the conventional printed text a series of unconventional adjuncts: a thoughtful text expertly articulated, his own excellent skills as a pianist, and EMI's extensive library of tapes. Almost predictably, ABM 1 opens with the four-note motive which means "Fifth Symphony" to almost everyone (the performance is by the Berlin Philharmonic directed by André Cluytens). But what follows is eminently unpredictable. For one thing, Matthews walks a finely discriminating line between overestimating and underestimating the listener's fund of knowledge. He offers a general introduction to the difference between "inspiration" and composition before slipping easily into a demonstration of how a sketch sounds in the raw—the end of the exposition of the first movement—and then in its orchestral fulfillment. Even to one who knows what is about to happen, this is an A-B demonstration to end all A-B demonstrations. And so, through the disclosure that the composer discarded the possibility of the C Minor finale before arriving at the triumphal C Major outburst over which the Symphony became famous, the relationship (which Sir George Grove demonstrated decades ago) between the C Minor Symphony and its chronological collateral, the G Major Concerto, and the derivation of the "Prisoner's Chorus" in Fidelio from a figure originally intended for inclusion in the finale of that concerto become evident.

The disc label unfortunately lacks an index to the contents of that side (or any other, and the band separations are annoyingly invisible), but my count shows fourteen examples on side one and a dozen more on side two. The excerpts on ABM 2, derived wholly from Beethoven's concerto literature, follow the same line of exposition. Those for piano profit particularly from Matthews' ability to demonstrate himself both the first and the final form of Beethoven's thoughts.

Without question, the most interesting of the three discs, and the one that demonstrates Matthews' insights at their best, is ABM 3. It is entitled "The Eroica" and is devoted entirely to the thought processes and conventional devices by which Beethoven brought about the long leap forward from the Symphony No. 2 in D to No. 5 in E-flat.

More than a few scholars who have combed the literature of this subject have learned from the pioneering work of Gustav Nottebohm nearly a hundred years ago how the Eroica went forward once Beethoven settled seriously to work on it in 1803. The recent republication of the long unavailable original texts of Nottebohm's Beethoveniana and Zweite Beethoveniana (by the Johnson Reprint Corporation, New York, 1970) have made such study much more accessible than it has been for decades. But there is another sketchbook, dating from 1802, which contains actual first sketches for the Eroica never discussed by Nottebohm and perhaps barely known to him. (It is known as the Wielhorsky sketchbook, because it belonged, until his death in 1856, to Count Michael Jurjevitch Wielhorsky, who is described in Cobbett's Cyclopaedic Survey of Chamber Music as "a link between Beethoven and Glinka, both of whom enjoyed his..."

This page of the Wielhorsky sketchbook gives some idea of the composer's method of notating the profusion of musical ideas that were to be finally directed to different works.
friendship.) For decades one had to take on faith the description of its contents published by Ludwig Nohl (in Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, Vienna, 1874) after his visit to St. Petersburg. More recently, it was discussed by Boris Schwartz in an article for The Musical Quarterly in 1961 entitled Beethoveniana in the Soviet Union. But firsthand access to the Wielhorsky sketchbook finally became possible when the treasure was issued in facsimile form, together with a transcription, by the Soviet government in 1962. It has since circulated here as well as abroad.

Matthews has researched this source thoroughly, and his findings support exactly the view some of us have long had: that the Eroica owes rather more than just its finale to the Opus 35 variations for piano (on a theme previously utilized by Beethoven in the Prometheus ballet music). The sketchbook begins with thoughts that became the Opus 31, No. 3, Piano Sonata in E-flat. It breaks off after a dozen pages and goes into the famous opening of the Opus 35 variations ("famous" because it embodies as "theme" the bass that Beethoven made so much of in the finale of the symphony). But, as Matthews makes clear, there are, very near the end of the thirty-five pages of sketches, two pages that show something else to be stirring in the composer's mind. One sketch bears the reminder "fagotto" ("bassoon"), indicating that what is stirring is an orchestral work.

Selecting a few samples (ostensibly) at random, Matthews picks them out at the keyboard, saying: "At this stage very little is thematically recognizable, except for a general tendency to build out of the notes of the common chord." He goes on: "Being wise after the event, however, we can hazard some guesses as to the outcome of these passages." The outcome of one particular passage, when transformed into the full instrumental sound of the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by the late Sir John Barbirolli, is unmistakably one of the highlights of the Eroica's exposition, as the next series of notes skipping up and down the scale became the "inspired" transition to the second theme itself.


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HIGH COMPUTER CONTROL. Automatic shut off if untended. Remote control and readout PROTECT your stereo components. Write for free information.

MAKE SURE you're getting quality! Budget label Melodies, 10 LP's. 60% off retail. Write for free details. Longines Symphonette, Depl. CAS, P.O. Box 50, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10810.


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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

30% DISCOUNT name brand musical instruments: Free catalog. Freeport Music, 4550, Route 110, Melville, N.Y. 11746.

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GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEPS Typically From $35.90. Trucks From $784.00. Boats, Typewriters, Knives, Airlines, Clothing, Multimedia, Oscilloscopes, Transceivers, Photograph, Electronic Equipment, Wood Variety, Condition. 100,000 Bid Bargains Direct From Government. Complete Sales Directory and Surplus Categories Catalog $1.00 (Inducible on Orders From Separate Included Catalog). Surplus Service, Box 820-L, Holland, Michigan 49423.

RUBBER STAMPS

RUBBER address stamps. Free catalog. 45 type styles. Jackson's, Box 443G. Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.
Looking for a career in audio?  

S.A.C. Society of Audio Consultants' professional hi-fi course is available to audio salesmen and audiophiles. Successful completion with one year minimum practical experience leads to certification. The S.A.C. Certification Board comprises internationally recognized authorities whose articles appear in leading hi-fi publications.

For information, write or visit:  

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443 Park Ave. So., N.Y.C. 10016 (at 30th St.)  
Hours: Tues. thru Fri. 11-5; Sat. 11-4

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Free Hi-fi Newsletters. Hi-fi Learning Catalog!  
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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES  

EPICURE PRODUCTS, INC. is seeking quality applicants for professional hi-fi positions. Training and on-the-job instruction. G.I. Bill approved. Free catalog.  

GRIFFIN, 1509 N. Western, Hollywood, Calif. 90027.  


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SEPTEMBER 1973  

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DEALERS wanted nationally for new line of quality speaker systems. Cyclops Trading Co., Box 15160, Seattle, Wash. 98115.

HI-FI ENTHUSIASTS WANTED! Earn more than just spare money in your spare time. We need campus representatives to sell name brand stereo components at discount prices in your area. High commission, no investment required. Serious inquiries only, please. Contact: Mike Santillo, K&L Sound Services Co., 264 N. Beacon St., Watertown, Mass. 02172. (617) 787-4073.

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ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION  

Your subscription to STEREO REVIEW is maintained on one of the world's most modern, efficient computer systems. And if you're like 99% of our subscribers you'll never have any reason to complain about your subscription service.

We have found that when complaints do arise, the majority of them occur because people have written their names or addresses differently at different times. For example, if your subscription were listed under "William Jones, Cedar Lane, Middletown, Arizona," and you were to renew it as "Bill Jones, Cedar Lane, Middletown, Arizona," our computer would think that two separate subscriptions were involved, and it would start sending you two copies or Stereo Review each month. Other examples of combinations of names that would confuse the computer would include: John Henry Smith and Henry Smith; and Mrs. Joseph Jones and Mary Jones. Minor differences in addresses can also lead to difficulties. For example to the computer, 100 Second St. is not the same as 100 2nd St.

So, please, when you write us about your subscription, be sure to enclose the mailing label from the cover of the magazine—or else copy your name and address exactly as they appear on the mailing label. This will greatly reduce any chance of error, and we will be able to service your request much more quickly.
UNDERSTANDING FREQUENCY RESPONSE

When you are shopping for a recorder, you will of course, in addition to considering appearance, price, and special features, check the technical specifications. When properly presented—and understood—the "specs" can be vital indicators of how one recorder's performance compares with that of another. All too often, however, they're confusing, misleading, and inadequately referenced to test procedures and conditions.

Frequency response is usually the first thing audiophiles ask about. You want a recorder that, whether recording or simply playing back commercially recorded tapes, handles all audible tones equally well, from the lowest bass to the highest treble. Unfortunately, while the variations in the recording and/or playback of signals of different frequencies may be very slight, all recorders have some variation. Therefore a tolerance must be specified, as one might say that a given yardstick was 36 inches long, ± 1/32 inch. In most audio measurements, the unit of tolerance is the decibel (dB). In technical terms, the decibel is generally used to represent a mathematical ratio between two signal (voltage or power) levels. Practically speaking, you simply read the decibel variations on an appropriately calibrated meter. (The VU meters used in tape recorders are actually calibrated in decibels, though except in professional equipment they aren't generally sensitive and accurate enough to measure frequency response.) So, starting with a particular frequency (400 Hz is specified by the National Association of Broadcasters) at which the response is, say, -1 dB, you've got a yardstick 400 Hz long, with one end marked off at -1 dB. The point then is that while the frequency response—record-playback 20 to 20,000 Hz ±2 dB—is generally specified, it says nothing about performance with tapes you buy already recorded or borrow from a friend.

So, look to and be willing to plow through the details that go into technical specifications, and stay tuned next month when I'll discuss more of them.
I bought a Marantz 4 channel receiver because I refuse to be stuck with an electronic antique.

Not one to tolerate obsolescence (planned or unplanned), I considered the stereo vs. 4-channel question carefully, then purchased a Marantz receiver for three compelling reasons.

One. Marantz has Dual Power. This means you get full power of four discrete amplifiers working all the time. When you're listening to regular 2-channel tapes and records you can combine the power of all four channels into the front speakers. This means even if you're not ready to commit yourself to a complete 4-channel system, you can buy Marantz now and when you get the other two speakers just flip a switch. You have 4-channel. Meanwhile, you're not compromising 2-channel because you're getting more than twice the power for super stereo.

Reason number two. Marantz receivers feature the exclusive snap-in snap-out adaptability to any 4-channel matrix decoder. This means that your Marantz stereo will never be made obsolete by any future 4-channel technology because the Marantz snap-in SQ* module is designed to keep up with the changing state of the art. What's more, Marantz receivers have Vari-Matrix—a built-in circuit that will synthesize 4-channel sound from any stereo source (including your stereo records and tapes) and will also decode any matrix encoded 4-channel disc or FM broadcast.

Reason number three. Marantz receivers, from the Model 4230 up, feature built-in Dolby** noise reduction to bring you the quietest FM reception ever. And you can switch the built-in Dolby into your tape deck for noise-free, no-hiss recording from any source. A real Marantz exclusive.

I chose the Marantz Model 4270 because it suits my needs perfectly. It delivers 140 watts continuous power with under 0.3% distortion. And it's literally loaded with features. However, your requirements may be more modest than mine. In which case you can own the Marantz Model 4220 which delivers 40 watts with Dual Power. Or you can go all the way and get the Marantz Model 4300 with 200 watts. It is the very best. Choose from five Marantz 4-channel receivers from $299 to $799.95.

The point to remember is this—whichever model Marantz 4-channel receiver you do buy, you can buy it today without worrying about its being obsolete tomorrow. Look over the Marantz line of superb quality receivers, components and speaker systems at your Marantz dealer. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages. Think forward. Think Marantz.

*SQ is a trademark of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.
**TM Dolby Labs, Inc.

A breathtaking performance deserves a breathtaking performance.

Slip on a pair of Koss K2+2 Quadrafones and slip into the closest thing to a live performance you'll ever hear. Because unlike speakers, the Koss K2+2 mixes all four channels in your head instead of on the walls of your living room. So what you'll hear is a 4-channel sound so breathtaking, you'll feel the deepest bass all the way down to your toes and the highest highs running up and down your spine.

And because all Koss Quadrafones feature no tone-balance controls on each ear cup, you'll have any seat at the opera at your fingertips. A twist of your fingers will put you front row center one minute and in the middle of the opera house the next. And all without moving from the comfort of your easy chair.

But even more importantly, Koss has added a 2-channel to 4-channel selector switch or the left ear cup. In the 4-channel position, two 1 1/2-inch dynamic driver elements in each ear cup deliver breathtaking quadraphonic sound from either matrix or discrete systems. In the 2-channel position, both drivers in each ear cup are connected in parallel for an unparalleled sound of 2-channel stereo. Either way, the switch to Koss Quadrafones is worth it.

Ask your Audio Specialist for a live demonstration. Or write for our free full-color catalog, c/o Virginia Iann. The Sound of Koss Quadrafones will take your breath away, but the price won't...from $45 to $85.

Koss K2+2 Quadrafones from the people who invented Stereophones.

Koss Corporation, 1129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212 Koss S.r.l., Via dei Valtorta, 2120127, Milan Italy.

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